

Spring 5-5-2016

Challenging Authoritative Perceptions: The Story of Philip James Evans

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Thesis Summary

If asked to formulate a picture of authority, what comes to mind? Is it a picture of someone with a whistle and a brightly colored jersey directing traffic? Perhaps it is a picture of someone from a local police department in a squad car. But what exactly is authority, and who is it that is supposed to carry it out? How does such a person get into a position to have authority? There is no single answer to either of the proposed questions. It is, for the most part, all relative. However, answering in this way, it begs the question of the ultimate authority. If one believes in an omnipotent god, as we followers of Christianity do, then this being should have the ultimate authority over everything. We, as humans, should be submissive to God and His will. What happens when we challenge authority figures, God or human? There are almost always repercussions. Some people lose jobs, others lose their Christianity.

In the following story, we are introduced to Philip James Evans. Early in his life, Philip loses both of his parents and is subjected to an abusive, drunkard step-father. Before his parents died, Philip was raised as a believer in Christianity. But as times passes, he grows increasingly skeptical of God as many of the things he loves in life are taken from him. Developing bad habits along the way, he turns to alcohol so his thoughts could be taken away from his discouraging environment.

After spending some time in his hopeless state, Philip seemingly turns his life around after he starts blaming himself for an accident he played a part in causing. Just as things are starting to look up, he finds out that he will be a father and he turns back to alcohol after he questions his ability to be a dependable father, unlike his biological and step-fathers. Later that night, Philip would be jumped and seemingly killed in an

alleyway by a thug. Philip suddenly jolts awake in an unfamiliar building and meets a man named Virgil, who would play a role in changing Philip's life forever. Philip finds that his consciousness is actually in Purgatory and he is being recruited by the Illuminati, an organization that has supposedly been influencing the outcomes of world events since the early years of humanity. Philip is proposed a deal: work for the Illuminati pay for his wrongdoings, or stay dead and face immediate judgment from God Himself.

Feeling that God would abandon Philip as he had done to God earlier in his life, he decides to take the Illuminati's deal and work for them to regain his life on Earth with his soon to be born son and wife and assure himself a spot in Heaven. Philip learns that the Illuminati are in direct contact with God and believe they are carrying out His will by killing people they view as threats to society. However, it quickly becomes apparent to Philip that the people the Illuminati are killing are not threats to society. Instead, these people would lead lives that are beneficial to humans all over the world and threaten the Illuminati's control over everything.

Philip's doubts about the Illuminati and its motives take a personal turn as he is ordered to kill his own son, seemingly ordered by God. Philip decides to ignore this order and defend his family. He ultimately incurs the wrath of the Illuminati, who eventually capture him and send him to trial in Purgatory. Declared guilty of treason against the Illuminati, he is sent to God for judgment. Fully expecting to be sent to Hell for disobeying Him, Philip confronts God, where just the opposite happens. God reveals that He is disappointed in the Illuminati and has been waiting for them to recognize their own wrongdoing. Because Philip achieves self-enlightenment by realizing the Illuminati has been committing evil acts against humanity, God rewards him with a spot in Heaven.

Acknowledgements

First and foremost, I'd like to thank my family for always believing in my abilities to excel in anything I put my mind to. Without all of you, I could never reach the heights I've wanted to. Second, I'd like to thank Dr. Steve Lynn for really helping me get this project going from the barebones story I had to begin with and for giving me guidance along the way. Third, I'd like to thank Dr. Samuel Amadon for giving me the motivation to write the earliest form of this story when I was a student of his in Creative Writing. I'd also like to thank Ms. Rebecca Sanders for all of her guidance throughout the writing process and my Pre-Med journey through undergrad. Finally, I'd like to thank Dr. Pearl Fernandes for being a mentor to me and pushing me to be the best student I could be. I will forever owe you for helping me get into Med School and pursue my dreams.

Thesis Story

It's a shame that things turned out the way they did. At one time, I was very interested in joining this organization, the Illuminati. They saved my life. I should have been grateful to them and served loyally for the rest of my life. But I just could not bring myself to it. I could follow their rules no longer. The information I acquired had to get out somehow. Tyranny was running rampant. And nobody even knew it. For thousands of years! Now, I stand trial in purgatory to defend my decision to betray the organization that made me who I am. I've done terrible things for them that I'm not proud of just to please their interests and atone for other wrongs I've committed in life. Any sane person would say the things I've done will buy you a one way ticket to Hell. As the procession begins, the prosecution brings up a piece of evidence; a letter. One that was originally intended for my wife and son so they could understand just who I am and why I would one day suddenly disappear never to be seen again. The Illuminati had seized it and was going to use it against me. The prosecution read it aloud to the entire courtroom.

My name is Philip Evans. I was born 40 years ago on February 7, 1976, in Sewickley, PA. My parents, Warren and Elizabeth, were both the children of immigrants from Britain and Ireland, respectively. My father was born in less than ideal circumstances in Pittsburgh, PA in the inner city. My mother was born in a little better circumstances in a Pittsburgh suburb. The two had met at the University of Pennsylvania, where my father was studying law after working hard throughout high

school and college to rise above the poor conditions in which he was raised. My mother was an undergraduate when the two met, and she was studying pre-law. The two hit it off right from the start, and only two years after she graduated, the two were married. At that time, my father had established himself as a rising star as a defense attorney while my mother had stopped schooling after she graduated. Less than a year after they were married, I was born. My parents said I was quite the healthy baby weighing almost nine pounds at birth. My parents loved me very much, and my father was very pleased to have had a son. For my first year of life, everything was going smooth. My father kept gaining in popularity with his work, and my mother stayed at home with me and made sure I had everything I could ever need. Then, everything changed.

Unknown to my father, he had been developing terminal skin cancer for the past few years and it had metastasized to his lungs. I was just over a year old when he was given his diagnosis. My mother was devastated, but from what she told me, he managed to have a positive attitude up until the time he died 8 months later. "Of course I would die of skin cancer in a city where we see the sun less than a third of the time," he would say. After he died, my mother and I were left alone. Apparently, my mother's parents never agreed to my father and mother's wedding, and my father's parents hated my mother because they thought she was using my father for his money since she stopped school after graduating.

With no incoming salary, my mother and I downsized our living conditions and moved closer to the inner city to a home that was more affordable. With the money my father had saved from his job and the money from the sale of our old house, we were able to find a good home, but we had to be very stingy with our money. My mother

eventually got two jobs; one as a waitress at a nearby restaurant for the nights, and another as a secretary at the law firm my father had worked at. This had gone on for about seven years, and we were able to get by. During this time, I had been going to Catholic school during the week and Sunday school on the weekends. My mother would only have to take Saturdays off and could focus on providing for us that way. Then, money started becoming very short, and soon we would not be able to afford living where we were. Though I was only young and did not understand what it could mean, I told my mother that she should look for a new husband. Someone who could help us afford our place and take care of us so she would not have to work as hard anymore.

She had taken a young child's advice and began looking for another man. They came and went, but after about a year, she found someone she liked. His name was Ben Livings, and he worked at one of the steel mills in the inner city for a living. He was very nice to my mother, and together, they could pay for the rent at the house and provide for the family. We thought things were going to get better, and for a while, they did. After a year of dating, they got married. I was ten at the time, and I thought I would be happy with him as the father figure I had lacked for all my life. That is, until one Monday night two months after they had been married in 1986. My mother was out at her waitressing job, and I was at home with Ben. Ben was watching the Steelers game and had drank a few beers. Ben was an avid Steelers fan, and when they started losing the game, he started yelling and getting very angry. I asked if he could keep it down a little as I was working on some homework, and he rose up out of his chair and came over to me. He got down in my face and asked me what I had just said. I repeated that I was working on some homework and if he wouldn't mind keeping it down a bit. He said he would and

just as he was about to turn away, I felt a fist hit me across the side of my face. I was knocked out of my chair and onto the ground with a bloody nose. He said to never tell him what to do again and that if I had told my mother about this, he would beat me up so bad that I would never speak again. He kicked me while I was lying on the floor and went back to watching the game. I sobbed as I went to the bathroom to clean up my nose and try to collect myself. This man was not someone I could trust, but how could I tell my mother about what happened? He was nice to her and she loved him, but it was pretty obvious that he was not fond of me. I felt so out of place and had nobody to turn to.

The relationship between Ben and I remained strained for the next few years, and he would occasionally have his drunken outbursts and come after me. Sometimes he would hit me, and sometimes he would not. I decided that it was best if I would be out of the house on weekdays or when I saw Ben start drinking. I was then in middle school, and I could start joining clubs and afterschool programs to avoid being at the house. I decided that if I wanted out of my current situation, I would have to be like my real father and focus on my studies.

About this same time, I had made a real good friend with a girl in a few of my classes and in my middle school student government with me. Her name was Marie Ways. She was the prettiest girl I had ever seen. She had long golden hair, olive-colored eyes, and she was tall for a girl. We had started hanging out outside of school and our clubs. She only lived a short distance from where I did, so I would usually go over to her house when Ben was having his problems and my mother was at work. We would listen to music, do homework, and sometimes just talk. Her parents were really nice people, and they both worked at the U.S. Steel building downtown. They never had a problem

with me coming over, so I would come over often. One day, she asked why I always came over to her house and we never went over to mine. Rather than sugarcoat the answer, I told her that Ben was not a nice person for me to be around and I told her of how he would get stressed from work or angry, drink, and then become abusive. From the look of horror on her face, I could tell that she was worried for me. She said I could come over whenever I needed to and never to hesitate when asking her for help when I needed to be away from Ben.

Just as middle school was wrapping up, I got a terrible bit of news. My mother, who had been working her two jobs all these years to support us, fell sick. The doctor said that she had overworked herself, and the stress from her jobs had compromised her immune system and she had contracted tuberculosis. The doctor said that treatment would be strenuous since her immune system was so bad, but she should be able to bounce back from it. And then about a month later, Ben had to start making funeral procession plans for her. What was thought to be a treatable problem took my mother's life. She was either allergic to all the medications she was given or did not respond well to all the treatments she was given. The doctors said they've never seen anyone respond to treatment so poorly and that there was nothing they could do.

At the funeral, Ben, I, and Marie and her parents attended. My mother was to be buried next to my father so they could be together again. As bad as it sounds, I was not able to shed a single tear for my own mother. It was like living in a bad dream and not being able to wake up. I didn't know what was worse. Having both of my parents die before I was an adult or the thought that I would be living with Ben until I could move out on my own. I still had to make it through high school for another four years before I

could leave. After the funeral was over, Marie's parents said I could stay over whenever I needed to or whenever I did not feel safe. I assumed Marie had told them about Ben and his abusive behavior, which I knew would only get worse now that my mother was no longer around.

Ben became even more aggressive than I thought he would in the weeks after my mother died. He started drinking every night, and whenever I was around, he would come after me. He blamed me for my mother's death, saying that if I had contributed more financially, she wouldn't have had to work as hard as she did and she wouldn't have died. To a point, I actually believed he was correct, and it was painful for me to think about. High school started soon after my mother's death, and even though I was still a good student, I started going out to parties and started to develop a bad drinking habit. I stopped going to Marie's house and would seldom visit aside from student government activities. I could feel us drifting apart as she did not agree with partying as often as I did and she thought drinking as often as I did would one day lead to something bad happening to me. Perhaps she was right, but I couldn't give up the escape from reality. I would look for any reason to go to some of my buddies' houses or parties to drink and stay away from Ben. Drinking became my way of getting away from reality, and whenever I got the chance, I would.

Perhaps going to as many parties as I did to get drunk made me popular with the students in my school. My junior year, I ran for class president and won. Additionally, my grades were stellar and I was really interested in math. I was taking Calculus as a junior and I became really interested in growth and decay models as I saw their potential in money-making. I had taken the SAT and had one of the top scores in the nation. I

ended up getting a perfect score on math, a 750 on the reading section, and a 770 on the writing section for a 2320, or a 1550 total for the main sections, which would get me into college where I wanted for highly discounted rates. By the end of my senior year, I was number one in my class and had a 4.0 and I had accepted full tuition offer from the University of Pittsburgh's Honors College. They were the only school that I applied to that offered me a full tuition scholarship, and even though I really wanted to leave Pennsylvania, I decided that it was cheapest to stay. Marie also chose to go to the University of Pittsburgh, so it made my choice a little easier. Though we were not as close as we had been when we were younger, knowing that a friend I've had for so long would be going to the same place as me was reassuring. Over the summer as I transitioned between high school and college, I had an internship lined up with Mellon Bank. I figured this would be a good opportunity for me since I declared my major to be accounting. Mellon Bank promised that if I maintained a 3.75 GPA or better in college and worked for them for 2 years after college, I could have all my living expenses for college paid, making it completely free.

My freshman year of college, I rushed a social fraternity and felt like the brotherhood it provided would be a positive start to college. The classes were easy for me, and I found that I had a lot of free time on my hands. Most of the free time I had would go to fraternity events, and I had started drinking even more because I was a college student. I was having a great time in college, and then my second semester of my freshman year, my whole life was turned around. One night after a fraternity event, I was driving back from a party in one of my fraternity brother's cars ,and I was pretty drunk. It is still a little blurry, but I got in a bad car wreck. Apparently, I another car had run a

stop sign I had t-boned them. I was in a coma for almost a week and had a fractured skull, and then I woke up at the University of Pittsburgh Medical Center. Ben never showed up, but Marie was there when I woke up, and all I could think about was how she had told me that something bad would happen if I kept drinking as often as I had been the past 5 years. I was ashamed and embarrassed and could barely face her, but her reaction was very different from what I thought it would be. She was not condescending in any way and got up from her chair and gave me a hug. She was really worried that I would never wake up and was glad that I was alive and didn't know what she would do without me. I asked her what had happened, and she told me I had been in a wreck and the two occupants in the other car were harmed pretty badly as well. The driver suffered a badly broken leg and had to have it amputated, and the passenger in the car, where I had directly hit, was paralyzed from the waist down. The police report said my blood alcohol content was .19, which was way over the legal limit. She said that a judge would soon review the case of what happened, and she would be there for me no matter what the outcome. The legal proceedings were a mess, but ultimately, they said the wreck was the fault of the other driver. Despite this, I was still sentenced to a month in jail for attempted vehicular manslaughter after the current semester was over, reckless driving, DUI, and underage drinking. In addition, I was sentenced to 1,000 hours of community service and mandatory alcohol rehabilitation.

Jail was pretty bad, and I can say that, without going into any details, it is a place that I never want to spend any time in again. Marie picked me up after I had gotten out, and she said that there was something I had to do before I started my community service and rehab. We drove up to a house in the suburbs in a neighborhood I had never seen

before. Marie parked the car and said I needed to follow. She knocked on the door and we were let in. Inside were two people who looked to be in their 20's that I had never seen. One was a normal looking girl and the other was a man in a wheelchair. Marie introduced them as John and Kassie, and they were the two people in the other car I had hit in the accident. John pulled up his pant leg and showed that it was a prosthetic.

I felt terrible and responsible for their condition, and I really wanted to just get out of the house and lay in bed. Marie said I was visibly nervous and turned white when I learned who they were, but just after this the two people said they did not blame me for what happened. They said although unfortunate, people drink and drive all the time, and that it was their fault that they were now crippled. They said that there never would have been a problem if they had not ran the stop sign and they thought my punishment was a little too intense. I still felt guilty, but I was feeling a little better about the whole thing. Marie said that this was something important that I had to hear to really begin the healing process. I asked if Marie and I could come visit them from time to time and do things with them. They said they would like that, we exchanged information, then we left. Marie said she was proud that I reacted the way I did, and that she was glad the meeting went well.

In the summer between my freshman and sophomore year after I was released from jail, I got almost half of the community service hours done that I needed. Marie even accompanied me for some of the service I had to do, saying that helping the community is something she enjoyed. After her freshman year at Pitt, she had switched her major to public service, so she didn't mind helping out, especially if I was there. During this same summer, I had been attending alcohol rehabilitation classes. I learned

just how bad my addiction had been and realized the long-term problems that my excessive levels of alcohol consumption could cause. It was really eye opening for me, and I vowed that I would avoid alcohol consumption whenever I could. Instead of drinking alcohol when I was stressed, I would focus on doing something more productive to relieve my stress, like working out or learning to play music. I also had started attending church again with Marie. I hadn't really been paying much attention to my spiritual life since I had finished with Sunday school after elementary school, but I felt an incredible sense of community and happiness now that I had started again. Needless to say, after that summer, I came back to the University of Pittsburgh a new person focused on doing well in school and making a difference in my community.

My next few years in college, I frequently went to see John and Kassie with Marie, and I never stopped doing community service. It was something I enjoyed when I wasn't studying for my classes, and Marie would sometimes accompany me. I had even managed to be elected senior class president. I eventually graduated in 1998 with a Bachelor's in accounting, and Marie graduated with her Bachelor's in public service. I had maintained a 3.89 GPA, and I had surprisingly still qualified for Mellon Bank's offer. They were hesitant to allow me to continue working with them, but Kassie's step father worked at Mellon Bank pretty high up and convinced him that I was really a good person and that they should let me work with them once I was out of college. He agreed, and I went to work for \$32 per hour straight out of college. Marie found a job with the College of Public Service at Pitt, and within a couple months after college, I proposed to her. She gladly accepted, and we were able to rent a small house of our own in the suburbs. Eventually, I would have liked to move to Sewickley once we made enough to afford a

house there, and with the way my new job was going, that would not take too long. I had made a good impression on Kassie's step father while I was working with Mellon Bank, and I started to climb the corporate ladder after just a year.

Just near the end of my two year commitment to Mellon Bank, I had done such good work that I was offered a position as a supervisor making just over \$100,000 per year. With this salary and Marie's, we started planning our move to Sewickley. We found a mid size house for a decent price, and Mellon Bank was more than happy to let us finance it through them for an insanely good interest rate. When we bought our house, it was the year 2000. A new millennium had started, and I decided that it was about time Marie and I start a family. Before we knew it another year and a half had passed. We had been unsuccessful at starting a family, but our careers had all thumbs pointing up. I kept climbing the corporate ladder, and Marie found a stable job. In the summer of 2001, we received a great surprise. Marie was pregnant, and the baby was healthy. She was two months along, and everything was going great. I was about to be a father, I had a great job, and I had the woman of my dreams. And then in September of 2001, a great catastrophe struck too close to home. Terrorists had hijacked and flown planes into the Twin Towers, Pentagon, and one had been flown into a field around Shanksville, PA. The stress of this had eventually reached my job as well. People started taking out money from their banks fearing the worst, and rumors of war had started to spread not even a couple months afterward. The stresses from my job really lowered my self confidence, and this in turn started to make me question my ability to be a father to my soon to be born child. What if I were to die before my child was grown as my father

had? I couldn't leave Marie alone with a child. Or worse, what if I turned out to be a terrible father like Ben?

Thoughts ran through my mind, and somehow I had wound up at a bar I frequented from my college days. I didn't even think about what was happening, and before I knew it, I had ordered a beer. One beer turned into six, and I had a few shots. Remembering I had Sunday church the next morning, I was really drunk and decided I should probably head back home. But how would Marie react when she found out that I drank again to deal with my stress? My car was parked a few blocks away because of how crowded the city is on Saturday nights, so I had to walk down a few dark roads lined with expansive apartment complexes in the inner city. As I staggered down the streets, I was pulled into an alleyway by a few shady figures I did not recognize. With knives drawn, they demanded I give up my wallet, so I did. After they took all my cash and my credit card, I was stabbed three times in the stomach and once in the shoulder and was left to bleed out. I could feel the warmth leaving my body as the blood began to pool around my head. My life soon began to flash before me. Though I was only 25, there was plenty to reflect on. My mother and when we were poor. Marie. Ben's abuses. College life. The accident. My first day at Mellon Bank. And then, all my years of Sunday school. Why I would think back to this, I'm not quite sure myself. Without the time to think about why this image had appeared, my consciousness began to fade. The white light began to illuminate my sight, and I felt incredibly warm.

In an instant, I was jolted awake. I was in a room with white walls and nothing else but a table and the chair I was sitting on. Or so I thought. To my left was a man in

an expensive looking suit and a black briefcase. He had rugged looking facial features with piercing blue eyes. He was probably in his 30's, but I couldn't be sure.

"Mr. Evans," he said with a distinct southern drawl. "Mr. Evans, my name is Virgil, and I'll be helping you along this judicial process. Please, do not feel alarmed. Most people do whenever they wake up in an unfamiliar place with a stranger."

"Where am I?" I manage to say gutturally.

"Mr. Evans," Virgil said. "Right now, you are lying in a Pittsburgh alleyway with multiple stab wounds. I'm sorry to inform you that you are dead. But right now, your consciousness is here in this room with me. Now, don't react too violently. There's some consolation here. I-"

"What do you mean consolation? I'M DEAD!"

"Now, now, Mr. Evans, you did not let me finish my sentence. If we're gonna get anywhere, you're gonna have to put your utmost confidence in my ability to defend you in court. You see, most of the time when we get people like you, they do just what you're doing. They freak out and don't let us work with them. Now, if you want to be that guy, just let me know and we'll end it now. You can go step right out this door behind you and meet with the man upstairs for judgment. But you better be absolutely sure that everything you've done in life will get you to where you wanna go. Otherwise, the man downstairs is gonna do whatever he wants with you for the rest of eternity. But, let me tell you now. You can delay that decision. You see, there are a select few people that we decide to bring in that we believe will make a difference in our organization. You can even prove your worth to God if you do a good job with the organization."

“I don’t want to work for your organization! In case you forgot, I’m dead! I’m not going to be doing any kind of work! Are you saying there’s some way for me to get my life back? And what do you mean ‘delay judgment?’ Just where the hell am I?”

“Mr. Evans, this place goes by many names. But since you are a religious man yourself, I think you may know this place best as purgatory. You see, the general consensus of everyone in the world where you live is that they get to go straight to God for judgment when they die. This may be true for 99.99% of cases, but let me tell you, Mr. Evans, very few, and I mean *very* few, get the opportunity to be where you are at right now. So it would be best for you to take a moment and appreciate that you are where you’re at. Now correct me if I’m wrong, Mr. Evans, but you’re a man of business and accounting. A man such as yourself is no stranger to making deals. So what if I tell you that if you allow me to defend your acts in life, there’s a good chance that you’ll be able to regain your former life and join our organization?”

“Ok Virgil. Tell me. How do you know so much about me? Are you some kind of spy? What makes you think you know everything I’ve done in life? I’ve done some pretty horrible things. And why should I trust your word that I’ll get my life back? It’s not like people who get stabbed in an alleyway four times just come back to life. Why should I believe you?”

“Just like your bank did when they paid for all your college, you’ll have to take a leap of faith, Mr. Evans. I can’t tell you a whole lot at this moment, but I can say that I’ve been watching you very closely your whole life. You just haven’t noticed. But before we get any further, what is your choice, Mr. Evans? You want to be judged as you are now? You said it yourself. You’ve done some regrettable things in your life. Why

not do something that few people are given the opportunity of doing? If you work with us, you may make an impression on God and He may change his mind about you if you're as bad as you think. You can solidify a place in Heaven."

I thought for a second, pondering the fact that I was being considered for some job in an organization that I didn't know the first thing about. "First, let me ask you Virgil. If I decline your offer, will I get my life back anyways? Also, do you think I would make it to paradise if I said no to your offer?"

"You definitely won't get your old life back without joining us, Mr. Evans. For the second question, I can't answer that for you. Only God can make that decision, and I don't know what He thinks of you. I'm only here to see if you believe you can do the things this organization is looking for. Now tell me, Mr. Evans, do you think you have what the organization needs?"

I thought for a moment, dazed by the fact that I either join the organization and live, or remain dead and await judgment. I thought for a second about Virgil's question and said, "I can't answer that because I have no idea what you or your organization is about Virgil. I'm going to need some details before I can make any decision. And why did you choose me? I'm sure there are plenty of other people more worthy than I am to join your organization."

"Well, Mr. Evans, you were chosen because we think you can carry a heavy workload for our organization. As I've said, Mr. Evans, I've watched you throughout your life. We all get people we're supposed to watch. I think you've shown good leadership and great values from the time you were taught in Sunday school. That's why I chose you. You're a religious man who has made some bad decisions. You're also

very smart. We're a very selective group, employed by God himself. We only have a limited pool to choose from. People with the necessary qualifications for joining are getting harder to come by these days. I'm willing to give you a chance, Mr. Evans, despite your history, and I think you're willing to give it a try, too. We're also very secretive. That's why we need smart people, Mr. Evans. From time to time, we get some of our employees doing things they're not supposed to be doing. They sometimes talk about things they shouldn't be around people they shouldn't be. The only reason the organization has remained a secret to this point is because we keep a watchful eye on all our employees and the people of your world. You see, one mistake on our part, and your world could fall into anarchy or tyranny. This organization has been with the human race for since around the beginning of humankind, and it's a great responsibility. The organization's name has been leaked throughout time by some of our not so popular employees, whom I can say are no longer with us. But you may know us best as the Illuminati. The very one that your world thinks many of your modern pop artists are a part of. And it's true that some prominent people are in our organization that you may have known about. But that's as much as I can tell you at this point. If I can defend you and you are able to join the organization, the rest will be revealed to you in due time. So tell me, Mr. Evans. Have I piqued your interest in joining the organization?"

After hearing Virgil speak about the organization, the responsibility that comes with it, and the fact that Virgil believed in me, I felt torn. There's nothing that I want more than to have my life back. I had to get back to Marie so we could have our son and I could provide for them. "You leave me no choice, Virgil. But, what exactly is it that you're going to be defending me against?"

“Well, Mr. Evans, I’ve got the task of defending your reputation and proving not only to a majority of the employees in this organization, but to God. I have to prove that you’re qualified for the job. Think you have what it takes to be a part of the Illuminati?”

“I guess we’ll find out, won’t we?”

“That’s what I like to hear, Mr. Evans. Let’s do it.”

Now, I realize that the story up to this point is hard to believe. I had died, but now I was on track to not only regain my life, but join the Illuminati. Many people don’t believe in any kind of life after death. But as a Christian, I believe in Heaven and Hell. I knew about purgatory from my studies, but I never would have guessed that there was a world in between with an organization dedicated to watching over us and making sure our society stays as peaceful as possible. I couldn’t believe all that was happening, but I knew my future was on Earth. I absolutely had to trust Virgil to get me a spot in the Illuminati and do their bidding, no matter the cost to me.

After I made my decision to let Virgil try to defend my reputation, we exited the white room to an expansive, hotel-like building. As far as I could tell, we were at least 20 stories up and there was a large lobby with a mini river and a lush garden below. Virgil said we would be headed to the 36th floor, where new candidates go to have their job hearing. Still awe-struck by the building, I hadn’t noticed that we had walked up all the flights of stairs and made it to the room where I was to be defended. We entered the room, and I saw what looked like a normal courtroom. There was a judge with an ancient

looking barrister, and the men of the jury were dressed in suits and fedoras and women in white dresses and sunhats. There was a woman at a typewriter, just waiting for the procession to start. Virgil and I took our seats.

“So, Virgil, who is it that you are defending me against?”

“I told you, Mr. Evans. I am defending your reputation in front of God and a majority of the employees in the organization.”

“I got that, Virgil, but who is the prosecution?”

“Oh. Mr. Evans, you see, when I told you that we watch over every person in the world and that I was assigned to you, I didn’t mean that I was the only one assigned to you. You see, Mr. Evans, each person in your world is assigned an employee to watch over the good you do, and one to watch over the bad you do. It’s a tough job since we’re supposed to watch over many people at any given time, but we manage. But, Mr. Evans, I don’t think the bad things you’ve done in life completely overshadow the good. That’s why I chose you. Of the people I was in charge of watching, I ultimately chose you. The man we’ll be defending you against is the tall man in a blue suit with the slicked back brown hair. His name’s Parsons and he’s the one who has been watching the bad things you’ve done in your life. And he’s a good one. Nothing slips past him.”

“All rise,” said the judge, his barrister almost falling off as he jerked his head to say it as loudly as possible. “We’re here to listen to the case of Mr. Phillip James Evans. It is to my understanding that Mr. Evans would like to join our organization. We’ve a very busy schedule, so we’ll allow the defense to make an opening statement followed by a statement from the prosecution, and finally a rebuttal from the defense. Go on, if you please, Virgil.”

“Uh, yes. My client here, Mr. Evans, was born in Sewickley, Pennsylvania to his father, Warren, a lawyer, and his mother, Elizabeth, a waitress. From the time he turned five until he was twelve years old, Mr. Evans attended Sunday school and learned the values and morals necessary to be a just, Christian man. Mr. Evans has since continued to show loyalty to God, doing community service for the less fortunate and regularly attending his local church. Mr. Evans graduated top of his class in high school and graduated at the University of Pittsburgh with a 3.89 GPA, where he earned his Bachelor's in accounting. Mr. Evans has shown great leadership throughout his academic and professional career, being named class president in high school and in college and was a rising employee of Mellon Bank in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Mr. Evans is a trustworthy man and has come to know pain, including parental abuse and losing members of his family while still young, which adds to his viability as a candidate to take a spot in our organization. I'm sure he'll be able to prove his worth as a member of the Illuminati.”

After Virgil finished his opening statement, Parsons started reading some of the things I've done that I'm not so proud of in my life. Parsons' talked about my habit of drinking when I'm stressed out. He argued that since having a job in the Illuminati is very stressful, that I would get caught up in drinking and potentially reveal secrets to people that I should not be talking with. Parsons spoke in detail of the accident I was involved in with Kassie and John. He said that I am not responsible enough to kick my bad drinking habits, as evidenced by the fact that I had just been chosen as a target by some thugs since I was drunk and was stabbed, and that someone like me could not be trusted to make good decisions when under dire circumstances. Perhaps he was correct,

but I knew that if it meant seeing my wife and son again, I was ready to give up anything. As I was thinking about this, Virgil started his rebuttal.

“My client, Mr. Evans, is a man of God. I think the least of our troubles as an organization is to worry about a man who likes to have a drink from time to time. Mr. Evans has already proven that he can handle stressful situations. Stress is practically a staple in his everyday life being employed by a very prominent bank and given his upbringing. Mr. Evans has never taken people for granted even though he is in a position of power. It’s true that Mr. Evans had caused great pain to two people by being reckless, but now, I believe he’s more than made up for it. He’s become friends with the two people, and he visits them often to make sure they’re doing ok. He’s proven his loyalty to them, and the system has made him pay for it. In fact, Mr. Evans came out stronger. I think these qualities, coupled with the fact that Mr. Evans is good at interacting with new people and can quickly learn from others, make Mr. Evans the ideal candidate to join our organization.”

After Virgil’s rebuttal, both he and I felt pretty confident that I would be considered a strong candidate. Virgil and I left the room, and Virgil said we would be contacted when a decision had been made about me.

A few hours of anxiously waiting had passed, and a man approached us. He was wearing a black suit but lacked a fedora that I have seen everyone but Virgil and this man wear. Virgil told me to get down on one knee with him and bow my head. The man asked us to stand up and then his brown eyes looked directly into mine.

“Congratulations Philip James Evans,” the man said. “We have decided to accept you as a new member of the Illuminati. The man standing next to you, Virgil, will be

your mentor and partner. I trust that he will explain everything necessary to you. But I must be going. There are prayers as of yet unanswered. Welcome to the Illuminati.”

I couldn't believe it, but I had just won my life back! The man left our sight, and still dazed and excited from having been accepted, I asked Virgil who the man was. Virgil replied, “That, Mr. Evans, is God. Hard to believe he looks just like any other human, right? But congratulations! I look forward to getting to work with you. Now comes the hard part. I'm going to train you, and I'm going to need you to keep an open mind, for what I'm going to tell you are some of humanity's oldest and most sacred secrets kept throughout time and known only to our organization. Let me give you the major job description. As part of the Illuminati, our job is to watch the people of the world while bettering ourselves into positions of power. This way, we can call the shots in the world. We make sure humanity survives. That's why it has survived for so long in the first place. Humans are doomed to kill themselves and cause their own extinction. But that's where we come in. We make sure that doesn't happen. Meet me at ‘The O’ in one week, and I'll reveal the answer to every question you've ever had about anything. I'll take my leave, and you should wake up in an oddly familiar place.”

After Virgil had told me this, I woke up in the alleyway where I had been stabbed. My wounds had been wrapped, the bleeding had stopped, and I felt fine. Was it just a dream? I couldn't be sure, but I remembered that Virgil had told me to meet him in my world at “The O” in downtown Pittsburgh. I guess meeting him there would be my way to find out if everything that just happened was real. He said we were going to be working in my world, watching others and helping push my career along to, in turn, help the Illuminati. Virgil said I would become a rich and powerful man, which is just what

the Illuminati needed me to be so that they could fund all of their operations in the world. My major roles were to provide financial support and to watch other people along with Virgil. It sounded pretty boring, but I was alive, and I was going home.

After returning home to Marie, who was very worried that I had been badly hurt after being jumped, I took it easy for a week, but only until I was to meet Virgil, if he were even real. When the day came, I saw that Virgil was sitting by himself and looked just as he did in purgatory. I set down across from him, and he said it was time for my training to begin. Virgil gave me his speech on how the Illuminati has changed history and how those changes have affected the present. Some of the many secrets revealed to me were about Kennedy's assassination, Lennon's assassination, Abraham Lincoln's assassination, the assassination of the archduke Franz Ferdinand, and more. Let me first start with Franz Ferdinand, just to give you a glimpse of how the Illuminati run the world. The Illuminati were the ones that hired Gavrilo Princip to kill Franz Ferdinand and his wife. Princip was not part of the Illuminati, but he was the one who was hired to take care of the deed. The Illuminati wanted to establish a world power above the rest of the world, which just so happened to be the U.S. after World Wars I and II, which can be argued to have been started from the assassination of Franz Ferdinand. The Illuminati believed that by controlling the presidency that they could control the U.S. and subsequently the world. And for almost fifty years, this was the case. As for the other three men, Kennedy, Lincoln, and Lennon had all been part of the Illuminati. Each had a profound impact on the way the world developed, but they were all thinkers. These men

had dared to go against the Illuminati, the very organization that gave them back their lives in exchange for service. They believed that the world should be left to develop on its own without intervention from some organization that secretly watched the lives of others and shaped history. All of these men had died once before their assassinations. Kennedy had an aneurism during one of his many migraines, which he was unfortunately cursed with. Lennon overdosed on morphine. Lincoln had been stabbed and killed by Stephen Douglas. When they died, they went to the same hotel-like building I did in purgatory and were accepted into the Illuminati. They grew bitter at the thought of the Illuminati running the entire world secretly behind a curtain, believing they were controlling people's lives for good. Each had decided to tell the world about the Illuminati and how the world was being controlled without any of their knowledge. But, before they could do this, the Illuminati had caught a drift of their plans. John Wilkes Booth, Lee Harvey Oswald, and Mark David Chapman had been hired to kill the three men before the secrets were revealed. Initially, after hearing these stories, I thought nothing of it. I realized just how prominent the Illuminati was and how important it was to never cross them for fear of death.

Over the course of the next few months, my son, Warren Jr., was born. Marie and I decided to name him after my father in the hopes that he would become a great man. For the first several years, Virgil and I had gone on numerous scouting missions. We surveyed a lot of people from many different backgrounds and areas. We were not confined to just West Pennsylvania. In fact, we traveled all over the world in these first few years. My job with the bank did not suffer, either. I had been moving up the ladder and my hours were more flexible. Other than scouting, one of the main jobs Virgil and I

did was to sabotage votes at major elections. We ensured the Illuminati had anyone they wanted in high political positions. I didn't like what we were doing, but I played along. I did not want to lose my life at the hands of the Illuminati as many other societal leaders had and leave Marie and Warren Jr. I hadn't had enough time with them to leave, and I did not feel that I had yet repaid the debt I owed the Illuminati for what they did in letting me live.

Once I turned 32, things had started to change. I had been given new jobs. With the new power I was granted at Mellon Bank, I was ordered by the Illuminati to extort money from Mellon Bank to fund their assassinations and travel bills. In addition, Virgil informed me that he and I would be starting to directly contact those the Illuminati hired for assassinations. We would be making the contracts for the John Wilkes Booths of the world. After having been nearly killed myself and taken away from my family, I was not happy at all to be doing this kind of work. To offset this, I thought that it might be a good idea to share the excess money I made with some of the less fortunate. Virgil told me that I could not, and I was completely shocked at the reason he gave for why I could not do so. Virgil said that if I gave a lot of money through charitable donations, I would not only attract attention to myself, but I would also disrupt the flow that the Illuminati had set. Virgil said that the poor people of the world play a role. Their role is to have poor jobs. They are the ones to perform the menial tasks. If everyone were rich and had money, then there would be nobody to perform these tasks. Nobody would want to do anything.

I did not agree with this statement by Virgil. I believe everyone deserves to be just as happy as the next person and that money is trivial for a happy life. After all, the

Bible itself says that money is the root of all evil. So why would Virgil blatantly go against this very saying? I started having doubts about the Illuminati, but again, I played along. I was too successful and important to my company and my family to go against them and have my life taken away. And so, I worked for the Illuminati doing terrible jobs for almost another decade.

After over fifteen years total of working with Virgil as my partner for the Illuminati, I found myself at the age of 40. I had amassed more wealth than I ever could have dreamed after being promoted to CEO of Mellon Bank when I was 32. But so much of it had gone to the Illuminati. Over time, I had grown tired of working for them. After Virgil's speech on the secrets of humanity, I was a changed man. I grew up more than I ever could have imagined. After Virgil told me those things that are breath-taking and could lead to revolution if some powerful people know about them, I had my doubts. I know punishment is certain, but making this information known is crucial. The knowledge of what the Illuminati was doing changed me. I started to see through their facade as a just organization that was for the good of humanity. I started catching a glimpse of wrongdoing during some of the missions Virgil and I had been sent on. There are a few examples in particular that stand out to me.

For one of our missions when I was 33, Virgil and I had been in charge of setting up the assassination of an up and coming political candidate. The man was not even out of college yet, but his ambitions were very high. Raised in a slum in Philadelphia by only his mother, the man had trouble accepting God in his life. Apart from the trouble accepting God, I could see myself in this young man. Virgil said the members of the Illuminati that were watching him believed he would be a threat to the organization's

goals. He was not a religious man and the Illuminati had someone in the organization who they thought would do this man's future job better. I could only take this to mean that this young political candidate would attain a high position in government and try to pass laws that were not in favor of the Illuminati keeping power in U.S. government. It was very difficult to know that I would have to use my funds to hire an assassin for someone with a future. I let Virgil take the reins of the operation and hire the assassin, and I felt terrible about the fact that I had let a young man with a bright future die because his goals differed from the goals of the Illuminati.

Another one of our missions that disgusted me was when Virgil and I were ordered to kill the rich owner of a corporation that had worked with Mellon Bank at one time. I was 36 when I was given this mission. I asked Virgil why the Illuminati thought the woman should not be allowed to live. He said that right now, at 46 years old, she was not much of a threat, but in about 5 years time, she would lead a campaign to fight poverty in the U.S. By killing her, her son, a man with ideals the Illuminati could agree with, would be put in power over the corporation. I was clearly disgruntled, and I asked Virgil why he thought the Illuminati thinks helping the poor is a bad thing, and he gave an oddly reminiscent answer. He said poor people of the world play a role. Their role is to have poor jobs. They are the ones to perform the menial tasks. If everyone were rich and had money, then there would be nobody to perform these tasks. Nobody would want to do any work. If she were to give poor people money while they remained unemployed and was able to convince the government to do the same, the economy would collapse. This sort of made sense in a twisted way, but who said that this woman would be successful in convincing the government that legislation would be made to fund the poor?

She could lead a campaign to get them food, clean water, clothing, and better living conditions. Virgil just responded by saying, "Like just about everything the Illuminati does. The higher ups take the chances into consideration, and if they deem that something bad may happen with a high enough percentage, members like you and I are called in to prevent that from happening."

Although I still didn't like it, Virgil and I made contact with an assassin and paid him to kill the woman in her office at the beginning of the next week. Sure enough on that Monday, headlines were across the news saying that this lady had been murdered and there were no leads on who the killer or killers were. Was the Illuminati really acting in the best interests of humanity, or was it acting in its own self-interest to keep power? I hoped it was for the former, but the more missions that Virgil and I had done, the more I began to think the latter was the more plausible explanation.

Perhaps the most disturbing mission I had ever played a role in occurred when one of the Illuminati's targets was a research physician. I was 38 years old when I was given the mission to kill him. This man had finished his MD/PhD two years prior and was 32 years old. Not much younger than me, this man was establishing himself in the scientific community. He had written many research articles on cancer research, and he was claiming that he was close to a breakthrough. Virgil told me that according to the Illuminati, this man was within a few years of curing many types of cancer by identifying a protein that was able to reactivate the tumor suppressor gene p53. The Illuminati believed that he was too close in his breakthrough, and allowing him to live would mean a lot of people would be able to live longer than they normally should be able to and *might* create problems of overpopulation in the world, which could cause the Earth to

exceed its ability to provide food and water for all humans and lead to a catastrophic population decline. I asked Virgil if the Illuminati gave a percentage of likelihood that something like this would happen, and he said the Illuminati didn't know the exact chance, but it was below one percent. Even for the great outcomes humanity would have from allowing this one researcher to live, the Illuminati thought the chance of catastrophe was too great to allow him to live. I let Virgil take the reins on this case as well, just giving him the money to pay an assassin to kill the man. Virgil said I needed to start being more careful; otherwise the Illuminati would start taking my refusal to cooperate seriously and I would suffer consequences.

I told him I didn't care and I couldn't agree with what they were doing. This was when I decided that I could not let the organization take any more lives for the "betterment of humanity." The Illuminati is not for the betterment of humanity. Its only goal, I came to believe, is to keep power over the masses while eliminating competition to its rule.

In my head, as I am writing this, I was clearly no longer able to support the Illuminati's tyranny. Innocent people who would help humanity were going to continually be killed until the Illuminati was stopped. But how do you fight against a force that nearly everyone on Earth doesn't know about? It is now 2016, and I have been thinking for the past two years for the correct course of action to expose the Illuminati while still protecting myself and my family. Every day, I have been playing out scenarios in my head and thinking of the consequences of actions that I take. Earlier today, I got a phone call from Virgil saying that we had received a new mission from the Illuminati and that I should meet him at 'The O.' I started getting exceptionally worried

when Virgil had said that we should meet at 'The O.' The terrible missions I previously described usually began with a meeting there.

Virgil looked at me and said, "Mr. Evans, I've known you for what, 15 years now? I want you to know that I think of you as a little brother to me. And I'm very sorry to inform you of this, but your son, Warren Jr., has been selected as a target by the Illuminati and they believe that only you, as a member of the Illuminati and his father, have the right to kill your son. I know you've not agreed with what we've done in the past, but I will not interfere in this mission. It's up to you if you want to complete it or not. I don't blame you if you don't want to."

I felt a tear roll down my face and I said, "Why would the Illuminati, no, why would God want to kill my son? He's only 15 years old and he's never done anything wrong! He's a genius and is going to be a huge help to humanity! And how could they expect me to be fine with this mission? Of course I'm not going to complete it! Screw the Illuminati and screw their missions!"

"Mr. Evans, I've seen your son grow up just as you have. I feel just as bad as you do about it. But the Illuminati believes that, given his outstanding success in school to this point, he will become too powerful for the Illuminati to deal with. I wanted to call you here because I knew you would never agree to this mission. I wanted to give you fair warning. Go home and be with your wife and son. Prepare yourself because they already know that you will do whatever you can to prevent your son from dying. Tonight, they will come with force and will never stop until they get what they want. I wish you the best of luck, my friend. I had best be going. Please make it look like we had a struggle

so I do not get in trouble with the Illuminati, too. I haven't done enough to repay my own debt yet, and I can't go for judgment just yet."

"Thanks, Virgil. I'll never forget what you've done for me here. I only wish that one day you will be able to challenge the Illuminati as I plan on doing." I gave Virgil a black eye and left for home to be with Marie and Warren Jr. and prepare for what is to come tonight. When I got home, I explained everything that I have written in these notes to Marie and Warren Jr. and will cap them off with what is written here. Whoever you are, I am telling you my story to pass along this vital information. If you can spread the word of what is really happening, I think that the world may undergo a revolution. However, the revolution will not be one of war and strife as the Illuminati would have everyone believe. I think it will be a revolution of awakening the world has not seen since the Renaissance. I fear that I do not have much time left. I am positive the Illuminati already are on the way here right now to take back the life they gave me. Should you choose to pursue the goal I leave you of exposing the Illuminati, there will be hardships. But I believe you can be the shepherd the world needs. This is your story now.

After the letter had been read, the prosecutor, Parsons, the same man that testified against my getting into the Illuminati in the first place, spoke up. "That is the end of Mr. Evans's letter, jury members and your honor. As you can see, Mr. Evans was against us the very moment his partner, Virgil, had told him about our greatest triumphs. He was withholding his disdain for us in hopes of prolonging his life on Earth to live with his

family. Though most of us would want to live as long as possible with our families on Earth, there's no way we can allow his betrayal of us go unpunished. There's still more to Mr. Evans's story, so, your honor, I ask your permission to allow him to explain the events that took place after he had finished this letter."

The judge nodded and told me to finish my story up until this very moment, so I continued. "After I finished writing the letter, I gathered Marie and Warren Jr. to the spare bedroom of our house in Sewickley. I loaded the shotgun that I normally kept next to the nightstand and we waited. After about two hours of waiting, at 10:03 pm, there was a knock on my front door and a man shouted that I needed to let him in. I was silent and then the front door was kicked in. I heard the footsteps of many men enter my house, and they soon made their way into the guest bedroom. As soon as one opened the guest bedroom door, I shot him in the chest and he fell over. A bunch of shouting ensued, and then I heard a clanking sound. They had thrown a smoke grenade in the room, and none of us could see anything. I held onto my family tight, and then I heard a bunch of men enter the room. I shot, not knowing if I had hit anything, but then my shotgun was knocked out of my hand. I lost grip of Marie and Warren Jr., and then my worst fears occurred. I heard a single gunshot. Before I could comprehend what was happening, I heard Marie screaming and sobbing. And then another gunshot, and I could no longer hear Marie. You bastards killed my wife and my son with no remorse! Overcome with grief and anger, I stood up and felt my way to one of the Illuminati members. I took his gas mask off and punched him in the face repeatedly, and then I don't remember much more. I remember I was hit in the back of the head with something, and was knocked out. When I woke up, I was in an oddly familiar white room with a table and the chair I

was sitting on. I put the pieces together and assumed my consciousness was now in purgatory in the same room I had been in when I first was contacted by Virgil and the Illuminati. After sitting in this room for an hour or so, two of your men came in and told me that I would be going to trial for betraying the Illuminati. They said I would be my own defense since it seemed that I liked to act in my own self-interest. The two of them then escorted me to this room, and I stand before you now. I will not apologize for my actions. All of you are members of a corrupt society, and if you think you are serving the best interests of humanity, you are sorely mistaken! I hope you all fear for your lives because if the destructive God you supposedly serve is real, so is the devil, and he will show no mercy on a bunch of murderers like you. I hope-

"That's quite enough Mr. Evans," boomed the judge. "It seems that you have some sort of superiority complex. Do you think you are better than every single person in this room? And from my perspective, you are the one that challenged God's will by refusing to accept the fact that he ordered your son to die. It was your insolence that not only got him killed, but your wife, too. You might as well add your name to the list as well Mr. Victim! Even now you show no remorse for what you've done. I pray the devil take no mercy on your soul while you spend the rest of eternity burning in Hell! I don't think there will be much to debate, but your fate now rests in the hands of the jury. Please take whatever time you need and give us your decision jury members."

The two men that had walked me to the courtroom picked me up out of my chair in the courtroom and walked me out as we were allowed to leave the court for a short period of time. They took me back to the holding room I had woken up in and said I would be waiting for the jury members' decisions there. After sitting in there for about a

half hour, there was a knock on the door and I heard it say that there was a visitor. The door opened, and I was surprised to see that Virgil came in the door.

"Hi partner. I was sitting in one of the high bleachers in the courtroom and heard everything that happened in your trial. It's a messed up lot you're dealing with in there my friend. And how fitting that they would choose Parsons to be the prosecution. The man has always had a burning hatred for you since the day you were considered for the Illuminati. But how's it going?"

"I'm glad you came Virgil. Other than the fact that my family is dead and everybody I've ever truly loved is gone, I'm doing ok. I've got a lump on the back of my head from where they knocked me out, so as long as I'm sent to death before I fall asleep, I think I'll be good. By the way Virgil, how do you think they are going to do this? Obviously I betrayed the Illuminati, and I had no remorse in doing so."

"Well Mr. Evans, I would say you have two outcomes here, and I can't say which one is more likely than the other. The first is the worse of the two. If it's chosen, you'll likely suffer pretty badly. They're going to wake you up back on Earth, and then interrogate you using the most brutal methods you can think of to find out who, if anyone, you had leaked any information to and then kill them. Luckily I'm part of the Illuminati, so they won't kill me, but if any normal people on Earth heard anything about the Illuminati from you, they're in serious trouble. Once they believe they have adequately interrogated you, they're likely to kill you. I can't say how they'll do it, but I imagine it won't be very pretty and it will be plenty painful. The other outcome is where they send you directly to God for judgment. If I'm you, I'm praying that I go directly to Him so I don't have to go through all that interrogation."

"Well that's not reassuring at all, Virgil. Get tortured to death or go to God to have Him tell me that my whole life is a disappointment and that creating me was a mistake before being sent to Hell. Either of those outcomes is terrible, but I guess that's the price I pay. Virgil, one day I hope you challenge them, too. You're stronger than I am and can take all their wrongdoing even though you know it's wrong. Maybe I'll see you in the next life, my friend."

As soon as I finished saying this, the two men came back in and said they jury had made their decision. I was escorted back to the courtroom, and the judge informed me that the jury was ready to read their verdict. "We, the jury, find Mr. Philip James Evans, guilty of betraying the Illuminati by attempting to leak vital information to the public and defying multiple orders given to him by his superiors. As punishment, we recommend he be taken straight to God for judgment since his letter was confiscated by the Illuminati and any possible way for information to leak has been dealt with and removed. May God have mercy on your soul."

The judge looked at me and said, "The jury and I find you guilty, Mr. Evans, of all charges. Mr. Evans, I hope you've learned a valuable lesson about challenging those in power over you. The most powerful always win. With the power entrusted to us by God himself, we, the Illuminati, always win." The judge waved me off and the two men took me to the very top floor of the building. In a way, I was excited because God was going to deal with me Himself. We entered the glass doors to his office, and there sat God at a desk with his back turned to us.

"The both of you can leave now. I need to talk with Mr. Evans alone," God said. The two men left, and it was just me and The Creator.

“Please sit down, Philip. I hear that you betrayed the Illuminati by trying to expose its secret existence. Did all of the people down there in the room express their displeasure at your acts?”

I just glared at Him, then I said, "I have nothing to say to you. What kind of God can ask a man to kill his own son? I wanted to believe that the story about Isaac and Abraham was not completely true or had been misinterpreted, but you really are so cruel as to ask someone to do such a horrible thing. I went through all those years of Sunday school, thinking that if I ever got the chance to meet You, I would bow my head in reverence. But now, I can barely look at you. I no longer want other people's blood on my hands, especially those close to me. But I guess that won't be a problem anymore, will it? Because I refused to kill my son, You ordered the Illuminati to do it for me and You killed my wife, too. If following Your corrupt and destructive orders is the way I get into Heaven, then I'd rather burn in Hell. "

"I understand your frustrations, Philip, I do. But before we go any further, first allow Me to explain the origins of the Illuminati, why you were chosen, and why you were given the mission to kill your own son. You see, the Illuminati has existed for thousands of years, and as you know, it is full of people in Purgatory awaiting judgment. When I first decided to create the Illuminati, it was with the hope that those who had done wrong in their lives but did not really deserve eternal punishment in Hell could join the Illuminati, prolong their lives on Earth, and once they had done enough good to offset their evils, they could have their formal judgment by Me."

"Hold on, this makes no sense. Why are poor people being left to stay poor when they can be helped? And why are people who the Illuminati, who You, think are threats

ordered to die? Some of the people You ordered to die could have been saints to humanity and saved millions of lives. How can this be justified?"

"It's true that the Illuminati kills threats to its reign, but do you really think that I would want to kill my own creations? And what makes you think I order the deaths of those the Illuminati kills? I think it is important that you know this. I have lost the ability to control humanity the moment I created free will in Adam and Eve. Do you see where I am going with this, Philip?"

"So what you're saying is that You do not tell the Illuminati who to kill and they do it on their own? And because of this, many innocent lives are lost?"

"Not quite. I can say that I am guilty in the deaths of those innocent people the Illuminati kills. I simply tell the Illuminati who will become powerful in the world and have great influences on masses of people. I do this in the hopes that one day, the higher ups in the Illuminati will realize they are making mistakes by killing people. I realize how futile this is though. I know the future and how everything will turn out, yet I keep giving the Illuminati information. Perhaps I'm bored, or perhaps I'm waiting for the day when my ability to see the future fails. The world would be very interesting then, and not knowing what will happen gives me a profound sense of wanting to intervene again like I used to in Biblical times. Regardless, I do not specifically tell the Illuminati to kill these people with great potential. They make their own decisions to do so. I play no part in ordering it, but that is the way that it is interpreted by the souls in Purgatory that you have been dealing with. Virgil and all the people downstairs that you saw are all guilty of following orders made up by the higher ups in the Illuminati who have misinterpreted My pointing out of those who may challenge their power. If it were up to Me, I would hope

the Illuminati would help those with great positive influence in the world gain power and promote humanitarian efforts, but my role is different. I am simply here to watch what those in the corrupt organization, the Illuminati, do and judge them for their actions."

"So, the people in the Illuminati are following their own directives and not Yours, all the while You sit back and observe what they are doing so you can judge them? But then all these people would end up in Hell for their terrible deeds since they are not actually helping their own cause. Under the false pretense that they are doing Your work, they commit great crimes to humanity. What about the lower ranking people in the Illuminati? Are they doomed to go to Hell simply because they are following orders they think are coming from You?"

"Well Philip, you are low ranking in the Illuminati, yet here you are. You challenged the Illuminati's system. You realized what they are doing is corrupt and a major detriment to society. If you can do it, the others should be able to do it as well. In fact, you could think of it as a sort of final test. Why do you think those who challenge the Illuminati are killed? They're not actually being sent to Hell, they're being sent to me for judgment. And in the case where they are sent to me for challenging the Illuminati, they have this same conversation I'm having with you. You're not being punished for betraying the Illuminati. You're being *applauded* by Me for betraying the Illuminati."

"So You're saying that the whole concept of the Illuminati is just a test? So those people who have done wrong in life but do not deserve to go directly to Hell are asked to join the Illuminati, which You know is corrupt? And then You see whether or not they have the guts and the wits to challenge the Illuminati? And then when they do, You know the Illuminati will send them to You thinking You will kill them. But in reality, they

have passed your final test by exemplifying free will and a genuine care for the wellbeing of others. Is that right?"

"Precisely Philip. From what you've just said, I was correct in thinking that your ability to reason and think critically are your best assets. You've shown Me that giving you the opportunity to uncover wrongdoing by the Illuminati and actively challenge their motives was the correct way to measure just how good of a person you've become. You've done remarkably, and you deserve to be rewarded for your splendid work. I'm sorry that your family suffered at the hands of the Illuminati, but I can tell you that Marie, little Warren, and your parents are waiting for you in Heaven. I hope you understand, Philip Evans, that now, with the conclusion of this meeting, I am offering you a place in Heaven."

Hearing these words of praise from God himself was so reassuring, that I started crying tears of joy. My parents and everyone I love are waiting in Heaven for me. But there was still something I was unsure about. "God, I'm truly sorry for what I said a few moments ago and that I ever doubted Your grace and generosity. But there's still a question I still have. What will become of those currently in the Illuminati? And what about Virgil? He betrayed the Illuminati as well by letting me know of their intentions to come after me and my family."

"It's really not a problem Philip. Virgil will be just fine. The Illuminati knows nothing about him warning you that they were coming. It was quick thinking of the two of you to have it look like he was beaten by you. They bought it and will not pursue him. And as for those that are in the Illuminati, they will continue on with their jobs just as they have been, which as you've noted, is misinterpreting what I say. Until they either

die or can learn to think for themselves, challenge the Illuminati, and come see Me just as you have right now, they will be awaiting My judgment upon them. Some are closer than others, and some just need a push. For you, that push was informing the Illuminati that your son would become a great man who would change the world. And for someone like Virgil, who has seen what the Illuminati has done to you, I am going to assume that it will not take him much more time to rebel against them as you have done. The poor man has lost so much. You were actually his third partner. He had lost his previous two for challenging the Illuminati as well. I really like people who challenge the balance of power. But this not only applies to those in the Illuminati. It applies to all the normal people on Earth who are going about their daily lives. As long as they remain vigilant and show their care for others, and as soon as they can accept that their world is corrupt and actively seek to change it, they will receive My blessing, find happiness in their lives, and when their time comes, join you and your family in Heaven."