



*ONE PIECE*  
*of*  
*EVIDENCE*

*Jonathan Sheppard*



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# ONE PIECE of EVIDENCE



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# One Piece of Evidence



# July 1<sup>st</sup>, 2021

A Bell UH-1N Iroquois Helo appeared over the horizon. The sun set over the calm waves of the Caribbean Sea as a 32 Defiant travelled below on the same path at flank speed. It split the waters like a divorce. Both vehicles were in route to the infamous island owned by the prominent Democratic political donor who was murdered in a New York state prison whilst he awaited trial for abhorrent child sex crimes and sex trafficking. The matte black watercraft slowed as it approached the dock on the north side of the island. The matte black bird had already landed safely on the helipad not too far from the boat's position.

A fire team walked leisurely off of the boat flashlights in hand. One high strung fellow eager to prove his worth to the tightly knit team ran hurriedly and clumsily down the ramp that connected the boat and dock. He had been added to the squad recently and was excited to get to work. This was his first mission as a member of fire team Phoenix.

"Who's the target? I'm ready to kick some ass and take some ass... I mean names" said Billy Budd with extreme fervor.

"Taking ass is apt for this mission but there are no names to take jackass. There is only a what," said Yossarian.

"This is an extraction mission to recover vital, quiet as kept, very incriminating materials to protect a lot of very powerful people," said the team leader Billy Pilgrim.

"The most powerful people. Were you not paying attention during the briefing?" asked Paul Bauer.

"I was cleaning my gun."

"You will not be using your gun," said Tim O'Brien.

"Aww shucks!"

The soldiers walked to the helipad and waited for their commanding officers to disembark. They stood at attention ready to receive their orders. The helicopter propeller's wind almost blew off the hat of the Joint Chief of Staff, General Kram Yellim as it slowed to a stop. He was followed by the Secretary of Defense, General Aloyd J. Lustin III. The two highest ranking Generals in the United States were accompanied by the department heads of other United States government agencies. The head of the Central Intelligence Agency, Billiam J. Wurns, the head of the States Department, Bntony J. Alinken, and the head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Whristopher Cray, followed closely behind. The Head of Homeland Security, Mlejandro Aayorkas tripped as he jumped out of the helicopter, and lastly the first woman to become a four-star general, Doctor Lachel Revine had to hold his wig to keep it from flying into the helo's blades as they took their last spins.

"Solders at my position post haste," ordered General Yellim who was flanked by General Lustin.

The firing squad approached their superior, stood at attention, and raised their right arms in unison to salute the two highest ranking Generals in the United States Military.

General Yellim addressed the team, "At ease soldiers. The trial of Mhislaine Gaxwell begins tomorrow and we have some covering up to do. Here are your orders; all computers, VHS tapes, Compact Discs, Laser Discs, 8-Tracks, Hard Drives, Flash Drives, Blu-Rays, any format in the house must be destroyed. I don't care if it's a Blu-Ray of *Full Metal Jacket*, *Thin Red Line*, *Apocalypse Now*, *The Battle of Algiers*, *Three Kings*, *The Deer Hunter*, or *Patton*... Actually, if you find a copy of *Patton* save it for me. I lost my copy. Destroy all cameras and monitors. I want notebooks, journals, papyrus, cave drawings, whatever the fuck you can find. Any piece of technology you can find, I don't give a damn if it's a Rumba, I want it all scrapped... I wish they would let us just Nuke this goddamn island but we were advised against it..."

General Yellim was interrupted by General Lustin.

"I would really like a copy of *Thin Red Line* on Blu-Ray."

"Save a copy of *Thin Red Line* for General Lustin. If you can find it."

"You forgot to mention photos and photo albums, magazines, books, poetry, essays..."

"I was getting to that sir... I mean ma'am. I'm sorry ma'am, I mean ma'am, ma'am General Revine," said an embarrassed General Yellim.

"Well, he is right..." whispered Billy Budd to Robert Jordan.

"Shhh... we all know he's right."

"What was that soldier? Front and center," order General Yellim who pointed at Billy Budd.



Billy Budd stepped out of line and approached the General. He stood three feet in front of him and saluted.

“Do you have something to say soldier?”

“Sir, no sir!”

“I saw your lips moving. I heard a whisper. Do you have a problem with the mission?”

“Sir, no sir!”

“Then respect command and shut your goddamn mouth. Get back in line. Posthaste.”

“Sir, yes sir!”

Billy Budd assumed his former position.

“Don’t forget guestbooks and the flight manifests...” said the head of the CIA Wurns.

“Definitely cannot forget those,” said the head of the FBI Alinkin.

“Search the compound high and low and make sure you leave no stone unturned. You have your mission... Now, what the fuck are you waiting for?”

“Okay team, move out!” ordered Billy Pilgrim

The fire squad ran to the home of the disgraced Democratic, technology industry, prestigious university donor and were ordered to stop just before they were to enter the home.

“We are going to split into three teams of two. Yossarian and Baurer you will take the third floor. Jordan and O’Brien you take the second floor. Billy Budd you’ll be with me and we’ll search the first. Once you have gathered all evidence, we will meet on the first floor and together search the underground bunker. Do you all have your tote bags?”

“Sir, yes sir!” said the squad in unison.

“I forgot mine...”

“Goddamn it Billy Budd... Once we’re inside we’ll head to the kitchen and get you a couple of trash bags. You better hope there are trash bags... You brought your rifle we have to carry pistols but you brought your rifle and not... This fucking... Team, let’s move out.”

The fire team entered the home and moved swiftly to their positions. The group of high-ranking officials walked to the back of the home and awaited the delivery of all the different formats of media and all of the documents that could incriminate many of the most powerful, influential, and wealthy people in the world. This mission was initiated at the behest of the SOVAD Society. The members of that crime syndicate could not let their involvement, pleasure, and enjoyment of the children who were the victims of Jpstein’s sex-trafficking operation known to the general public.

The lavish backyard had a swimming pool with a full bar right adjacent, left adjacent was a large outdoor table covered by an even larger umbrella. The high-ranking officials sat around the table. All but Doctor Revine who walked to the mini-bar to grab drinks for the group.

“This table must be new, last time I was here... I mean it looks new.”

“No need to fret Aayorkas we’ve all been here before.”

Aayorkas breathed a sigh of relief.

“I didn’t want to be rude and assume that everyone here was a pedophile.”

“I appreciate that but you’re amongst friends,” remarked Cray.

“I’m glad we were sent here to handle this ourselves. That fire team better not have one or two bleeding hearts,” said Lustin disgustingly.

“Getting the country or a large segment of the country to accept child rape has been our toughest operation yet,” said Wurns.

“We’re trying our best to let all sex-trafficking and pedophile rings persist but people really do not like their children exploited. We thought that getting a lot of people especially whores in this society to accept abortion that they would accept pedophilia... Most of them are because they hate kids but not enough,” added Cray.

“That’s been the CIA’s greatest hurdle. Although homeless and orphan kids are molested and raped like hotcakes the people still are outraged once they figure it out.”

“Homeless and orphan children’s parents don’t give a fuck about them but the general public, a bunch of strangers do...”

“Especially people like us.”

“I am glad that the FBI’s involvement in these rings is only ‘unsubstantiated’ rumor.”

“Same with the State Department. The world over, in all nations, we have a ring or two. This is the only one that the United States’ citizen scum care about. They don’t really care about this one either. They do not care about child rape. American schools are filled with groomers...”

Alinkin chimed in.

“I am surprised that the trial of Mhislaine doesn’t have any media traction,” mentioned Yellim.

“Well, every member of the mainstream media is one of our assets so of course it wouldn’t,” admitted Wurns, “All of these moronic Hollywood witch scum as well as, rappers, popstars, all of them work for us. We’ve made a ton of celebrities. A bunch of child raping, blood drinking, scum...”

“Why don’t we think of each other like that?”

“We are too but they’re worse... for some reason.”

“Do not forget the role of the Global Financial Group...”

“Of course, I can’t forget, the SOVAD Society... That’s why we’re here. They own us all. I hate it but the pay is too good.”

“They own the judge presiding over Ghislaine’s trial too. Jiden is going to reward her for her loyalty,” said a proud Alinkin.

“That is one operation that has been successful. As long as someone is LGBTQIPZ+ everything they do is justified. No matter how deplorable.”

“What does the ‘Z’ stand for?”

“Zoopilia.”

“That hasn’t gained any traction at all.”

“Not yet... You’ll see what’s going to happen with Zoos. We’re developing special tranquilizers...”

“I cannot believe a large swath of the country accepts Trans...” whispered Aayorkas to Cray.

“Us either... How easily some betrayed and minimized their mothers... Look at Revine, she looks foolish. Boy are we good...” responded Cray with an equal whisper.

“Drinks are ready,” interrupted Doctor Revine, “And I’m used to whispers when I’m around.”

“You’re probably used to people saying and thinking that you’re a dude in a dress and a bad wig too. I saw you clench your head getting off of the helicopter,” said Yellim brashly.

“I am used to that too. You cannot be a woman in my position with thin skin.”

“The trans propaganda is really promotion for Satanism. Satan is Trans. There is a reason Éliphas Lévi made sure Satan had titties,” said Wurns as he flashed the mono cornuto.

“That is not for Satan that is to protect us from Satan. Thank you for your grace.”

“In Italy they say it protects you from the evil eye. That is what our leader says. That is why he always flashes it. It means protect me from the evil eye of Satan!”

“You uninitiated clown. That hand sign in many cultures means cuckoldry, which means you love watching your bitch get fucked! In Italian it is cornuto, in Spanish it is cornudo, in Portuguese it is corno. What do those all mean? Horned one!”

“God is evil and Satan is good.”

“That is true...”

“Up is down and air is water.”

“That is true too.”

“Saturn is god and so is Cernunos.”

“And ugly fat men in a woman’s military uniform are women,” said Lustin as he walked up to Revine and grabbed his ass. They kissed deeply.

Budd and Pilgrim | 1<sup>st</sup> Floor

“There sure is a lot of fucking media this piece of garbage kept... Documenting the worst shit... How aren’t we murdering every fuck who came off of that helicopter?” chastised Budd as he made the mistake and opened one of the many photo albums on a large bookshelf before he placed it in a garbage bag. He dropped the album, shocked by what he saw.

“What the fuck are we doing here? How are we honoring the flag on our shoulders by preventing the downfall of all of these SCUM!?”

Billy Budd yelled and it echoed throughout the dwelling. It was loud enough to rattle the island but the home was sound proof.

“Shut the fuck up and follow orders.”

“You never ordered us not to look at the evidence.”

“I thought you would know better. You know what these degenerate fucks were doing... Well accused of but most certainly were doing. We know nothing about the horrors that were done here. Place that album in the bag and get back to work soldier. That is an order!” commanded Pilgrim.

“I do... now... god why does this evil exist in the world? I thought it was only Muslim extremists, gang bangers, meth heads, Chinks, and cartels...”

Budd sobbed.

“I cannot believe that this is what our superiors are doing...”

Budd ran through the living room, jumped over the couch, and to the back of the home. Before he reached the sliding glass door that led to the back of the property where his superiors sat and drank cocktails, Pilgrim cocked his rifle.

“Stop right there. Obey your superior. Don’t make me shoot you...”

Budd stopped; his shoulders slunk.

“How can we take orders from these scum?”

“This is what you signed up for. At least you’re not fighting in another pointless war. I’ve fought in two of them.”

“This is a war, a war on children... a war on the future of our society.”

“Front and center.”

Budd walked slowly to Pilgrim’s position and saluted. A tear streamed down his cheek.

“At ease soldier. This is a tough mission, probably the toughest mission I’ve ever been a part of because there is no justification. At least with Iraq and Afghanistan I could pretend that I was fighting for noble reasons. I have seen children dismembered. In Afghanistan we were required to not judge open child abuse... I cannot justify this. It is never justified.

Do not, I repeat, do not look at any of this shit. That is an order. You're a soldier behave like one. Complete your mission."

Budd scooped all of the books, photo albums, VHS tapes, and Compact Discs from the bookshelf in the living room into a multitude of trash bags. Once filled the bags were placed near the entrance. Same with the duffle bags Pilgrim filled. Then they searched the first-floor office and did the same with the computers and other media and technology they found.

"I cannot believe this..." said Billy Budd as he slung the last trash bag onto the heap.

"This is the world. Sadly, this is only one of many. Like Saturn the earth has many rings."

Pilgrim sighed. Budd fell back against a wall and wiped his eyes as he slid to the floor.

### Jordan & O'Brien | 2<sup>nd</sup> Floor

Jordan packed all the media he could find in the bedroom closet into his duffle bag and threw it down the stairs. O'Brien packed all of the media he could find in the bedroom across the hall. They swiftly moved through each of the seven bedrooms and stuffed their duffle bags with more media than their bags could handle.

O'Brien started throwing the media into the hallway while Jordan searched for something, anything that could hold what was to be destroyed. He had run out of duffle bags.

"I can't find shit to carry all of this shit!" yelled Jordan from the 3<sup>rd</sup> bedroom.

"Grab a dresser or anything let's just place this bullshit in something. We should just burn this godforsaken place to the fucking ground!"

"This evidence must be preserved... so we can burn it later."

"That doesn't make any sense to me."

"We're just following orders..."

"Says all of the subjects and agents of all tyrants throughout all of history."

"We signed up to follow orders."

"We have to fight back, literally. Have you taken the poison yet?"

"What poison?"

"That bullshit vaccine. We are lab rats. I did not sign up to be a lab rat. I signed up to protect my country. This disgusting mission and taking every pill and vaccine that we're order to do is not what I signed up for."

"We signed up to follow orders... Our bodies are not ours anymore."

“We need a military union. We should form a union. If none of us fought if none of took these bullshit pills and vaccines then the politicians and this government will have to concede.”

“I heard they have robots ready to replace us. That is why they hate our bodies and intellect and do not care if we are discharged.”

“Human intellect cannot be replaced. It can be hacked but not replaced.”

“That is why they prefer robots. All you have to do insert a program.”

O'Brien grabbed blood-stained sheets from bedroom number six and wrapped the media from the room in the sheet like a bindle and threw it down the stairs to the first floor. Jordan and O'Brien grabbed the six-drawer dresser and walked it down the stairs and placed it with the pile of media gathered by Budd and Pilgrim.

“Does helping to destroy all of this evidence make us enemies of the United States? This feels like treason.”

“Who is not treasonous? We're just following orders.”

### Yossarian & Bauer | 5<sup>th</sup> Floor

\*Crack

Yossarian broke and the balls scattered across the table. A solid green six ball entered the left corner pocket.

“I guess we got the good end of the stick... three, left side. BOOM! Solids”

“Yeah, there is no media on this floor.”

“I thought that our superiors did some supreme reconnaissance, I thought we were supposed to get the worse of this job... and that we would be drowning in child porn.”

“I'm actually glad because how I grew up... I just don't want to be around that shit, I hate that I have to. I cannot believe I have to do this.”

“Scratch, your ball... We just do what we're told. That's all soldiers have ever done throughout all of history.”

“Nine... I know what I signed up for but I'm pretty sure that I'm not the first soldier to ask himself ‘what the fuck am I doing here?’ ... 13 corner.”

“You lucky bastard. I'm tempted to enjoy a drink from that bar but I'll leave it alone. Is that treason? To drink on the job?”

“Is it treasonous to cover up government ran pedophile rings? What about creating fake Russian collusion propaganda?”

“Having a drink is not treasonous. Do you want something?”

“No, I'm good... 11, BAM!”

“Once I get this Russian Vodka in in me, you're done.”

“Don’t let me get ball in hand... no pun intended.”

“You won’t... 10 in the corner. Damn.”

“Asshole, three in the corner... fucking H. Are we treasonous?”

“15 on the side... we’re just doing what we are told. Are we complicit because of that? 12 down there... Shit!”

“I know it’s my job but I feel like it’s not my job to be treasonous. ... Seven on the side... Hell yeah! To who do we pledge if not American children? They are our nation. We need future patriots and that’s who we should be raising, not grooming like these degenerate loser teacher fucks! My wife home schools our children. These schools are worthless just as the pieces of shit who ‘teach’. Fuck!”

“One... Got it! Told you, all I needed was a drink... Six... Fuck you!”

“Twelve, you know where... We must wage war on groomers... Told you.”

“This mission doesn’t eat at your soul? ... That fifteen isn’t calling you. It isn’t calling you... It hung up... damn!”

“I am glad I answered. Fourteen... got it! Nine in that corner... Shit!”

“That was your doom! One on the side... BAM! Seven off the side and into the corner... Got that bitch!”

“Lucky fuck...”

“Luckier than any child on this island... three... fuck!”

“You’re finished, 15... Got it!”

“You piece of shit...”

“Eight ball, left side pocket... That drink didn’t do you any... goddamn it!”

“Scratch! I win by default you ass hole...”

Music began to blare and from the ceiling rained DVDs, Cassette Tapes, Laser Discs, USB Drives, laptops, External drives, magazines, photo albums, novels, and childlike sex dolls drowned the soldiers.

“Why don’t we just nuke this fucking place to the hell?” asked Baurer.

“We should. We still should. *\*Ouch!* We should blow up that helicopter and all those who travelled on it...”

“We do not *\*Damn!* have enough bags for all of this.”

“We don’t. *\*Fuck!* I wish we were ordered to nuke this island.”

“Same... *\*Shit!* *\*Fuck!* *\*Damn!* These people are mad.”

“Yeah... *\*Fuck!* Mutually Agreed Degenerates...”

Budd, Pilgrim, Jordan, O'Brien, Yossarian & Baurer | *The Basement*

The fire team gathered all of the pieces of evidence as ordered by highest-ranking officials of the United States protection mechanisms at the entrance of the compound's temple. The front door was opened and all of the bags, furniture and whatever could be found to carry the vast array of media, was thrown outside of the door. Then each soldier was handed trash bags that Pilgrim took from the kitchen and the team descended the steps into the underground bunker.

Pilgrim led the team. He flipped the switch at the bottom of the stairs but the light did not turn on. Each member of the team brandished their flashlights. The team walked down a long brick layered corridor until they reached a circular room with three doors. A large cauldron was centered in the middle of the room under a statue of Apollo.

"Jordan, O'Brien. Take the right door. Yossarian, Baurer, the left. Budd and I will take the middle. Move out!"

*Jordan and O'Brien | The Right Door*

Jordan and O'Brien entered the room. It would be empty if not for the cages that stacked three high and lined the back wall. Jordan searched the room for trap doors and hidden shelves and compartments. O'Brien inspected the cages.

"Look at these shackles... Dried blood... Buckets filled with piss and feces. This is some Guantanamo Bay shit."

"This is worse. The goddamn smell... Torture sand niggers or kids?"

"Sand niggers of course."

"Pilgrim come in. Are we supposed to clean these cages? There is blood and shit and piss everywhere."

"There should be cleaning supplies in the left corner opposite the cages. Collect the chains and the buckets."

"Understood."

Jordan and O'Brien ensured that every inch of the room was cleaned and the buckets of blood, piss, and excrement were sat outside of the door once they were done.

"The right room is clear, over."

*Yossarian & Baurer | The Left Door*

Baurer and Yossarian entered the room. There was nothing but toys and toy boxes and shelves of children's books.



There was a large bed in the shape of a heart in the center of the room. The word Love was spray painted on everything thing in the room it also consumed its walls. Yossarian and Baurer gathered all of the books, toys, blankets, tents, and media and threw the bags outside of the door. They knocked on the walls; their ears pressed against the wallpaper. Only hollow sounds.

“The left room is clear.”

*Budd & Pilgrim | The Center Door*

Budd kicked in the door and took cover on the left side of the entrance.

Pilgrim entered casually and shined his flashlight around the room.

“What the fuck?”

His flashlight illuminated dark figures. Their eyes glowed fiendishly red and were so close together that the eyes seemed apart of one monstrosity. The sound of the steel pegs on the bottom of the chairs screeched across the concrete floors. The occupants were startled as if their mother had caught them watching porn. That is exactly what the figures were doing as the many televisions that adorned the walls broadcasted the most gruesome scenes of child sexually abuse. Budd followed through the door and shot at the figures. Pilgrim pushed Budd’s rifle into the air and the bullets hit the ceiling.

“Who ordered you to fire?”

“Hey, hey! What the fuck are you doing here?” asked an alarmed Gill Bates who stood up out of his chair and hastily zipped up his slacks. The chair in which he sat fell over. A little black book fell out of his back pocket. He did not notice.

“Yeah, I thought the raid was tomorrow,” said a confused Slaus Kchwab.

“Same here. All of your homes will be commandeered. All GI Bills for you fucks denied,” said Farry Link.

“No asshole for me,” lamented Cim Took.

“None for me either. Get the fuck out of here! We’re handling government business,” shouted Oarack Bbama.

“I told you the raid was today,” said Beff Jezos, “The day before Mhislaine’s trial. You never listen to me.”

“Was this a circle jerk? I’m pretty sure your hands weren’t in your own laps,” inquired Budd.

“Now that begs an interesting question. Is it still a circle jerk if you’re in a circle jerking your own cock? Y’all weren’t but that just came to my mind... I guess that’s a dumb question.”

“Yes, it was. But why would I rub and tug in front of people? Might as well do it yourself in the bathroom or under a blanket.”

Budd looked around the room and saw what on the many screens in the room. He threw up on the floor.

“Watch the loafers,” said Yarari.

Budd wiped his mouth.

“Why shouldn’t I kill these child raping fucks right now and end this all? The Fantastic Realignment would never be achieved. We’d be heroes! A conspiracy never made true. A plan never fully realized. An end to the scandemic. We’d be heroes. Who cares about treason? I do! This is treason! We’d be fucking heroes if we killed every ‘authority’ on this island. And we’ll start with these cum handed fucks right here!”

Budd pointed his rifle at each of the men at an even pace. The barrel aimed at each of them for at least one second.

Pilgrim did not pull the rifle that was on his back but he drew a pistol holstered in his ankle and pointed it at Budd’s temple.

“Our mission is not to murder these... these... these... Our orders aren’t to murder them or anyone. We’re only supposed to gather evidence.”

“Fuck the orders... I’ll never forget what I saw, look at the screens! Look at them! No one else should be able to commit those acts again! Fuck these demons especially you Cill!”

“We cannot stop them all.”

“We can try!”

Before Budd pulled the trigger, Pilgrim knocked Budd over the head with the butt of the gun. His body went limp and Budd instantly fell hard to the concrete.

Pilgrim paused before he addressed the rest of the team who had rushed into the room. Budd’s yelling the impetus. They stood frozen by the scene. O’Brien and Jordan puked and ran out of the room because of the content on the television. Yossarian and Baurer were wise enough to keep their heads down because the details of the mission were at the forefront of their minds.

“Does anyone else have any objections to protecting these child raping scum?”

“No sir!” said Yossarian and Baurer in unison.

“Do you understand the mission?”

“Yes sir!”

“O’Brien! Jordan! Do you understand your mission?” yelled Pilgrim on of the center door.

“Yes, sir.”

“Yes, sir.”

“I resent being called a child rapist. I am a Minor Attracted Person. Children are mature enough to choose their gender and who they want to have consent to who they want to have sex with. Love for children is divine. Look at these screens. The children enjoy it as much as we,” commented Cill Bates.

“It is the truest access to divinity,” said Farry Link.

“It is not us who are sick, it is society, hatred of pedophiles is just a social construct,” remarked Oarack Bbama, “I wish my CIA had worked harder at that but my new CIA, I mean Jiden’s CIA will make us mainstream. Is anyone hungry? I want pizza and hot dogs. I know another island...”

“We will reset the perception of pedophilia by penetrating the assholes...”

“Goddamn Kchwab, we know the goddamn plan. For fuck sakes. Jezos, deliver this ass hole some books on how to write better dialogue.”

“Fuck you Farry,” responded Kchwab.

“I’m going to fuck you on the price of your next island home.”

“I am going to make sure the cabinets of all the nations sanction Rlack Bock...”

“Great for Ganvard... actually no it isn’t,” said Bim Tuckley.

“Us too, we are the same but a little different,” added Oonald R’Hanley.

“This guy Kschwab really is a stock villain. Impossible Missions is not entertainment it is predictive programming. It’s crazy how bold we are. We put our goals in all the art for years. Now we’re writing books outlining our plans. We literally are at the end of the movie where the antagonist outlines devious plan.”

“But through a goddamn bullhorn attached to a machine that transcribes the words and posts all of our plans and goals to social media.”

“I love those films,” whispered Yossarian.

“That’s what we need. This is how we’ve conditioned the west. They want a villain. We gave them the only type they know. He is such a movie villain that the moronic dumb fucks who we have ensured are dumb fucks through the schools, even Harvard and Cambridge, can’t believe that people are this evil. They think that they’re in a movie. They think that they have that blue placard placed on their door or car or business. ‘Filming in progress.’ Every monologue every diatribe is just an act.”

“The clandestine conspiracy is now public and they do not care.”

“It has always been public.”

“In the future there will be no villains or heroes we will engineer villeroes...”

“You mean anti-heroes, Yarari? I like some of the bullshit you say but goddamn you just be making shit up. You’re lucky Cim loves having another openly homo man around...”

“We’re all gay. I mean pansexual...”

“Hail Pan!”

“...Oh you said openly. Oarack pretty much is, everyone knows it.”

“A machine operated by my consciousness will listen better... Well, we’re done in here. We got what we came for.”

“I did not cum here. Your hands are sand paper. Thank you... what is his name? Budd? Thank you for keeping me from sandpaper hands.”

“Why didn’t we have lotion? That’s my bad. As chief of WHO I should have had lotion ready. The WHO has decided that if you’re going to stroke it you better have lotion, with cocoa butter,” said Gedros.

The members of the SOVAD Society walked past the strike team. Budd still unconscious at the feet of Pilgrim.

“Before we go...” Cill Bates addressed Pilgrim, “All of the walls in all of these rooms in this bunker and more in the bunker below this one are filled with tons of evidence. Thank you and good luck.”

“We checked the walls of the left door. There isn’t anything him.”

“You’re going to need more than a knock,” remarked Bbama.

“Make sure you don’t open your eyes,” firmly ordered Pilgrim.

“Why didn’t we just nuke the island?” asked Kchwab as the group exited the room.

“That would have been much easier...”

“I’ve been thinking the same thing this entire time,” whispered O’Brien to Jordan.

“How would we explain that this island was nuked? I guess we could blame the Russkis when they invade Ukraine in a few months. Blowing up a goddamn island and blaming the Russkis is as easy as making sure the camera’s do not work in a prison or blaming the Russkis for the collapse of the Western World.”

The SOVAD Society members walked out of the basement out of the home and to the dock. A submarine emerged from the Caribbeans’ teal blue waters.

“Why did they choose us for this mission? Why are we here?”

“You’re doing the job Baurer. We are the United States special forces. We kill and defend upon orders.”

We are trained to be more elite than anything that that faggot Jew Yarari could think or the faggot Took could ever event. They know that they are wrong. Scatologists who know that they are damned! They know who they aren’t and who they are...

Their rhetoric will accomplish more than their ambition. Their rhetoric is their ambition. They want to hack the human mind and could never predict a Budd.”

“May I speak sir?” asked Yossarian.

“Ehhh.”

“Can we please get the fuck out of here?”

“Once you gather all you’re supposed to and complete your mission, we can abscond. You heard the degenerate. There is more evidence to gather.”

The team minus Budd and Pilgrim exited the center room. Pilgrim used his pistol and shot all of the screens that were the pleasure point of the SOVAD society’s pleasure circle. His clip ran out so he took the rifle off of his back and destroyed the remaining screens. He picked up the chair once occupied by Cill Bates.

Pilgrim sat down, closed his eyes, and placed his head in his hands ashamed that he and his team had to protect the most insidious and deplorable men from being exposed for committing the vilest crimes known to humanity. The center room would be silent if not for the sparks and crackling wires of the many disgraced monitors. Somberly, he sat and questioned his entire war record. He reminisced about every assignment. The only realization he could come to was that he was an accomplice, just as guilty as the villainous degenerates he served, an associate of the most disturbed and demented people on the planet. He was enlightened but disgusted by his actions.

Pilgrim held his stomach. The rations he ate earlier churned in his gut then ended up on the concrete floor. He wiped his mouth. He held down the rest of the contents of his stomach that amassed in his throat. He stared fervidly and despondently down at the concrete floor. A black rectangle with words written all over it caught his attention. He focused his flashlight on the object, looked around as if to search for the owner, then picked it up nervously. It was a pocket-sized notebook.

“Friends, Family, Associates, and Foes, They’ve Donated, They’ve Visited, They’ve Partaken,” whispered Pilgrim to himself.

Shakily, he opened the little black book. The book was filled with names and phone numbers with little marks next to each name. Some names with only one mark some with many, so many that Pilgrim could not discern the number without pointing to each mark and counting them in his head.

As he perused the little black book, he could not believe how many of the names he had known. Not because they were in the military or friends but because they were known Senators, Parliamentarians, Representatives, Prime Ministers, Governors, Presidents, musicians, actors and actresses, CEOs and their wives, sultans, Popes, Cardinals, mega preachers, Rabbis and

tech moguls, just about every board member of every fortune 500 company was in this little black book. He also saw foreign names; many he could distinguish by alphabet but more he could not distinguish. The names were written in a tiny cursive script to fit within the notebook's pages. Prominence filled the little black book's cream-colored pages.

The other four members of the fire squad searched every room and the bunker below for more evidence of the degeneracy. An innumerable number of bags of evidence were gathered. The bags of awfulness eventually thrown out of the entrance of the dwelling. Once finished, the group entered the center room of the top bunker. Pilgrim was startled by Yossarian, O'Brien, Jordan, and Bauer, because he was entranced by the names of those who had, allegedly, visited the island. Quickly, as if he had been caught watching pornography by his parents closed the book and put it in the top right pocket of his vest.

"The dwelling is clear sir. All evidence is ready for disposal."

"Did you triple check?"

"Yes sir. It is as if we burned this place down."

"If all the furniture was made of Kevlar..."

"Or some other inflammable material."

"Well done soldiers. Let's complete this mission so we can get the fuck off of this demonic island."

"I will always feel like I'm here."

"What about Budd?"

"I'll take care of it."

Pilgrim picked up the lifeless body of the only soldier who was absolutely sure of the contents that they gathered and hoisted him onto his soldiers. Budd's snores trailed them as they exited the basement and walked onto the front lawn of the dwelling where all of the bags of evidence laid. Jordan followed slowly as he was ordered to clean the vomit. Pilgrim threw the body onto the side of the huge pile of what was most likely, most certainly, child pornography.

Jordan poured gasoline all over the pile of contraband. The empty can of gasoline was thrown into the center. The group of their superiors approached the pile. Revine struck a match but before it could toss it into the pile, Cill Bates appeared and threw a lighter onto the pile. The evidence went up in flames. Cill Bates approached Pilgrim.

"Have you seen a little black book? I may have dropped it during our circle jerk... I mean our meeting."

"I have not seen it," responded Pilgrim nervously.

"It was small and black and it had random words written all over it. It's pocket sized. Are you sure?"

"Yes sir. I have not seen it. If it was found it's probably on fire."

“Has any of your team seen a little black book with random words all over it filled with very important information I could use for black mail?”

“Have any of you seen a little black book with random words written all over it. It’s pocket sized.”

“No sir. I haven’t seen it.”

“Me neither, sir.”

“Sir, I have not gathered anything that fits that description.”

“Sir, not I.”

“Well, I guess it being burned to a crisp is not a bad thing. I wish I had that leverage but it being disintegrated is not a bad thing. The pilot has a copy...”

Cill Bates walked away and into the driver seat of a golf cart that took him and Sarl Kchwab away from the dwelling towards the east end of the island. The rest of the SOVAD Society had absconded in a submarine.

“Are we done here?” asked the Joint Chief of Staff.

“We are done sir,” responded Pilgrim.

“Is that the body of Budd? We knew he would break. We’ll make sure to send his family a triangle flag and a severance and yada yada yada.”

“Make sure your team remains here until the fire goes out. We’re out of here.”

Budd begins to stir. He is about to awake.

“He is your weakest link. No family, no friends, his only worth was being a military man. He’s dead,” said Yellim casual as he kicked Budd’s body into the flames.

Budd awoke once the fire engulfed his skin. He rolled and rolled but could not escape the flames. He went into shock as passed.

“Do not put him out and that’s an order!” ordered Yellim.

The strike watched Budd struggle then succumb to the flames. The top brass of the United States military, law enforcement, and intelligent agencies returned to the helicopter and flew back to the District of Columbia.

The sun set on the island as the enormous pile of horrific material continued to burn.

“This is the most horrific mission I have ever been on.”

“Are we the bad guys?”

“The smell! I’ll never forget this smell.”

“Now I know why many regret their service.”

“Rest In Peace Billy Budd.”

“I will never feel good about what we have done here.”

“I will,” said Pilgrim as he patted his right breast pocket.





