

About the author: Jove Fontagne was a brilliant creator who will be missed by all who loved him. Several world militaries scoured the skies in search of his location, after he fled The United States of America, and he died in a nuclear blast in Baja California Sur, Mexico in the summer of 2021. He was rumored to have criticized the US government for frivolously accumulating over \$30 trillion of secured national debt – not to mention all of the unsecured debt – shortly before his death.

The Andromeda Prophecy

by

Jove Fontagne

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Earth was at war. Destruction was haughtily triumphing over creation. The skilled workforce was being tossed out on the streets by overseas crime families in league with local governments. Herded into concentration camps to be harvested for meat, they fought desperately to survive on the streets.

Unfortunately for them, the foreign invaders fought with biochemical warfare, disguised as an epidemic. The wealthy bought all of the real estate, while the government canceled housing programs right before winter to keep the scattered citizens cold and sick... Few survived...

Governments became divided – World War 3 started several civil wars around the globe simultaneously. The brainwashed masses blindly followed the very villains who had robbed them of their livelihood. These villains were in the business of information – or so it would seem.

Robbing the masses on the world wide web, exterminating their victims, and replacing them with doppelgangers was

their core business model. When they could not find suitable lookalikes, they would clone people overseas in a country called Ukraine, nestled between Eastern Europe and Asia. When this was not possible, they used artificial intelligence to mimic and replace their victims' presence on the world wide web.

I met one of their victims personally, in the summer of 2021 in Baja California Sur, Mexico, in a little coastal tourist city named La Paz, which means “peace” in English. His name is Dr. John Emil Petersen III. He is the most brilliant inventor and entrepreneur I have ever even heard of, much less met, not to mention a talented musician. I had no idea he was the solo artist who wrote, recorded, and released the modern rock songs “Jealousy and Envy” and “Cross to Bear,” not to mention numerous other songs I had heard over the years, along with his Indie Jam Land™ fame.

When he told me he would be the first human to reach the Andromeda galaxy someday, I actually believed him. He had such determination in his eye when he told me, and his technology was so convincing, that I had no choice but to believe every word he spoke.

When we met, he had already developed the fundamental technology required for interstellar space travel, and since Andromeda is the nearest galaxy, he thought that to be the obvious destination goal. After we discussed his time-independent communication protocol, I asked him if he had ever read Michael Crichton's Andromeda Strain, and he replied that he had not, since it was “before my time,” but that he had read several other Crichton novels. I informed him that due to recent events and his recent scientific breakthroughs, he ought to read it. He did not appear surprised, and I got the feeling that the recent assassins pursuing him were nothing new to his lifestyle. He basically shrugged it off.

Like myself, he appeared to be disgusted with western civilization enough to at least leave the USA for quite some time, but unlike me, he would go so far as to aspire to stake out his own planet. He told me that the US Federal Government had denied one of his patent applications, which claimed, among other things, laser propulsion. Not only that, but they stole the technology from him, bastardized it into weaponry, and tried to kill him. He said, "I figure Andromeda will be far enough away to dodge the full strength of any laser weapons they may develop. Those dummies will never figure out how to get way out there, either. Believe it or not, even though I'll be far into the future when I arrive, I plan on making return trips to present-day Earth. I'll never tell them how to do that, though. Plus, that needs to be engineered far away from Earth, because they would detect the space-time distortions with their laser interferometry at places like LIGO."

I asked him if he thought he would get lonely on such a journey, and he said, "Duh, I'm going to bring as many young women as I can fool into coming with me. I'm going to build my own personal heaven out there." I heard he was almost forty years old, and I asked him how the hell was he going to pull that off, and he replied, "Oh, I'm just going to live forever – again, believe it or not, that's not as difficult as the meat packing and medical industries would have you believe. I mean, look at me – I'm smoking like a chimney, and I look like I'm 25 years old." Apparently, I underestimated how much the young women liked him, because shortly thereafter they were all wearing space alien shirts.

He continued on his soliloquy, "Our medical doctors have to agree to a hippocratic oath, for crying out loud... I mean, are you kidding me? You have to agree to be a hypocrite, before anyone will hire you in the medical field as a medical doctor... Don't get me wrong, I have great

respect for surgeons, and many diagnosticians mean well, but the industry itself is so corrupt, it's unbelievable. I guess our politicians just want to see earnings growth next quarter. They probably have so many skeletons in their closet that they can't wait to die, along with everybody else who knows their dark histories."

Then, we agreed we would start our own history time-line, in parallel with whatever bilge they were peddling. We would start our own media companies and write our own history books and keep in contact over the years. [Editor's note: Jove Fontagne did not expect to get nuked shortly thereafter... May he rest in peace. I'm carrying on his legacy, one slow step at a time.]

I asked him how he planned on developing the initial technology, if he were so worried about thievery, and he replied, "You've heard of a house boat, right? Well, I'll have to either build some sort of house plane with a few bunker-buster-proof fallout hangers or an underground railway for a house train. It would be nice to have bunker-buster-proof fallout domes at the emergence sites, if I go that route. It sure seems like a lot of hassle to achieve my goals, but believe it or not – it's necessary."

When I suggested that his goals sure sounded awfully expensive, he replied, "These billionaires in the USA owe me an absolute fortune, from all of their intellectual property theft over the years. I'm going to sue the hell out of them, whether the federal government wants me to or not. Even if I continue to run into road blocks in civil litigation, I'll get them one way or another with brute capitalism. Once I've amassed a suitable fortune, I'll hire a legal team to harass them until they pay me what they owe me." That was the last time I saw him.