

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.

The Andromeda Prophecy

by

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“When any government, or any church for that matter, undertakes to say to its subjects, ‘This you may not read, this you must not see, this you are forbidden to know,’ the end result is tyranny and oppression, no matter how holy the motives. Mighty little force is needed to control a man whose mind has been hoodwinked; contrariwise, no amount of force can control a free man, a man whose mind is free. No, not the rack, not fission bombs, not anything – you can’t conquer a free man; the most you can do is kill him.”

– Robert A. Heinlein

Preface

Dr. John Emil Petersen III had a plan to dodge the price on his head, albeit a risky one, but he would have to abandon his old life. Corporate America wanted him dead at

all cost, and so did the World Economic Forum attendees. Too many corporations had fleeced him via the internet, and they just owed him too much money to let him live. They operated on both sides of the law, so he would have to make use of both his street smarts and his reputation as an upstanding citizen to survive.

After he released “Jealousy and Envy,” in Austin, TX, on December 27th, 2020 with Tunecore, an incident with Youtube led to him having to assemble a world-class legal team to threaten litigation against Google, which immediately led to their employees to go on strike. It was not long before Ken Paxton, the Attorney General of the State of Texas, filed his own law suit against Google, backdating the suit to October of 2020.

While John was at it, he decided he had better sue Facebook, as well, since they had stolen documents right out of his Yahoo! email account, which he was in the process of patenting, leading to their initial monetization policy in 2011. One pdf document in particular, has the date of February 2nd, 2011, along with a file creation date of the same date. It was not long after that, when Google and some other companies used the same technology in their organizations.

His websites <http://indiejamland.com> <http://n-dtech.com>, and <http://hatoradegames.com> which were launched in January of 2021 and had Paypal links to donate to fund further game development and songwriting. His registered gmail account had been seized by Google, unfortunately, and he lost access to the Paypal account, along with his github online code repository account and numerous other online accounts. On this github account, he had an algorithm which he was granted a registered copyright, with a full disclaimer stating that it should not be used for profit without his explicit written permission. His web-based companies, along with his robotics company appeared to be a sure commercial

success, but little did the public know of the trouble he was having with corporate espionage.

The lawsuits brought more heat than he expected, and every crime family, police officer, and FBI agent within three states began following him around everywhere he went. He hired a private investigator to find out who was selling him out, but the investigator turned out to be a police officer, so he had to terminate the contract to avoid crime family retaliation.

He threw his phone in the river to avoid GPS tracking from Silicon Valley and hit the road. No one knows exactly where he went, but he was seen in Nashville, Tennessee in late February or early March of 2021 and then in Miami, Florida on spring break 2021, when the Governor of Florida declared a state of emergency in Miami, without giving many details as to why. A kickflip that went around the world occurred in Miami that same spring break.

He was spotted shortly afterward, attempting to cross the Canadian border legally four times in North Dakota. He almost made it, if it were not for a “shake and bake.” The shake was changing the border crossing closing time to one hour earlier with a post-it note, and the bake was quite devious indeed. After noticing the border being closed an hour earlier, he decided to stay at a nearby motel, where he discovered an unmarked white van with a microwave laser inside, purchased from Lockheed. He had seen such technology on an informational TV show in the past, where they interviewed military personnel about the technology. Incidentally, this is the same region where Ken Paxton’s hometown is located. How he wound up in Texas politics is anyone’s guess.

When John had discovered what was inside the white van, he left the motel immediately and headed west. Traveling at over 90 miles per hour in his V8 Altima, the pavement suddenly turned into a dirt road and his vehicle began to fishtail. As he turned into the skid, the car did a complete

180 degree turn and slid to a stop, inches away from the ditch as a flatbed tow truck pulled up behind him. He fled east toward another border crossing while noticing how riddled the region was with graveyards.

At this time, he decided to sell his vehicle to lose the heat, and fly as far away as he could get. Chicago was his initial choice due to the larger used car market, but the city was so dilapidated with bullet holes, he left within hours and decided Omaha would be more appropriate.

After selling his vehicle, he flew to Waikiki in Hawaii on Oahu Island. He rented a U-Haul pickup truck, since all the rental vehicles were taken. After encountering a white man who he presumed to be a kidnapper who had a traumatized young white girl on his shoulders with her hair wrapped around his face to obscure his identity, he decided to free some slaves. It was fairly easy to recruit assistance in this matter, and he decided to fly to an island south of Mobile, Alabama to do the same thing. The departure terminal at the airport in Waikiki was much emptier than the arrival terminal, and the décor included plaques with statements making it extremely clear that Hawaii was an independent nation – not a state belonging to The USA. Authorities did not seem to appreciate John’s new lot in life, so he flew to Mexico.

1

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 dopplegangers 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.

2

John claimed he only publicized his unpublished manuscript and accompanying patent application in order to bring him international acclaim, since so many militaries around the globe were flying over his location as he was starving at a cheap motel. Luckily, he still had a Brazilian bank account from a post doctoral position he had started in Campinas, São Paulo, Brazil in December of 2019. Just before Christmas of that year, an unknown man on the streets of Campinas coughed in his face. He contracted some mild chest congestion and a light fever, but it was nothing a little vodka and orange juice could not solve.

He decided to take a little vacation over the Christmas holidays, and visited a little coastal village called Parati, in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. He was surprised to meet numerous visitors from California and the UK. Rumor has it that Interpol and executives from Qualcomm were in the

area. The visitors from the UK were asking John if he spoke German, but something did not seem right about them, and his gut reaction was to lie, and tell them no. John speaks several languages, some with better proficiency than others, and he has visited Germany on invitation on two different occasions, once in west Germany in the summer of 2000 and once in east Germany in the fall of 2016, for a total of about three months.

Later that afternoon, another gringo visitor was shot just outside of John's hotel, in what appeared to be a case of mistaken identity. The body was never found. Townsfolk were interrogating John to try to figure out what was going on, but no one could figure out what had happened. John speaks Spanish much better than he speaks Portuguese, so he befriended several Argentinian immigrants in the area who may have saved his life from would-be assassins. He made a quick friend to slip away with one night to visit a pub on the beach with live music, and after a few beers, he walked to the bus station, where he spent the night in front of surveillance cameras. The next morning he saw his own obituary on TV on a local news network, "John Petersen, um pessoa de muitos profesoos..." which translated to John Petersen, a person of many professional accomplishments has been found dead.

He booked his bus ticket back to the São Paulo airport, where he had most of his luggage stored, but his small luggage was still at the hotel. He hailed a taxi to retrieve his luggage quickly and returned to get on the bus. Little did he know, this particular bus was touring through several favelas on the way back to São Paulo. The State Department had issued a warning to Americans to avoid favelas, which are basically independent factions in the countryside. A young Belgian woman John met at the hotel a few days earlier had told him about how her aunt had been shot in Brazil when armed assailants shot at her

bus with assault rifles, so he layed low for the entire bus trip, making sure to stay below the windows, so he would not be seen. This was obviously not the first time in his life that people had tried to kill him, either.

He decided that he was close enough to São Paulo at a certain point, and at a bus stop roughly 50-60 miles from the airport, he got off of the bus early and hailed a ride-share for the rest of the trip. After overhearing a passerby mutter that "they'd get him in Campinas," he decided to take the next flight back to Dallas, Texas which he already knew was leaving at 7 pm that evening. Often, it is less expensive to book a round trip flight than a one way flight, so even though his post doctoral position was scheduled for an entire year, he was able to reschedule the return flight for that evening. An American woman John met in the security line volunteered to give him her seat on the plane, and she just might have saved his life with that small act of kindness. He was seen at the CES conference in Las Vegas about a month later and gained more reknown at the poker tables, but he disappeared from society until around Christmas time in 2020 with his newest invention – a telescope positioning system with custom software, along with a new and improved PID algorithm, with registered copyright, which revolutionized the robotics industry. Rumors abound of anonymous online acquaintances of John during the time of his disappearance in 2020 reporting to have tipped him off about the university in Campinas having awarded an honorary doctorate to a Qualcomm employee.

3

This work is mostly a biographical account, but anything after the summer of 2021 ought to be considered prophecy, as I am extrapolating far into John's future, upon finishing this manuscript. About a month and a half after the last I saw him, he saw a shock wave blow through town as he looked out his window. For the uninitiated, a compression shock wave forms when a large explosion occurs, such that the surrounding gas disperses at a rate faster than the speed of sound. Eventually, the gas particles slow down to the speed of sound at what is known as the wave front. Upstream, however, gas particles still move faster, and when they reach the wave front, they collide, creating the shock wave.

He went outside of his home away from home in La Paz, to see where the shock wave came from. To the south, from what appeared to be approximately 50-100 miles away was an enormous mushroom cloud, which was later identified to be an H-bomb, colloquially referred to as "little boy." He informed as many locals as he could to take potassium vitamins to limit radiation poisoning, but people were afraid to speak to him, due to being unsure who the target of the blast was.

His newer phone had its GPS coordinates moved to all sorts of places where he was not located – whether that trickery was performed by friend or foe, remained a mystery to him, since both friends and foes alike had reason to hide his location and identity.

If he were not the target, his best guess is that the target was a military checkpoint in between Cabo San Lucas and the rest of Baja California Sur, because an influx of immigrants of dubious origin came to La Paz from the south, shortly after the blast. In any case, the nuclear

blast John witnessed in the summer of 2021 caused a certain amount of global alarm, and he summoned world leaders to meet with him in La Paz. Jair Bolsonaro showed up to identify John, along with European dignitaries rumored to include Angela Merkel. An emergency UN summit was held in New York City, New York immediately afterward.

Shortly thereafter, in late summer of 2021, a typhoon blew through The Baja Peninsula, knocking out the power grid for a few days. During this time, John took the opportunity to make a series of videos he posted to a social media account, explaining the basis for a noninvasive method to cure not only Alzheimer's disease but lead, mercury, and cadmium poisoning, as well. He is rumored to be working on a manuscript on this subject to submit for publication to a peer-reviewed scientific journal to add to his already impressive and extensive list of published academic articles.

Early that October, he decided to return to his home country of The USA, so as not to burden a foreign military with his presence. He walked across the border at an undetermined border crossing, wielding his newest passport which had been to three continents, already.

4

John made some sort of public appearance in San Diego, California in October of 2021, around the same time that he released a video including a slide show presentation outlining some of the evidence in his pending litigation. Also, he released a video of a Qualcomm van on the side of the road less than a mile from their

main offices where an employee was disposing of unknown data. Mere days later, before the end of October, John was seen in Tucson, Arizona, staying in a temporary apartment complex.

He was only in the apartment for a week, but during this week, President Biden canceled the eviction moratorium which former President Trump had instituted during the Covid pandemic. Further, congress ended section 8 funding, at the same time, yet gave billions in aid to Ukraine. Four or Five billion dollars of the tax revenue allocated toward the eviction moratorium is now unaccounted for.

As a side note, academic articles agree that most common colds are corona viruses of some sort. Covid-19, a form of corona virus was reported to have symptoms of chest congestion, fever, and little else. New Covid varieties keep cropping up with a threatening undertone in the media. Verified eyewitness accounts of nefarious actors seen spraying gas or liquid in residents' air conditioning units have been reported across North America.

John kept a close eye on the news, so he made sure to apply to the Pima County Eviction Prevention Program, since federal funding had ended. He was granted assistance immediately, but his apartment was raided by three goons in feaux security garb, presumably working for Facebook. John livestreamed the entire event on social media. He witnessed Mark Zuckerberg driving out of the apartment complex the next morning in his black Camaro, with the sun in his eyes.

John considered slashing his tires with his pocket knife while he waited for traffic to make a right turn out onto the street, but he could not risk getting arrested or detained, due to the valuable data he had on his person, which had all the evidence he needed in his pending litigation.

No one knows how John survived that bleak winter, but within a week or two, he was seen wearing two 14k gold chain

necklaces, rumored to be war treasure from the conflict in Kuwait in the early 1990s. The clasps read "OL," and were rumored to have been seized from Osama bin Laden. Eyewitness accounts speak of various halfway houses around Tucson, Arizona in which John stayed and various odd jobs he picked up in town, ranging from yard work to stocking store shelves to moving furniture.

He was attempting to purchase a flatbed work truck around Christmas time, when credit bureaus would not allow access to his credit report, so that he could not complete the lending application immediately. His credit card companies would not accept his payments over the phone, and his accounts had been hacked with the login information changed, so he could not pay them online, either. The hit to his credit rating was just enough to bump up the down payment to be just out of reach when access to his credit report was finally granted.

He sought out used cars all over Arizona, even making a trip out to Phoenix, but some organization had bought every affordable vehicle anywhere near there, and the company Carvana was launched at that same time.

He disappeared until Martin Luther King day weekend, 2022, when he protested human rights violations at the Caesar Chavez Park, in Tucson, Az, where countless thousands of witnesses drove by in support, including the then-governor of Arizona – Doug Ducey. He had an encampment near the park, and near that, he got in a street fight with a UFC fighter who will remain anonymous. He held his own against the professional fighter and retained his 14k gold Figaro chain at the end, despite the bent clasp.

Around this time, migrants from overseas flooded the region. The Mexican community smelled trouble and fled to Mexico, so as not to be confused with the newcomers. A civil war broke out in southern Arizona, becoming a battleground

state indeed, just as the gubernatorial election campaigns were heating up. Kari Lake seemed to be the clear winning candidate, but it would prove to be a long year for Arizona and John Emil Petersen III.