

MSP

by Andrew Oberg

‘All of these people. All of these people busy about their days. Big ones, small ones, tall ones, short ones, young ones, old ones. Nearly every one of them with their faces in some device or some device in their ears. They have no idea that they are about to die. They do not know that I am about to kill them. That the very technology that has made their lives meaningless and the modern world inhuman will be used against them. It is a necessary sacrifice. Their lives and our lives will make the world whole. I am sorry but we cannot wait. Evolution takes time, time that we do not have. The world could end at any moment unless humanity wakes up. I will wake it up. I and my brothers will wake it up. Our Good Guide has shown us the way, he knows the Divine Words by heart and knows how to interpret them. He has assured us that we are right and that the Holy One will bless my mission and its counterpart hundreds of others. Together we will bring these technophiles to their knees so that they may at last raise their gaze to the heavens. Our sacrifice will show the truth of The Path, and those who die with me today will become the unknown catalysts for the change that must occur. They will be remembered in their number and by what resulted later but not by their names. Our names too will quickly pass from history, but our sacrifice and our faith will not. It is enough. This life is enough if you do something with it. I have sworn to do what I can for God, for the true faith, for our Good Guide and for my brothers. I will leave here in a holy act and it will cleanse my soul. I will succeed. I will make it through this line and not be detected. And if I am detected...I am ready. I am ready even now. I know what to do, what I have to do. I know how to work this, how to click it over and switch it to go. I know. But God will guide me through, I am sure of it. Our Righteous Engineers were so clever in making this, they only used plastic. It was our Good Guide’s idea of course, but they made it happen. Their work will not show up in the metal detector, and this poor child will soothe the agents’ hearts and ease their minds to my true purpose. The guards will not know. They will be distracted anyway. They will have their faces in screens and not on mine, they will be blind to the livingbreathingeatingshitting humans before them. Me and this tiny baby. I am sorry, little one. I am so sorry. But this world must be redeemed, and so I beg you to sleep on, snug in your carrier there and pressed tightly against me. This harness is a form of technology too, but it is natural technology. You could make this easily with just some cloth. One of my brothers even knew how to wrap a plain bed sheet around himself in

the same way. But now everything must be sold separately and one purpose per product. It increases their profits, it proves our Good Guide's point that all they care about is money. That is why they must go, all those who have rejected the true faith and will not convert. They have had plenty of opportunities but have always turned their backs. Our Good Guide is not the only speaker of truth, there are hundreds of thousands of Good Guides spread all over the world carrying the message of the Divine Words. Perhaps after today many more will join our cause, that is my prayer. But those who will not must be removed and their contamination must be cleansed from this earth to make way for the coming New World. The better world. The world of justice and law. The world where all societies follow the prescriptions of the Divine Words without wavering, for there is only one right way to live and the Messenger proclaimed it to us many hundreds of years ago. No, these guards will never check a baby and they will leave a man carrying a baby alone. They will not bother me and I will progress beyond them, showing all that we can beat their best security not because our technology is superior but because our ideas are God's, handed down to us from generation to generation since the Messenger's revelatory visions. I will atone for my sins and enter heaven with righteousness covering me and the simultaneous work of my hundreds of brothers and I will jolt this world into redemption. No, I will not fail. I will make it through this and find my way to the designated place, Concourse G near where all the restaurants are. There will be many people there, it will be horrific and it will be spectacular. The blast will spread through all the symbols of modern convenience and greed. There will be many deaths, the brainwashed and the cold-hearted will find their bodies taken from them. Our proclamation will ring as loud as the explosion and our struggle will be one step closer to victory. God has ordained it and the Messenger has pointed to the way. But first this, the security screening. Now, what am I to do? Must I take off my shoes? No, not in this line... Oh yes, the computer, of course. I was given a computer to look more like them, like a typical Outsider. Here I must take that horrid thing out and put it in a tray, turned on so that they can see that it is working. I remember how to do that. The agents might suspect the computer but they will soon see that it is nothing. They will see only a man carrying some small bits of luggage and a sleeping baby on his chest. Our Good Guide's plan is solid and God will watch over me, I must only progress and follow instructions. Easy as that. And then before I even know it I will be in paradise in the company of holy men and great teachers and this world will spin a little truer and a little closer to the holy commandments for how we should live. Okay, the computer is out, it is on and in a tray, and my shoulder bag is in a separate tray next to it. I am in the special line and so I do not need to take my shoes off. This child that I only

met this morning is still sleeping, breathing softly against my chest. It may not make it into paradise but God will judge it less severely, our Good Guide even thought that God may look favorably upon it for the sacrifice it is involuntarily making to further the spread of his righteous law. And our Good Guide knows more about God's will than any man I have ever met and I feel secure in taking his word on that. God will go easy on this baby and I will have my promised rewards. But for now I will make it through this scanner, my device has no metal, the alarm will not ring. My things here will be x-rayed and found to be clean. Spotless. I too will be found to be clean. I will enter, exit, go to the designated place, detonate, and my soul will be cleansed and this world will begin its rebirth. I will be free and in heaven, blessed among the blessed. Ahh, I am being summoned, I am being called forward. This is it, the beginning of a whole new era.'

"Ticket and ID, please."

"Hi, how are ya?"

"Ticket and ID, please."

'Here it is and here is that. Have a look at my passport, it says that I am from the US just like you. Everything is shipshape and fine and dandy. Nothing to see and nothing to check.'

"What brought you to our parts?"

"I was visiting family, they live in the Cities here."

'Just like my brothers and I practiced. Keep my sentences short and simple. Do not be worried and do not appear nervous. Be friendly but entirely forgettable. Security will not try to engage me in conversation, they only want to do their jobs and keep the line moving.'

"That's a cute kid you've got there."

"Yes, thank you, my sister's baby. She's going to meet me at the gate."

'I hope he does not stay on this topic. I do not even know if this child is a boy or a girl. I should know but I do not know. If this is my sister's baby I should know. Why was I not told? It cannot be that our Good Guide's plan has a mistake in it, I must have been told and did not register the information. I should have taken more notes. Every word should have been carefully written down in my notepad. My pre-conversion overreliance on machines must have made my memory weak. The Divine Words have shown us the way, the Messenger used only the natural technology available to him in his times when he spread God's word from victory to victory. We do not need anything else and I should have prepared more carefully. I will need God's help now.'

"Well, it's very nice of you to carry your sister's kid around. I don't know

many brothers your age that would do that. Where is your sister now?"

'A new line of questioning! Praises be to God, his Messenger, and all the holy teachers past and present!'

"My sister's running a bit late but she's on the way. She should be here soon."

"Listen, it's best for families who are traveling together to always stay together. I hope for your sake that your sister does get here soon because if that baby wakes up and can't find her mother she may not be too happy. I've got two of my own and believe me, it can be a lot of work. Messy work. Go on ahead."

'Just like that, he is letting me go and not even looking at me anymore. This guard is already signaling to the next person. I made it! God has smoothed my way and set my path. I have done it, and now I will not need to speak with anyone else. Just smile and nod, they will be distracted at their ruinous devices anyway. Now I merely walk through the metal detector, pick up that computer and put it back in my bag, then go to Concourse G. Easy. So easy. The only trial left is to go through the metal detector. It will not ring. My device is plastic and has no metal. I am wearing no metal and my pockets are empty. I have nothing to make it ring. It will not ring. It must not ring. If it rings I know what to do and how to do it. I can do it, I am sure of that. I am ready. But the metal detector will not ring and I will make it to my designated place. God willing I will make it. I must stay calm. I must walk slowly. I must not show even the slightest agitation. I am a normal passenger, a man carrying a baby. I have nothing to hide. One foot and then the next. I am doing it. I am doing it now. I am in the detector. It is not ringing! It is not ringing and I am already out! Nothing rang, nothing beeped, nothing blipped and no one noticed a thing. The security woman there is staring at her x-ray screen. The man at the belt is looking bored and glancing at his watch. My items are clean and I am beyond suspicion. I am a traveler with a baby, nothing more. I am nothing for anyone to notice. Your world's current trajectory will be shattered today and I will be in paradise. There it is, the odious computer is out from the scanner. The man there pushes it aside. My bag is out now too. He pushes that over. He is still bored and I am free of all suspicion. None of the guards here look at me as I get my things, easy, smooth, and clear. The computer goes back in my bag and my bag goes back on my shoulder. This little baby is still sleeping. God willing it will sleep on and on until its tiny body is taken with mine in the blast. And with many others'. God's glory will be great today and his message for how we ought to live will be heard. Goodbye to all of you and goodbye to this world that we have built in our sin. I have passed your test and am already through.'

“Waa! Waa! Wawawawawaaaa!!”

‘Disaster! Why is this happening? Where is God’s intervention? Is he testing me? My holy mission must not fail! Come on now little baby, take this bottle and drink it and soothe whatever is troubling you and please, please go back to sleep. Why will you not take it? Just drink it and sleep! It is powdered milk just like all babies love, with a tiny bit of herbal mixture so you drift off to la-la land. It will be wonderful! Ohhh... People are looking at me, people are staring at me, people are all around and I cannot continue and cannot focus and cannot fulfill my duty to God and my brothers while you are screaming at me. How can you possibly be so loud? You are so small and are so loud. How is this even possible? When my brothers kidnapped this baby they must have made some terrible mistake. Who are its parents? They must be the worst kind of Outsiders and God must have cursed their entire family. It is deafening! Stop! Please, stop! Just stop! Why is God testing me like this? Why does he allow this tiny creature to continue belting out its shattering roar? God, please tell me why? No, I am sorry. No, no, I must not question and I must not doubt the will and the greatness of God. Our Good Guide has said that where there is trouble on the way God always provides another route. He will see me through this just like he did back there at the security check. I will progress to Concourse G and its many restaurants and I will trigger my device and explode and kill many Outsiders and proclaim God’s glory and his true and holy laws for all of humanity with my death and the victims’ deaths and the terrible damage this bomb will do. I must believe. I do believe. This is the way, it is time for the world to change, time for the true faith to spread all over this planet. Aagghh... But I cannot even think! I cannot even see straight with this incessant wailing! Take the bottle! Just take it! Why will you not drink this milk? Why do you turn your tiny head aside, why do you spit the tip out of your mouth and continue to shriek? Please, little baby, please. Now, you must drink this! It is not a choice you have. This has been prepared for you, it is for you and you only. Do not refuse it! Oh! Stop! Stop spitting it out! Stop squirming! Come now, do not go against me. Look, I am putting this in your mouth for you. It is easy, just suck on the tip there. It will be so much better if you are asleep when I detonate. It will be better for you and for me. We are on a holy mission now, can you understand that? Ohh... Forget it. I will proceed to the designated spot anyway. I will ignore this clamoring hellion, this temptation to avoid my duty, this obstacle to God’s good work. See? I am already moving on. I am not even looking at you, little baby. I am ignoring you and your painful cries. I can and I am. I am a servant of God and his true

Path and my brothers and I will glorify his might and his laws today. We will bring the New World into being. We will... Oh, come on now! Take this bottle! Take it! Take it!

“Do you need some help with your little one?”

‘See? Look, it is in your mouth! You only have to suck on it! You only... What was that? Who is speaking to me? Why are they speaking to me? This could be trouble. This little screamer must have finally done it. I cannot be found out now, not when I am this close. If I am caught our Good Guide will surely disown me. I have a part to play in our great Awakening. Everything must go according to plan. Who is this staring at me? Some kind faced woman far too revealingly dressed. That is another problem. What has happened to modesty? She does not even have her eyes and neck properly covered! But maybe she can help me. Maybe God has intervened by sending this Outsider to aid me in completing his holy mission. Yes, God is moving just as our Good Guide said he would. He is using an odd tool for the job, but God’s plans are far beyond our understanding. I believe, I’ll take this help.’

“Pardon me, ma’am?”

“Would you like some help with your baby? He doesn’t seem to want that bottle. Maybe his diaper needs changing?”

‘Maybe it is the diaper, I had not thought of that. Did she just call it a “he”? Is this baby a boy? How does she know? That man back at security called it a “she”. Who would know better? I suppose between the two this woman probably would. Based on how she is dressed she has probably been with hundreds of men, our Good Guide has warned us repeatedly about how dangerous Outsider women are. Even within our own faith we must be very cautious of women. The Divine Words say that they must be carefully hidden in public places, and they should not even really leave their homes unless they have to. If she were one of us, what would her punishment be? I suppose that she would be severely beaten. Our Good Guide has taught us that although God’s laws may seem harsh they are for our own good. Still, I am glad this woman is not being beaten now. I hope she can change this diaper and quiet this baby for me, after that I can complete my mission.’

“Yes ma’am, please help me. This is my sister’s baby and I’m at a real loss here. I’m in trouble.”

“I can see that. Here, follow me. There must be a changing room near the bathrooms. I’m sure there are some close by... Let’s go check that map.”

‘Go somewhere else? Please just change this diaper and make this baby stop screaming. Just take this little boy and make him quiet. Wait a minute, can she take him? What did the Righteous Engineers say? How will the device be affected if I take

this baby carrier off? It is beneath my shirt... That is right, now I remember. The baby can be removed if need be but I should not remove this strapping because the bulge of the device will show if I do. I must keep the straps on but I can pull the baby out of the top. I will just hand this creature over and let her deal with it.'

"There! You see? There's a Family Care room down by Gate F11. I've got some time before my flight anyway so let's go there and get this poor guy into a clean diaper and smiling and laughing again."

"Oh, thank you ma'am. Thank you for your help."

"Not at all, it's my pleasure. I hate to see a cute little baby like that crying."

"Well, really, thank you ma'am. Please, let's go."

'This Outsider may not know how to dress with humility but at least she is walking quickly, that is good. If she will not take the baby and calm it, calm him, right here and now then at least she is hurrying to get to where she can do that. I saw the map. Concourse F joins Concourse G very near where the restaurants are gathered, where my chosen location is. This will be easy and quick. It must be God's work, may I be forgiven for doubting. This Outsider will change the diaper and quiet the baby, and that will give me peace. Then it is a simple matter of going back down the hallway, crossing from Concourse F to G, stationing myself in the midst of the blinking lights, banging registers, buzzing computers, and all the rest of it, and discerning the exact area where the most will be killed and the most property damage done before giving up my life to God and changing this world for the better. Forever. The New World starts today, here and all over where my brothers are carrying out similar missions. Today we change history and remake humanity. God will be pleased with our efforts and we will be richly rewarded in paradise. I will join my forebears and my deceased teachers, my heroes and brethren in the faith, and we will bask in the glory of God as we recite the Divine Words' stanzas and share each other's company. We will have riches, the best food, and the perfect wives that God has chosen for us. And all in the splendor and grace of God. But what is this Outsider spouting on about? I am lost in my head again. She is talking so fast that I can hardly make out what she is saying. But at least this child has gone from screeching to whimpering, he has really become much quieter as we hurry along. Perhaps the fast movement is helping. Or perhaps just the presence of a woman is doing it, even if she is an Outsider. I suppose that this baby is an Outsider too. He was taken from some Outsider parents anyway. I never got the details of that. Where did my brothers find a baby to take? It is a good plan, our Good Guide was right that having a baby made it much easier to get through security, but I wish there could have been another way. I do not know anything about babies. Or women, I have never known a

woman carnally and I will not here on earth because my life is devoted to God. I will wait until I have been given my wives in heaven. It is better that way, that is the true way for those who can make the sacrifices that the times demand. Death as a virgin is a small price to pay to save all of humanity from the snare of disbelief fueled by this evil technology all around me. We must get onto the righteous Path as laid down in the Divine Words. Its commandments do not change and its contents are the perfect message of our perfect God. This land will be revived when the New World comes, and here too the holy law will be the rule for all and every life will follow God's commands. Every new boy will learn the holy words by heart, every man will know his place and give praise to God, and every woman will be kept pure and innocent and never leave her home, her rightful place. There will be no false religions, and no money-grubbing, brain-killing technophile ways. No one will question and no one will live differently. The foundations of the only true faith will guide all life as God has commanded us. Our Good Guide has told us this and he would not lie. He knows God's holy words, he remembers every passage of the Divine Words and can even read them in their original language. We will see victory in our time and the New World will spring up out of the corpses of the Outsiders rotting in the sun of the new holy days. So it has been declared and so it shall be. Our Good Guide has even said that he has had a dream where...'

"Well, here we are. Let's get this little cutie pie cleaned up."

'What? Ahh, the baby room, the changing room, of course. It says Family/Companion Care. We will not need these rooms in the New World.'

"Let's go inside. Come on."

'Now I must take care with this Outsider. She may try to seduce me after the diaper has been changed. I must remain pure if I am to fulfill my mission.'

"Okay, let's get this little guy on the changing table. Do you have some diapers and wipes with you?"

"Yes, ma'am. Right here in my bag, let me just get them for you."

'Now how does this work with the baby? I cannot remove these straps... I will try to pull this squirming creature out of the top. Oh, he is screaming again! Out, you! Yes, there it is, he is out and a little quieter now too. He is so soft, holding his little arms out as he whimpers, tiny tears on his large round cheeks. He really is a cute baby. This woman is taking him now and setting him down on that padded table. What was I supposed to do? Yes, that was it, a diaper and wipes. Everything is right here in my shoulder bag, our Good Guide's plan has all of the details covered. I will give this woman those things and let her do her work.'

"There, you see? He's much calmer already. Let's get your little outfit

unbuttoned here and your diaper off, okay precious? We'll get you all cleaned up in no time, and then Uncle can give you your bottle, okay? You'll be as good as new."

'His eyes are open now. Big, brown eyes. He is much cuter when he is not screaming. He looked at me! His eyes met mine! What a precious miracle. What a tiny wonder this baby is, lying there so docilely while the Outsider undoes his diaper.'

"Oh! Well, I'm sorry. I thought your sister's little girl was a little boy. You must have been too polite to tell me."

'A girl! It is a girl after all. She would have made a fine cook and cleaner, a caretaker for little boys while they grow up and a keeper of the family home. She is looking at me again! And now she is smiling! She is happy! What joy she expresses, what a beautiful, pure countenance she has with those bright eyes, tiny nose, and wide toothless smile. I will call her Grace for that, the little girl whose smile demonstrates God's grace to all the world.'

"Now that's much better, isn't it? A nice clean diaper and a big smile from an adorable little girl. Back you go into Uncle's carrier."

'She is still smiling at me! Little Grace, what a doll you are. A perfect little beauty. You warm my heart so much, come here back into this carrier and stay close to me. I want to feel your tiny head lying on my chest again and the in and out of your breathing as you rest, held tightly and safely against my body. You are truly a tiny miracle and testament to God's greatness. You show us how we should be.'

"Awww, how sweet. She looks so happy now. What's her name?"

"Grace."

"That's wonderful. A beautiful name for a beautiful little girl. How old is she, about four or five months?"

"Yes, that's right. She's nearly five months. My sister is on the way, you know. I need to go and meet her at the gate."

"Oh, that's good. If little Grace were just a few months older she probably wouldn't let you hold her like this. She'd be screaming and kicking for Mama and Papa, and them only, now wouldn't you, little girl? Yes you would. You certainly would. You'd be raising up quite the fuss. Well, I had better get to my own gate. You two take care now."

"Yes, thank you ma'am, we will. Where is your gate?"

"Way over on Concourse A. Bye-bye Grace, you be a good girl for Uncle until Mama arrives. You know, she might want that bottle now. A lot of babies get thirsty after crying so much like that."

"Thank you. And thank you for your help."

“Think nothing of it. Bye-bye!”

‘What a nice woman she was. It is hard for me to hate Outsiders like her even though I know we must. They and their things are destroying the planet, after all. Our Good Guide has taught us that they are the enemy and that our fight is ordained by God. I hope that she converts though. After the New World arrives it will be much easier for her to convert. Now my little Grace, you do not need that bottle after all, do you? No, you do not need that. You will stay awake and smiling. You will keep looking at me with those big brown eyes and we will go on our way. We have a great adventure ahead of us. We will strike out on a new and unexplored road, trusting our fates to God. He is merciful, little Grace, I am sure he will count what you have done for me as a truly righteous act. And even though you are the child of Outsiders you too will find your way into paradise. I believe it. You will be counted as an Insider and a follower of the true Path. You will be one of the holy sacrifices, a gift to humanity that will set it onto righteousness as we glorify God with our deaths and the lives of those we kill. Come little Grace, let us embrace our blessed duty and go forth to do God’s will together. The world will be remade today.’