October 2026: The Million-Year Picnic (Full Text) by Ray Bradbury

This story was written by Ray Bradbury, and presented here under Article 22 of China’s Copyright Law. This is from the Martian Chronicles. Which is a great collection of stores about Mars.

Ray Bradbury is one of my personal heroes and his writings greatly influenced me in ways that I am only just now beginning to understand.

Here is a story that discusses new starts when the world is Hell-bent on self-destruction. Indeed, it seems quite appropriate today. When I read the crazy American “main-stream” news, I am often reminded of this story. It offers me solace. I think that it is beautifully written and very “delicious”.

I love the way that Ray Bradbury brings advanced concepts to the masses though his very (seemingly) simplistic stories.

Introduction

“There was this fence where we pressed our faces and felt the wind turn warm and held to the fence and forgot who we were or where we came from
but dreamed of who we might be and where we might go…”
-R is for Rocket Ray Bradbury

For years I had amassed a well worn, and dusty collection of Ray Bradbury paperbacks that I would pick up and read for pleasure and inspiration. Later, when I left the United States, and moved to China, I had to leave my treasured books behind. Sigh.

A small collection of well worn, well read and well appreciated Ray Bradbury books. My collection looked a little something like this, only I think the books were a little more worn, and a little yellower.

It is very difficult to come across Ray Bradbury books in China. When ever I find one, I certainly snatch it up. Cost is no object when it comes to these masterpieces. At one time, I must have had five books containing this story.
The book “The Martian Chronicles” discusses the planet Mars and the humans that try to visit it. It takes place around a fictional world where Mars has inhabitants and large cities and canals.

October 2026: THE MILLION-YEAR PICNIC

By Ray Bradbury
Somehow the idea was brought up by Mom that perhaps the whole family would enjoy a fishing trip. But they weren’t Mom’s words; Timothy knew that. They were Dad’s words, and Mom used them for him somehow.

Dad shuffled his feet in a clutter of Martian pebbles and agreed. So immediately there was a tumult and a shouting, and very quickly the camp was tucked into capsules and containers, Mom slipped into traveling jumpers and blouse,

Dad stuffed his pipe full with trembling hands, his eyes on the Martian sky, and the three boys piled yelling into the motorboat, none of them really keeping an eye on Mom and Dad, except Timothy.

In the book “The Martian Chronicles”, Mars was portrayed as a beautiful place with ruins, free flowing water and blue skies.

Dad pushed a stud. The water boat sent a humming sound up into the sky. The water shook back and the boat nosed ahead, and the family cried, “Hurrah!”
Timothy sat in the back of the boat with Dad, his small fingers atop Dad’s hairy ones, watching the canal twist, leaving the crumbled place behind where they had landed in their small family rocket all the way from Earth. He remembered the night before they left Earth, the hustling and hurrying the rocket that Dad had found somewhere, somehow, and the talk of a vacation on Mars. A long way to go for a vacation, but Timothy said nothing because of his younger brothers.

They came to Mars and now, first thing, or so they said, they were going fishing.

Dad had a funny look in his eyes as the boat went up-canal. A look that Timothy couldn’t figure. It was made of strong light and maybe a sort of relief. It made the deep wrinkles laugh instead of worry or cry.

So there went the cooling rocket, around a bend, gone. “How far are we going?” Robert splashed his hand. It looked like a small crab jumping in the violet water.


“Look, kids.” Mother pointed one soft long arm. “There’s a dead city.”
In the book “The Martian Chronicles”, Mars is portrayed as a dusty barren place with blue skies and water filled canals. Maybe something a little bit like this.

They looked with fervent anticipation, and the dead city lay dead for them alone, drowsing in a hot silence of summer made on Mars by a Martian weatherman.

And Dad looked as if he was pleased that it was dead.

It was a futile spread of pink rocks sleeping on a rise of sand, a few tumbled pillars, one lonely shrine, and then the sweep of sand again. Nothing else for miles. A white desert around the canal and a blue desert over it.

Just then a bird flew up. Like a stone thrown across a blue pond, hitting, falling deep, and vanishing.
Dad got a frightened look when he saw it. “I thought it was a rocket.”

Timothy looked at the deep ocean sky, trying to see Earth and the war and the ruined cities and the men killing each other since the day he was born. But he saw nothing. The war was as removed and far off as two flies battling to the death in the arch of a great high and silent cathedral. And just as senseless.

William Thomas wiped his forehead and felt the touch of his son’s hand on his arm, like a young tarantula, thrilled. He beamed at his son. “How goes it, Timmy?”

“Fine, Dad.”

Timothy hadn’t quite figured out what was ticking inside the vast adult mechanism beside him. The man with the immense hawk nose, sunburnt, peeling—and the hot blue eyes like agate marbles you play with after school in summer back on Earth, and the long thick columnar legs in the loose riding breeches.

“What are you looking at so hard, Dad?”

“I was looking for Earthian logic, common sense, good government, peace, and responsibility.”
“All that up there?”

“No. I didn’t find it. It’s not there any more. Maybe it’ll never be there again. Maybe we fooled ourselves that it was ever there.”

“Huh?”

“See the fish,” said Dad, pointing.

There rose a soprano clamor from all three boys as they rocked the boat in arcing their tender necks to see. They oohed and ahhed. A silver ring fish floated by them, undulating, and closing like an iris, instantly, around food particles, to assimilate them.

Dad looked at it. His voice was deep and quiet.

“Just like war. War swims along, sees food, contracts. A moment later—Earth is gone.”


They sat still and felt the canal water rush cool, swift, and glassy. The only sound was the motor hum, the glide of water, the sun expanding the air.
“When do we see the Martians?” cried Michael. “Quite soon, perhaps,” said Father. “Maybe tonight.”

“Oh, but the Martians are a dead race now,” said Mom. “No, they’re not. I’ll show you some Martians, all right,”

Dad said presently.

Timothy scowled at that but said nothing. Everything was odd now. Vacations and fishing and looks between people.

The other boys were already engaged making shelves of their small hands and peering under them toward the seven-foot stone banks of the canal, watching for Martians.

“What do they look like?” demanded Michael.

“You’ll know them when you see them.” Dad sort of laughed, and Timothy saw a pulse beating time in his cheek.
In the book “The Martian Chronicles”, Mars looked a little like the wilds of the American South West. Maybe something a little like this.

Mother was slender and soft, with a woven plait of spungold hair over her head in a tiara, and eyes the color of the deep cool canal water where it ran in shadow, almost purple, with flecks of amber caught in it. You could see her thoughts swimming around in her eyes, like fish—some bright, some dark, some fast, quick, some slow and easy and sometimes, like when she looked up where Earth was, being nothing but color and nothing else. She sat in the boat’s prow, one hand resting on the side lip, the other on the lap of her dark blue breeches, and a line of sunburnt soft neck showing where her blouse opened like a white flower.

She kept looking ahead to see what was there, and, not being able to see it clearly enough, she looked backward toward her husband, and through his eyes, reflected then, she saw what was ahead; and since he added part of himself to this reflection, a determined firmness, her face relaxed and she accepted it and she turned back, knowing suddenly what to look for.

Timothy looked too. But all he saw was a straight pencil line of canal go-
ing violet through a wide shallow valley penned by low, eroded hills, and on until it fell over the sky’s edge. And this canal went on and on, through cities that would have rattled like beetles in a dry skull if you shook them. A hundred or two hundred cities dreaming hot summer-day dreams and cool summer-night dreams... 

They had come millions of miles for this outing—to fish. But there had been a gun on the rocket. This was a vacation.

But why all the food, more than enough to last them years and years, left hidden back there near the rocket? Vacation. Just behind the veil of the vacation was not a soft face of laughter, but something hard and bony and perhaps terrifying. Timothy could not lift the veil, and the two other boys were busy being ten and eight years old, respectively.

“No Martians yet. Nuts.” Robert put his V-shaped chin on his hands and glared at the canal.

Dad had brought an atomic radio along, strapped to his wrist. It functioned on an old-fashioned principle: you held it against the bones near your ear and it vibrated singing or talking to you. Dad listened to it now. His face looked like one of those fallen Martian cities, caved in, sucked dry, almost dead.

Then he gave it to Mom to listen. Her lips dropped open. “What—” Timothy started to question, but never finished what he wished to say.

For at that moment there were two titanic, marrow-jolting explosions that grew upon themselves, followed by a half dozen minor concussions.
In the book “The Martian Chronicles”, Mars has a breathable atmosphere and blue skies. Never the less, I think that an explosion on Mars might look a little like this.

Jerking his head up, Dad notched the boat speed higher immediately. The boat leaped and jounced and spanked. This shook Robert out of his funk and elicited yelps of frightened but ecstatic joy from Michael, who clung to Mom’s legs and watched the water pour by his nose in a wet torrent.

Dad swerved the boat, cut speed, and ducked the craft into a little branch canal and under an ancient, crumbling stone wharf that smelled of crab flesh. The boat rammed the wharf hard enough to throw them all forward, but no one was hurt, and Dad was already twisted to see if the ripples on the canal were enough to map their route into hiding. Water lines went across, lapped the stones, and rippled back to meet each other, settling, to be dappled by the sun. It all went away.

Dad listened.
So did everybody.
Dad’s breathing echoed like fists beating against the coldwet wharf stones. In the shadow, Mom’s cat eyes just watched Father for some clue to what next.

Dad relaxed and blew out a breath, laughing at himself. “The rocket, of course. I’m getting jumpy. The rocket.” Michael said, “What happened, Dad, what happened?” “Oh, we just blew up our rocket, is all,” said Timothy, trying to sound matter-of-fact. “I’ve heard rockets blown up before. Ours just blew.”

“Why did we blow up our rocket?” asked Michael. “Huh, Dad?”

“It’s part of the game, silly!” said Timothy.

“A game!”
Michael and Robert loved the word.

“Dad fixed it so it would blow up and no one’d know where we landed or went! In case they ever came looking, see?”

“Oh boy, a secret!”

“Scared by my own rocket,” admitted Dad to Mom. “I am nervous. It’s silly to think there’ll ever be any more rockets.
Except one, perhaps, if Edwards and his wife get through with their ship."

He put his tiny radio to his ear again. After two minutes he dropped his hand as you would drop a rag.

“It’s over at last,” he said to Mom. “The radio just went off the atomic beam. Every other world station’s gone. They dwindled down to a couple in the last few years. Now the air’s completely silent. It’ll probably remain silent.”

“For how long?” asked Robert.

“Maybe—your great-grandchildren will hear it again,” said Dad. He just sat there, and the children were caught in the center of his awe and defeat and resignation and acceptance.

Finally he put the boat out into the canal again, and they continued in the direction in which they had originally started.

It was getting late. Already the sun was down the sky, and a series of dead cities lay ahead of them.

Dad talked very quietly and gently to his sons. Many times in the past he had been brisk, distant, removed from them, but now he patted them on the head with just a word and they felt it.
“Mike, pick a city.” “What, Dad?”

“Pick a city, Son. Any one of these cities we pass.” “All right,” said Michael. “How do I pick?”

“Pick the one you like the most. You, too, Robert and Tim.

Pick the city you like best.”

“I want a city with Martians in it,” said Michael.

“You’ll have that,” said Dad. “I promise.” His lips were for the children, but his eyes were for Mom.

They passed six cities in twenty minutes. Dad didn’t say anything more about the explosions; he seemed much more interested in having fun with his sons, keeping them happy, than anything else.

Michael liked the first city they passed, but this was vetoed because everyone doubted quick first judgments. The second city nobody liked. It was an Earth Man’s settlement, built of wood and already rotting into sawdust. Timothy liked the third city because it was large.
In the story and the book “The Martian Chronicles”, Mars is portrayed as a dying planet. It has fresh water in canals and a blue sky and wondrous ruins. Maybe something along these lines.

The fourth and fifth were too small and the sixth brought acclaim from everyone, including Mother, who joined in the Gees, Goshes, and Look-at-thats!

There were fifty or sixty huge structures still standing, streets were dusty but paved, and you could see one or two old centrifugal fountains still
pulsing wetly in the plazas.

That was the only life—water leaping in the late sunlight. “This is the city,” said everybody.

Steering the boat to a wharf, Dad jumped out.

“Here we are. This is ours. This is where we live from now on!”

“From now on?”
Michael was incredulous. He stood up, looking, and then turned to blink back at where the rocket used to be. “What about the rocket? What about Minnesota?”

“Here,” said Dad.

He touched the small radio to Michael’s blond head. “Listen.”

Michael listened. “Nothing,” he said.

“That’s right. Nothing. Nothing at all any more. No more Minneapolis, no more rockets, no more Earth.”
Michael considered the lethal revelation and began to sob little dry sobs.

“Wait a moment,” said Dad the next instant. “I’m giving you a lot more in exchange, Mike!”

“What?” Michael held off the tears, curious, but quite ready to continue in case Dad’s further revelation was as disconcerting as the original.

“I’m giving you this city, Mike. It’s yours.”

“Mine?”

“For you and Robert and Timothy, all three of you, to own for yourselves.”
In the Ray Bradbury stories, such as what is found in “The Martian Chronicles”, Mars is a dry desolate place. With blue skies and water filled canals. I think that many people envisioned Mars to be like the American South West. Maybe something like this.

Timothy bounded from the boat “Look, guys, all for us! All of that!” He was playing the game with Dad, playing it large and playing it well. Later, after it was all over and things had settled, he could go off by himself and cry for ten minutes. But now it was still a game, still a family outing, and the other kids must be kept playing.

Mike jumped out with Robert. They helped Mom.

“Be careful of your sister,” said Dad, and nobody knew what he meant until later.
They hurried into the great pink-stoned city, whispering among themselves, because dead cities have a way of making you want to whisper, to watch the sun go down.

“In about five days,” said Dad quietly, “I’ll go back down to where our rocket was and collect the food hidden in the ruins there and bring it here; and I’ll hunt for Bert Edwards and his wife and daughters there.”

“Daughters?” asked Timothy. “How many?”

“Four.”

“I can see that’ll cause trouble later.” Mom nodded slowly.

“Girls.” Michael made a face like an ancient Martian stone image. “Girls.”

“Are they coming in a rocket too?”

“Yes. If they make it. Family rockets are made for travel to the Moon, not Mars. We were lucky we got through.”

“Where did you get the rocket?” whispered Timothy, for the other boys were running ahead.
“I saved it. I saved it for twenty years, Tim. I had it hidden away, hoping I’d never have to use it. I suppose I should have given it to the government for the war, but I kept thinking about Mars...”

“And a picnic!”

“Right. This is between you and me. When I saw everything was finishing on Earth, after I’d waited until the last moment,

I packed us up. Bert Edwards had a ship hidden, too, but we decided it would be safer to take off separately, in case anyone tried to shoot us down.”

“Why’d you blow up the rocket, Dad?”

“So we can’t go back, ever. And so if any of those evil men ever come to Mars they won’t know we’re here.”

“Is that why you look up all the time?”

“Yes, it’s silly. They won’t follow us, ever. They haven’t anything to follow with. I’m being too careful, is all.”

Michael came running back. “Is this really our city, Dad?”
“The whole darn planet belongs to us, kids. The whole darn planet.”

They stood there, King of the Hill, Top of the Heap, Ruler of All They Surveyed, Unimpeachable Monarchs and Presidents, trying to understand what it meant to own a world and how big a world really was.

In the stories of Ray Bradbury, the planet Mars was a barren, but beautiful place. Water ran and flowed freely and the sky was pristine blue, though the air was a little thin.

Night came quickly in the thin atmosphere, and Dad left them in the square by the pulsing fountain, went down to the boat, and came walking back carrying a stack of paper in his big hands.

He laid the papers in a clutter in an old courtyard and set them afire. To
keep warm, they crouched around the blaze and laughed, and Timothy saw the little letters leap like frightened animals when the flames touched and engulfed them. The papers crinkled like an old man’s skin, and the cremation surrounded innumerable words:

“GOVERNMENT BONDS; Business Graph, 1999; Religious Prejudice: An Essay; The Science of Logistics; Problems of the Pan-American Unity; Stock Report for July 3, 1998; The War Digest . . .”

Dad had insisted on bringing these papers for this purpose. He sat there and fed them into the fire, one by one, with satisfaction, and told his children what it all meant.

“It’s time I told you a few things. I don’t suppose it was fair, keeping so much from you. I don’t know if you’ll understand, but I have to talk, even if only part of it gets over to you.”

He dropped a leaf in the fire.

“I’m burning a way of life, just like that way of life is being burned clean of Earth right now. Forgive me if I talk like a politician. I am, after all, a former state governor, and I was honest and they hated me for it. Life on Earth never settled down to doing anything very good. Science ran too far ahead of us too quickly, and the people got lost in a mechanical wilderness, like children making over pretty things, gadgets, helicopters, rockets; emphasizing the wrong items, emphasizing machines instead of how to run the machines. Wars got bigger and bigger and finally killed Earth. That’s what the silent radio means. That’s what we ran away from.
“We were lucky. There aren’t any more rockets left. It’s time you knew this isn’t a fishing trip at all. I put off telling you. Earth is gone. Interplanetary travel won’t be back for centuries, maybe never. But that way of life proved itself wrong and strangled itself with its own hands. You’re young. I’ll tell you this again every day until it sinks in.”

He paused to feed more papers to the fire.

“Now we’re alone. We and a handful of others who’ll land in a few days. Enough to start over. Enough to turn away from all that back on Earth and strike out on a new line—"

The fire leaped up to emphasize his talking. And then all the papers were gone except one. All the laws and beliefs of Earth were burnt into small hot ashes which soon would be carried off in a wind.

Timothy looked at the last thing that Dad tossed in the fire. It was a map of the World, and it wrinkled and distorted itself hotly and went-flimpf—and was gone like a warm, black butterfly. Timothy turned away.

There comes a time in your life when you just need to be away... far, far away from everyone else and everything else that is trying to influence you. You see, our world, most especially for Americans, is one in which everyone tries to take from you. It has become profitable, legalized, and encoded through government regulation. Enough is enough. Americans need to stop, get away, and find their own peace in a place far, far away from others.

“Now I’m going to show you the Martians,” said Dad. “Come on, all of you. Here, Alice.” He took her hand.
Michael was crying loudly, and Dad picked him up and carried him, and they walked down through the ruins toward the canal.

The canal. Where tomorrow or the next day their future wives would come up in a boat, small laughing girls now, with their father and mother.

The night came down around them, and there were stars. But Timothy couldn’t find Earth. It had already set. That was something to think about.

A night bird called among the ruins as they walked. Dad said, “Your mother and I will try to teach you. Perhaps we’ll fail. I hope not. We’ve had a good lot to see and learn from. We planned this trip years ago, before you were born. Even if there hadn’t been a war we would have come to Mars, I think, to live and form our own standard of living. It would have been another century before Mars would have been really poisoned by the Earth civilization. Now, of course—”

They reached the canal. It was long and straight and cool and wet and reflective in the night.
Once they reach the edge of the blue water canal, perhaps it would look something like this. Perhaps the blue sky would be like this and they would be free to start their life all over again.

“I’ve always wanted to see a Martian,” said Michael. “Where are they, Dad? You promised.”

“There they are,” said Dad, and he shifted Michael on his shoulder and pointed straight down.

The Martians were there. Timothy began to shiver.

The Martians were there—in the canal—reflected in the water. Timothy and Michael and Robert and Mom and Dad.

The Martians stared back up at them for a long, long silent time from the rippling water. . . .
Conclusion

Today, the news is such that perhaps it would be best to hop on a rocket and fly far away from here.

- James Clapper Tells CNN It Was Obama Who Ordered Trump-Russia Hoax
- 9th Circuit sinks Kate Steinle parents’ lawsuit against ‘sanctuary city’
- US Embassy pressed Ukraine to drop probe of George Soros group during 2016 election
- Senator Mike Lee Epic Trolling On Senate Floor... AOC Is Mad, Mad, Mad!’

I’ve had enough! It’s time to get off this “crazy train”.

The world is filled with wonderful and peaceful places that are not tarnished by the nonsense from the wealthy magnates out of Washington DC, or Silicon Valley, or from the wealthy enclaves on the Eastern seaboard. You need to go these and divorce yourself from all those crazies that expect things of you.

Posts Regarding Life and Contentment

Here are some other similar posts on this venue. If you enjoyed this post, you might like these posts as well. These posts tend to discuss growing up in America. Often, I like to compare my life in America with
the society within communist China. As there are some really stark differences between the two.

The Most Important Things That a Man Looks for in a Woman.
Here, we look at the things that men search for in a woman. These things are considered, by men, to be absolutely essential in a mate. We discuss ten attributes and go into detail as to why they are important.

Adventures Exploring the Cemeteries of Indiana
Cemeteries can tell us a lot about ourselves, our history, and our future. This is most especially true in regards to smaller and remote cemeteries located in the counties that surround us. This is my story about the impressions that my prayers into these curiosities made upon me.

What it was like being a kid in the early 1970's
This is my narrative of what it was like growing up a young teenager in 1971. This took place in the hills of Pennsylvania outside of Pittsburgh. I was 13 years old. I went to school, rode my bicycle around everywhere. I fished with my father, and watched television a lot.

The Fiasco of the Reengineering of the Common Tomato
This is the sad, sad story about how the wonderful and tasty tomato was reengineered to be “better”. It was made better to ship. Better to sell. Better to store. However, there was one thing missing. No one paid any attention to taste, which is why it tastes like a cardboard shipping box today.
A Movie Tribute to the 1980’s When Ronald Reagan Ran America. Here we argue that movies reflect society when they were made. Today we see popular movies being remade as all female versions due to the progressive realities today. Likewise, the movies of the 1980s reflected the time when they were made as well.

Mad Scientist Explorations
Here we discuss what it was like growing up as a boy in the 1960's and the 1970's and the people, things, and adventures that inspired us. As such, we explore how the independence of growing up enabled us to cope through life when we got older.

The Gorilla Cage in the Basement
When I was a small boy, I used to play in the abandoned buildings nearby. Here is a story about one of the objects that lay hidden inside one of those buildings and the possible mysteries that it held. As a child we thought it was a gorilla cage, now as an adult, I am not so sure...

The Importance of a Family Meal Together
There is nothing more important and satisfying than spending time together with friends and family and eating a meal together. It is a time of friendship, familial bonding and relaxation. Here we discuss what I have learned from my childhood and how I apply it today in my life.

The Pleasures of Fresh Baked Bread with Butter
One of the things that I have come to miss, since I moved to China, is fresh hard crusty rolls with full salted butter. The Chinese are not really fans of crusty bread. They like sweets and sponge cakes. Here I describe something that is close to me; not appreciating what you have right in front of you.
What Work was Like in the 1960’s and 1970’s.
When people go to work today, they find that there are all kinds of rules and regulations. It is for diversity, safety, inclusion, and improvement in a new progressive world. Well, here is what work was like before it became a sterile progressive testing ground for the New World Order.

Learning during my 1970s High School years
Here is a pretty long post on what it was like to go to elementary school in the 1960’s, and then attend high school in the 1970's. I graduated in 1977, and that my friend is exactly the target date for the famous movie “Dazed and Confused”. Here is the real deal what it was like.

Some True Stories of Cat Heaven
Being in MAJestic taught me many things. One of which was an intimate understanding of Heaven and other “spiritual” things relative to quanta entanglements. Here I discuss what it is like to have a beloved animal (cat) dies and what actually happens to them and why.

Life Lessons from Working within the Corporate Dream – 1
After I was trained by MAJestic, I was left to fend for myself in Corporate America. It was a hellish existence. As such, I learned many lessons concerning behavior and the ultimate impact that it holds on our families, our friends, our loved ones, and our very lives. Here are my commentaries.

Life Lessons from Working within the Corporate Dream – 2
This is part two of the two part section. There is quite a lot of information to impart. Stories are told, and experiences relayed. Honestly working in corporate America in the 1980's, through the new century really sucked. It was harsh on everyone except the owners of the companies.
How to Build Up Your Life from Nothing.
This is for all those young men who are just leaving school and trying hard to build up their life. You can do it. Here are my thoughts and advice for a young man who is encountering that most difficult of challenges; carving your life out in the wilds of the world.

Allow your Children to Play and Grow (Part 1)
I am horrified, just horrified, that parents do not allow their children to play, roam and explore on their own. It has created a society of pampered fearful children. Here I discuss this in terms of what I know. This is very non-PC and might offend the more liberal readers out there.

Allow your Children to Play and Grow (Part 2)
This is the second part of my rant about permitting children to play, explore and have fun. Everyone, the odds that some stranger will abduct your child is very small. Most people who do this are family friends and neighbors. Stop being so fearful. It harms the development of your child.

Ode to Diabolical Cretin John McCain
Well, that evil son-of-a-bitch is finally dead. If his grave wasn’t so far away, I go there and dance on top of it. This guy has spent his life backstabbing people, hurting people, concocting wars, and doing everything in his power to disrupt the lives of people. Good fucking riddance.

The Song “Baby Got Back” Translated into Latin
Here is a fun post. The song “Baby Got Back” is translated into Latin and then back again. I have to tell you that it is indeed hilarious. *Rebecca, ecce! tantae clunes isti sunt!* (Rebecca, behold! Such large buttocks she has!) Anyways, it’s just all fun and games. Enjoy.
Every Man Should Have a Roll-Top Desk
It’s true, and I discuss why. A roll-top desk is made for the person who accumulates the clutter of the road as they forge their way through life. The desk becomes a symbol and a place for a man’s privacy. It is a place where he has control over his life, and a place to store his treasures.

Why Women Need their own Personal Makeup Vanity Space
I am a strong believer that everyone needs privacy and a personal space to call their own. In this post I discuss the need for a woman to have a vanity and why it is important for a woman to spend time using it. Everyone, regardless of their situation, needs a place that is all theirs and theirs alone.

What the Progressive Liberals have in store for Conservatives
The progressive socialists, who now go under the name of "Liberals", have plans on the consolidation of their power and control. This is what their ultimate plans are. It does not bode well for traditional American values, Rights, the Constitution, or history. It’s going to be a dangerous time.

The Warning Signs that Government Collapse is Imminent
All nations go through cycles. They do so, and when they mature they evolve into other governmental forms. The United States is long overdue for a change; a reset. Now, while this will occur, it is unknown how severe it would be. Here are my thoughts on this issue and some warnings.

Democrat Busybodies and the Destruction of Freedom
Wouldn’t life be wonderful if you could just be left alone and live your life in peace? I think so. The founders of the United States thought so, however there is an army of busybodies who disagree. They have this vision of utopia where everyone listens to their commands.
Adventures of a 70's Kid in an Army And Navy Store
Here we look at what adventures an Army and Navy store could hold for the inquisitive child. We talk about the history and the inherent adventures that lay hidden in dusty boxes, and dark corners. We narrate the exploration though the eyes of nostalgia. It's a pleasant excursion.

Comparison between American and Chinese Playgrounds
The differences between American and Chinese playgrounds couldn’t be more telling. It is a tale of how things are handled differently and the roles that parents take. In China the role of the parent is to equip the child for life. While in America it is to protect the child from life.

Excuses We Use That Keep Us Enslaved
Here we look at what an American actually is. For the argument made here is that citizenship in the United States is not what qualifies a person to be an “American”. Rather it is the way a person thinks, the way they act, and their general philosophy in life. For not everyone is an American.

More Posts about Life

I have broken apart some other posts. They can best be classified about ones actions as they contribute to happiness and life. They are a little different, in subtle ways.
On Being an Older Gent
Here are my thoughts on growing old as a man. The truth is that the life that I expected to have as I was growing up never materialized. Instead, something else manifested. My life today is nothing compared to what I thought it would be. For my illusions were created by American media.

Things that I wish that I knew when I was 25 years old
Here is the advice that I would give myself when I turned 25 years of age. It is the advice I would give my younger self after attending the school of “hard knocks” for around four decades or so. If only I knew then, what I know now. Would my life be any different? Let’s look at this curiosity.

Be Who You Are
All our lives we are told who to be, what to do, what career to take. Our religion, our work, our schools, our government, and our loved ones all tell us what we need to do. Here, I tell you the opposite. Stop allowing others to tell you what to do. You know what you need inside of you.

Calexit and the American Civil War
This is a pretty detailed look at the causes of the American civil war, and why it wasn’t about slavery. We look at the rewriting of history by the internet, and the efforts that President Obama took to keep California intact so that the Democrats could maintain political power and control.

Why an American man should leave America and Travel
All people should get up off their duff and go forth and Travel. However, this is most especially true for American men. The United States has become a crucible of PC progressive realities that attack and depreciate American men. Go out, young man, see the world as it really is!
The Amazing Bremelanotide PT-141
Forget Viagra, and all those other ED medications. This is the real deal. This little baby causes humans to go into heat. It interacts with the brain and sets up feelings of intense arousal on both men and women. It turns people into 16 year olds. As such it is banned in the USA by the FDA.

Bronco Billy and the 25th Law of Power
Bronco Billy is a fictional movie starring Clint Eastwood. The movie depicts the life of a man who decides to change his life and go ahead and do what he has always dreamed of doing. He goes out and becomes his dream. There are lessons here for all of us, we only need listen.

The r/K Selection Theory applied to American Politics
The r/K theory is a pretty well-known theory on animal behavior. It simply states that animals behave as they need to based on the scarcity of resources. Here, we argue that it can be applied to why humans follow different political philosophies. Especially in American politics.

How they get away with it
Ten years ago, Bankers committed fraud in Wall Street that just about devastated the nation. Earlier, we had the S&L fiasco, the nightmare with penny stocks, and now the grand wholesale treason with the selling of Top Secrets to a foreign nation. This is how they get away with it.

The Line in the Sand – Now What?
It’s the same story. Just vote for us, and we will correct everything. Yet, nothing ever happens. You know, boys and girls, this old “song and dance” can only be maintained for so long. Eventually it will fractures, and people will no longer rely on elections to institute change...
The importance of having a second passport.
So President Trump is building a wall to protect Americans. Hum. Where have I heard that before? Oh yes, in Germany right when they were making the wall that separated Berlin. Walls serve two purposes; they keep people out, but they also keep people in. Be careful what you wish for.

How Rocket Scientists Build Paper Airplanes
This is a tale of what me and my classmates used to do when we were young Aerospace Engineering students at the university. We would design paper airplanes and shoot them down with bottle rockets. Here is just a fun little exercise down “memory lane”. Enjoy.

What is Snopes.com and can it be Trusted?
Snopes is a “fact check” website that is fully funded by the oligarchy. It is used to “shout down” any narratives that does not support the rich and powerful, and politically connected globally. Here we discuss the organization, who they are and what they represent.

Today America Taxes it’s Expats without Representation.
This is a sad state of affairs. Americans who reside outside of the United States now have to pay American taxes, even though they have no representation in Congress. As I recall this was one of the reasons for the American cry for independence in 1776.

What life is like inside the ADC Prison in Arkansas
This post discusses what life is like in a hard labor prison in Southern Arkansas. We discuss hoe squads, food, the hole, commissary, dress, fashion, homosexual culture, prison gangs, murders, relationships and other aspects of life when you are sentenced to “Hard Time”. 
The Hazing of New Employees – A Lost Tradition
Up until the 1980's all companies would haze new employees. Today, we live in a world regulated by the government and policed by Human Resources. We forget how things used to be just a handful of decades ago. Here is my narrative when I started to work.

How to Build a Gallows and a Hangman's Noose
The United States is entering a period of strife. There will be violence. There will be discord and discomfort. It will be an ugly time. There will be winners and losers. It will be painful for the losers, and the victor will need build a gallows. This is how to do so and why it is needed.

Some things that need to be changed for America to be the “Land of the Free” again.
There are many things that a person can do to improve themselves. But, what about a nation? What about the United States? Here is a handful of suggestions that I would like to propose to help America become whole again.

A Wish List of Favorite Firearms
This is a personal list of many favorite firearms that I would like to own. There are various reasons for the particular weapon of choice, and I provide my reasons. This post has no other purpose than to express my desire to own certain weapons that I cannot as an American.

The Ultimate Method to Make Your Computer Safe and Secure
The best way to make your computer secure and private is to have very strong encryption and use an obscure operating system that very few people know about. Here we look at 37 obscure computer operating systems.
Is America a Republic or is it a Democracy – What is it?
Here we take a nice good look at what the United States is today. We look at reports that are suggestive of other governmental organizations. We look at what is going on contemporaneously inside the United States, and we look at how the United States behaves globally.

The Many Things that Democrats want to Ban
This is a running list of the many things that American Democrats want to ban, have banned, or are trying to ban. You know, a ban of anything is a restriction on freedom. That is not what America was founded upon. Yet, here we are today. Everyday is a new ban, and loss of freedom.

Nations that an American Man could Travel and Relocate to – Part 1
Here, I suggest places where an American man could go if he wanted to start all over again. You know, this happens. Often a man will go through a nasty divorce, or get raked over the coals by a business associate or the United States government. When it happens, it’s time to start new.

Nations that an American Man could Travel and Relocate to – Part 2
Here, I suggest places where an American man could go if he wanted to start all over again. You know, this happens. Often a man will go through a nasty divorce, or get raked over the coals by a business associate or the United States government. When it happens, it’s time to start new.

Alternative Search Engines instead of Google
Google does two things that I do not like. Firstly, they vacuum up everything you do and send the information straight to the American deep state; the NSA and DHS. Secondly, they censor your results for you according to what they think you should see. Here we look at alternatives.
The Consequences of the #MeToo Movement
While the #MeToo movement burst forth onto American culture with good intentions, it was soon coopted by those with selfish and sinister intent. The aggressive nature of the accusations, and the consequences of being accused became dangerous. Here we look at the corporate aspect.

The Lies the Media Tell Us
The United States mainstream media does not report “news”. Instead they fabricate events that are designed to manipulate. They do not employ reporters. They employ actors and they stage events for public display. Let’s talk about this serious situation and how to avoid manipulation.

What it was like Growing Up in 1960’s and 1970’s America
Here is my narrative of some stories of what it was like growing up as a kid in the 1960’s and the 1970’s. It was a time of freedom, and we took full advantage of it. I’ll tell you what. I discuss a little about the clothing, friendships, and relationships of that time.

What High School Taught me About Democracy
America was formed as a Republic. Yet, for many decades we were brought up in the notion that the United States is the greatest “Democracy” in the history of the world. I have my own opinions about that. Democracy is “mob rule”. Let’s talk about it from what I learned in my High School.

The New Global Order and How to Survive It
The world is polarized. There are two distinctly different ideologies. One is the traditional conservative ideology. The other is the progressive globalist oligarchy that controls just about everything in the West. The future of the world hangs in the resolution of these two ideologies. We discuss that here.
Stories that Inspired Me

Here are reprints in full text of stories that inspired me, but that are nearly impossible to find in China. I place them here as sort of a personal library that I can use for inspiration. The reader is welcome to come and enjoy a read or two as well.

Robert Heinlein’s “The Long Watch” – Full Text
What if you were in charge of all the nuclear weapons in the world, and your base Commander checks your political leanings to see if you are willing to conduct a coup d’état. What would you do? Would you go along with the opportunity, or would you be a lone hero?

Kaleidoscope (Full Text) A Story by Ray Bradbury
This is the full text of a short story by Ray Bradbury. It concerns the final moments of a crew of spacemen as they drift about in space helplessly after their space rocket explodes. They know that no one can help them as they await their final moments tumbling through space...

Here There Be Tygers by Ray Bradberry
When I was younger I used to read science fiction stories for pleasure. They filled my minds with adventure and passion. One of my favorite authors was Ray Bradberry and here is a complete reprint of one of the stories that has influenced me to be the man that I am today. Enjoy.
The Long Rain (Full Text) by Ray Bradberry
This is the full text of a most excellent science fiction story. It concerns a group of survivors from a crashed spaceship stranded on a Hellish rainy planet; the tropical cloud-covered Venus. They survive the crash, but have to battle the forces of nature and their own passions.

The Fog Horn (Full Text) by Ray Bradberry
Here is a story about the emotions of being the last of your kind. This story is one that influenced me when I was a young boy in the 1970's and continues to haunt me to this day. All of us are human. We all feel emotions and passions. They drive us to accomplish or destroy. It’s our choice.

The Rocket (Full Text) A Story by Ray Bradberry
This is a nice short story about a poor man who dreamed about flying into space. No matter how hard he worked, and no matter how much he saved, he was never able to provide for that dream. Then one day, when he was asked to scrap a test rocket, a thought came to mind...

Dark They Were and Golden Eyed (Full Text) by Ray Bradberry
This is the complete short story by Ray Bradberry. It is a story about change and adaptation. I first read this story in my teens and it influenced me to live the life that I am currently living. It is a great read.

A Sound of Thunder (Full Text) A Story by Ray Bradbury
This is the full text of the great time-travel story by Ray Bradbury. Here, a time-travel machine is used to send people back in time to shoot a dinosaur. However, something goes wrong. What would you do? It’s a classic story and well worth a read again.
The April Witch (Full Text) by Ray Bradbury
This is a story written by Ray Bradbury that describes what might happen when a young teenaged girl has the power to enter the body of another person. What if, forbidden to experience love and relationships with “normal” people, she uses magic to experience forbidden pleasures...

The Last Night of the World (Full Text) by Ray Bradbury
What would you do if you knew that today would be your last day alive? How would you spend it? Would you go running in the streets hysterically? Would you spend it quietly with loved ones? Would you play games on the computer, or watch television? Well, here is a story that explores this interesting situation.

The Flying Machine (Full Text) by Ray Bradbury
One of the most common questions that people ask me is why won’t the government tell the people about the existence of extraterrestrials. Well, this story is the best reason that I can think of. This is a story by Ray Bradbury and it is called "The Flying Machine".

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