

The Smile (Full Text) by Ray Bradbury

The Smile

By Ray Bradbury

In the town square the queue had formed at five in the morning, while cocks were crowing far out in the rimed country and there were no fires. All about, among the ruined buildings, bits of mist had clung at first, but now with the new light of seven o'clock it was beginning to disperse. Down the road, in twos and threes, more people were gathering in for the day of marketing the day of festival.

The small boy stood immediately behind two men who had been talking loudly in the clear air, and all of the sounds they made seemed twice as loud because of the cold. The small boy stamped his feet and blew on his red, chapped hands, and looked up at the soiled gunny-sack clothing of the men, and down the long line of men and women ahead.

'Here, boy, what're you doing out so early?' said the man behind him.

'Got my place in line, I have,' said the boy.

'Whyn't you run off, give your place to someone who appreciates?'

'Leave the boy alone,' said the man ahead, suddenly turning.

'I was joking.' The man behind put his hand on the boy's head. The boy shook it away coldly. 'I just thought it strange, a boy out of bed so early.'

'This boy's an appreciator of arts, I'll have you know,' said the boy's defender, a man named Grigsby, 'What's your name, lad?'

'Tom.'

'Tom here is going to spit clean and true, right, Tom?'

'I sure am!'

Laughter passed down the line.

A man was selling cracked cups of hot coffee up ahead. Tom looked and saw the little hot fire and the brew bubbling in a rusty pan. It was-

n't really coffee. It was made from some berry that grew on the meadowlands beyond town, and it sold a penny a cup to warm their stomachs; but not many were buying, not many had the wealth.

Tom stared ahead to the place where the line ended, beyond a bombed-out stone wall.

'They say she _smiles,' _said the boy.

'Aye, she does,' said Grigsby.

'They say she's made of oil and canvas.'

'True. And that's what makes me think she's not the original one. The original, now, I've heard, was painted on wood a long time ago.'

'They say she's four centuries old.'

'Maybe more. No one knows what year this is, to be sure.'

'It's 2061'

'That's what they say, boy, yes. Liars. Could be 3,000 or 5,000, for all

we know. Things were in a fearful mess there for a while. All we got now is bits and pieces.'

They shuffled along the cold stones of the street.

'How much longer before we see her?' asked Tom, uneasily.

'Just a few more minutes. They got her set up with four brass poles and a velvet rope to keep folks back. Now mind, no rocks, Tom; they don't allow rocks thrown at her.'

'Yes, sir.'

The sun rose higher in the heavens, bringing heat which made the men shed their grimy coats and greasy hats.

'Why're we all here in line?' asked Tom, at last. 'Why're we all here to spit?'

Grigsby did not glance clown at him, but judged the sun. 'Well, Tom, there's lots of reasons.' He reached absently for a pocket that was long gone, for a cigarette that wasn't there. Tom had seen the gesture a million times. 'Tom, it has to do with hate. Hate for everything in the Past. I ask you, Tom, how did we get in such a state, cities all junk, roads like jigsaws from bombs and half the cornfields glowing with radio-activity at night? Ain't that a lousy stew, I ask you?'

'Yes, _sir, I guess so.'

'It's this way, Tom. You hate whatever it was that got you all knocked down and ruined. That's human nature. Unthinking, maybe, but human nature anyway.'

'There's hardly nobody or nothing we don't hate,' said Tom.

'Right! The whole blooming caboodle of the people in Past who run the world. So here we are on a Thursday morning with our guts plastered to our spines, cold, live in caves and such, don't smoke, don't drink, don't nothing except have our festivals, Tom, our festivals.'

And Tom thought of the festivals in the past few years. The year they tore up all the books in the square and burned them and everyone was drunk and laughing. And the festival of science a month ago when they dragged in the last motor-car and picked lots and each lucky man who won was allowed one smash of a sledge-hammer at the car.

'Do I remember that, Tom? Do I _remember? Why, I got smash the front window, you hear? My God, it made a lovely sound! Crash!'

Tom could hear the glass falling in glittering heaps.

'And Bill Henderson, he got to bash the engine. Oh, he did a smart job of it, with great efficiency. Wham!'

But the best of all, recalled Grigsby, there was the time they smashed a factory that was still trying to turn out aeroplanes.

'Lord, did we feel good blowing it up!' said Grigsby. 'And then we found that newspaper plant and the munitions depot. and exploded them together. Do you understand, Tom?'

Tom puzzled over it. 'I guess.'

It was high noon. Now the odors of the ruined city stank on the hot air and things crawled among the tumbled buildings.

'Won't it ever come back, mister?'

'What, civilization? Nobody wants it. Not me!' 'I could stand a bit of it,' said the man behind another. 'There were a few spots of beauty in it.'

'Don't worry your heads,' shouted Grigsby. 'There's no room for that, either.'

'Ah,' said the man behind the man. 'Someone'll come along some day with imagination and patch it up. Mark my words. someone with a heart.'

'No,' said Grigsby.

'I say yes. Someone with a soul for pretty things. Might give us back a kind of limited sort of civilization, the kind we could live in in peace.'

'First thing you know there's war!'

'But maybe next time it'd be different,'

At last they stood in the main square. A man on horseback was riding from the distance into the town. He had a peace of paper in his hand. In the centre of the square was the roped-off area. Tom, Grigsby, and the others were collecting their spittle and moving forward moving forward prepared and ready, eyes wide. Tom felt his heart beating very strongly and excitedly, and the earth was hot under his bare feet.

'Here we go, Tom, let fly!'

Four policemen stood at the corners of the roped area, four men with bits of yellow twine on their wrists to show their authority over other men. They were there to prevent rocks being hurled.

'This way,' said Grigsby at the last moment, 'everyone. feels he's had his chance at her, you see, Tom? Go on, now!'

Tom stood before the painting and looked at it for a it for a long time.

'Tom, spit!'

His mouth was dry.

'Get on, Tom! Move!'

'But,' said Tom, slowly, 'she's _beautiful.'

'Here, I'll spit for you!' Grigsby spat and the missile flew in the sunlight. The woman in the portrait smiled serenely, secretly, at Tom, and he looked back at her, his heart beating, a kind of music in his ears. 'She's beautiful,' he said.

The line fell silent. One moment they were berating Tom for not moving forward, now they were turning to the man on horseback.

'What do they call it, sir?' asked Tom, quietly.

'The picture? 'Mona Lisa', Tom, I think. Yes, the 'Mona Lisa'.

'I have an announcement,' said the man on horseback. 'The authorities have decreed that as of high noon today tin portrait in the square is to be given over into the hands of the populace there, so they may participate in the destruction of -'

Tom hadn't even time to scream before the crowd bore him, shouting and pummeling about, stampeding toward the portrait. There was a sharp ripping sound. The police ran to escape. The crowd was in full cry, their hands like so many, hungry birds pecking away at the portrait. Tom felt himself thrust almost through the broken thing. Reaching out in blind imitation of the others, he snatched a scrap of oily canvas, yanked, felt the canvas give, then fell, was kicked, sent rolling to the outer rim of the mob. Bloody, his clothing torn, watched old women chew pieces of canvas, men break the frame, kick the ragged cloth, and rip it into confetti.

Only Tom stood apart, silent in the moving square. He looked down at his hand. It clutched the piece of canvas close his chest, hidden.

'Hey there, Tom!' cried Grigsby.

Without a word, sobbing, Tom ran. He ran out and the down bomb-pitted road, into a field, across a shallow stream, not looking back, his hand clenched tightly, tucked under his coat.

At sunset he reached the small village and passed on through. By nine o'clock he came to the ruined farm dwelling. Around back, in the part that still remained upright, he heard the sounds of sleeping, the family – his mother, father, and brother. He slipped quickly, silently, through the small door and lay down, panting.

'Tom?' called his mother in the dark.

'Yes.'

'Where've you been?' snapped his father. 'I'll beat you the morning.'

Someone kicked him. His brother, who had been left behind to work their little patch of ground.

'Go to sleep,' cried his mother, faintly.

Another kick.

Tom lay getting his breath. All was quiet. His hand was pushed to his chest, tight, tight. He lay for half an hour this way, eyes closed.

Then he felt something, and it was a cold white light. The moon rose very high and the little square of light crept slowly over Tom's body. Then, and only then, did his hand relax. Slowly, carefully, listening to those who slept about him, Tom drew his hand forth. He hesitated, sucked in his breath, and then, waiting, opened his hand and uncrumpled the fragment of painted canvas.

All the world was asleep in the moonlight.

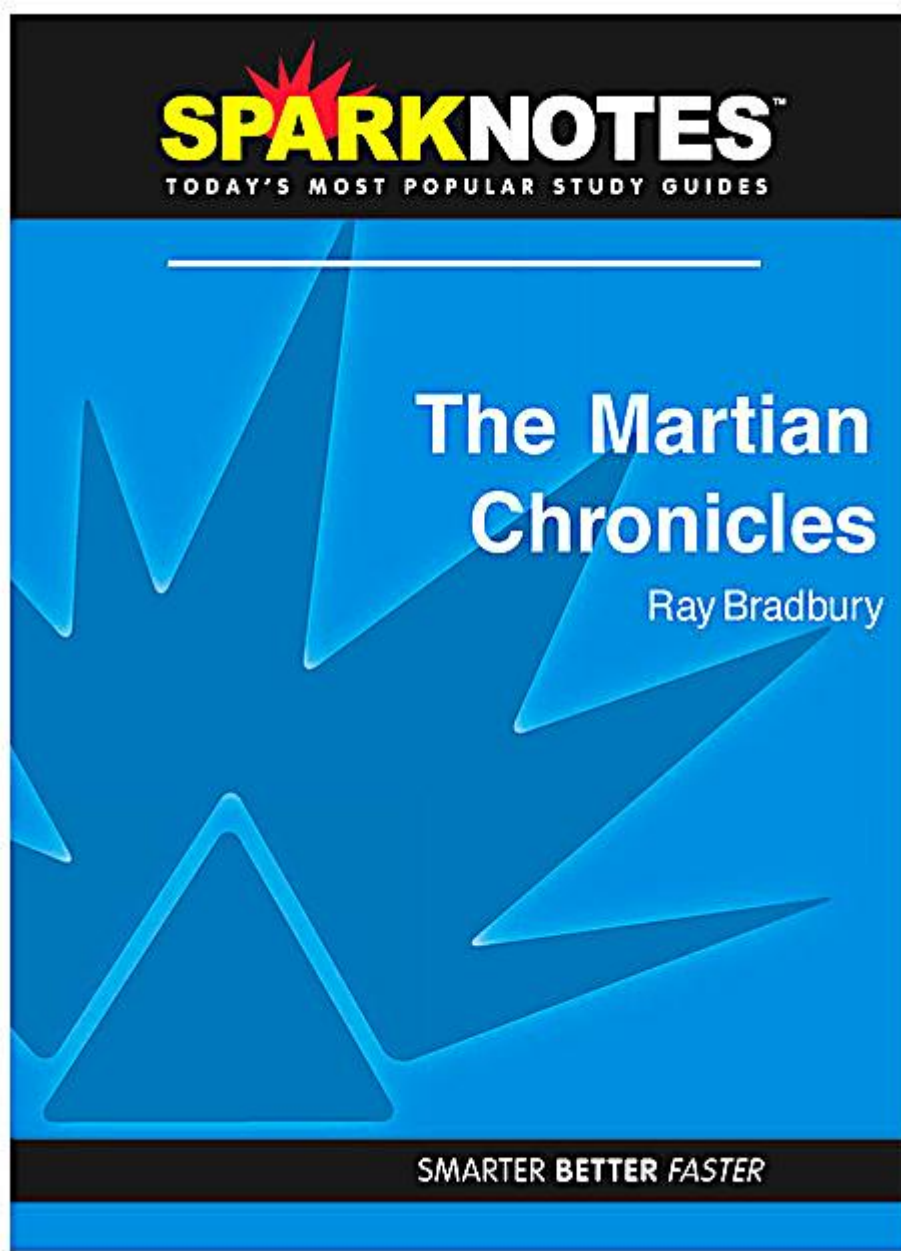
And there on his hand was the *Smile*.

He looked at it in the white illumination from the midnight sky. And he thought, over to himself, quietly, the *Smile*, the lovely *Smile*.

An hour later he could still see it, even after he had folded it carefully and hidden it. He shut his eyes and the *Smile* was there in the darkness. And it was still there, warm and gentle, when he went to sleep and the world was silent and the moon sailed up and then down the cold sky towards morning.

Conclusion

Can you believe that I went to college with people who took classes that offered this story, and they never read it? Seriously. Instead, they studied the Cliff Notes and took the tests to get the grades. They completely bypassed the learning process.



In colleges and universities, many students opt to study the Cliff Notes or Spark Note summaries of the stories. They do so as a quick way to hit the pints that you can be tested on. Unfortunately, once the test is completed, they forget what they crammed for, and while they might have obtained a grade, they learned NOTHING.

Not that they *needed* to learn. Many of whom were much wealthier than I was. They somehow got into university... somehow. Their parents were rich, or bankers, or had connections. They would run their BMW's in pot-holes to splash icy water on me as I made my way to study in the Engineering Hall.

I find out about where they are now, by checking the University alumni rosters that are published yearly. Indeed, they are mostly doing well. Either stock brokers, bankers, or have major roles on the board of directors of companies. many obtained these role when they were in their middle 20's.



Rich Frat boys at the university. Most managed to get into college through bribes or huge donations by their parents. While in school they didn't need to study because they knew that they would be employed upon graduation for enormous amounts of money.

It's truly amazing to me. Because I knew these ding-bats in university. They had the intelligence of a potato, and yet they somehow passed their SAT and got into university easily. Then during the entire time while I toiled and studied, they were just partying and having a great old time.

It didn't seem fair then, and it isn't fair now.

But you know, these stories of Ray Bradbury take us to places... strange places where our imagination can roam. They take us to places that stretch our emotions and tax our comprehension. To this, I must say to Mr. Bradbury; Thank you.

Because life is the sum total of our experiences. This is the width and the depth of our experiences. Mr. Bradbury has added color to mine. His stores made the air a little bit sweeter, the weather a little bit nicer, and my friends a little bit more important.

Those who have never experienced the stories of Ray Bradbury are denied this pleasure.

Attribution

This story was written by Ray Bradbury, and presented here under Article 22 of China's Copyright Law. The Smile is a short story written in 1952, a year before Fahrenheit 451, which it shares a few ideas with. This story is set in the post-apocalyptic future (year 2061), where the last "bits and pieces" of civilization are destroyed by humanity itself.

I have found this version of the story on the Ray Bradbury library portal in Russia, and I have copied it here exactly as found. Credit to the wonderful people at the Ray Bradbury Library for posting it where a smuck like myself can read it within China. (Рэй Брэдбери .RU found at <http://www.raybradbury.ru>) And, of course, credit to the great master; Ray Bradbury for providing this work of art for our inspiration and pleasure.

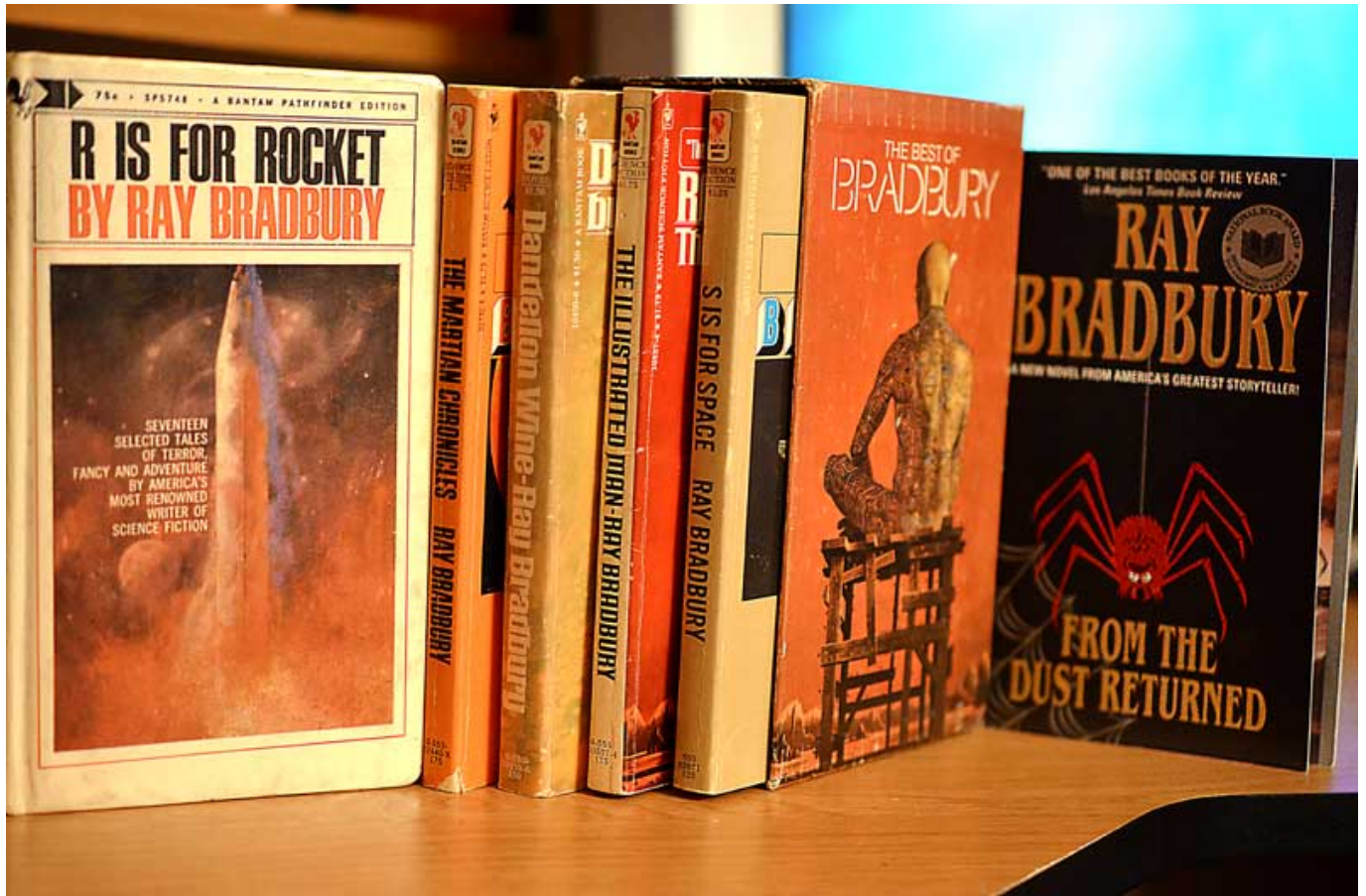
Ray Bradbury is one of my personal heroes and his writings greatly influenced me in ways that I am only just now beginning to understand.

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

Background

"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.

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.



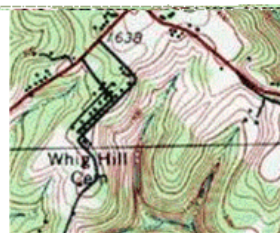
The Most Important Things That a Man Looks for in a Woman.

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 forays into these curiosities made upon me.

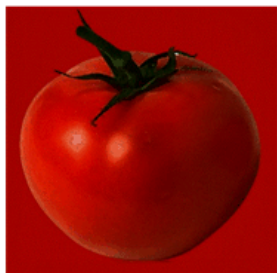


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What it was like being a kid in the early 1970's

This is my narrative of what it was like growing up as 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.



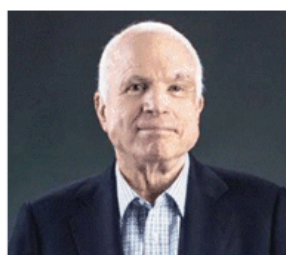
Allow your Children to Play and Grow (Part 1)

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.



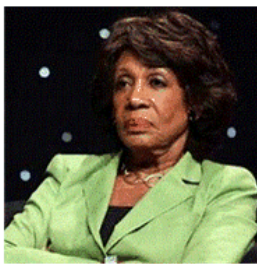
Every Man Should Have a Roll-Top Desk

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 through 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.



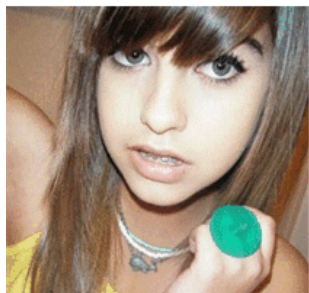
Calexit and the American Civil War

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.



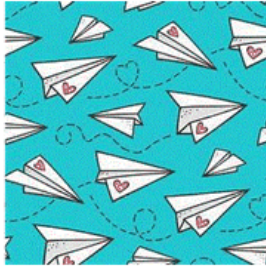
The Line in the Sand – Now What?

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 fracture, 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.



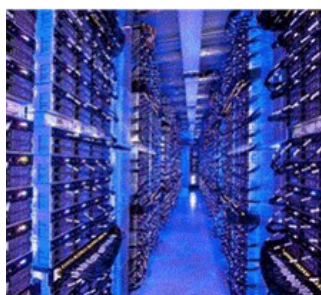
Nations that an American Man could Travel and Relocate to – Part 1

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.



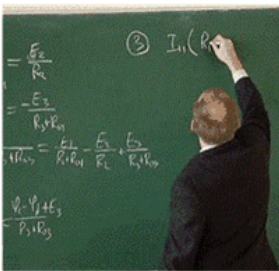
The Lies the Media Tell Us

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.



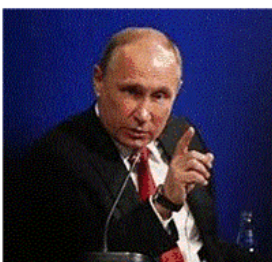
What it was like Growing Up in 1960's and 1970's America

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?



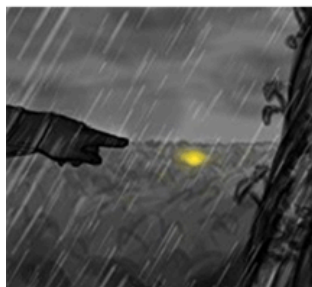
Kaleidoscope (Full Text) A Story by Ray Bradbury

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...



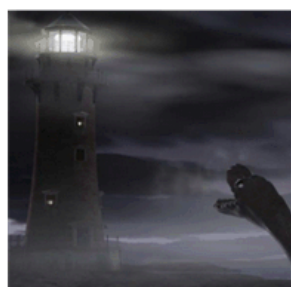
Here There Be Tygers by Ray Bradberry

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".



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

Here is the full story of a man and his family that manages to escape from the madness on Earth. They escape and make their way to Mars to start anew. This is their story, and maybe ours in the near future.



All Summer in a Day (Full Text) by Ray Bradbury

This story takes place in a school room on Venus. Not the Venus that we know, but a wet and rainy Venus. It is a world with constant rain with downpours that lasts for years. However, once every seven years, the sun comes out, and when it comes out the children can see what it is like... or not...

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