

I help you see you the way God sees you and see how to improve so He sees you with delight



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Satan's Goals

Presented by Al

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All images were created by the author from scratch.

Everything is written with a conservative Christian viewpoint in mind.

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>>> First Pain

Wow. What beauty the Maker has made. This butterfly has marvelous colors and patterns. I could just sit here and watch it for an hour, if I had the time. It must be three feet across. Any bigger and I could put a saddle on it.

I stop and look around. The trees are a lush green. I enjoy walking on this path. Take another step. Thinking of time, I better get back to the house. I pick up my pace.

Ouch! That hurt. I just jammed my big toe against a root sticking up in the path. This is the third time in two days I stubbed my toe. Joy oh joy. I do not understand why The Maker created pain.

I hear that the Wondrous One is talking to The Maker about the pain problem. I am sure looking forward to finding out what he learns. I was told we are in this universe to learn what The Maker is like. Pain in this universe just does not make sense. How does pain help me learn what The Maker is like?

I have a note waiting for me in the message box. The Wondrous One is calling us all into a meeting tomorrow. He is going to tell us what The Maker said about the pain problem, and what he thinks we need to do. I'm not at all sure about what he means by the 'we need to do' part. I guess I will find out tomorrow.

>>> Utopia Proposed

As I enter the auditorium I hear lots of reports of pain being experienced. And a lot of it is much worse than a stubbed toe. I see lots of anticipation. This pain thing is a real problem. We want to know how to end the pain for good.

I watch the Wondrous One come onto the stage. He seems different somehow. I can't quite put my finger on it. His wings just don't seem to shine as much as I expect.

He speaks in a loud booming voice. His voice seems a little less smooth than normal. This does not make sense. Maybe it has something to do with pain.

"I have gone to see The Maker," he says. "I do not like what he had to tell me. The Maker says we must all suffer pain for many years to come. That is His plan. I do not like that plan. So I wish to tell you what the solution is. It is the only way out of our dilemma."

Total silence. You can't hear a single supernova going off. We are all ears.

"As you know, when he created this universe, right after he made us, he made the humans. Humans. What are the humans? Supposedly we are going to watch them and learn what The Maker is like. The

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Maker made them to respond to things the same way The Maker does.” The Wondrous One starts strutting around on the stage.

I’m not sure of what to make of that word “supposedly”. The Maker told us we will be able to watch the humans and learn more about what he is like. That is what we fully expect. What does the Wondrous One mean by the word ‘supposedly’?

The Wondrous One makes a strange face. It wasn’t a pretty face. Later I will learn it is called a Grimace. “The Maker says He experiences pain. And he also said the humans were designed to have pain so they will respond to pain the same way he does. And we are supposed to watch the humans so we will know how he responds to pain. And, since we are in the universe, we also will experience pain, just like the humans do. And we are supposed to respond to pain the same way the humans do, the same way The Maker does. In other words, we will not experience utopia in this universe, at least not for a long time to come. That is The Maker’s plan, and has been from the beginning.”

I have to admit, I’m not excited about the idea of putting up with pain for many years to come. But, what can we do about it? The Maker made a decision, and we will work with it.

The Wondrous One goes on. “As I talked to The Maker, I realized he has left us with an opportunity to do something different. There is a way to avoid all the pain. There is a way for us to have utopia in this universe. And it all starts with how we deal with the humans.”

I am in a seat way toward the back. And I notice that every one in front of me is leaning forward just like I am. We really want to hear what the Wondrous One is going to say next.

“You see, The Maker not only made this universe, he gave ownership of it to the humans. They own this universe. They can do with it as they wish, because...” The Wondrous One pauses. “Because The Maker gave them free will. The Maker made them able to do whatever they want. They can even do things differently than The Maker originally set up.”

The Wondrous One pauses again, to let that sink in. None of us had ever thought of doing something different from what The Maker had set up. Such a strange idea.

The Wondrous One goes on. “And that is the key for us having utopia in this universe.”

‘Are we going to help the humans do something different than The Maker set up?’ I wonder.

“I am going to tell the humans that they can have utopia in this universe if they do things my way instead of the way The Maker originally set them up. And we will have utopia as a result.”

‘Wait a minute,’ I think. Why didn’t The Maker just set things up so we have utopia? Will it be good to show the humans a different way of doing things?

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“I will show the humans that The Maker gave them the ability to do things the way The Maker does them. The Maker decides what is good and evil. The Maker gave them the same ability. They can decide what is good and evil on their own. They do not have to let things go on the way The Maker originally set them up. Right now, the humans have the ability to decide what is good and evil, but they don't have the background information, the experience, to make solid decisions. I will offer to give them that. Then they can make decisions that will allow the universe to operate without pain. They can set things up so pain does not exist. The Maker made the universe so pain will exist, they can remake the rules so pain does not exist. They will be doing a good thing. They will be getting rid of pain. The Maker expects them to do good. They will be doing good by reorganizing how things happen in this universe so pain does not exist. That is what I will tell them. Then they can be images of the Maker, but without the pain part.”

A fellow in a nearby seat said, “I think the Wondrous One needs to rethink things. If The Maker wanted us to have utopia he would have made it so right from the beginning. It may not be good to get rid of pain.”

Another one chimed in. “Does this mean the Wondrous One is going to do something against the will of The Maker? I don't like this line of thought at all.”

‘Valid questions,’ I think.

“And,” - it turns out the Wondrous One isn't done speaking – “in exchange for my help, the humans will be required to give up their ownership of this universe to me.” The Wondrous One smiles hugely. “This way we can make sure we aren't forgotten when the humans change things. They will owe me for my help, and that is the payment they will make. There will be utopia for us. No pain. All gain.”

“What is our part?” someone asks.

“Sign up. The humans will agree to follow my ways. So will you. Together we can make this place our personal utopia.”

The choice soon becomes clear. Follow the Wondrous One in seeking utopia and possibly end up doing something against the Maker's wishes, or stay with the Maker's original plan and have to suffer pain for a long time to come.

It sets deeply into my mind: We have free will. I have free will. I can decide on my own what I want to do. What an insight. And I see what it can mean for us. We can each do the Maker's will, or choose to do something different. Wow. I can do something different if I want to. This is an insight. And suddenly I am thinking about what is best for me, and not just what is best for the Maker. I can choose what I think will be best for me. And I start doubting how much the Maker really has my best interest in mind. I mean, pain, really? That certainly is not in my best interest, is it? It can't be.

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The Wondrous One insists we have to join him right then, en mass. He wants to get started right away. I sign right up. Actually, one-third of us angels do. It is a simple plan. And so fool-proof. We can't help but succeed. Others have questions. I see a division forming. I've never seen a division among us before. This is a bit disorienting.

>>> Angels Divide

The division is growing. Some of us are rejecting the Wondrous One's ideas completely, calling it traitorous. Others are pointing out that pain is not in our best interest, and the Maker said he always does things with our best interest in mind.

As I watch the Wondrous One's wings get dimmer, and start changing color. They get darker. The Wondrous One is pointing them out. "Look at these wings!"

Those fools. I am getting irritated with the idiots who think the Maker really cares about them. Of course he doesn't, or he wouldn't have created pain.

I look around. I look at the entire universe differently. I had just looked at it as an auditorium. The Earth is in the middle, serving as a stage visible to all of us angels. Stars, which we angels use for seats, are all around it, in various groupings. There are galaxies and neutron stars and black holes. And all this can be ours. We can inhabit it, explore it, enjoy it. Such a pleasant...

I instinctively duck as something whizzes by. Kaboom! My whole being rattles from the impact. What was that? Another projectile smashes into my seat. Only 150 miles away! Something is trying to kill me! My ears ring from the explosion.

Bright lights flash suddenly. Dark holes appear in the fabric of space. War! This is war! Anger boils up inside me. I see an angel who decided to stay with the Maker instead of joining the Big One in saving the universe. Idiot. Does he think pain is good? I'll show him pain. I hurl a chunk of my seat at him. He deflects it. We engage in star to star combat.

I see that I am outnumbered. We are outnumbered. 1/3 of us were smart enough to decide to save the universe, to create a pain-free utopia for angels. The other 2/3 were actually dumb enough to stay with the Maker. Incredible! There are clusters of us seated in our stars, battling with the Maker's followers.

Rage flows through me. Black holes appear. Seats explode. Angels scream in pain. A fragment from a seat 30 light years away rips a gash in my right wing. Enraged, I blast an extra large chunk at him.

The Big One is getting us organized. We aren't as many as the dumbbells who stayed with the Maker, but the Big One's strategies start to pay off. We are holding our own.

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>>> Rally Meeting

The Wondrous One, uh, I mean the Big One- he changed his name to fit his new role- has called a meeting. He doesn't want us to lose our fervor for the war.

I settle into my seat. The neighbor on my right has a broken arm and both wings have gaping holes. "Hi," he says, "I am called the Grim Reaper. I vanquished 45 of the Maker's slaves."

I introduce myself, wondering just how the Grim Reaper has done so much good so fast.

Ah, no time for chitchat. Here is the Big One speaking.

"We are going to Save the Universe!" he shouts out. "The Maker intends for us to endure pain for many thousands of years. Can you believe that?"

I can't help but quickly notice the Big One's furred wings. They have turned even more from their original bright gaudy colors to a distinct darkness.

The Big One goes on. "The Maker intended for me to lose my beauty. Can you believe that? But I beat him!" His wings flash out. I hear myself gasp at the beautiful dark patterns. I like darkness.

"And I am going to beat his plans for pain! We will have utopia in this universe! Everything the Maker does is centered around the humans he created. And those humans are the key for us having utopia."

"Those weaklings," I hear the Grim Reaper say quietly.

"Those humans are so important to the Maker's plans that he gave them ownership of the universe. I saw the title deed the last time I was in the Maker's palace."

Oh. I didn't know this. The Big One actually gets out of this universe and into the Maker's palace. The Big One gives me no time to puzzle over this.

"And I got the humans to give me the universe. Now we just have to make that permanent. Then I can set up the rules. I, and you, will have utopia." The Big One's voice gets much louder. "No more pain!" he screeches.

And we all erupt in a roar of agreement.

>>> Humans Sin

I'm on guard duty. The Big One doesn't want any interruptions while he talks to the Woman. To be honest, I'm surprised at how peaceful it is here. I can barely feel any gravity waves here. And the gronx

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pulses angels are using to destroy entire solar systems- not even a hint they exist. Weird. I don't get to hear much of the conversation. But I do hear some snatches.

The Big One is speaking to the Woman through a snake. "Of course you won't die," he says. He plucks a piece off the tree the Maker told the humans they weren't allowed to eat from. "Oh this is good," he says as he takes his second bite.

"The Maker said we will die if we eat it," she said.

"Nope. I'm doing fine."

I have to hide a smile. The Big One didn't bother to tell her dying isn't just a physical thing. Dying means separation, and if she... I mean when she eats the fruit she will instantly be separated from the Maker. That separation will happen immediately. But she doesn't know that.

I have to move on, keeping watch. A little later as I make my rounds I hear more.

"I better talk to him," she says, pointing to the Man.

"Oh, he will be fine with whatever decision you make," the Big One says. "Don't you remember him saying a man will leave his parents and stick with his wife?"

She nods yes.

"So you see, you get to be the leader this time. You don't want..."

I have to shoo off an ostrich that comes too close.

"... and he won't have to bother to make the decision. You have made it for him."

I move on and cross paths with a Seeker. "Do you know why the snake is talking only to the Woman and not to the Man?" I ask.

The Seeker says, "Their brains are wired different. The Big One knows how to trick her, but not him. So first he is getting her to follow us, and then the Man will follow just to be with her."

Clever.

I pass by closer to the Woman than before.

"You will be just like God. You will know good and evil. You will be able to decide what is right for this world so you can avoid pain."

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I can see that through the snake the Big One had just scored a big point. It showed all over her face. She dreaded pain just like the rest of us.

“And the Maker won't be upset?” she asks.

“Upset?” The snake asks. “What is there to be upset about? You will be making the world a better place. That is...”

Three times I hear the Big One tell her that together they can make earth into a utopia. The Big One just fails to mention the utopia is for angels, not humans.

The whole time the Man is nearby. He doesn't intrude on her conversation. Obviously he trusts her. He doesn't expect her to be stupid. Oh, is she stupid! Soon after she eats the fruit I watch him as she approaches with the forbidden fruit. Indecision crosses his face. Then, decision. He eats from the fruit. Now that is so dumb it makes stupid look smart. The Big One deceived her. He isn't deceived. He just simply chooses her over the Maker.

I smile broadly. The Big One executed the first part flawlessly. In First Garden he cut a deal with the humans. Everything is looking good. The Maker gave them control of the Earth, and the Big One got control of the Earth from them by telling them he would help them establish utopia. Utopia for angels, here we come. I'm so happy I could... Well, never mind.

>>> Pollute the Humans

The Big One is calling me to a meeting. I am being called off the front lines to another project. I can't imagine what is so important that the Big One is gathering some of us at Earth. ‘Very strange indeed,’ I think, as I duck and dash my way past galaxies and galaxy clusters where the war rages hotly.

>>>

Oh, here come the Gene Squishers. I open the door to let them in. They are crucial for the next stage of our plan. The deal the Big One cut with the humans requires the humans to do things his way, with few exceptions. The deal also says the humans can nullify it if the Big One fails to help them end pain and they find a different way to end pain.

The Big One intends to end pain, but not necessarily for them.

Right now the Big One has full rights to the world. And the humans can only nullify the agreement and take back the world if the Big One fails to help them end the pain problem... The humans can take back the world... Only humans...

Oh, sorry. I'm getting ahead of myself. When the Maker made humans he gave them the world. The universe, actually. It was totally theirs. The Maker gave up all rights to it. And the humans gave the Big

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One full rights to the world if the Big One shows them how to get rid of pain. Only humans can take back the world... Only humans.

And that's why I brought the Gene Squishers in. If there are no humans then there is no one who can claim the world is theirs, except the Big One. Not even the Maker has that ability. It's all in the agreement.

“Please be seated. The Big One has a plan. And you are a key part of it.”

I watch their chests puff up and folded wings rise just a little higher. Everyone wants to be important.

“We need to get rid of all the humans. Then the war is over. And we can't do that with a direct military attack. The Maker would stop that.”

“The Big One wants you to figure out how angels can mate with humans. He wants half-human angeloids.”

“Give us a few minutes,” the Big Squisher says. I watch three heads get close together. I hear rapid speaking, with lots of highfalutin' words I've never heard. Then the heads separate.

“We will try several Gene configurations of human and angel bodies. See which one works best.”

I nod. “When do you start?”

They rise as one. “We already have. This one,” and the Big Squisher points at one of his companions, “is heading the angeloid project.” He points to his other companion. “He is heading the humanoid project. We need slaves.”

I smile. I wondered who was going to do the dishes.

“And I,” he goes on, “am controlling it all. This is a big operation. We are going to move fast.”

>>> **Humanoids and Angeloids**

I'm busy helping with the next step of the plan. We are turning all humans into half angels. We angels are taking on human form. We are mating with the human women. When there are no pure humans on the Earth there will be no true human to claim Earth from the Big One. The Big One will have control forever. We will turn the universe into a utopia for angels. And the Maker can't interfere. Because we will have the right to the universe.

This Big Operation is progressing nicely. We are approaching completion and, as far as our spies can tell, the Maker hasn't got a clue to what is happening.

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And it has only taken 1,550 years. I don't know. I guess you can call 1,550 years fast.

>>>

Before the Gene Squishers arrive I play with numbers. The Pleasure Plus Corps figured out how to attract human women to angels masquerading as human men. At the current rate in 100 years all surviving human descendants will be angeloids.

In addition the Gene Squishers have produced several types of humanoids. These are derivatives of humans but not true descendants of them. A couple of kinds we will have to exterminate as soon as we have permanent control of the Earth.

"How many years?" I rage, purposely overreacting to the news that it will be 100 years before all surviving human descendants will be angeloids.

The Big Squisher can't look me in the eye. "100," he says again.

"What is taking the Pleasure Plus Corps so long?"

"We need a lot of angeloids. And some of the humanoids went on a rampage, killing angeloids. It took time to stop them. Our losses were heavy in grid four of the continent. Weird things are also happening, further hindering our efforts."

"What kinds of weird things?" I ask, already knowing what the Maker has been doing lately.

"Huge trees falling, at just the wrong times, in just the wrong places. A huge fire. An..."

I wave his answer off. The Sneaky Snakes and the Scammers have reported similar problems in the last 24 hours.

"And there are the preachers," Big Squisher adds.

"The preachers," I repeat. "I didn't know we have preachers. What do..."

"Not us. The Maker. He has preachers. We have to train up Lively Liars to counter them."

"And have the Lively Liars been successful?"

"Mostly."

I frown. "I don't need mostly. I need totally."

The Big Squisher looks uncomfortable. His wings aren't quite lined up at the top. "Our biggest problem is the Weirdo. He is so dedicated to the Maker even the Profane Preachers and the Lying Lunatics

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won't get close to him. He's been telling everyone for a hundred years that there is going to be a worldwide flood."

"Now how is our daily mist going to flood the whole world?" I ask.

"And he is so sure the Maker's ridiculous prophecy is going to come true he is building a huge boat. He claims the Maker is going to bring 2 of every kind of animal to the boat, so animals will survive the flood. I don't think anyone except his wife, sons, and daughters-in-law listen to him."

"You'd think he'd take the hint and abandon his wasteful project," I state.

"He's missed a lot of nice parties lately. Humanoids and angeloids want nothing to do with him. Nothing deters him."

100 years. The Big One will explode at me when he hears that. Even 50 years is too long for him lately. >>>

Boy, am I excited! I mean, I'm pumped! 1650 years of scheming and planning and finally: Success is close. Real close.

"How many were left yesterday?" That's the Big One talking.

"128, Your Majesty." That's Scammer 3 speaking up.

"And there are 48 left today?"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"How did you eliminate the 80 today?"

I can see the excitement in the Big One. His wings are sparkling darkly and shivering.

"The Grim Reaper and his snakes got 53."

The Big One's head nods.

"22 went in for abortions. They did not survive."

The Big One smiles.

"And the other five?"

"A variety of other methods did the job."

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Those foolish humans. Just think. They will soon be gone gone gone. Utopia will be ours. I can't help but smile.

The Big One turns away. Then he whirls around, eyes blazing. "What are you planning for the remaining 40?" he thunders angrily. His voice drops low. "We have a universe to save. We cannot allow the Maker to keep requiring angels to suffer. We cannot allow the Maker to ever have any chance of regaining rights over this universe. I got those rights from the Man and I intend to keep them. This universe is going to be reset for our pleasure, not for the Maker's goals. Now, tell me about the last 40 humans on Earth that are still pure human. Angel blood is intermingled with human blood in one billion three hundred million beings. Half angel, half human angeloids. We have enough for a secure start of controlling the universe. I will not allow 40 to stop us. Who are these pure humans you still have not dealt with?"

Searcher steps forward. "There are two isolated groups we recently found. The Grim Reaper and his Snakes plan to deal with all 32 of them personally tomorrow."

The Big One smiles.

"Then there is the Weirdo with the boat."

The Big One stops smiling. "42 days. I need him gone in 42 days."

"We will be throwing all our resources at them starting tomorrow. Grim Reaper, Scaredy Cat, Pleasure Plus, Sneaky Snake. All of them. The Maker has always managed to make something just happen at the right time to protect the Weirdo and his group. We will throw so much at them, we will be overwhelming. And it starts tomorrow, as soon as the other 32 are dispensed with. A simultaneous attack."

The Big One nods. His gaze falls on me. "And the humanoids?"

"General Pip..."

"Pipsqueak!" the Big One thunders.

"We managed to destroy all the Lucys."

Boy, am I glad. We bred those humanoids to destroy pure humans. Turns out they destroy angeloids, too. Including the Nephilim. And I plan on being a Nephilim.

"The Cromagnons are in retreat. Victory will be ours soon."

"How soon?" thunders through the big room.

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“Barring strange events”- I know what he is talking about: the Maker keeps making weird things happen, slowing down our progress- “we will finish destroying them in 21 days, plus or minus two.”

The Big One smiles. Then frowns. “The Neanderthals?”

“The Gene Squishers...” Pipsqueak hesitates. “No progress. They control grid 4 of the continent.”

“The Gene Squishers what?” The Big One glares at Pipsqueak.

“They gave them too many abilities, thinking they would be the perfect killers of other kinds of humanoids we need to get rid of. Military does not seem to be the way to destroy them quickly.”

The Big One glares. “I will soon have 1 billion 600 million Nephilim we can possess. We can rule the universe.” The Big One smiles. “We may have to deal with the Neanderthals after I get permanent control of the universe. They aren't pure human. They have no rights.”

Pipsqueak nods.

The 32 are dead. Success. We have taken over the human race. In a mere 1650 years every human is partly angel. I mean, every one. Except those 8. Those eight weirdos. What are they? We didn't get them today. We'll deal with them tomorrow. Maybe I should buy a couple of angel food cakes for the celebration.

>>> The Flood

I have a headache. The first attempt has failed. We missed by only eight humans. Eight lousy weirdos. No one had taken them seriously. I sure hadn't. I mean, come on. The guy was building a big boat. And talking about rain. It had never rained. There was no need for rain. And with the way the Maker had set Earth up, it never would rain. The Weirdo was an idiot.

How could we guess the Maker was going to use eight weirdos to mess up our carefully laid plans? Over a billion angeloids on the planet. Only eight pure humans left. We were on the way to eliminate them. That was next on the agenda. I was so ready to celebrate success. I'd bought ultra-dark wing tippers. It was going to be some party. Our goal was to set up a universe with no suffering. Ever. And we were so close. So close.

And the Maker is messing it up. Can you believe it? Eight lousy humans. Ruining 1650 years of hard work. You'd think the Maker had planned this whole fiasco right from the beginning, he is pulling it off so well. We sure didn't have any idea... I mean, it was just Weirdo and his family...

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Anyway, the Sneaky Snakes were on their way. Grim Reaper was coming from the other direction. Time to end the eight-human problem. That's when the rumble happened. The big rumble. The Snakes never made it. For all I know they ended up in outer space. A lot of animals and debris went up there.

The continent split. There was only one big continent then. A crack ran through it. Huge volumes of water shot up from under the earth, blasted into the sky, taking boulders and animals and debris with it. A lot of that is falling back to Earth. Rain. Ice. Debris. A global flood is forming from all the water coming back to Earth along with the water flooding out from under the crust and covering the land.

I drop my ultra-dark wing tippers, and vanish into the angel sphere, rain pounding on the roof as I leave. Intuitively I know Weirdo and those other seven humans will survive, unfortunately. And all our carefully engineered half-angel half-human Nephilim bodies are drowning. Glad I'm not in one of those bodies. The Maker is locking them up in Hell.

The flood is raging. Everything and everyone we created is being wiped out. The Big One thought we were unstoppable, with all the success we'd had.

All I know for sure is after the flood we have to start over. And that won't be easy. The Maker is changing the Earth.

>>> Post Flood

Oh what a disaster. I didn't know the half of it. Everything is gone. I mean everything. The Nephilim. All the angeloids. The humanoids. Gone. Wiped out. Nothing left. We are starting over from scratch.

The Gene Squishers say we can create a few Nephilim. But it won't be the same. The Maker changed things. The oxygen isn't as dense as it was. The Nephilim will be few and far less capable due to the reduced oxygen levels. And as things continue to change the Nephilim will not survive.

Why, the very physics are changing. Whoever thought about the Maker changing physics? Our main power source, gronx, is vanishing. We can access a little for now, but not for long. The Seekers are looking for new power sources.

Water is much more prevalent. It is everywhere. Rain. Hurricanes. Floods. Not like during the flood, but still a problem. None of these existed before the big flood. Something else the Maker can harass us with.

Angels can't successfully mate with human women anymore. So no more angeloids that might be useful, for now. The Gene Squishers will have to figure out another way to create bodies we angels can take over.

The Maker is dumbing down the humans. That really slows down our program.

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The Maker did much more than that. Animals can't talk to humans anymore, so we can't speak to humans through snakes and other animals like we used to do.

And it is difficult to communicate directly with humans. When we can, it is usually in their dreams. Some humans are receptive.

I am educating some humans. We need them to do the physical things we need done so we can save the universe. I discovered a new problem. They don't live as long as they used to. Before that unfortunate flood I could count on humans living about 900 years. I could teach them more and more and more. Get them thinking the way I wanted, have goals of saving the planet, know what to do and how to do it so my- I mean the Big One's- goals were met. Now they only live about 120 years. I will have to teach new humans the same stuff over and over. I need to find a way to get the humans to teach each other what I want taught without having to do it myself. And I need to find ways to get them more advanced in their knowledge at a young age. The Maker stripped them of a lot of info I need them to know.

One good thing is the Maker promised to never flood the earth again. Of course, I don't know what other surprises he has for us.

>>> Babel

"Humans are stupid. I mean, humans are really really stupid. It hasn't taken us 100 years and we've already got the vast majority of them following us."

The Big One is pleased to hear me say that.

"My Profane Preachers are convincing them that they can be makers," I continue.

The Big One nods.

"This gives them a common goal, a common purpose. They will do anything we want in their pursuit of being a maker."

The Big One's smile gets bigger.

"I have them worshipping the sun, moon, and stars. They don't even think about the Maker."

The Big One laughs.

"With this single unified religion I can guide them in the direction we want them to go. They will soon start figuring out genetics. The Gene Squishers say that is the route to getting them to produce clones. We can't produce angeloids but the humans can produce clones."

The Big One speaks. "I assume the clone bodies will be without human souls. Bodies angels can possess with no resistance."

I smile. "Bodies we can mass produce as needed. A body for every angel. A body with no human soul the angel needs to suppress so he can do what he wants. A body with no human soul that can try to claim any rights in this universe. Utopia, here we come."

The Big One gets a serious look on his face. "And there are no weirdos building boats or doing other strange things?"

I shake my head. "We've been watching for strange humans and strange events. There is nothing out of the ordinary."

The Big One looks thoughtful for a bit. "The Maker will be up to something. Keep a sharp eye out for it."

After our meeting I review all my paperwork. There is absolutely nothing out of the ordinary. In fact, at the rate we are going, humans are advancing so fast by cooperating with each other, they will be able to do anything they want before long. They won't be makers, but they will have such great abilities they will feel like they are.

I smile. I will have them producing clones. Soulless clones. Clones ready made for angels to inhabit them. Then we won't need humans. We can kill all the humans, and have a utopia for the only important ones- us. Angels.

Ah. Midnight. My students will be sound asleep, ready for class.

I'm about halfway through my lecture.

"Avbrxggl."

"What?" I ask.

"Avbrxggl."

"What is wrong with you?" I scream. "I can't understand a word you are saying."

Another human speaks up. "Cfiinokr."

Then a third one.

And a fourth.

I can't understand a one of them. And I realize they can't understand me or each other, either.

I had a classroom full of students, all attentive, and suddenly we can't understand each other. One moment all is normal, the next, this.

I feel a sharp pain in my chest. Panic sets in.

"Shut up!" I shout angrily. "Shut up!"

The panic mushrooms. I can't think straight. I exit the class. Breathing heavily, I sit down. Calm down. My breathing relaxes. I poke my nose into an all-night eatery. "Oarapa." "Yougoo." More gobbledy gook. These two seem to understand each other.

I go back down the street. Two humans are shouting at each other, fists flying.

Across the street I see other humans talking with each other but I can't understand their gibberish.

Fury boils in me. The Maker has struck again. He has no right. The Big One owns Earth, not him. My determination to kick the Maker out of this universe grows larger. Much larger.

I'm soon in talks with other angels. We can still communicate. The Maker has not been able to mess us up.

>>> Rising Sea Level

I wake up this morning and see 5 more islands crossed off my map. Ice dams formed during the Maker's flood with all of the ice that descended from the skies are breaking up all over the planet. Huge huge lakes of water held back by those ice dams are draining into the oceans. It will take some years before all the ice dams break. Sea level is rising. This will affect intercontinental traffic. Humans will no longer be able to hop island to island to cross from the far east to the far west continents because the islands are getting submerged under the waters. In fact, the far west continents will be pretty much isolated as long as the humans remain so primitive.

"How many islands will we lose today?" I ask Seeker, who still has the marker in his hand.

"A good 25 or so."

I fully expected this to happen. The heat on the planet is redistributing, evening out over time. The ice left over from the flood is melting, and the water it holds back is heading for the oceans.

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I have no complaint. This will give me more opportunities to experiment with manipulating humans. I will have humans isolated in more different areas than I had before, not influencing each other.

>>> Loser

“The Maker has another fanatic.” I am hearing the latest report on what the Maker is up to. “He had to search far and wide to find this one. This Loser moves to a foreign land on the Maker’s say-so. The Maker keeps giving him more and more promises. The Maker promised him lots of descendants.”

“Well, I can solve that. I’ll make sure he has no descendants,” I say.

He ignores me and goes on. “In fact, the Maker said entire nations will be his descendants. So many descendants Loser can’t count them all.”

I am already planning to deal with Loser.

“The Maker promised his descendants lots of land.”

“Not if I can help it,” I interject.

I watch Loser change. At first he seems to just try on his relationship with the Maker. I try my best to convince Loser to leave the Maker. Famine, neighbor problems, you name it. Loser just won’t leave the Maker.

I really get upset when Loser decides to stick with the Maker no matter how much pain and toil and loss it costs him. The Maker makes a renewed agreement with Loser, expanding his promises to Loser.

Loser just keeps getting more committed to the Maker. I don’t get it. The Pleasure Pluses offer lots of happy times right now and Loser sticks with the Maker and those promises that won’t even come true while he is alive.

Loser ends up with a kid the Maker says the promises will pass on to.

Loser dies. Now his kid, then his grandkid, become the Losers. Lively Liars and Scaredy Cats can’t dissuade these Losers. They don’t follow the Maker perfectly, mind you. But they insist on worshipping the Maker. And as long as they do that the Maker keeps protecting them. The Grim Reaper and the Sneaky Snakes can’t touch them.

Oh, great, now there are 12 great grandkids. Just what I need. A population explosion to deal with.

One of the twelve gets enslaved in the South country. That means I can ignore him. I get the other eleven impoverished. Droughts are such a wonderful tool.

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“Say again.” I might have been mistaken.

“The slave Loser just explained Maker prophecies to two humans,” the Seeker said again.

“Why would the Maker give him interpretations? He is just a slave.” I really am puzzled.

“I don't know. I'll keep you posted.”

That Maker. He's up to something. My wingtips are tingling.

>>

“Do you remember those two interpretations the slave Loser got?” the Seeker asks.

“You said they both came true but the slave Loser got nothing from them.” My wingtips are already tingling. And it isn't a happy tingle.

“The leader of the South country had some dreams. They bothered him. He was told about the Loser, and the Loser told him what the dreams mean.”

I'm not happy. “I suppose this Loser got his freedom,” I say.

“Oh, more than that. He is now the number two ruler of the South country. He actually runs the country now.”

Oh, I hate the Maker.

>>

Rabbits. All of the Losers moved to the South country and reproduced like rabbits. After the slave-Loser-turned-ruler died I convinced the next South country leaders to enslave the Losers. And still they grow in numbers. Over a million of them now, in 400 years. Dedicated to worshiping the Maker. They don't worship only him all the time, but they won't abandon the Maker.

>>

The Maker is striking again. A Rabblrouser is convincing the Losers the Maker sent him to lead them out of the South country. The South country says, “No, you aren't leaving.” I wouldn't let a million slaves go free, either. No way, no how.

A Sneaky Snake is getting me up to date. “The Rabblrouser is doing miracles, most of which we can't replicate. Infestations of flies, lice, frogs, darkness over the whole land. He threatened to kill all the firstborn of the South country except Losers tonight.”

“Tonight,” I repeat.

The Sneaky Snake nods.

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The Big One refuses to let me update him.

>>

Over a million slave Losers are getting close to the sea. Lively Liars have pushed the South country leader to the edge with rage. He is hot on the heels of the Losers with an entire army. Those Losers are not going to escape. They have nowhere to go.

I pop in to watch the slaughter.

“This is not possible,” the Lively Liar says.

I am watching the sea water divide. There is a dry path right through the water to the other side. The Losers cross over.

“Go, go, go! We will keep the waters divided for you!” the Lively Liars are screaming in the head of the South country leader. He charges his army right in, chasing the Rabblrouser and his Losers.

Fool.

There are lots of chariots on the bottom of the sea now. And horses. And worthless warriors.

The Rabblrouser is leading the Losers to the land the Maker promised their ancestors long ago.

I am enraged.

>>

The Maker is giving the Losers lots of rules. And he is making them into a nation. One of the Maker's promises, and prophecies, is now coming true.

I am beyond enraged.

But that is not the worst of it. I finally have time to analyze a few things in retrospect.

>>> I AM

I am bothered. The Maker keeps making predictions, and they always come true. Even the Big One can't do that. And now the Maker has given himself a new name. And that new name bothers me. Actually, it scares me.

For centuries the Maker's humans have been calling him “He was”. And that makes sense to me. The Maker keeps being in the right place at the right time to protect his humans. That's irritating, but it is true. The Maker was there so they can call him “He was”.

But now the Maker has called himself "I am". And the meaning scares me. It means I will never beat the Maker. The Big One will never beat the Maker, if the name is accurate. A hard shiver goes up my back as I think about it.

"'I Am.' Do you know what that means?" I rage at my students. I can only teach these humans at night, in their dreams. The Maker blocked me from better avenues. And yet, even in their sleep, muscles tense, adrenaline flows, they are almost cowering under their sheets.

"'I Am'. That means," and my voice is low and menacing, "he is not only in every place at once, which he has been claiming for a long time, but he is in every time all the time." I can barely choke the words out. "That means he is in every place at every time all at once. That means he is with your ancestors 1000 years ago, no matter where they were, right now. That means he is with your great great grandkids when they are 15 years old, right now, at the same time, no matter where they are or when it is. And he is here right now. All right now. All right then. All at once."

I look at my class. "That means all that pain, he knows about all of it." My voice changes. "And he doesn't stop it!" I shout at the top of my lungs.

Outwardly, I am raging. Inwardly, I am quaky. That means the Maker knows everything I am going to do before I do it. Even before I think about doing it. That means I can't trick him. I can't win this battle. I lose.

I don't want to think about it.

The Maker said these words in the run-up to setting the Losers free. I was too busy then to concentrate on them. Now their meaning is setting in. Maybe there is a loophole. I will think about that. For now, I have to disrupt the Maker's new Favored Nation plans.

>>> Prophecies About a Unique Person

"Prophecies, prophecies. The prophecies make no sense," a Lying Lunatic says.

Another one looks bleary eyed. "When you read through this passage someone is being tortured and then rescued. He is in much pain, and calling out for help from the Maker, who doesn't bother to show up for quite some time. The Maker lets him suffer. Look at this. He says he is weak, he is so thirsty his tongue sticks to his mouth, his heart is bothering him, his bones are coming apart. What kind of torture is this, anyway? I've read through this passage 28 times and I can't makes any sense of it."

"I don't know," I say. "I'd try it on someone, if I got the chance."

"The really weird thing is this guy keeps trusting the Maker even with all this pain. What a fanatic for the Maker."

“He obviously has a lot of enemies. And they are pleased to see him go. He must not have been a nice human.”

I look at the prophecy for a bit. “What is this part about him being rescued? And who is he talking to after he is rescued?”

“It looks like he is talking to the Maker's humans. And he is telling them the Maker will rule over all the Earth again.”

“Not if I can help it,” I reply. “Do we know who this is?”

The Lying Lunatic shrugs his wings. “I don't know. But we need to find him when he is born and make sure these things don't happen to him. And this isn't the only place in the Maker's Book this human is talked about. There are parallel passages right in this section of this Book.”

I ask, “Are you sure they are all about the same human? We may be looking for several of them.”

“No, the Maker seems to have all his eggs in one basket. We need to find this one human and make sure things go differently from what the Maker says will happen.”

I know one thing. If I can get just one of the Maker's prophecies to be wrong then he isn't actually “I am”. He will be “I sort-of am”, and I can beat “I sort-of am”.

>>> The Escapee

Oh, do I hate this prophet. Years ago he stood up to 450 of my worshipers and he won. They all died. Oh, do I hate him. And as I watch chariots arrive in the sky. A Seeker told me this prophet had recently told his slave he- the prophet- was going to the Maker without dying.

This has only happened one other time, before the flood. What happened to that one I don't know.

And here is another one. How am I going to kill them all if the Maker keeps giving them chariot rides to the beyond?

I watch the process closely, hoping there is a weakness in the system that I can exploit. I don't see one right now. Maybe later one will come to mind.

All I know is this prophet, like the human before, is gone, gone, gone.

>>> Prophecies About the Favored Nation

“Prophecies, prophecies. The Maker has clustered all his humans in one nation and the Maker keeps making prophecies about how much land these humans will have. We have to destroy that Favored Nation.” Not getting rid of that nation has been a pet peeve of mine for quite some time now.

“Here’s another one,” the Lying Lunatic says.

“That’s enough. As the centuries pass the Maker keeps having new writers stuff more prophecies into their holy Book. How are we going to destroy that nation and make all those prophecies a lie is my question.”

“I don’t know,” the Lying Lunatic says.

‘Yeah, I know that,’ I think. And I am immensely bothered. The Maker is mighty sure of his prophecies. He makes a lot of them, and stakes his reputation on them.

The Lying Lunatic goes on. “The Big One put them in slavery for 400 years. The result? They multiplied like rabbits. Then the Maker used some shenanigans, plagues of lice and flies and darkness and he even killed the firstborn of everyone except the Favored Ones throughout the enslaving nation-then the Maker led them to this land he promised them and they became the Favored Nation.”

“I know. I know.” I’m getting increasingly irritated. “And invading nations, even an exile from their land for 70 years, didn’t do them in. We can’t kill them. We can’t get them broken up. We have to do something. Utopia is waiting.”

>>> Quick! Kill the Baby!

The Maker is up to his old tricks. Well, another new one. If he’d stick with the old ones we’d be able to beat him.

“What are you doing about them?” I ask.

“We are tracking them. They’ve been telling everyone they are going to see the Unique Person. They are going to see the new-born king who was prophesied about hundreds of years ago.”

I look the Seeker in the eyes. “There are five of them? They are experts in prophecy? Why didn’t I know about them? Why didn’t I know about the prophecies they know about?” I am angry. And I am worried. The Maker keeps doing things right under my nose. And this one is a huge one. I can sense it in my wings.

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“We did know about the prophecies. We discussed them. We couldn't make sense of them. But these lowly humans somehow put them together recently. The weird thing is, only these humans could. No one else, angel or human, could.”

Just because I forgot doesn't mean I can't do anything about it now. Whoever this baby is, the Maker made prophecies about him. Whoever he is, he must die. Then the prophecies about this Unique Person, about this king, won't come true. I made sure the local ruler knew his future was on the line. Thanks to me every baby in the area that might have been that one is killed. About 40 babies in all.

>>> The Temptation

“What do you mean, the Maker's Unique Person is alive?” I'm really incensed. “I used the ruler of the Favored Nation to kill him. No way we missed. The five humans told me where he was, and I got him killed. He's gone.”

This is the third report like this that I've received in four hours.

“The Unique Person is alive. And the Maker just talked to him after he got dunked in a river.”

Every one of the Lively Liars insist the Unique Person is alive. I am crushed. I was so sure I'd eliminated him.

Wait a minute. Something is happening.

What a rush. The Big One is on his way to confront the Unique Person directly. Time to put an end to this Unique Person nonsense once and for all. Then I can get back to work trying to get these dumb-as-sheep humans smart enough to make clones so I can have a Nephilim body and utopia.

The Unique Person hasn't had any food for forty days. So I've been told. He should be good and hungry and understand the Maker really doesn't care about him so he will be better off joining us.

Ah, here is the Big One.

Whoa. The Big One is giving the Unique Person a lot of credit. He recognizes the Unique Person can do miracles. Big miracles.

“I expected the Big One to just plain attack the Unique Person. Get it over with.” The Grim Reaper sounds disappointed.

I feel disappointed.

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The Big One starts where I would if I had to just win by getting the Unique Person to abandon the Maker. He challenges the Unique Person to turn stones into bread. And the Big One makes it a pride thing. Basically, the challenge means, "C'mon, man. If you can do great things like the Maker, at least feed yourself."

If I was that hungry I'd feed myself. I'd tell the Maker it is time to eat, and I'd eat, whether the Maker likes it or not. But what does the Unique Person do? He says "No"!

"Can you believe that excuse?" the Grim Reaper says. "What makes a human live isn't just food but he has to have the Maker's teachings and obey them to truly live?"

I just shake my head.

The Big One is challenging him again. He wants the Unique Person to prove he really is close to the Maker.

"Yah, man! Prove you are special. Make the Maker prove you are special. How do you know you are special? How do we know it?"

The Grim Reaper is right. How do we know he is special? Okay, the Big One is treating him as special, but I want to see the proof. Just because the Maker said he is special- well, why trust the Maker? Make him prove it.

The Unique Person quotes the Maker's Book in response. A short quote. "Don't tempt the Maker," he says.

In other words, don't try to force the Maker to show his loyalty to you, I think.

"Ah, what a cop-out," the Grim Reaper says. "You won't tempt the Maker? You won't make him prove he is really taking care of you?"

I'm inclined to agree. I'm also getting worried. The Unique Person is really showing commitment to the Maker. What if the Unique Person can't be broken somehow? What if he is committed no matter what pain he experiences? Just who is this Unique Person, anyway? I mean, why is he more special than any other human? Oh, here comes another test.

Oh, man, why doesn't the Big One give me this offer? All the kingdoms of the world are offered to the Unique Person. I'd take that offer. Boy, would I take it. I'd be top dog in angel utopia. Number one. Just in return for worshipping the Big One instead of the Maker? Just give me the chance.

"What is up with this Unique Person? He turned that down?" The Grim Reaper is as puzzled as I am.

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And then the shock wave hit me. The Big One just up and left. The Big One was beat. By a lousy human. If the Big One can't beat a human, how am I going to be in angel utopia? Fear rattles up and down my spine. Then determination. My mind gets set. I will win. I'll pull every dirty trick in the book, and more outside it. I will win. No human, not even the Unique Person, is going to beat me.

>>> Unique Person Zingers

Then the Unique Person starts preaching. And the Maker starts doing miracles through him. I see what a human can do when he is fully committed to the Maker.

"Find a way to break the Unique Person's commitment to the Maker!" the Big One screams at me.

I cower before him. "I am trying," I want to say. But I don't. I will be screamed at and beaten more if I do.

Instead I summon a Sneaky Snake and scream at him.

The Sneaky Snake looks at the ground. "This human is raising humans from the dead, making the deaf hear and the blind see, healing humans." He sputters.

"Out with it!" I shout, starting to fear the worst.

"He is forcing angels to leave the humans they have taken possession of."

"He is what?" I shout.

"He is forcing angels to leave the humans they have taken possession of. And not just a few. Everywhere he goes he speaks and the angels have no choice but to leave. The Maker..."

"The Maker has no right," I say determinedly. "The Maker lost any right he had when the Big One got the rights to this planet."

"The Maker is still doing it. This Unique Person tells one of our angels to leave, and we have to leave."

I am outraged. And afraid. How did the Unique Person survive? "We have to get rid of the Unique Person now."

A Lying Lunatic shows up and tells me the Unique Person is an itinerant preacher. A Lively Liar tells me the Unique Person is telling everyone the kingdom of heaven has arrived.

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I fear going to see the Unique Person. No telling what might happen. But I can't give the Big One a second-hand report. Not on this. I pop in near the Unique Person. He is giving a speech. I'd been told he gives lots of speeches.

Okay. I really don't see how this guy is the Unique Person. I'm sitting here listening to him. He is saying it is blessed to be poor in spirit. Are you kidding me? Stand up and be an angel, not... not... well, whatever. Be poor just so I can have the kingdom of heaven?

Why would I want the kingdom of heaven? I'm getting utopia set up right here on Earth. I'm taking over. The Maker is going to be outta here. His humans are all going to be dead. I don't need some other kingdom. I'll have my own kingdom.

I must have said something out loud. A Lying Lunatic is speaking. "Yes. I'm getting rich as soon as I get a Nephilim body. No doubt about that. Whatever that kingdom of heaven stuff is, it can't be all that great."

I don't have time to reply. Here is the next zinger.

You are blessed if you mourn? Get some pride, angel. Be somebody! Who cares if the Maker will comfort you if you mourn? Get pride and you don't need comfort.

And you know what you are supposed to mourn about? Humans lying and stealing and hitting.

"Of course I lie," says the Lying Lunatic. "And I'm good at it. It's my profession." The Lying Lunatic opens his mouth to say more but here comes another one.

"Oh, this is a dousy," I say. "Be gentle and you will inherit the Earth. Yeah, right. I got to where I am by pushing and shoving. Hard. I made climbing the corporate ladder look like child's play. I crush angels. And humans."

"The Big One didn't get control of the Earth by being gentle," the Lively Liar says. "He got it by being devious. I told the Sneaky Snake what to say."

"You know what I see?" I ask.

"What's that?"

"The Unique Person is saying humans are supposed to trust the Maker, who makes them live in pain, to give them lots of good things. Like the Maker is generous or something."

"Doesn't make sense to me."

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"I can guarantee the Maker isn't going to give them Earth. The Big One has that. And you and I are taking our slice."

The Lively Liar smiles.

The Unique Person gives his next zinger.

"Blessed for being righteous?" I remark. "That's rich. A little back-stabbing does wonders for getting ahead."

"Oh, that's rich," the Lively Liar says sarcastically in response to the next statement. "I'm merciful all right. I'm forcing 32 angels to slave for me right now for their attempt to lie to me. They do the dishes, mow the lawn, tend the garden."

"The way it should be. The Unique Person can keep his mercy."

The Unique Person talks about the pure in heart seeing the Maker.

"So what?" I grouch. The Big One sees the Maker, and it gets him nothing. I'm not impressed. I'm thinking of leaving. But I am puzzled. Humans are actually listening to this. They like it. What's the attraction? I hardly hear the next part.

And then the Unique Person really crosses the line. He tells those humans they are blessed when they are persecuted for serving the Maker.

"Blessed?" the Lively Liar says. "I get humans to lie about these humans, to chase them out of their homes, to mock them. That is a blessing?"

"I think I need to get him persecuted some more. I will be putting you to work," I say, and take my leave.

>>> Death of the Unique Person

"Okay, calm down," I tell myself. "If this Unique Person ever decides he wants to challenge the Big One for ownership of Earth, he might win. I have to be calm. I have to find a way to kill this Unique Person. Get rid of him once and for all."

I pace in my office, wings rattling. I can barely contain my fear. "Utopia," I say over and over. "Utopia."

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I watch. I wait. I throw away one plan after another. The Seekers tell me there are prophecies from the Maker about what is going to happen, but they can't make heads or tails out of them. They just don't fit together. Confusion reigns.

Then. Then clarity. Wonderful clarity. I use angels to turn the Favored Nation leaders against the Unique Person by convincing them the Unique Person jeopardizes their leadership positions. But those leaders don't have the guts to kill the Unique Person. Too many humans are followers of the Unique Person.

But now we have a traitor within their ranks. It is so wonderful what greed will do. The traitor wants money. I'll give him money. Not much. But some. The traitor will turn the Unique Person over to the leaders at a time the crowds aren't watching. I stretch my wings. This is progress.

>>

"This is wonderful timing!" the Big One exclaims.

I have just explained how the Unique Person has been arrested in the middle of the night right while a major holiday is starting. "Many will be distracted by the festivities," I say.

A Lying Lunatic pops in to update me.

"The Favored Nation leaders are running the Unique Person through several trials. Illegal, of course. They are seeking witnesses against the Unique Person, so they can kill him."

I pass the message on to the Big One. He is wringing his hands in anticipation.

The Lively Liar is back. "The Unique Person is in front of the Oppressor Nation's overseer of the Favored Nation. The Favored Nation leaders have aroused a mob to insist the Unique Person be killed by the Oppressor in the most cruel way known."

I can barely keep my wings folded as I tell the Big One. His wings get even darker. I didn't know that was possible.

The Big One vanishes, and I'm right behind him. We have to watch. The Unique Person is laid on a wooden cross that is laying on the ground. Nails are driven into the Unique Person's hands and feet. The cross is tipped upright and the bottom thuds into a hole in the ground. Oh, I can see the pain on the Unique Person's face. He thinks the Maker is good? He thinks pain is acceptable? Now let him figure out what is really going on. Humans are mocking him. He is having trouble breathing. His arm bones are pulling apart. "Yes!" I scream. "We got him! The Maker's plans have failed! Utopia, here we come." I'm wrapped up in the excitement of the moment.

A thought edges into my mind. A dim memory. Things aren't right, it says. The excitement of the moment edges it out. Another memory pushes in. 'Later,' I tell myself.

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Then, suddenly, total darkness. All the light in the universe has been shut off. "The Maker has lost!" I shout. "And he is trying to hide his loss!" We angels are shouting in joy. We have a clear path to utopia. The Unique Person was a failure. The Maker's plans are a failure. Never mind the darkness. We'll work around that. Utopia is ours!

Then the lights come back on. And the Unique Person speaks. "It is finished." And the way he says it ... you'd think he is the winner. Then he tells the Maker he is dying and going to the Maker.

Memories flood in. What had edged into my mind comes up front and center. The Maker has predicted his Unique Person would die, and when he died his bones would pull apart and humans would mock him and ...

Oh, no. The Maker was right. The Maker has planned this! But how? Why? I have to get a handle on this, before the Big One ...

The Big One screams for me. This will be an unpleasant session.

>>

Oh, no. I also have to tell the Big One the Unique Person came back alive and is still doing something on Earth.

>>> The Letter

Now I've got a new headache to deal with. The Maker started a new group. They call themselves Followers, among other things. It is a part of the Favored Nation. I wouldn't worry about them, but the Maker is doing miracles through them. Fortunately, the group is quite small and it is persecuted by the rest of the Favored Nation. Unfortunately, one of them is a real Blabbermouth, and Blabbermouth is getting Follower groups started in various regions of the Oppressor's lands.

Some of these Followers are writing letters. One of them who lived with the Unique Person for the last three years the Unique Person was on the Earth is starting one right now. I just happen to be here because I heard he is preaching some out-of-this-world nonsense, and I plan on listening to him this evening. So I watch him write, to see what lies he is teaching.

I read the first few lines. Historical nonsense. I don't care. He writes more of that. Then my eyes pop open. He writes more.

I what? That ... I won't do him the dignity of giving his name- that Follower says the Unique Person was taken to the South country as a baby because I was about to have the baby killed. The Maker warned the step-father. The family fled to the South country. And my trying to kill the baby, which caused the parents to flee to the South country, caused two prophecies to be fulfilled? The Maker used me to get two of his prophecies fulfilled? I am seething. To think the Maker used me that way. How insulting. The two prophecies? One was that the Unique Person would be called out of the South

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country by the maker. And the other was that the Unique Person would be a ... I can't even say it, I'm so hot. He was called by the name of the town he grew up in after he came out of the South country. And I made it all happen by trying to kill him. If I'd left things alone he would have grown up where he was born, and the prophecies wouldn't have come true, but because of me he grew up in that other town. I am incensed. Being used that way by the Maker. What abuse.

I need more help. "They call each other Follower. They split off from the Favored Nation," I tell my new recruits. "And the Maker is using them now instead of the Favored Nation. There aren't many of them now, but if I don't stop them now they could be a problem."

>>> Good Riddance, Temple

Wow. I never thought that I'd see this day. It wasn't the Big One. It was the Maker. He is so upset with the Favored Nation that he forced their temple to be shut down. The Maker won't let them worship him like they were ordered to. Without their temple they can't worship like they are supposed to. They really upset the Maker when they refused to accept the Unique Person as their leader.

I smile. A big smile.

The Maker did my job for me. Without their temple worship the Favored Nation will fall apart. I am sure of it.

I watch the Favored Nation scramble to change its religious teachings. It adapts so well that it can continue to be a group that is separate from all others and still focus on the Maker. It pretends to do what the Maker wants.

This is getting old. That nation has to go. Permanently.

>>

I am so discouraged. For 1500 years I worked so hard to get rid of the Favored Nation, and now, while I finally am making progress, the Maker's new group is growing like the weed it is. I get Followers fed to lions, burned as torches at night, torn apart, and more and more humans keep joining them. I don't get it.

>>> Blabbermouth Dies

"No loss there."

"No burial for that one."

My companions are as gleeful as I am.

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Blabbermouth died. Good riddance.

Unfortunately his letters didn't die. The Maker's new Followers add his letters and some written by a few other Followers to the Maker's Book.

>>> Unwitting Allies

The Lively Liar is giving me options on how to deal with the Maker's humans. "And while we are at it I can stir up hate and discontent by the Followers toward the Favored Ones. Maybe we can use the Followers to get rid of the Favored Ones."

Now that's an idea. The Followers always preach all that love and compassion nonsense. Get them to hate the Favored Ones- that will be a great twist on things. But how? The light bulb goes on.

I pop in on the Big One. I lay out my plans.

He laughs. "You are going to stir up the masses against the Favored Ones. And the Followers will have to separate themselves from the Favored Ones or endure the same persecution? I like it."

Time goes by. Things are looking good. I have the Lively Liar giving me an update. "Good news. Most of the Followers have turned against the Favored Ones. They don't want anything to do with the persecution."

"So I was right," I say.

>>> Death of the Favored Nation

It has been a real battle, but we finally have one up on the Maker.

"Agitate!" I shout. "Agitate hard!" My forces are stirring up the troublemakers. "We want the Favored Nation to resist their masters, to fight for their rights."

"I can't believe you are so pro-Favored Nation," a visiting Seeker says.

"Pro-Favored Nation," I sputter, barely able to get the words out. "What a disgusting idea. Of course I'm not pro-Favored Nation. Do you know what their masters are going to do to them when they revolt?"

"I'd stomp on them," the Seeker says.

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“Right. Those masters, those Oppressors, are going to be enraged. They will bring in their armies and kill kill kill.”

“If we are lucky there won't be any Favored Ones left.”

I smile. “That's the goal. No Favored Ones. No prophecies about the Favored Ones being fulfilled. The Maker will be discredited and we will win.”

In dreams and in visions my workers are agitating the Favored Ones who rejected the Maker. We are spreading hate and discontent. And the Favored Ones are fighting against the Oppressors.

War erupts. For a few years the Favored Nation gets its way. Then the Oppressor's armies arrive. They have overwhelming manpower. Massive weapons. They squash the Favored Nation. Just smash it. But they don't manage to slaughter all the Favored Ones.

“You didn't get them all!” the Big One screams.

I just stare at the ground, wings sagging.

“I ... WANT ... THEM ... ALL ... DEAD!”

So do I. Utopia is waiting.

“Get out of here.”

I slink out. Beaten. Ashamed. All the planning, all the scheming- a failure. The Maker had snuck some of his Favored Ones out before the armies arrived. Others had been scattered throughout the Oppressor's territory for years. Many years before I'd almost gotten another Oppressor to annihilate the Favored Nation. Failed then, failed now. I seethe with anger. Who are they to defy me? Who is the Maker?

Then I smile. No more nation. Still some Favored Ones to dispose of, but no more nation. That was destroyed. The Maker's prophecies can never come true. Never. So we have won after all.

Time to talk to the Grim Reaper and the Sneaky Snakes. We have humans to finish killing off.

>>> **Mysteries**

“I really don't like this word.”

“What word is that?” the Lively Liar asks.

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“Mystery. The Maker has mysteries. He’s hiding stuff from us. And that stuff is hidden in plain sight.” I sigh.

“Ah, but that helps us,” the Lively Liar says. “Everywhere there is a mystery, there is an opportunity for us to confuse things.” The Lively Liar smiles.

“Yeah, well, I am confused, and that is not good,” I grump.

The Lively Liar stays silent. I know he is confused, too.

“And to make it worse, the number of Followers keeps growing. They are fine with there being mysteries, as long as they have a relationship with the Maker.” I can see the wheels turning in his mind.

Then he spouts it out. “I can plant heretics in the South country. They can spout out all kinds of trash centered around a mystery or two. That will help mislead humans,” the Lively Liar says. “Get them confused. Keep them confused. Then they won’t be effective in reaching out to others.”

“Do it,” I say. Wait until I tell the Big One about my new strategy.

>>> Creeds

The Lively Liars get quite successful, especially in the South country. They have spread some wonderful lies about who the Unique Person really is. My wings shake as I laugh at the stories of confusion and outright heresy that is happening. One heretic is having a really big impact on the Followers there.

To top it all off, all over, the Followers are mostly refusing to have anything to do with the remaining Favored Ones so they can avoid the persecution against the Favored Ones.

Some time goes by. I am looking forward to the next report. I expect to have some really good news to share with the Big One. Maybe the South Followers will be so corrupted the Maker will find them useless. If so, I will use the process as a model to destroy the other regions of Followers.

The Lively Liar does not look happy. I have a sense of foreboding.

The Lively Liar pauses, then, “The bad news is so many of the Followers all over the place, not just in the South country, are so unhappy with the heretic and his teaching that they are having Follower-wide conferences. Leaders from all over are getting together.”

“And?”

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“They are producing an official statement. They call it a ‘creed’.”

“And?”

“The creed states the truth. All those wonderful lies, washed away like so much rubbish.” The Lively Liar looks dismal.

I am seething with anger. I chase the Lively Liar away.

Divide and conquer is not working. They are separate yet united. All because of that stupid Maker's Book. The Maker is keeping them united by that Book. I hate that Book.

Even worse, now that they have started, they aren't done. More creeds are coming into existence. I am not a happy camper. I start processing the ideas they are coming up with.

>>> The Maker-Maker-Maker

Oh. Oh no. The Maker's Followers figured this out. The Maker is 3 persons, one being. And- I don't fully get this- each person of the Maker is all of the Maker, all at the same time. The Maker is more complex than I thought. This is as bad as when the Maker called himself “I am”. So now I have 3 persons who are everywhere at once everywhen at once, and those 3 persons are each all that the Maker is all at the same time. My wings ache.

As if that isn't enough to make it more difficult to get to angel utopia, I have another realization.

>>> The Unique Person Became Sin

The Blabbermouth wrote another thing I can't get my far superior mind around. The Unique Person became sin. That is really mysterious when I combine it with another part written by another writer that says the Unique Person was with the Maker and was the Maker. And the Maker does not sin. Ever. I am focusing on this hard. I'm sure this is important.

>>

One of those three persons of the Maker is the Unique Person. So we killed the Maker, and we didn't. That is my conclusion. And when the Unique Person was dying, during those three dark hours when the Maker turned all the lights out, the three persons of the Maker were up to something. But what?

>>

I don't like my conclusions. The Unique Person, one of the three persons of the Maker, became sin. He absorbed every sin of every human to ever live into himself. It changed the very fabric of his being. It made him too unholy to be Maker. This is good. We get rid of Maker, at least one person of Maker. Except. I hate this part.

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The Unique Person, during those three dark hours, waited for another person of the Maker to forgive him for every one of those sins. And he got the forgiveness.

And it gets worse. The other persons of the Maker also told the Unique Person what to do to change each human so the humans stop doing each kind of sin. The other persons told the Unique Person what to do, with every individual human, in every circumstance, so the human changes, so the human will become like the Maker in how he acts.

The Maker is making humans who are like him. The Maker is making humans he will want to have in this universe. I have to stop that. This universe is for utopia for us angels, not for them.

I have to tell the Big One what I figured out. I set out some healing lotions. The Big One is going to wrench my wings, hard. I hate the Big One.

>>> A Life for a Life

There is one more part to all this mind-boggling stuff. The Maker is choosing which humans he is going to forgive and make like himself. And then he is giving them these- these mercies- without making them earn them. They get into a covenant with the Maker, the same one the Loser got in. Each one gives his entire life to the Maker. That sounds like a high payment. But then he gets the entire life of the Unique Person in return, with all the mercies of the Maker included, and with all the glories Unique Person will get. So they give Unique Person their puny lives and get an infinite life in return. Oh, did I just admit that? An infinite life. It better not be infinite or I'll never get angel utopia. Anyway, they give Unique Person their puny lives and get the mercies from the Maker so they become like the Maker, and then the Maker wants them to be in his universe. Oh, this is not good. The first of the mercies the Maker gives them is forgiveness for any sin they do. And the second of the mercies is the Maker changes them so they live by the same rules the Maker lives by. They are images of the Maker. And that is what the Maker wants. Images of himself. I have to stop this. There can't be any images. Then the Maker will give up on this universe and I can have angel utopia.

No wonder the humans want in on this. The Maker is giving them what I am working so hard to have.

>>> Unite and Conquer

I really am puzzled with how fast the Followers are multiplying. Almost 5% of the Oppressors have become Followers. And more keep joining them every day. This is not how it is supposed to go. The Followers are supposed to die off so I can get angel utopia. Something has to change for the better, and soon.

"We have to use a different game plan," the Lively Liar says. "We have to stop looking at the Followers as multiple units."

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“But they are multiple units,” I counter.

“Nah. They are scattered all over, with different leaders in different areas. We just have to help them get into one big religious organization. Then they won't be multiple units,” the Lively Liar says. “Then we corrupt the big organization and the Maker has nothing left to work with.”

“Unite and conquer,” I say, adopting the idea as my own.

“Exactly.”

I like my idea. Unite and conquer.

“Next plan,” I tell the Big One. It's hard talking to him when he is looking so grim. “The Followers work in unison to produce creeds. Now I am going to corrupt them in one big mass.”

“And how are you going to do that?”

“Pride. Money. Power. The bigger the religious organization, the more I can introduce corruption. Politics get involved. Help the most corrupt organization get bigger, then it will squash the others. And the organization will get so corrupt none of the humans in it will be Maker Followers. They will cease to exist.”

“An organization can even produce its own creed that is different from the teachings of the Maker,” the Big One says.

He bought into my plan. I am pleased.

>>> Divided to Win

“The problem is, the Maker keeps raising up small groups of humans who are so committed to him that they are not influenced by pride and power. They preach the Maker, and are generous, and that attracts the masses. And I can't get rid of them. Big powerful religious organizations that I have thoroughly corrupted are not able to eradicate them. Rulers in various places protect them for various reasons. Some of these rulers worship the Maker. Stupid rulers. Others get power because the masses like the preachers. Stupid masses.” I'm filling the Big One in.

The Big One looks furious. “It's the same old Maker stunt. Start a small group that is totally committed to him. Then that group reaches out and gathers others into the Maker's clutches.” The Big One's hands curve like claws as he speaks.

We are walking on the shore of an island. “Take these humans,” I say, waving toward the town not far away. “In the midst of their poverty they are flourishing. They study the Maker's Book. They get

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motivated and go out and preach in other places. This is a hotbed of developing new preachers." I itch. I can hardly stand to be here. It's a good place for an independent-minded angel like me to avoid. Unfortunately, duty calls.

"I assume by other places you mean the mainland."

I nod. "Sometimes just a single human goes forth. At other times it is an entire group that settles in a community and promotes their horrid ideas. They may go a short distance, or to a foreign land. One thing they won't do is join a big religious organization I have corrupted, no matter what enticements I offer them. In fact, they oppose my organizations. They are real fanatics for the Maker."

Dealing with the Favored Nation was bad enough. At least then I only had one group I had to corrupt. Now I have to deal with lots of groups. The Followers just won't quit dividing. And spreading out. This is getting outrageous. I corrupt the largest groups. These smaller groups that are forming are never part of a large group. These smaller groups are difficult. The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life just is not derailing them from their proselytizing. They keep their minds cluttered with the ideas in the Maker's Book, and that makes them less susceptible to the Lively Liars. Not that these humans completely obey the Maker, but they are totally committed to him. And I can't break that commitment.

>>> Heaven's Temple

I'm here, spying on the Maker's angels. I had to put on bright wingtipppers so I fit in. I hate bright colorful things. I like dark. Anyway, one of them is updating some others. You ought to hear what this Buffoon is saying. In fact, here, I'll let you listen in.

"I saw it. It is real. There is a temple in Heaven."

"And that is where the mercies are happening?"

"Yes. And they are the same types of mercies the Maker offers to humans."

Can you believe it? There is a war going on. And these angels want to talk about the Maker offering mercies! But here, I'll let you listen in some more.

"So I can be friends with the Maker again?"

"Not only you can, but the Maker WANTS to be friends with you again," the Buffoon answers.

"I wonder why."

"If you get the mercies and are friends with the Maker again, will you give him praise for that?"

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“Well, of course.”

“And so will others. They will see how much the Maker did for you and they will praise the Maker even more.”

I smirk. Yeah, right. The Maker causes us to go through pain. Did they forget...

“Can I ask? Why did the Maker even make it so we could do wrong things against him?”

The Buffoon answers without hesitation. “Free will. The Maker doesn't force anyone to be in a relationship with him. He gives each of us free will.”

“Oh.”

“And when we have free will, we can do bad things. Things that can cause the Maker pain.”

“Oh.”

“And we can tell the Maker we don't want to be friends.”

“I almost did that.”

I want to shout: Well, get the guts to do it like I did!

“Fortunately I didn't.”

What?!

“And that's what the mercies are all about,” the Buffoon says.

“I'd heard one of the mercies is I get forgiven for doing bad things.”

“That's right.”

“And the other one is that the Maker changes me so I do right things instead of wrong things. So the Maker and I will be real friends again.”

“That's right.”

What about all the pain the Maker makes you suffer? I want to shout. I bite my tongue.

“And what about pain.”

Yes, what about pain.

“You suffer pain. That let's you react to pain the way the Maker does. Then angels see what the Maker is like, especially with his mercies, and they give him more glory.”

This angel really is a Buffoon.

“So there really is a good reason for pain.”

“Yes.”

I've had enough of this buffoon. I think I'll see if there is some way I can cause him some pain. Lots of pain. Talking about there being a good reason for angels to experience pain. What nonsense. Who cares what the Maker wants, anyway? He doesn't deserve more glory. Lots of pain. I'll enjoy giving Buffoon lots of pain.

‘Those two should have joined me in seeking angel utopia,’ I think as I go looking for someone different to spy on.

>>> **Beggars**

I settle down with a cup of coffee, simply blending in with the crowd. I'm close enough to hear a conversation, not so close as to be intrusive. I pretend to be reading some paperwork.

I so much want to up and leave. My wings are restless. I am having trouble keeping from stretching and folding them. But, I am also having trouble not slapping some common sense into these... I hate to even call them angels. Beggars is what they are.

But, the Big One wants to know what motivates these Beggars. I'll certainly be able to fill him in on that. The Lively Liars really have their work cut out for them.

“No, you obviously haven't done the sin to death.” That's the Beggar.

“How do you know?” That's the angel the Lively Liars need to talk to, and quick. He's the Questioner.

“Anyone who has done the sin to death has made a decision to worship someone other than the Maker instead of worshipping the Maker,” the Beggar says.

That's me. I refuse to worship anyone who makes me endure pain.

“Yes, but I did other bad things,” the Questioner says.

“I know. So did I. But I didn't choose to worship someone else. I was a sinner, I still am, but I wasn't an idolater.”

“So one kind of sin is okay and another kind isn't?” The Questioner looks puzzled.

“No, that's not right. The sin to death means someone chooses to worship someone other than the Maker in the Maker's place. An angel might even choose to worship himself.”

The Questioner listens on.

“There is also sin not to death. This is everything else we do that the Maker wants us to not do. We hurt the Maker, we hurt angels, but we don't abandon the Maker. And the Maker forgives us for these things, and he also works inside us, changing us more and more so we live like he does.”

“So we don't get punished at all?”

The Beggar shakes his head. “We will still have to go through a judgment, and we will lose out on things in the next life we could have had, but we will still have our relationship with the Maker and we will have a fascinating, and pain-free, life in that next life. Not in this one, in that one.”

“And that is true for all angels?” the Questioner asks.

“Not for the third of the angels who decided to follow the BO. They chose to not worship the Maker. They did the sin to death. The rest of us, though, it is true for, as long as we stick with the Maker.”

There is a pause in the conversation. I'm scribbling notes as fast as I can.

“There are three types of followers of the Maker. I should fill you in on those,” the Beggar says.

“Okay.”

“The first type is the little angel. Now, this has nothing to do with age or size. It means you decided to follow the Maker. You are trying your relationship with the Maker out, to see if you want to stick with him. You will enjoy the peace and joy and other results of being with the Maker. And you will endure the opposition, the evil things the Big One will throw at you. You are free to leave the Maker. He won't make you stay.”

“So I could decide to worship the Big One or even myself, if I want to,” the Questioner says.

The Beggar nods. “If you do that, you will join the Big One's angels. And you will never have a relationship with the Maker again, or have what he offers his followers.”

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Come join us, I think. Note to self. Have a Pleasure Plus show him the party life.

The Beggar continues. "As time goes by you will decide, permanently, whether or not to stay with the Maker. If you decide to stay with the Maker, you will go to the next level of the life of a Follower. You will seek purity in your relationship with the Maker and with angels. You will want to not do wrong."

"That will be tough," The Questioner says.

"It is tough. The Maker will be planting the desires and abilities in you to do right."

Not if I can help it, I think.

"And the last stage is the caring stage. The Maker will change you so much you will naturally care for others. You will do things for other angels and for the Maker even when it hurts. And you will actually be glad you did. It will be natural to you."

You better think of yourself, and forget all those others, I think.

"So I will think pain is good? That is a difficult thing to accept." The Questioner looks quite doubtful.

The Beggar shakes his head no. "You won't think pain is good. You will be unhappy about it. But you will think the Maker or the other angel is so important that the pain will be less important than him. So you will endure the pain because you care for him. And in the caring stage especially you will be apt to do this."

Dodo bird, I think. No one in his right mind will put up with pain to help someone else out. The Maker has stuffed his mind with a lot of nonsense.

"Where did you get all these ideas?" the Questioner asks.

Yes, where did you ...

"Humans. I have been watching the humans, and what the Maker is doing with them. The universe was created to be an auditorium for us, and the humans are the actors. We watch them, see how the Maker treats them, and can see how he is going to treat us sometime."

The Questioner looks puzzled.

"There is a temple in Heaven. That temple is for us as much as for humans. The Maker is doing things for the humans, and he is doing things for us."

I want to tear myself away. This is such nonsense. The Maker only cares for the Maker. But I can't.

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The Beggar goes on. "You have no idea how far the Maker went to bring humans back to himself. None of us does. Neither do they. But think about this. If the Maker did this for lowly humans, who are just examples for us, what do you think he did for us?"

I gotta go. I can't handle this any more. As I get up I hear the Beggar say, "So, angel, be significant. Be more than you can be. Let the Maker work in you and change you and make you into somebody that really matters."

I flap my wings hard. The wing tippers fly off. And so do I. Enough is enough.

>>

Somebody needs to shoot the Big One. He made me come back to listen to the Beggar some more. The Big One wants to know what happened during the three hours the Unique Person was on the cross and the Maker turned off all the light in the universe. Now, how am I supposed to find that out?

The Big One is hoping to find some weakness in the Maker in those three hours. I hope he finds it. I hate the bright colorful lights here. And opening doors for each other. And... all of it.

Lucky me. There are the Beggar and the Buffoon, talking to some Questioners. Now if somebody will just ask the right question.

"... the three hours of darkness."

I snap out of my half-slumber. Finally, maybe...

"That was the three most important hours of human history," the Buffoon says.

"During those three hours the Unique Person took all the sins of all the humans into himself. It changed the very fabric of his being. For the only time ever, he was a sinner." That is the Beggar.

"And the other persons of the Maker were so disturbed that they shut off all the light in the universe."

"They couldn't handle one of themselves being sin."

"So why did the lights come back on?" a Questioner asks.

"Even with all that sin in him, the Unique Person never stopped wanting a relationship with the other two. The Unique Person knew they wanted a relationship with him. So, painful as it was, the Unique Person waited. And waited. Until the other two gave him forgiveness for every single sin every human ever did," the Beggar says.

"And they also told him what to do to change each individual human so the humans would become holy," the Buffoon adds.

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I wish I hadn't awakened.

"And now when a human chooses to worship the Maker, the Unique Person applies the Maker's mercy of forgiveness to that human for each sin he does," the Beggar says.

"And he also passes on the Maker's mercy of making that human more and more holy."

"And that is what the Maker is doing for angels, too?" a Questioner asks.

"It looks like it. We don't know the mechanics of it, but something like what is being done for the humans is also being done for us."

Not me, I think. I've got someone more important to focus on than the Maker. Me. I'll get angel utopia. Then I won't need all this mercies stuff.

I leave. And quick. If the Big One wants more intel he will have to send someone else. I've got a universe to save. I've got angel utopia to save.

>>> Smart Dumbbells

After a few hundred years the results of my labor is obvious.

"Unite and conquer is failing. The masses are becoming more educated. And to make things worse, as the masses become more educated they are increasingly turning against my religious organizations because they are finding out the truth about the corruption," I say.

The Big One does not respond.

"So we need to find a way to make sure the newly more educated humans turn against the Maker instead of turning to him," I say.

"I'm tired of fighting to get rid of Favored Ones and Followers. There has to be a better way. I need angeloids for angels, and humanoids to kill humans. But I can't make angeloids the way I did before that nasty flood, and I can't make humanoids. There has to be a way." I think it, the Big One says it.

>>

I am called to the Big One's office.

"We are going to work with the humans," the Big One says.

That takes my breath away. I thought our goal was to oppose the humans, to destroy them. I see angel utopia slipping away.

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The Big One looks me square in the eye. "We are going to help the humans get smart. We are going to help the humans make machines that will make them so smart that they destroy themselves. After they make clones, of course."

I blink my eyes. For thousands of years I have been looking for ways to get clones made and then destroy the humans. Nothing has worked. The Maker keeps making the humans dumber as time goes by. They are not smart enough to help figure out a way to make clones any more. But nothing is stopping us, or them, from making machines smart. I break out in laughter. This is genius. This is pure genius. I can see the Big One is pleased with my reaction.

"Make it happen."

I blink my eyes. The Big One just tossed it in my lap. Just like that.

At least my wings didn't get tormented this time.

>>

"Just what processes will the humans need to make to be able to help us make clones?" I ask the Big Squisher. "I want an answer tomorrow."

"Just what machines will the humans need to make to be able to kill themselves off without killing our clones, and how will they do it?" I ask the Seekers. "I want an answer tomorrow."

>>

I am pacing the halls of my offices. Patience is not a virtue, it is an annoyance. This has been a long morning. The Seeker pops in.

"The humans will have to learn to harness electricity. They can use the electricity to make smart machines- computers. And with these they can make Artificial Intelligence. Then they can make anything we want. Selectively destructive weapons, clones, whatever."

"And they can learn to make the machines?" I ask, making sure.

"Yes."

"How long will it take? 10 years? 25 years?"

"500 years."

That sets me back. I recover. "But it will happen?"

"It will happen."

Next comes the Big Squisher. His first words are, "We can do clones with no souls: those the humans can create, with our guidance."

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“No souls. No inner human life. No thinking entity in the body. An empty shell we can inhabit.” I’m making sure we are talking the same clones we tried for before. I am making sure we are on the same page.

The Big Squisher nods.

“How long will it take?”

“Hundreds of years. They have to learn about cells and DNA. They will have to invent machines to help them learn about these things. At that time they will also be able to make a virus that will kill humans but not clones. We can call it COMID.”

“A virus,” I say.

He nods.

>>

“Hundreds of years,” I say.

The Big One whacks my left wingtip. Hard. “If this doesn’t work I will wrench both of your wings clear off.”

I value my wings. I will make this work.

“Clones have no souls,” I tell the Big One. “They have no claim on the universe. Your control of the universe will be absolute.” That appeases him. No more wrenching of the wings today. I hate the Big One.

>>> **Goosie-Boy**

“Go ahead and cook this Goose,” a Follower of the Maker says, referring to his name. He is tied to a stake, fires raging all around him. He will soon be burned to death.

‘Oh, they are going to,’ I think, enjoying this scene.

My big religious organization is burning humans who disagree with it to death. Getting rid of heretics, as they think of it.

“And in 100 years a Swan will arise that you will not be able to stop.”

I look at goosie-boy. And I am disturbed. Has the Maker just given him a prophecy?

>>> Secular Education

As per the plan, I accelerate humans learning. I even have Seekers teach them things in their dreams, to speed up their learning. Human knowledge is mushrooming.

The printing press is invented. Knowledge expands even faster.

The problem is, with the invention of the printing press, Maker Books are popping up like the weeds they are. Other books about the Maker are also commonly printed. The Big One is pushing me about this situation. This is an unintended consequence of having printing presses. It is a necessary evil I have to counter. The race is on.

>>

“Success is success, but I want success for us, not for the Maker. How do I get control of what is printed, so I have control of what is taught?” I ask a Sneaky Snake.

“The problem is all those Maker Books,” the Sneaky Snake tells me. “They keep reading that Book and following its ideas.”

“And what is the solution?” I ask.

“We encourage humans to think differently about science, to think of it as a secular subject not associated with the Maker.”

“But science points to the Maker,” I object.

“It doesn't have to.” The Sneaky Snake smiles widely. “We will make it point in different directions. Help them interpret what they discover in different ways.”

“And I will get them learning all kinds of fake science.” The Lying Lunatic looks pleased with his idea.

“We will make them proud of what they discover,” a Pleasure Plus adds.

“I will have those dumbbells thinking they are so smart they will think they are makers,” the Sneaky Snake says.

A Profane Preacher speaks up. “I will make a religion of their science. They won't want a Maker in the way of seeking immortality.”

“Where do we start?” I ask.

“Get them so busy learning about science...”

“... and fake science...”

“... that they don't feel like devoting time to learning the Maker's ideas.” The Profane Preacher smiles. “They won't think about the Maker or the Big One.”

>>> The Swan

100 years have passed since goosie-boy died.

“Is there anything unusual?” I ask. “Anything at all?”

“No,” the Seeker says. “Just the normal struggles and conflicts with the Followers.”

I nod my head, accepting the report.

>>

Year 102. The swan raises its head. It posts 95 arguments on its church door against things my big successful corrupt religious organization is doing. I don't recognize the swan at first. Preachers are always doing this.

The swan turns out to be courageous. Humans rally around him. Now I have a problem on my hands.

The swan becomes the head of a movement to get rid of all the lies my religious organization has been teaching. The Maker starts doing even larger things, spreading his truth, causing me all kinds of problems.

I hate the Maker. I hate the Maker's prophecies.

>>> Blessed Nation

A continent is discovered that the most technologically advanced humans at the time didn't know existed until then. They are starting to take it over.

The Maker's ideas are heavily promoted on that continent. The Big One is not pleased.

>>

“Kill him! Kill that coward!” I scream.

I hate cowards. Stand up and be counted. Or get out of the way.

And I especially hate this coward. He is the leader of an army of revolutionaries. I love war. I love revolutions. But not this one.

A bunch of weak-kneed can't-stand-the-heat Followers ran away to this new-to-them continent, reproduced like gerbils, had boat-loads of other Followers join them over the years, and now they want

to have their own nation. A nation of Followers with the right to worship the Maker however they want. Not on my watch.

“Yes! Yes!” I yell as I watch bullet holes appear in the coward’s coat.

“This coward is weird,” the Seeker that is with me says. “He gets right out in front of his troops, right in harm’s way, to encourage them to fight on, like he isn’t afraid of death.”

“He is a strange one,” I admit. “He leads his humans from the front line when he is in a battle. But he often avoids battles like the plague.”

“He runs away from battles. But when he is in one he actually leads his men from right up in front, risking the bullets. Yes, that is strange.”

“Idiot,” I say. “He needs to just get his army into battles and get it over with.”

“He seems to be waiting for something, some never-going-to-happen event that will give him the victory for sure.”

I fume. “Never going to happen. Waiting is for sissies. He needs to get in there and fight. Lose with pride.”

“Oh, he will lose. His rag-tag bunch up against the mightiest armies on Earth. He might as well quit now.”

Another bullet hole appears in the coward’s coat. ‘How come he doesn’t flinch, bleed, fall off his horse in extreme pain?’ I wonder.

After the battle- the coward lost and retreated- I count the bullet holes in the coward’s coat. Fourteen. That’s 3 new ones. The bullets went through the coat, and didn’t hit him? Impossible. The Maker. He’s up to his old tricks again.

Day after day that coward spends time in the Maker’s Book and in prayer. Sometimes he gets in battles. Other times he runs from battles. “He is waiting.” The Seeker’s words come back to me. ‘Waiting for what?’ I wonder. Want to accomplish something, don’t wait, do. Get it done.

“This war has drug out for three years,” I grumble.

“It should have been over in one. The coward obviously does not have the men or resources to win.”

The Seeker sounds as disgusted as I feel. I’ve got Followers in other places I need to deal with.

Another year goes by. The coward has a powerful ally who bothers to show up with a lot of war ships.

“I don't like this.”

“Me, neither.”

The ally blocks the waterway, keeping the mightiest nation on Earth from sending in ships to support its army on land at a strategic time.

“The coward is on the move,” the Seeker tells me.

This time the coward isn't running. He is attacking.

“No!!!” I groan. The coward has the tactical advantage big time. He forces the army of the mightiest nation on Earth to surrender. He wins the war.

“No!!!” I groan again. A new nation is formed. This one lets Followers worship the Maker freely. I have caused great havoc on the other side of the ocean. Followers are persecuted left and right. And the Maker pulls this stunt, setting up a new Blessed Nation across the ocean.

I go count the bullet holes in the coward's coat. Forty seven. My groaning turns to fury. I'm going to crush this Blessed Nation, and I'll not wait to do it.

>>

That Blessed Nation is growing. The humans are independent minded, and steeped in the Maker's ideas. They are creative, ambitious.

>>

The Maker controls most of the education system in the Blessed Nation.

That new nation is steeped in the Maker's ideas? This the Big One cannot tolerate. This I cannot tolerate.

“How do I get control of the education that is being done?” I ask some of my minions.

“The problem is the parents teach their kids at home, using books that teach Maker ideas,” a Lying Lunatic says.

“All that home schooling is poison for us. Make them go to public schools. Make them use books that don't talk about the Maker,” the Sneaky Snake says.

I soon have Lively Liars pushing the idea of public schools in the dream-teaching sessions of the humans I have following me. They are also pushing education that does not include the Maker.

I slowly erode the Maker's near-monopoly on what is taught with required public schooling that promotes ideas and ways of looking at things in the public schools that oppose what the Maker teaches.

>>> Prayer

It is difficult walking into this place. My wings are cramped up against me as tight as I can get them.

“How long has this been going on?” I ask.

“Two months,” the Seeker replies, breathing heavily.

In front of us, kneeling at the church altar, is a Follower, head bowed in prayer.

“And when he finishes praying, then what?”

The Seeker takes a ragged breath. “Another one is here, taking over. There is no noticeable break between them.”

“Two months of continuous praying. This is not good.”

“That is why I informed you.”

We turn and walk out, breathing a sigh of relief as we get clear of the little town.

“No good can come of this,” I say.

>>

I make a return trip. The holiness is so thick it is clouding the air near the church.

“How many are in there?” I ask.

“35. They are having a sending-away service...”

“Another one?”

“They keep sending out missionaries. This one is going very south.”

“It is such a small church. Causing so much trouble.”

My wings are clasped close to my body. I can barely force myself to walk through the fog of holiness. Inside I see a small group of Followers kneeling in prayer.

“85 years of continuous prayer. All hours of the day and night. There is always someone praying. And they keep sending out humans to teach about the Follower. The Pleasure Plus Corps can't put a dent in this. The Lively Liars can't get these humans derailed.”

I am perplexed. How the Maker came up these humans I don't know. Fortunately there is only one such group. Unfortunately, I can't touch them. The holiness is hurting my wings. It makes my skin itch. I want to run out the door. I can barely walk.

Outside. Out of town. I can breathe again. "Keep me updated." I hope I never have to go there again.

>>> The Rally

"I am here to steal, kill, and destroy!"

"I am here to steal the universe!"

"I am here to kill all the humans!"

"I am here to destroy the Maker's plans!"

"I am here to steal, kill, and destroy," the Big One tells everyone confidently.

All of us angels who were smart enough to choose to follow the Big One are in a rally. There are trillions and trillions of us.

"I am here to steal the universe. I am here to kill all the humans. I am here to destroy the Maker's plans for the universe. I am here to create angel utopia!" The Big One's voice is rising in volume.

There is a thunderous roar of applause. My star / seat is shaking from the sound.

"No more pain!!" the Big One shouts.

My wings are just fluttering with anticipation.

"I have full rights to the universe. I stole those from the humans. I will kill all the humans so there is no one to reclaim those rights. And I will set up the rules so there is no more pain for me."

That word "me" briefly disturbs me. It should have been "us". A thought flashes through my mind. Even if pain does exist in the universe when all the humans are gone, I'm at the top of the food chain. The angels that will suffer pain will be the lower angels. But things are moving too rapidly to dwell on this.

"I am here to steal, kill, and destroy," the Big One repeats. "What are you here for?"

"Steal, kill, and destroy," trillions of voices shout out.

"What have I stolen?" the Big One asks.

I help you see you the way God sees you and see how to improve so He sees you with delight

“The universe!” trillions of voices respond.

“What is next?”

“Kill the humans!” we all respond.

“How many are we going to kill?”

“All of them!”

“How many?”

“All of them!”

“Why?” the Big One asks loudly.

“So we can have angel utopia,” many reply.

“I am here to steal, kill, and destroy! You are here to ...” And the Big One just got quiet.

“You are here to ...” the Big One repeats.

“Steal, kill, and destroy!” we all shout out gleefully.

“What was that?”

“Steal, kill, and destroy!” we repeat over and over.

“What are you after?” the Big One asks.

“Angel utopia!”

The Big One cups a hand near an ear.

“Angel utopia!” we scream out all the louder, over and over.

The Big One smiles and walks off the stage.

This is a rally for the books. Those humans don't have a chance.

>>> Resurrected Nation?!

This is not possible. The war is raging. A handful of ignorant, ill-equipped, ill-trained, arrogant Favored Ones are winning the war against much better armed and much larger armies.

“The Big One has to step up his game,” I tell the Grim Reaper. “This can't be possible.”

We are watching a battle for a narrow road in a narrow channel going from sea level up to the main city of what was once Favored Nation. That city was the capital of the Favored Nation two millennia ago, and the Favored Ones are fighting to keep the road open for their use so they can have access to that city as they attempt to reestablish the Favored Nation.

“If the Big One doesn't do something, and soon, the Favored Ones are going to have the Favored Nation again.” The Grim Reaper looks grim indeed.

“I got rid of that nation 1,800 hundred years ago. I put an end to all the Maker's unfulfilled prophecies about that nation ever being fulfilled. Now... This will make it possible for the Maker to actually fulfill those prophecies.” I shudder. This can't be happening. This is beyond impossible. Nations don't reform, with the descendants of the same humans in the nation. It just can't be.

“This is the way it has been for the entire war. By all accounts, the Favored Ones ought to lose a battle, and they win. Over and over this is occurring. Supplies arrive just in the nick of time, reinforcements get there to save the day just as things are about to go our way. Over and over, disaster for us.”

I notice the Grim Reaper's wings are sagging. So are mine.

>>> Cold!

“The Planet is getting colder!”

“We might be headed into another ice age!”

“Discussions are under way on how we can prepare for an ice age.”

This is fun. The hysteria in the news reports is amusing. They are scaring themselves. I have so confused them and mislead them they can't recognize the truth even when it stares them in the face. I remember the Big Flood and the huge amounts of ice that came down from the skies because of it. That was a mere 4,200 years ago. But all they can think of is the ridiculous evolution time scales I taught them. The Lively Liars did a good job teaching humans in their dreams.

The Flood. That was a lot of ice. And it has been melting ever since then. There is no ice age coming. Yep. I am amused.

>>> The Computer

Lucy and Cromagnon and other types of humanoids can't be made again. Nor can Nephilim or other angeloids. This I know. But clones can definitely be created, according to the Gene Squishers. It is time to update the Big One on his brilliant plan.

I approach the Big One.

"Your plan is succeeding. The humans are becoming smarter. They are using computers to be smarter than they really are. They are doing the work we once did. We won't create clones, they will. And the clones will be exactly what we need to inhabit."

I spread my wings a little. Just a little. "They are using the computers to become gene squishers. Granted, they are quite ignorant gene squishers, but they will learn enough to be able to create clones. And clones..."

Earlier than I dared hope I get cut off. "So we definitely will have our clones to inhabit. Compliments of the Maker's humans."

The Big One has accepted my report. My goal is accomplished. I flee without covering Artificial Intelligence. I can cover that on another day. For today, my wings were not wrenched. I smile.

I push the Seekers to get the humans to work harder and faster. They find opportunities to guide the humans into more discoveries about nature. Pleasure Plus angels stir up curiosity about the many aspects of the universe, the human body, the mind.

>>> Horrible mercies

I need to review a couple of things. They get foggy in my mind.

A Seeker explains them to me:

The Maker's mercies are new every day. That's what the Maker's Book says. Each human can have two kinds of mercies over and over. The first kind of mercy is to be forgiven for sins the human does. As if that is not bad enough, the second kind of mercy is for the Unique Person to implant the Maker's ways of doing things into the human so the human will act like the Maker.

The humans get two kinds of mercy. Every day. The Maker forgives each of them every day, and changes each one just a little more each day to act like him more and more.

The Maker is making humans who will be just like the Maker in how they act. The Maker plans for those humans to live in this universe forever.

"Not if I can help it," I say. "This universe is going to be a utopia for us, not them."

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The Seeker nods in agreement.

“How does the Maker choose who to make like himself?” I ask. “Obviously a lot of humans choose to follow us, not him.”

“We don't know why he chooses who he does. We know he is choosing humans from all kinds of their tribes and nations, all over the planet.”

“And what do they have to pay to get to be one of his Followers?” There has to be a payment, I reason. All I have to do is pay them more, and then they won't follow the Maker.

“The Maker seems to randomly choose the individuals. As far as what they pay, they pay their entire life.”

Here I smile. “They give their entire life to the Maker? They become his full-time slaves?”

The Seeker nods yes. “The problem is in return they get the Unique Person's life. They get his entire life as their own. They get all the glories and pleasures he gets. And they are promised utopia ...”

“Utopia is mine!” I screech. “They are not getting utopia. I am!” I heave a fireball at the Seeker.

The Seeker flees the office while I rant and rave.

Later the Seeker returns to finish his report. “The Maker has millions of humans who have received his mercies. But they all die. They all go outside this universe. We only need to make one time when there are no living followers of the Maker on Earth. Then we can claim Earth. Permanently.”

“I've tried everything possible,” I grump.

>>> NOW!!

The Big One is fuming. “I want clones now!”

I try one more time to tell him it is too early. He doesn't listen.

“The Maker is on the move,” he says. “He put the Favored Nation back together. His prophecies are starting to come true. His prophecy clock is ticking. I cannot allow this. I must have clones NOW! I must kill the humans NOW! Before the Maker's prophecies all come true. I must take over the universe now. Speed the program up.”

I help you see you the way God sees you and see how to improve so He sees you with delight

"I need one more generation," I plead. "Then I will have successfully brainwashed enough people to easily bend the whole world to your will." I am surprised the Big One has not ripped one of my wings off, he is so hot. "They will gladly give up their personal weapons, get vaccines, torment and kill other humans just to save their own skins, and have much more expertise to create the clones we need."

"I don't have that kind of time. The Maker is on the move now. I have to make my move before he makes his. Get those clones made. Get those humans dead. Now."

I nod my head yes and get out of there, wings intact. I have to act prematurely. But it is doable. Barely, but doable.

>>> Hot!

"Save the planet."

"Save the planet."

"Save the planet."

The planet is getting warmer. Humans are at fault. The planet will get so warm all humans will die. They have to save the planet, and the way to do that is to reduce the human population. The Lying Lunatics are teaching this in the dreams of the talking heads and others, and those, well, those compliant humans are passing it on as proven fact. I love it. I love their ignorance. I love their arrogance.

The talking heads and other influencers- I own a large percentage of them. I got them their influence and their wealth. And I got their loyalty. And if one steps out of line, he gets a visit. Lively Liars scream and screech at him in his head, driving him nuts. And catastrophes happen to the errant one, reminding him I will harm him if he steps out of line. What I want, I get.

The talking heads are heading humans in the right direction. They have humans wanting to reduce the human population by billions to save the planet. That's the ticket. Kill each other off, for a good cause, then there will be fewer of them I have to kill to save the universe. After we get clones for angels, that is.

Keep stirring up paranoia, talking heads. Get them so fearful of destroying the Earth they don't realize the ones they will have to kill to save the planet is themselves.

The fact is the heat is simply redistributing, like it always does. Cold ice melts in warm air. Take a piece of ice and set it on a plate on the kitchen table. It melts. Glaciers melt the same way. It just takes longer. I've been watching it happen for thousands of years. Of course, I'm not going to tell them that.

Those dodos, following the lead of my influencers, want to blame humans for the melting. They ignore massive methane deposits under the oceans and blue algae and other factors that have a much larger impact on absorbing the sun's heat. They ignore clouds and volcanic activity that reduce the heat

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absorbed from the sun's light. I love their ignorance. There are also factors they have no clue about. But they pretend they know it all. This makes them easier to scare. They get paranoid. Then they want utopia. Then facts don't matter to them. And that's when I can manipulate them any way I want. Then I can get them to do stupid things like kill themselves off. After I get my clones, of course. Angeltopia, here I come.

>>> Dolly

Dolly the sheep. The humans are making progress on making clones. Dolly is a clone. It is not a perfect process yet, but I am getting them there.

>>> Errant One

One of my stooges tried to stop serving me. He is paying the price. I made him rich. He better tow the line. And to make sure he does a dozen Lying Lunatics are in his head, screeching and shouting at him at all hours of the day and night. He is not going to fail me. He will use much of that wealth to support my plans. That is all there is to it. He will get no rest until he does what I want. And even then he won't get any rest. I'll let the Lying Lunatics have their way with him. No one betrays me.

Of course, he isn't the only one. I've got lots and lots of stooges. Some are rich, some are poor. Some are famous, some not so. They all try to get stupid at one time or another. The rich ones like to get arrogant, letting their wealth deceive them into thinking they are important. The Lying Lunatics get them back in line.

I enjoyed watching Lying Lunatics deal with one of the stooges just a couple of days ago. She screams all hours of the day and night. Cops came to check on her. The Lying Lunatics appeared to her like little munchkins, constantly nagging her. She pointed at them while talking to the cops. Of course, the cops couldn't see anything. She was shouting at the Lying Lunatics to leave. One of the cops pretended to see them and waved for them to leave. The Lying Lunatics backed off, till the cops left.

Lying Lunatics drove another stooge so batty he was cussing at neighbors and setting trash on fire. He wasn't very useful to me so I let the Lying Lunatics have their fun.

The most useful stooges get taught by the Lying Lunatics. The teaching occurs in dreams, seances, and other means. It pays to help them get influential one way or another. As long as they don't get out of line.

>>> Artificial Intelligence

The Seeker is giving his report. "The latest part of our new plan is working brilliantly. I am helping the humans get a lot smarter. At least, a lot more capable. Then I will turn that against them."

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“Excellent!” I say.

“I am helping them learn how to make Artificial Intelligence computers, or AI for short. With the AI the humans will definitely be able to make viruses that kill humans and they ...”

“After they make clones for us,” I say.

“Of course. The first stages of their learning to produce angel-ready clones is happening as we speak.”

I smile.

“The clones will be empty shells, malleable,” he says. “There won't be any human souls in them. And they won't have any ethics to stop them.”

I smile big time. Things are looking up.

>>> Success

I like Irrelevant Assembly. This is my kind of Assembly. No Followers here. They like to think of themselves as Followers. They like to present themselves as Followers. But they are not. They are my humans, not the Maker's. These humans I am using to make angel utopia. Then I will kill them.

Irrelevant Assembly used to be Relevant Assembly. But my devious plans worked beautifully here.

I got them to thinking they needed "professional" help with dealing with the problems of life. Like other Assemblies, they had been doing soul care. That meant an average human worked with someone who had a problem, showing the human what the Maker said about life situations and inviting the Maker to help the human work through the problem. Of course, soul care relies on the Maker Book and the Maker, not on professionals. I got them to thinking professionals were the way to go. So they got themselves some psychologists, who do not truly rely on the Maker but on their professional skills to help humans. Foolish humans. Scientific study after scientific study proves that the professionals do not do as much good as soul care, but the humans ignore that. They are enamored with professionals. So I got them one step further from the Maker with useless professionals.

What is a real hoot is that the originators of psychology were directly taught by Lively Liars. Yep. Their teachings and ways are straight from me. Foolish Followers try to blend Maker ideas with mine, but the blend still has the effect of getting humans to trust the Maker less.

And then there is the love and compassion thing. How can you love someone and hate them at the same time? I got them to dwell on the love aspect so much that they pushed out the Maker's rights and then the Maker himself. Oh, they still talk about the Maker, but they don't follow the Maker's teachings any

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more. They ignore anything the Maker says that contradicts their, or rather I should say, my utopian teachings. I taught them that they must love everyone, no matter how sinful they are. They must be compassionate. They can't correct anything that is wrong. They don't dare offend anyone. That would hurt someone, and that would not be loving them.

It is interesting. They don't want to offend other humans, but they don't mind offending the Maker by making hash out of what he teaches in his Book. They act like other humans are more important than the Maker. Which suits my purposes well.

So they won't talk about the Maker's condemnation of sin. They won't talk about Hell. Heaven they talk about. But not Hell. They wash Hell out of existence.

In fact, and this is funny, they treat everyone as being a victim. Everyone is a victim of the Maker's rules. How dare the Maker deny them sex with anyone they want, even if it is with another human of the same sex? In fact, who is the Maker to claim there are only two sexes, or to assign what sex a human is? The Maker is cruel to set limits on fun. Irrelevant Assembly gives lip service to the Maker, but they don't want to do things the Maker's ways.

And there is the woman. Who says she should be enslaved to raising the children while the man goes out and earns the household income and gets prestige? If she wants to go be a professional and get prestige, she should have that right. She has the lesser role if she does things the way the Maker set them up. She is a victim. It is a crime for her to just be enslaved to raising the kids. How dare she willingly participate in that crime!?! That's what I have convinced them of.

And really, the kids benefit by the mother working outside the home. That's what I tell them. The kids endure less oppression by the parents when both parents go to work. Even better is when there is only one parent- even less oppression then.

And this works well for me. The less kids are involved with their parents the less they are attached to them, and to the Maker or one of his Assemblies.

And when the kids go to a public school- why, then my humans can brainwash them in all kinds of utopian ideas, like the government will take care of them from the day they are born till the day they die, providing a good job and medical care and housing and a good retirement. This is a wonderful opportunity for me. I get them so excited over utopia that no amount of facts and proof that the utopia does not and never will exist fazes them. They want utopia so bad they will fight for it, even though it is impossible. Of course, I don't tell them the only utopia that will ever exist is for angels after I get rid of them.

Irrelevant Assembly. I like this one. They understand that the Maker's ways are bad because his ways squash love and compassion.

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Uh, oh. Someone in Irrelevant Assembly is actually praying to the Maker. I need to get that squashed and fast.

>>> The Virus

“Fear is such a wonderful thing. Massive fear. It makes the humans do stupid things. They line up to obey any dumb order we wish to push on them. The Spanish flu killed many humans. Now humans fear viruses. They act like losing a few years off their miserable little lives really matters to anyone.”

I can see where the Gene Squisher is going, and I like it.

“Since the Spanish flu there have been other minor problems like Ebola and AIDS. Now it is time to hit them with something much bigger.”

“What's that,” I ask.

“COMID 18. It was developed in a laboratory. It's weaponized. Fast spreading.”

“Mortality rate?” I ask.

“Not over high. Under 1%.”

I'm puzzled. “Under 1%? Then what use is it?”

The Gene Squisher takes on a determined look. “It doesn't have to be dangerous. It just has to look dangerous. And it will look dangerous because it will spread fast.”

“OK. How fast?”

“Thanks to humans flying all over, it will be all around the world in weeks, killing humans.”

“OK. What will we get out of it?”

The Gene Squisher looks me in the eye. “Scared humans. Lots and lots of scared humans.”

“But I thought you said it has a low mortality rate.”

“It does. But the human elites are being taught as we speak. Dream Teachers are instructing them on how to use the virus as a scare tactic. The elites will blab blab blab about how incredibly dangerous the virus is...”

“Even though it isn't.” I like this deviousness.

“... and get everyone to get a vaccine.”

“A vaccine,” I repeat.

“A vaccine. And to make sure all these humans get the vaccine we will release a variant on the virus, to scare any laggards into getting the vaccine.”

I'm puzzled. “Why do we want humans to get a vaccine? The virus won't kill many of them as it is. Is the vaccine going to kill them?”

“Oh, the vaccine will kill them alright. It will kill some directly, and the majority by making preexisting problems like cancer much worse.”

“How many do you plan on killing? And how soon?”

“If the Maker doesn't catch on, seven billion. In two or three years.” The Gene Squisher smiles.

“I AM” flashes through my mind. I ignore that. “Seven billion,” I repeat. “I like that number.” I pause a moment. “Why not all of them?”

“We are keeping the rest alive until we have our clones. The vaccine will change their bodies. We are preparing their bodies to be cloned. Once we have enough clones, we will kill the rest.”

“So there will only be clones left,” I observe.

We both smile.

>>> The Fear

Everything is going to plan. The virus is spreading fast. The hospitals are talking about how many virus cases are in intensive care. And they are inflating the numbers of virus cases they have so they get paid more money for virus patient care. Died of a heart attack? It was the virus. Died of the flu? Blame the virus. Claim the money. Give out the fake statistics. Scare humans.

“Ha ha ha! In his basement? He is hiding in his basement?”

“Oh, lots of humans are. And others are literally running to their houses in the mountains, fleeing the virus.”

I ponder this a moment. “I suspect they will be among the first to get a vaccine when it comes out.”

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“Oh, I’m sure.”

“And the neat thing is, the hidiers are getting the virus just as much as anyone else.”

>>> Vaccine time

The vaccine is ready. Actually, many are ready. Most of them start changing bodies so the Gene Squishers can make angel-ready clones. The others are an unhappy by-product of having to use humans to develop the vaccines.

>>> The Persistent One

I look at the paper that has been put in front of me. "How did you discover this one?"

"He keeps writing books about the Maker. So I put him on a watch list. Our problem is that he keeps writing books that tell about the Maker. One is a historical novel about what has been happening with you. He covers your goals and says you are being outfoxed by the Maker. He calls it The Big One's Goals."

“And just what does he claim our goals are?” I sneer.

The Seeker looks at his piece of paper. “Turn kids into humanoids. Clone kids: inhabit clones. Kill the kids. Own it all.”

"Make sure this one stays quiet!" I say as soon as I hear that last bit. I am seething.

"We are working on it." The Seeker says.

"Do not let that scoundrel speak!" I am alarmed. One idiot Follower could upset my plans. My angel-ready cloning plans are being threatened.

Then he slides another piece of paper toward me.

"This is another part of his bio. This makes it even harder to control him."

I read:

In Poverty Year 1 I was told the pool of money I am borrowing from, and using to avoid being homeless myself, would run out by the end of Poverty Year 2. Having this in mind:

In early Poverty Year 2 a family was literally \$95 away from being homeless. I loaned them the money. That moved my date of being homeless or in shared housing 2½ weeks closer, to very

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early December or late November Borrowing Year 2. I kept that family from becoming homeless. Much later I was repaid (to my surprise).

A homeless couple was standing in front of me on the bus. I heard them discussing the Maker's Book. The man asked me if I knew where a particular passage was. I showed him. They needed a Maker's Book. I gave them mine.

The middle of Poverty Year 2 I drove one human to 3 appointments. When he ended up short on cash for co-pays, after previously being told there would be no more, while standing at the counter waiting for a scheduled-right-then surgery, I loaned him hundreds of dollars on the spot that day and the next. Not getting repaid would have moved my being homeless a lot closer.

Poverty Year 3, I see a homeless human scrounging through the trash container. She is quite tidy. I am in the habit of offering homeless humans food when I see them by the trash container. I offer some food. I borrow a vehicle from a friend. She and I go trying to find a place for her to stay. To no avail- she can't handle crowded, dirty places with humans that have violent attitudes, which is all that was available. She did end up with some food, clothing, and some padding for her to sleep on.

I hate dropping her off at her tent. It will be 15 degrees again tonight. She chose that over the shelters. Tough choice. I never saw her again.

My neighbor was being evicted and needed to file an answer in court. I loaned the money. The judge said, "Get out." I said, "Keep the money." Next home- living in a car. Months later I buy gas for the car for the night- it will be well below zero. I was eventually repaid.

Society may call you useless. But- if I can do all this on less than an \$840 a month income and more than \$840 a month rent (I borrow money to live) - how much more can you do? What is your story of sacrifice?

Later: COMID stimulus payments temporarily improved my finances. The question still remains: What have you done to help others that is a real risk to you?

"So where do things stand?" I ask.

"He keeps helping humans and writing books about the Maker that he plans to market sometime. And he keeps practicing generosity, and generosity is very difficult to overcome."

Fanatic Followers. The Maker tinkers with their thinking and they become generous. They do generosity and that brings more humans to become Followers. The Maker has been using generosity against me for a long time. This is not acceptable.

"I want him silenced totally."

The Seeker looks dismal. I know the Maker is prohibiting our killing him, or he would already be dead.

"His fanatic persistence is why I brought him to your attention. What else we can do, I do not know."

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I rarely hear a Seeker admit defeat. This upsets me to no end. This has to be solved. This Follower is just too committed, too persistent. He has to go. "Grim Reaper!" I shout.

I don't like the following conversation. The Grim Reaper says he:

tried hanging this Follower from a clothesline when he was only 5 years old and his mother rescued him.

gave him anthrax when he was a teenager, before modern anthrax meds were available, and his doctors saved him.

gave him a weird stroke and he survived.

"What kind of nonsense is this?" I ask. "You can't kill one lonely fanatic? Then what use are you?"

I hate mercies. I know this is what happened. The Maker forgives the Persistent One his sins, and also the Maker works to change the Persistent One into someone who lives more and more like the Maker does, by living by the same rules the Maker lives like when he encounters the various circumstances in life. Like living by generosity. And then the Maker has made sure the Persistent One survives and has things go well enough for the Persistent one so the Maker's plans get met.

I hate mercies. Now the Maker has another fanatic working for him. And the Seeker just told me this fanatic is related to the goose I killed many years ago. The goose had a brother, and this fanatic is probably a descendant of that brother. The Maker can have the whole lot of them. I am going to win. I am going to have angel utopia. The Maker can give out all the mercies he wants. I will win.

I will silence this lowlife.

>>> Masks (Un)Needed

"This is worrisome," I say.

"We are on top of it," the Lying Lunatic says. "The story got out, but the talking heads are ignoring it. It won't last long."

Good. A study involving thousands of humans in real life that proves masks don't work will certainly not help my agenda. I want humans wearing masks. Masks keep humans afraid. Masks disrupt relationships. Masks weaken the body. 'Please, everyone, wear a mask,' I think with a smile on my face.

The Lying Lunatic was right. The story is gone in 24 hours. Most humans don't believe it anyway. My lying talking heads are quite influential.

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>>> COMID Positives

"COMID has negative effects. But the effects aren't all negative."

The Big One has me listening in on Followers. Research. I hate listening to them.

One Follower is droning on.

"COMID is resulting in many kids being homeschooled. A lot of parents were exposed to what their kids are being taught, and they aren't happy with the material. Fake history, weird ideas on sexuality, utopianism. Parents don't want that garbage fed to their kids. A lot more kids are being homeschooled now on a permanent basis. A lot more. They will learn truth. They will also learn respect for their parents and for the Maker instead of stupid utopian ideas."

And on.

"And then there is the issue of jobs. After COMID there is a large shortage of workers. The government can't figure out why. It turns out a lot of humans started their own small businesses during COMID. They'd been laid off, they needed an income, so they created their own job. Of course, now they don't want to go back to their old low-paying work. And the government hasn't caught up with that yet."

And on.

"The elitists wanted to create more dependency on government handouts during COMID. And that happened with some humans. But there were also a lot of new businesses started, and that means a lot of humans escaped the low-wage trap. Which, of course, is the opposite of the elitist goal."

I move on. I don't want to hear this.

Oh, wait. There is one good thing here. This Follower is talking about the goals of the elitists. He evidently hasn't realized the real mastermind is the Big One. This is a good thing. He doesn't know who his real enemy is, so he won't be as effective in trying to fight me.

>>> The New Leader

"Oh, am I happy. The leader of the Blessed Nation is about to be replaced. That leader has been pro-Maker from the git-go." My wings flutter a bit.

"I hate him," says the Lively Liar.

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“And just as bad, he has just arranged more peace treaties between the Favored Nation and other nations than had been arranged in the last six decades.” I am really unhappy about that.

“He had to go. He really had to go.”

“The new leader is in my pocket. No problem there.” And here I laugh. The new leader stole the election to get the leadership. Yes, just my kind of human. The weird thing is, it is almost like the Maker even wants my guy in the leadership position. This disturbs me. But- I have who I want in that position and I will make the most of it.

“Just what do you hope to accomplish with this one?” the Lively Liar asks, as if he had no clue.

“Paranoia and utopia. He is going to do things to promote both of these things. Big time.” I am determined that this will be so.

I pause a moment. “Don't you find this amusing? Those humans want freedom from slavery. So who do they select as leaders? Slave makers! The top one played a major role in creating laws that criminalized many things. The second one put many humans in prison. And how much money do ex-cons make every year on average? A little over \$10,000. Ex-cons are the new slaves. Underpaid and overworked. It's not racial slavery now. It's criminal history slavery. Lots and lots more new slaves are made every year. Thanks to the two chosen top leaders. And those humans think these leaders will save them from slavery? Not hardly. Wait till they enter the slavery of socialism those leaders are aiming for. This will make them easier to control until I kill them all when I establish angeltopia.” I am so pleased to see this happening.

>>> Vaccine Resisters

This is getting old. “Just who is refusing to get the vaccine?” I ask.

“Well educated humans. And really poor humans- they often had unpleasant contact with the government so they don't trust it. And those rabid Followers of the Maker. They do independent research. It is a carryover from their constantly doing research in the Maker's Book so they know what the Maker wants.” He pauses. Then, “It seems the Maker is just putting it in the minds of some people to not get the vaccine. They don't know why, but they know they don't want it.”

“So they have figured out what?” I ask.

The Seeker counts things off on his fingers. “They know the vaccine doesn't work. They know the vaccine is killing humans. They know that vaccines are changing humans in ways they haven't analyzed yet. And now they are figuring out that the vaccine makes other types of medical problems worse, and that leads to them dying sooner.”

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“And who is telling those humans all this stuff?”

“Talking heads. The Maker's talking heads are on radio, TV, social media, in churches. They just won't shut up.”

“So, shut them off.”

The Seeker looks puzzled.

“Shut them off,” I repeat. “I own the owners of the biggest social media platforms. Tell them to shut down the Maker's fanatics and any other vaccine resisters.”

The Seeker vanishes immediately. I know certain humans, in their dreams, are going to be instructed this very night to block the Maker's Followers from spreading truth.

TV. I control most of the TV personalities. I call a Lying Lunatic into my office. “The Maker's humans are being told by talking heads to avoid the vaccines. Humans, especially the Maker's humans, must take the vaccines.”

The Lying Lunatic doesn't hesitate a bit. “I will have our TV talking heads constantly talk about the dangers of the virus, the necessity to get a shot, and how the virus will be prevented by the shot.”

I thought he was done but he went on.

“They will also shout out that anyone who refuses to get the vaccine is endangering everyone around them. This way humans will put peer pressure on other humans to get the shot.”

Peer pressure. I love peer pressure. You can get humans to do all kinds of stupid things with peer pressure.

The Lying Lunatic vanishes.

I still have those horrible radio personalities. And they get listened to so much they have a terrible effect on my agenda.

Uh, oh. The Big One wants an update.

>>> Freedom Wanted

Freedom. Humans value freedom. But what freedom? And at what price? I've been studying humans for millennia, and the ones that demand individual freedom the most are the ones who learn nonsense

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like the Maker loves them. How can the Maker love them when the Maker makes them endure pain? Dumb humans. But still, they want freedom.

And that is good. I'll give them freedom. Utopia. That is the ultimate freedom. Freedom utopia. Equality utopia. Sex utopia. Racism utopia. Save the planet utopia. I'm going to have humans so full of utopia dreams they will push the Maker and his plans and his promises and rules way out of the way in their mad dash to create utopia. I just am not telling them it will be angeltopia, not humantopia.

>>> Stewardship!?

"The Big One lied to us! He doesn't own the universe, he only got stewardship of it." I hate the Big One.

Stewardship. Taking care of someone else's property. If you do it the way the owner wants, you keep control of it. If you do it wrong, the owner takes it back, and you have nothing.

"The Big One is just a steward trying to steal the universe. I have to make sure the Big One succeeds or there won't be angel utopia." I am processing out loud what a Seeker just told me.

I stop talking, frustrated, angry.

"There's more," the Seeker says.

"More?" I can barely croak the word out.

"The way the agreement between the Man and the Big One and the Maker is written, each time the Maker's wishes are violated the Maker has certain rights to interfere in what we are doing and make things go his way."

I clench my jaws. Now I know why the Maker has been getting away with his weird nonsense over the millennia. He points to a clause in the agreement and the Big One can't complain.

The Seeker opens his mouth to speak but I cut him off. "So, can we win?" I ask.

The Seeker shrugs his wings. "If there are no humans, the Maker has no recourse but to accept the Big One as the steward."

Okay, that is something.

The Seeker goes on. "But for right now, the more severely we mess up a Follower's life, the more the Maker can do something to mess up our plans."

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"So if we strip a Follower of his goods, the Maker can make a counter move."

The Seeker nods.

"But if we burn a Follower at the stake, like we did to the goose and many others..." My voice trails off.

"The Maker can interfere a lot more," the Seeker adds.

"We have to get the clones made, and we have to eliminate all the humans." My determination to succeed has never been greater. And then I get walloped again.

"Prayer," the Seeker says. "When a Follower prays, asking for something, he is basically inviting the Maker to interfere in what we are doing."

"And the Maker can do so," I say, disgruntled because I know this is true. That church that prayed for years and years comes to mind. I have to make sure that never happens again.

The Seeker nods. "The Maker has three excuses for messing up all our hard work."

"That we know of," I add unhappily.

>>> Shut Up!

"Shut up!" the Follower shouts. "Shut up, you cowards!"

The Ministers all look at him, shocked.

"That's what they want. They want you to shut up. They will shame you, saying you don't love humans. They will mock you. And if you still talk they will bully you. Ever been bullied? It's no fun." The Follower takes a pause. "And if bullying doesn't work, then they will get serious. They will burn you down. They will put you in prison."

The Ministers shift restlessly.

"Their goal is no free speech for you. No contradictory info from you. No old-fashioned Maker-honoring ideas. Just shut up. Go in your corner and be silent."

The Ministers just stare silently.

"Their goal is to dominate. And no tactic, no lie, no harm is out of bounds."

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The Follower looks at his quiet crowd. "And right now you are doing a good job of practicing what they want you to do. You are quiet. Complacent. Retreating into your shells. Cowards."

"I'm not a coward," one of the Ministers says.

"Then you have a target on your back." The Follower smiles. "But you are on the winning side. All of you are on the winning side. But before we look at how you are winning, let's look at what they are doing."

The Follower puts a slide on the screen. It says: You won't win the war of words.

"You won't win the war of words. They will scream louder than you. They will twist word meanings. They will mock you. They will lie. Most important, they will make fake big promises. Humans want utopia, and they will ignore, even reject facts, trying to get it. You can't win with facts, you can't win with logic. Utopia beckons, and truth will be totally trampled as they rush to grab utopia."

"You make it sound hopeless."

"Oh, no. The Maker has his ways. But arguing with utopia seekers will not work. Anything that contradicts their dreams they reject. Facts don't matter. In fact, start proving them wrong and they will resort to lies, shaming you, and violence- whatever it takes to keep you from destroying their hopes of utopia."

"What drives them?"

The Follower smiles. "I'm glad you asked." Another slide pops up. It says: Victim.

"They see themselves as victims. Even more, they are taught they are victims. They are given exaggerated ideas of being racial victims, or justice victims, or family victims, or victims of being denied the opportunity to enjoy sex. Now don't get me wrong, there are genuine victims in all of these areas, but the utopians take small things and make them huge. And they take matters that apply to one human and act like it applies to others. Anything to take victimhood and make it huge. Take the feminist movement. A woman is genuinely mistreated by her less-than-loving husband. Next thing you know she views all of married life as victimization. Taking care of the kids- that's slavery. Not being able to earn money at a job- that's inequality. Sex- that's oppression. She tosses out the role the Maker gave her, she ignores the unique abilities she has that men don't have, and she pretends the solution is to do what men do and not do what she was designed to do. And the consequences of what happens when she tries to practice manhood, like kids being poorly raised, consequences don't matter. Just so she gets what she wants. And the utopians egg her on, making her want more and more, ignoring consequences, ignoring harm to herself and others."

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"I suppose this is also what is happening with the racist issue," a Minister says.

"Big time. There are racial problems. But there are a lot of lies and excessive demands included. The utopians are using fake and exaggerated race issues to foment discontent and riots. Fake facts abound, and truth is trampled so utopian ideas can be pushed. The goal of the utopians is to get everyone to feel like a victim and demand the end of society as it is. Then a new society based on socialism run by know-it-all elites can be established."

"But there are real racial problems. An excessive number of blacks are in prison, for example," a Minister says.

"I agree. There are real problems that need real solutions. But utopian ideas that lead to elites running a socialist society will not solve the problems. History proves over and over socialism doesn't work. How many of you got your half-a-chicken allotment of meat for the week?"

The Ministers look around, puzzled.

The Follower goes on. "That was all the meat a human was allowed for an entire week in Island Nation two years ago. Then it went down to a fourth of a chicken. Then no meat at all. I don't remember how many eggs humans were allowed, but it wasn't many. Go there. See how wonderful socialism really is."

The Follower takes a dollar bill out of his wallet. "This is another big issue. Money. Utopians stir up hate and discontent because someone is making the big bucks and you aren't. So get utopia. The government will guarantee you equal income and healthcare and retirement. It'll be great! You want to see how great it will be? Go to Island Nation. Check it out. That's utopia's future. It isn't pretty. Socialism has been rejected by nations because it is so horrible. They have thrown it out after giving it a try. But facts don't matter to utopia seekers. Humans are brainwashed to ignore facts. And they trample truth because they want utopia. That's their goal. Utopia. Anything that gets in the way gets run over."

My wings are rigid. I want this long-winded loud mouth shut down. Unfortunately, my claws are tied.

"Oh, I should say, slavery. The elites love slavery. Their goal is to get humans into socialism so they have more control. Racial slavery officially ended in this country, so the elites developed a new form of slavery. What they have done is to make more and more things to be crimes. And they have increased the severity of the punishments. They have scared the masses with a barrage of crime rate statistics and media crime reports and crime shows. And then the elites got background checks going. These are used to limit work opportunities. Ex-cons only average one-third or less of what everyone else makes. Wallah! New slaves of every race. Of course, if socialism takes over, almost everyone will be a slave. And everyone will be equally poorly paid. Study history. Check out the facts. But- facts don't matter. Not when utopia is on the line."

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"And the utopian way to cure the problem is to get rid of the cops," a Minister says.

"Precisely."

"And we end up with anarchy."

"Precisely. And that causes desperation. And that opens the door to socialism." The Follower sighs. "Our current social system, based on the Maker's rules and capitalism, is blamed, and socialism is presented as the cure."

I'm wracking my brain, searching for a way to shut this bag of hot air down. I hate Followers. I really hate this Follower.

"We shouldn't be surprised utopianism has raised its ugly head. The utopians have been moving into and taking control of our education system for many years."

You got that right. I've got most of it under my control.

"And to your shame, you have sat back and not resisted the takeover. In fact, many of you probably send your kids to their brainwashing classes. It is the easy thing to do, and you want 'experts' to teach your kids. And now your kids and your grandkids believe homosexuality is okay, transgender is normal, and more evil stuff is right."

I smile.

"Civility, reason, and real science are thrown in the trash. Any real science that contradicts their utopian vision is rejected. Consequences of actions are denied. If you oppose them, they get obnoxious and even violent. They will claim you don't love them, even though your heart aches for them. They will claim you don't accept them, even when you are providing for their needs. They insist you listen to them and shout you down, or beat you down, when you want them to listen to you. They want to dominate. They will shame you, vilify you, lie about you, try to silence and control you.

"And just when you think I'm done telling you what is happening I will add one more layer. The Big One has his angels directly teaching people. If greed doesn't get them, angels will. This is true for the average utopia seeker and for the people who think they are elites. It is probably really true for elites who get out of line. Angels teach them directly, in dreams and seances and other methods. And if those people get out of line, the angels will screech and scream in their heads, and make their lives miserable. You read about angels being in people in stories about the Unique Person, and you hear about people hearing voices in their heads today. This isn't just a physical battle. This is a spiritual battle. This explains why the same ideas are promoted in very different cultures today, by the way.

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"So now the question is, what do you do about it? How do you help them escape their fake utopian dreams? Especially when they have decided the Maker's Book is evil, your social system is evil, and basically, you are evil. And how do you help the humans who have angels talking right in their heads?"

The Follower turns off the overhead screen. "Now we are going to look at us. At you. We know what the enemy is doing. What are you doing to counter this? This is going to be an honest assessment. It isn't going to be pretty. Then we are going to see how humans just like us won wars before."

I don't like this.

"First of all, most of you are afraid. I know you are afraid. The government said, 'Boo!' and you shut down your Assemblies. It was okay to open bars and strip joints. But not Assemblies. As far as the government is concerned, it owns you. And from their point of view, you didn't stand up to them so you are cowards. I know you use the excuse that the Maker says you are to obey the government to avoid confronting the government. I also know you know the human who wrote those words was executed by the government for disobeying the government. I also know you know the other top Follower leader of the day willfully defied the government, telling the officials he had to obey the Maker rather than the government. So you know there are limits to obeying the government, but you are afraid. And you did exactly what a coward would do. I told you this is not a pretty assessment.

"You want to bring humans to the Maker. You need to be seen as nice, friendly, caring. If you tell humans where you stand on this utopia euphoria and everything that feeds into it you will be called bigoted and homophobic, hateful and racist. You will be condemned, bad-mouthed, harassed with words and maybe with actions. You will be condemned for speaking up. There is nothing fun or attractive in that. The extremely vocal elitist puppets will do their best to drive a wedge between you and the humans you are trying to help. So you fear the elitists, you fear their special interest groups, you fear their puppets. So you get silent. You hope the Big One will slide by and ignore you. Just leave you in peace. You want to avoid broken windows and threatening calls and flattened tires. You want to be seen as friendly, not a hater, not legalistic, but as gracious.

"And you really don't want the puppet media digging up trivial wrongs and lies and flinging a lot of mud at you. So you are willing to keep quiet. You are comfortable as you are and you want to stay that way. I get it. But there are consequences. Now the government knows you are easy push overs. You have no fight in you."

The Follower looks a bit angry. I know he is upset. And I know if I don't get angel utopia, he will be accusing me before the Maker. All the more motivation for me to win.

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The Follower goes on. "You were put here for such a time as this. The Maker has equipped you to win. You will not win by logic or facts. Utopia dreams have blinded them.

"So how do we win? The first thing we do is pray. One Assembly had a prayer meeting that went on for over 100 years. They had a major impact on the world. And they were not a mega-Assembly. You must pray. Invite the Maker in. And we must repent. We must repent of our sin, of our silence, of our cowardice. I have seen the Maker do miracles. I suspect you have, too. Expect more to happen. We must praise the Maker. Then the Maker will give us direction. We will obey him. We will be compassionate toward humans. We will do good deeds. Look at my bio. Little deeds, big impact. You will get a backbone. You won't shut your Assemblies down. You will see the elitist goon squad lose their resolve while yours grows. In the early centuries of the Followers there was severe state persecution. Who won? The Followers. How? Not by words. By doing deeds of compassion. When they had a pandemic they waded right in and helped the sick, and they didn't have personal protective equipment. But they did have compassion. While others- the elites- ran for safety the Followers risked their lives. They grew and grew and won over an entire empire. Today the Big One is wreaking havoc in Maker-based societies all over the world. He used COMID to forward his agenda a lot. What can we do? It only took a handful of Followers to conquer an empire. There are a lot more of us today. Think what we can do. Are you taking risks for the Maker, or are you hiding in the basement?

"The Maker has already prepared you. You know what to do and how to do it. How is your prayer life? How is your compassion life?"

I tell the Seeker, "I wish this big-mouth would shut up."

The Seeker just sighs, and the big-mouth goes on.

"If someone were to spend time in your Assembly, could they say..." The Follower picks up his remote and these words flash up on the screen:

At this Assembly I do see:

This Assembly allowing government takeover

At this Assembly I do not see:

How this Assembly is refusing government takeover

Or do they see:

This Assembly is avoiding government takeover. It is staying open all the time.

"The government has many of the Big One's utopians in it. The Big One has his utopians using the government to push utopian ideas so he can pursue his goals. The Big One is using the government to oppose you, because you oppose his goals. And the best way to oppose you is to shut you down.

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“Are you afraid? Of course you are afraid. The Maker’s followers covered in his Book were afraid at times. But they did the Maker’s will anyway. They stood up for the Maker, regardless of the consequences. Just like people in countries today where talking about the Maker is illegal speak up for the Maker, even though it is a fearful thing to do, and they often pay a high price for doing so. It isn’t cowardice to be afraid. That is normal. It is cowardice to refuse to do what the Maker wants because of fear of the elites and the utopia fanatics and their tactics. Courage is to do the right thing when the government is opposing you. Courage is to do the right thing in spite of your fear. Courage is to speak up in opposition to the evil things promoted by and done by the utopia seekers, even if it might mean prison or being beaten or being bad-mouthed. It takes courage to stay open when the government is threatening you when you do.”

“And through it all we speak and act from compassion for them,” a Minister says.

“Yes.”

>>> Gloat Time

“Oh, yeah. Turn up the heat. I've got humans fearing everything but their own shadows.”

“Give me time and I'll have them fearing that too,” a Lively Liar says.

I ignore him and go on. “They are afraid of global warming, as if they can do anything about it. It is going to happen, no matter what they do. That started after the Maker did his little flood thing and it won't stop. Not for now.

“I have them fearing viruses. Why, they are so scared-out-of-their-minds they won't even get close to family members.

“They're scared of the virus vaccines, and they're scared of humans smart enough not to get a vaccine shot.

“They're scared of AI. Computers might take over the world. That's okay. That keeps them distracted from the truth- I am using them and AI to create clones for angels. When I have the clones I will create angeltopia and kill all the humans. Then they won't be scared any more, will they?” My wings shake hard as I laugh.

“They're scared of humans who won't wear masks. Humans have proven masks don't work for protecting themselves or others- why, social distancing doesn't work, either- but those fools are scared of humans who don't wear masks.”

“Some humans call them face diapers,” a Seeker says.

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I smile and go on. "Then there's the UFO's. Alien invasion. All that nonsense. It's not aliens. It's us. Angels. We are creating the UFO's. Another distraction. And another chance to teach humans things so they hurry up and produce the clones I need for angeltopia."

"And the weapons needed to get rid of the humans," the Seeker adds.

I settle back. "I love fear. It is such a great tool. I've scared humans into distrusting each other. I scared them into wanting utopia so bad they ignore facts to try to get utopia. All that fear will help me create angeltopia." Yep, I'm satisfied. Progress is being made.

>>> Persistent One Speaks

The Seeker slides a piece of paper in front of me. It was written by a Follower that I am told is causing trouble.

I read:

Hi!

At times I am much more blunt than my friends care for.

So, rather than catch you totally by surprise with questions, I will give you some advance notice on what I am considering.

At Present Assembly I do see:

Avoiding major today issues like wokism, critical race theory, marxism

At Present Assembly I do not see:

How the Assembly is taking a stand on wokism, critical race theory, or marxism, so society knows these are not the Maker's will, or if it intends to

"Okay," I say, "this is exactly what I want. They are not opposing my agenda in any meaningful, widespread public way. Humans can interact with this Assembly and go home still thinking marxism and wokism and critical race theory are good, especially since they see no opposition to it. What is the problem?"

The Seeker just sits and waits in silence. This is unusual. Seekers are not patient angels. I read on.

At Present Assembly I do see:

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Cherry picked no-conflict teaching in sermons and other teaching venues like Sunday School and Maker Book studies. Terrific very Maker Book accurate sermons, but they are what I call “bubble sermons” (or teachings). Normally only the socially acceptable part of the Maker Book is taught. This is a horrible misrepresentation of what the Maker teaches. This will lead to Present Assembly being like, and as irrelevant to the Maker and society as, Irrelevant Assembly just a short distance away. Irrelevant Assembly, by the way, has very Maker Book accurate sermons. At least the ones I have heard are.

At Present Assembly I do not see:

The whole counsel of the Maker Book taught consistently. The warning in the final section of the Maker Book about not skipping any of it or adding to it applies to the whole Maker Book, not just that section.

I tell the Seeker, “I read this and I am pleased. I have this Assembly on track to become irrelevant in the not too distant future.”

Then I add, “I am not pleased to see that someone has picked up on what I am doing. He needs silenced.”

The Seeker finally says something. “We are going to cancel him.”

Cancel culture. I love it.

>>> Mercies Alive

There is a conference going on. I have been told I will really not like what is being taught to Followers here. I will have to put the Lying Lunatics to work on this. I pop in on the first session. The first speaker is already running his yap.

“Being in relationship with the Maker is easy, yet demanding. You confess and repent of your sins to the Maker, and he establishes a relationship with you. From that point it is a matter of him applying his mercies to you. You get the mercy of forgiveness of sins, and you get the mercy of being changed (transformed) so you sin less and less over time. The end goal- eternity with the Maker. We call it being saved. What I will do today is briefly cover some info on Maker2, who distributes the mercies, which originate with Maker1, to you. This is an outline of the fifty-eighth ‘book’ found in the Maker’s Book.

“This book presents the Unique Person as the Ultimate Human.

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“The outline is pretty simple.” The speaker hands out a piece of paper to the participants. “Since the Maker is actually the Maker-Maker-Maker, being 3 persons but one Maker, I have labeled them Maker1, Maker2, and Maker3.” The speaker quickly reads through the outline:

“Maker2

- 1:1-14 The ultimate human- the One mercies flow through (from Maker1 to Me!).
- 2:1-8 The ultimate human- King of kings.
- 2:9-18 The ultimate human- the ultimate image of the Maker (suffered like the Maker, leads to great glory from the Maker) (suffers- like we humans are designed and appointed to do; identifies with us due to the suffering and therefore passes on mercies with compassion).
- 3:1-19 The ultimate human- faithful to Maker1 (in passing on Maker1’s mercies). (We must daily acknowledge, accept, and live in the mercies no matter the circumstances.)
- 5:1-10 The ultimate human- the process: called: holy (5), qualified (6), transformed (7-8) to
- 7 The ultimate human- the ultimate and sufficient priest: majestic (1-16), needed (11-16), immortal (17-25), qualified (26-28)- the sufficient channel of Maker1’s mercies for everlasting salvation (which is to have a relation with Maker1). (You might consider this Maker2’s resume.)
- 8 The ultimate human/priest- in heaven arranging a new covenant (that includes mercies for sin done and full transformation to sinlessness provided to us, and God IN relationship with us).
- 9 The ultimate human- did things the right way.
- 10:1-18 The ultimate human- committed to waiting for Maker1’s mercies so his life could be a tool for passing them on; he only offered his life once; his life was sufficient to totally save us and overcome his enemies.”

I wish I could have made the Big One sit through this blather. It is giving me the shivers. My poor wings. On to the next job. Not eagerly, I assure you.

>>> Roles

A Minister is spewing more nonsense. The Big One wants me to read this report and figure out how to corrupt the teachings. My wings sag a little at the thought of the chore. Then I lift my chin and get started.

“Roles

“Before this universe was created Maker1 and Maker2 and Maker3 got together and had a confab. They had a meeting, and they decided to create this universe. And each one decided on a role to have. As we go through this topic, it is important to remember that each Person of the Maker, Maker1 and Maker2 and Maker3, is absolutely equal to the other two. Each one is the

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entirety of who and what the Maker is. There is no difference. Each one is the entirety of the Maker.

"What this means is that each one is just as valuable and capable as the other two. No one is above the others or better than the others. They are totally equal. Never forget that.

"But these three, each being fully Maker, got together and decided, for the purposes of this universe, to each one voluntarily take on a role.

"Maker1 took on the role of the originator. He picked which eternal principles should be shown in this universe. These include things like love, joy, peace, patience, and etc.

"Maker2 took on the middle-person role. He takes the eternal principles Maker1 picked and converts them into something that can actually be done in this universe. In their original form they are beyond us. He makes them doable.

"Maker3 is the enabler. He enables you and me to be able to actually do these principles. And Maker3 normally works in the background, causing things to happen.

"So what we have to start with is Maker1, Maker2, and Maker3 in a horizontal line, all equal. But for the purposes of this universe they turned this line 90 degrees. They made it vertical. So now we have Maker1 on top, Maker2 in the middle, and Maker3 on the bottom. Now remember, they are all always equal in value and in abilities. But, for the purposes of this universe, they took on these roles."

"Uh, uh," I say. Not me. "I'd be top dog or forget it. You'd have to be crazy to take a lesser position."

"I think you just called the Maker crazy," the Seeker said, and laughed crazily.

"Then the Maker created man. '... he created him. Male and female he created them.'

"The Maker created genders. And when the Maker made genders, he also assigned them roles, and he uniquely outfitted each gender for the role that gender is meant to perform.

"Now remember, each Person of the Maker is equal to each other Person. They have different roles, but they are all always equal in value.

"The same is true of humans. Each gender is assigned a role. They have different roles, but the roles do not make one gender more valuable than the other gender. And the roles correspond to the roles the three Maker Persons took on."

I smirk. "Nonsense. The human at the top is always more valuable. Same with angels." 'Which is why I want to get rid of the Big One as soon as possible,' I think, not daring to say this aloud.

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“Men are given the role Maker1 fills.
Women are given the role Maker2 fills.
Preteen children- where gender is ignored- are given the role Maker3 fills.

“Now what this means is that men have the responsibility to distinguish between what lifestyle principles the Maker wants us to live by and what lifestyle principles (such as greed, lust, etc.) the Big One wants us to live by, and make sure we only live by the Maker's lifestyle principles. Men also have the responsibility to make sure their humans live by actual pure Maker's lifestyle principles, not some distorted version, such as robbing the poor to give to the rich or men having a loving sexual relationship with other men.”

The Seeker points at this paragraph. "The solution to this is to lure the women to our side, like the Big One did to the Woman, and use the women to bring their men to our side, like the Woman did to the Man."

"Might as well use what works," I reply. The problem is, it doesn't always work. I am looking for a way to make my success rate much higher.

“Women have a role that corresponds to the Unique Person. Can anyone tell what's wrong with representing the Unique Person? I can't. What a privilege! It is the role of the women to take the lifestyle principles the men give them, and apply those lifestyle principles to the various circumstances of life. They are to help all of us live by these lifestyle principles. And they are to especially help kids learn to live by them.”

"That's why I encourage public schools. I have my people running most of the classrooms now. So my lifestyle principles get taught, not the Maker's." It took me many years to get the schools under my control. Kids get taught utopia ideas, and that they should do anything, no matter how underhanded, to get utopia. And they are taught that the Maker's ways hinder them from getting utopia. That motivates them to stick with my lifestyle principles, not the Maker's.

“Kids have a role corresponding to Maker3. Think about this one. Maker3 has a background role. He causes things to happen. And isn't that what kids do? They don't control things. They aren't the boss. But boy do things happen because of them.”

"I am working hard at getting kids confused about gender. They have conjured up over 100 different genders. Stupid, and that is what I want. Then they don't fill their Maker-assigned role, and they get even more eager to seek utopia, which upends any idea the Maker has of using them to promote his goals."

The Seeker nods his head in agreement. “And now we have kids pretending they are animals. They call themselves ‘furrries’. They don’t even want to accept that they are human.”

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“So each of us has our role to fill. Unfortunately, the Big One wants to disrupt our roles. And way too often we are super-happy to go along with his ideas. And this opens the door for the Big One to take over and get his ways in control of us instead of the Maker's ways guiding us.”

I smile. "See, I am doing a good job of messing them up."

“These roles are important for family life. And they are important for Assembly life. How these roles affect family life is pretty apparent. How the roles affect Assembly life needs a bit of explanation.”

I perk up. Time to pay closer attention.

“Stop and think about this for a moment. In the Maker's Book we have prophets and prophetesses. What do they do? They take the lifestyle principles the Maker has given us and show us how they apply to circumstances of life that are occurring right then. On occasion they also give a prophecy from the Maker. We can view prophets and prophetesses as representing the role of Maker2.

“Then we have deacons and deaconesses. What do they do in the Maker's Book? They serve, in the background. They make things happen. Just like the Maker3 does.”

I haven't thought of things in this way before.

“Then we have elders. No elderesses. There are no elderesses in the Maker's Book, only elders. This is not a cultural thing. The Maker could care less about culture. If he wants something, he has it. Nor is this an oversight. The Maker makes no mistakes. The elders are in the role that parallels Maker1. The elders are in the role of deciding what lifestyle principles we are to live by. The elders are in the role of deciding what is correct doctrine and what is not. (Other things that may be assigned to elders in today's churches probably are best considered as deacon work.) This is the role of Maker1, and on a human level, the Maker assigned this job to the men. Not to the women. The man is equipped for this job, the woman is not. How do I know this?

“Because in book 54 of the Maker's Book, the last part of the second section of that book, we are told the Big One deceived the Woman. The Big One didn't deceive the Man, but the Big One somehow figured out how to trick the Woman. So the Big One tricked her and used her to get the Man to go along with the Big One's plan. That ability of the Big One to deceive women in a way he cannot deceive men is still true today or the writer of that book would not have used it as a reason to insist women stay silent in the Assembly. That is why there are elders and no elderesses.”

"And that is why I am agitating women to want to be in the elder role." I am thinking out loud as I read this report. "They may not say the word 'utopia', but that is what they are seeking for themselves. They want full equality with men. They think the role the Maker gave them makes them inferior. I need to

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push this harder. Then I can get more Assemblies off track. And that is a good thing. Because I can deceive them in ways I can't deceive the men. The women aren't equipped to handle my deceptions as well."

"Unfortunately, today, a lot of men are lazy bums, and they are cowards. They don't want to do the hard work of analyzing the Maker's Book, learning what is pleasing to the Maker, and then have the guts to present it and push for it. They'd rather let the women do that job."

"That's what I want!" I exclaim.

"And too many women want to do the man's work."

"That, too!" the Seeker says.

"Now, don't get me wrong. Women can do a terrific job of preaching and of teaching. In fact, they need to do so before children and other women. But, when men are to be taught, women need to seek out a man to do the job. There will be circumstances where a man is not available and a woman will need to do the job. But, when a man is there who can do it, the woman needs to do her role and let, even encourage, the man to do his role."

"I will make sure the woman makes a big deal about her abilities. And get the men to thinking they better stand aside because they are not as good at the job. Then I will have a clear path to misleading Assemblies." My goal is angeltopia. No more pain. Assemblies are in the way. Assemblies gotta go.

"We need Assemblies to stick with the Maker's way of doing things, not because women are inferior- they are equally valuable with men and often can do a better job of doing much of the man's role than the man can, but the Maker set things up this way for his good reasons and it is best if we stick with what the Maker has designed, especially in establishing belief systems and lifestyle principles we are to live by. There may also be reasons for his setting things up this way that we don't know."

I smile at the Seeker. "I sense a lot more utopia teaching coming their way. Then we will see how well they do at sticking with the Maker's way of doing things."

>>> Better Than Utopia

What? I just got the word. A Minister is giving a prophecy conference. He is calling it "Better Than Utopia." It is in three days. I'll have to tell the Big One and send a Seeker to check it out. If it was by one of my humans, I'd be pleased. They'd be pushing global warming and ending overpopulation on the Earth and save the planet and all the stuff I want pushed.

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But the Minister. He'll be talking about Maker plans. And the more I know about those, the better I can counter them.

>>

Me and my big mouth. I mentioned that prophecy conference to the Big One and he insisted I come personally. With the Seeker, no less. The Big One wants two sets of ears on this one. Oh, here comes the big mouth now:

“All Followers will be with Maker2 in Heaven and on Earth.”

I fidget in my seat so I miss some of the session. In fact I miss a lot of it. But I don't get to miss this next part.

“There will be a new heaven and a new earth.”

A new heaven and a new earth? Not if I can help it! I am going to have angeltopia, and that's that.

“There will be a new Eternal City, and all Followers will be part of it and in it. The streets will be paved with gold. Can't get any higher class than that. This will be better than anything anyone could ever imagine in this life.

“In fact, what the Maker has planned for us will be better than utopia.”

Better than utopia? I want to hurl a fireball at him. Nothing will be better than angeltopia. Nothing. And after I get rid of all the humans I will prove it.

Okay, I breathe deep. I calm down. I still have one session to go, and I hear it is the worst of all. And boy is that right. Just listen to this stuff:

“The Big One will be cast into the bottomless pit for 1,000 years,” the Minister says.

What? How is he going to take over the universe if he is in a bottomless pit? This is sheer nonsense.

The minister goes on. “After that he will be released for a short time. Now, we do not know how long a short time will be. It might be 100 years, it might be 10 millennia. We don't know. We just know he will be freed for some period of time and do havoc on the earth.”

Yeah, we will kill all the humans and take over the universe, that is what we will do.

“After that, the Big One will be put in the lake of fire with all the rest of his angels. They will be in torment there for ever and ever.”

Okay, this is giving me the creeps. The Maker may think he knows the future and is in control and all that, but I can assure you he is not.

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Better than utopia, my wings.

Who do these dumbbells think they are?

Who does the Maker think he is?

The Minister distributes a poster. It reads:

Heaven:

Better than utopia.

If all you want is utopia, your goal is too low.

Utopia is for wimps.

I'll show him a wimp. I'll make him into one. I am really incensed.

Time to go before I lose my sanity. I get out of there. Time to go get my head back on straight.

>>> Slavery

“That 'Better Than Utopia' message didn't carry much impact,” the Seeker says.

I spread my wings in pleasure. “This is amazing. Humans want to escape slavery. I have humans imagining all kinds of slavery. They are enslaved to raising kids. They are enslaved to low wages. They are enslaved to their gender. They are enslaved to capitalism. They are enslaved to being human. Oh, do they hate slavery. And, oh, do they want utopia. They won't listen to any opposing idea, not even one that offers something better, if it isn't promising them release from their real or imagined slavery, and I mean right now.”

The Seeker's wings are also spread in pleasure. “I have to laugh. Humans in greatly prosperous countries with lots of freedoms are throwing all that away to escape whatever exaggerated slavery they are all hyped up about.”

“It's amazing to me to see how much average humans will tramp on other humans in their drive to reach utopia. They scream at humans who don't hold to their paranoid utopia ideas. They block humans from social media who say something different. They threaten and lie and destroy. The only thing those humans want is utopia and anything in their way they will oppose, as forcefully as needed, to beat down the opposition. Fear drives them. I love fear-driven humans. They are so irrational, they will be easy to eliminate when it is time to set up angeltopia.” I flutter my wings as I reach for another glass of lemonade.

“I don't think the Maker's messages are going to have much impact.”

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I nod in agreement. These humans don't even need pushed along by having angels screeching in their heads.

>>> **Closed Assembly**

"I am having difficulty. I need a new name for an Assembly. Should I call them Egotistical Assembly? Or Arrogant Assembly. Or Self-Righteous Assembly? What I do know is they are a bunch of cowards who didn't keep their Assemblies open when the government told them to shut down, and they are going to start using background checks extensively, which some humans will not appreciate."

The Lying Lunatic just gives me a weird look.

"Let me explain. I have two issues here.

"Closed Assembly- oh, I have a name for them- shut down during the recent COMID pandemic I caused. The state ruler said shut down, so they did. They continued to stay shut down even when bars and strip joints were open. They went online with their Sunday Assembly services, like that was a good substitute for in-person meetings.

"The pandemic eased. Closed Assembly reopened. They act surprised that a significant percentage of their attendees no longer show up in person. Oh, many show up online, but not in person. And that group pretty much stopped donating, too. What does Closed Assembly expect? Closed Assembly wasn't there for those humans during the pandemic. Unlike Open All the Time Assembly, who stayed open and thrived- I hate that Assembly- Closed Assembly locked up, shut humans out, and pretended like they met the social and spiritual needs of humans."

"That Open All the Time Assembly is a hard nut to crack," the Lying Lunatic says.

I go on."Closed Assembly tried to justify not being there to meet the social needs of their humans by relying on a small part of the Maker's Book that says they are to obey the governing authorities. Closed Assembly conveniently ignored the obvious exceptions to that rule. That was a convenient way to hide their cowardice. Unlike Open All the Time Assembly, they didn't have the guts to stand up to the government and do their Maker-assigned job. I love their cowardice. Even better, most Assemblies are cowards just like Closed Assembly. So now, a large percentage of the attendees are not there for Closed Assembly just like Closed Assembly was not there for them."

I'm actually talking to the Lying Lunatic as a trial run for filling the Big One in on how effective I have been in silencing Assemblies. The Big One would be happy just with this part of the report, but I have more progress to report. I deserve the credit and I'm claiming it. I go on.

“And Closed Assembly’s cowardice does not stop there. Oh, no. It has another layer. There is this thing called ‘liability’. They are flat-out scared about being held responsible if someone does something wrong while acting in an official capacity for the Assembly. That makes sense. Their solution: Background checks. Closed Assembly is now going to do background checks on anyone who has any official position in the Assembly, volunteer or paid, no matter how minor. Background checks. Those are used to enslave ex-cons. And now Closed Assembly, in its paranoia, is going to voluntarily use that same system. 30% of the humans in Blessed Nation have a criminal record. How are many of those 30% going to view Closed Assembly as privacy invaders? And as overlords. Closed Assembly won’t mean to be an overlord, but they will be seen as acting as judges over those 30%. That’s where their cowardice has led them. Fortunately, they have not figured out a different alternative to their liability problem.”

The Lying Lunatic gives his evil laugh. “I can tell you what the result will be: many of the 30% will want nothing to do with Closed Assembly. Not when they realize Closed Assembly will subject them to intrusions into what little remains of their privacy.” I watch his wings quiver with joy.

“That’s right. This is a major success for me. I got a major lawsuit stirred up against an organization, and that lawsuit can carry over to Assemblies. So now Closed Assembly and other Assemblies will be paranoid of being drug into a lawsuit due to the acts of humans working in their Assembly, or even an organization using Assembly property, paid or volunteer. Liability. What a wonderful concept. I am creating havoc with it, driving a wedge between Assemblies and humans. 30% of humans will be extra leery of Assemblies now because Assemblies are leery of them. That 30% will feel avoiding liability is more important to the Assemblies than they are. The 30% has already been subjected to overbearing government actions and intrusions. They will be quite hesitant to be subjected to more intrusions by Assemblies. Why put up with that?”

The Lying Lunatic just shrugs his wings. Then he says, “So for them, this might as well be Closed-to-Me Assembly.”

“I need more victories like that. And what really puts a smile on my face is that background checks are all but useless. Let’s take child molesters for an example. When a Minister looks out over a group that has 100 men, ten of them are child molesters. That’s a fact that has been well-known for many years. How many of those ten would pass a background check? Ten? Maybe only nine. Probably all ten. So how much good are background checks?”

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I gotta go share my good news with the Big One.

He laughs. “The cowards trust background checks. What a hoot.”

>>> Major Progress

This is more like it. My religious systems got pushed aside by the Followers. Now it is payback time.

My pencil scratches across the paper. I am writing down all the progress I have made lately. It is impressive:

Half the Earth has been under the sway of the Followers. Entire countries have laws based on the Maker's rules. I have to take down the whole system together, world-wide. Forcefully. And fast.

And it is happening.

I am weakening the Followers' Assemblies by substituting angel-taught theories of helping humans for what the Followers call "soul care". Soul care involves the Maker's Book and the Maker personally guiding humans to solve personal problems. My system, started by a human whom my angels personally instructed, is presented as "scientific" and "professional". It is really anti-Maker religion with new labels. Nothing scientific about it. And nothing professional about it. Humans have done thousands of studies that show it doesn't help, but because it is called scientific and professional they flock to it. This has weakened Followers and their Assemblies. They trust the Maker less and themselves more.

I am corrupting their education system. Real history is being rejected and gimme gimme motivated you-are-all-victims teaching is put in its place. Greed is stoked up so high real facts don't stand a chance. Humans want big restitution for crimes done to their ancestors. They see themselves as the victims.

Victims. Yes, the majority now see themselves as victims. They say they are victims of the police, so they riot, practice anarchy, and want the police abolished.

Women see themselves as victims enslaved to their husbands and to child rearing. They want to be the ultimate boss at home, and to work outside the home for equal pay so they don't falsely feel inferior, or any other motive they may have. They want to be leaders in all areas. They reject the roles the Maker established.

This works well. The kids are put in public schools where my human puppets teach them the Maker is evil, and to be a Follower is evil.

Kids are taught sex restrictions are evil. They are just a way for control freaks to control them. This has led to lots of wonderful confusion and stupid thinking like all forms of sex is okay, and anyone can be any sex they want. Confusion is good. Confused humans are easier to deceive.

Huge, and of course fake, promises are being made that the government will assure everyone has equal opportunity and equal pay and equal everything. The government is promoted as the safety net for

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humans. I have mostly pushed Assemblies out of this role. Why, I even have Assemblies groveling for government aid.

And my puppet humans promote this as the compassionate caring way to be. It is compassionate to let humans be any sex, do any sex, they want. Let them love however they want. It is compassionate to free women from servitude to their kids and their husbands. It is loving to let them, even require them, to work outside the home and be as significant outside the family as men. Never mind the harm done.

I am disrupting Followers, Assemblies, governments, the Maker's system. I will have all humans under my control, creating clones, then dying like the sheep they are.

I am being especially successful with the younger generations. The Maker's Assemblies can't figure out why they aren't successful in reaching out to the youth. It's not complicated. The youth don't seek out Assemblies because:

- they are not reached in modern ways

- they are not really helped with the things they fear

 - For example: the older generations have set things up so the older generations have most of the financial opportunities and many younger ones are left behind

- their fears are not alleviated

 - hunger and possible homelessness distract from listening to Maker ideas

 - this is, of course, exasperated by the older generations creating ever more laws to

 - convict the younger ones of, so many many younger ones have a future of jail cages and poverty

- this is most important- utopia is not reached

 - I've got them reaching for utopia. The Maker is not offering that Right Now. I am.

Of course, the humans are not going to get utopia. I am going to get angeltopia. All that other stuff. It is aimed toward creating angeltopia and destroying humans. And it is working. The Big Goal is to create clones for angels. Everything hinges on that. And then we kill off the humans and own the universe.

Ah, yes. The clones. COMID 18 was introduced to the world. Then the vaccines followed. The vaccines. They are changing humans, preparing their bodies to be humanoids. Humanoids we can clone. Cloned humanoids we angels can inhabit. And the vaccines are killing the humans who have defects like cancer or HIV or heart problems. That was a brilliant move by the Gene Squishers, putting parts of cancer and HIV into the vaccines so the preexisting conditions are aggravated and cause those useless eaters to die off. I will see lots of humans die soon. And the talking heads will blame COMID 18, not the vaccines. The Lying Lunatics will see to that. This is major progress indeed.

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My wings are tingling. I mean, they are really tingling. I put my pencil down. The Maker is up to something. I can feel it. I am close to victory. I am really really close. My clones will be a reality soon. The vaccine is getting injected into millions and millions of humans, setting the stage for clone-making. And humans have been kind enough to make lethal viruses I can use when it is time to finish all the humans off. I am almost set.

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This is when the Maker always shows up with a surprise. First he flooded the world. Then came confusing languages. The Favored Nation. The cross. The Followers. And The Blessed Nation. And the Favored Nation again.

What will it be this time? I don't think it matters. I am on a roll. Everything is going my way. I am pushing the Maker and his ways right off the map. What kind of response can he really give?

>>> Reality Check

"They're just truckers!"

The Big One is fuming.

My left wing is sagging. He just about pulled it out of its socket.

>>> The Two Words

I AM

>>> A Request

There is a rumor about a book tattling on what I've been doing all these years. If you find a copy, please burn it, and by all means don't tell your neighbors about it! It will be bad for humans to know what I am up to.

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The Gift



Jesus in my heart makes me valuable

You can be a:

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I help you be one.

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About the author

I'm a writer. I write. I've been mad at God when He gave me info belatedly, forcing me to rewrite. I've delayed on some projects and God has had to nudge me along. Mostly I just DO IT! I write. Theology, commentaries, Bible-teaching novels- I write. Writing is hard. It is frustrating. It is fun. It is my hobby. I write. I did finally have to tell God there is no sense writing if there are no readers. So now I have a little time for promoting, too.

Writing novels is fun.

I write novels two ways.

I like to teach Bible by means of novels. I make a novel to teach hard to grasp concepts in my books / journals. The novels simplify the information in the text books. This makes learning easier, and more enjoyable. For these the flow of the textbook is the built-in outline.

I write for people who want to feel significant. I help you discover why you exist, why you suffer, just how much God WANTS You in a relationship with Him, what Jesus did and is doing so you get God's mercies (this is personally important to Jesus). Jesus N Me, Jesus N Mercies, Mercies N Me- this is all planned by God so you can be truly significant.

Other novels are not based on another book. I can organize them however I want and do what I want with them. These novels are really fun. Most fun is when I can write characters into a corner, and have to stop because I don't know how they are going to get out. By the next day I know how they get out, and into another corner they go. I experience the cliffhanger before you do! I don't outline these novels in advance.

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Novels including:

The Carpet
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And More...

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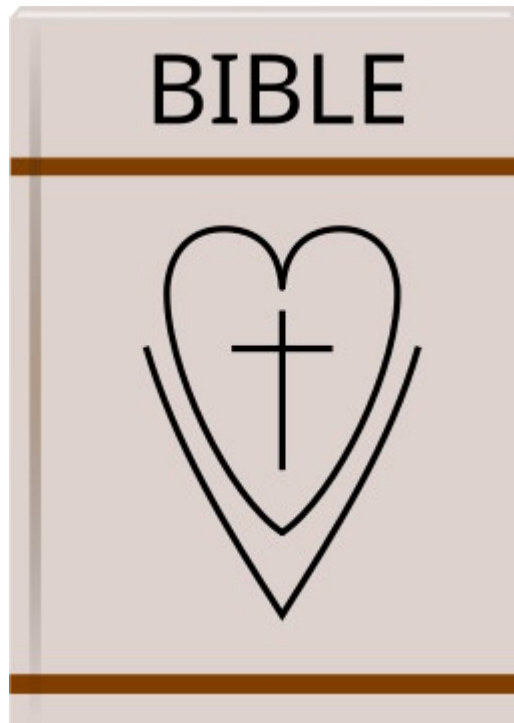
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