

Jack And Jill Climb a Different Hill by kate of kaea

Chapter 2 continued from the 4th essay of the Atlantean Halloween Series

It was a perfect morning, bright and sunny for them to continue on their way but Jack had been very quiet the last couple of hours with him and Jill not really talking much but, she could see his wheels turning and every so often you could hear him chuckle and she knew what that meant. She knew that Jack was finally beginning to see through all the veils that he and she once thought of as the "normal", how it's supposed be, gonna be reality. She also knows it's a rude awakening for everyone at some point; a most rude awakening. She constantly cautioned Jack to breathe when it seemed a little too much to handle because when the truth starts flowing, it's a literal flood in the mind and heart that can literally leave you breathless and wondering what to do next once you see the real reality of this whirled. It was a different kind of bright and sunny day for Jack which made it even brighter for Jill knowing that finally, Jack was beginning to see real life for the first time.

"Ya know Jill, the more I think about this, the more I wonder how you managed to keep a level keel dealing with me and so many others" admitted Jack. Jill replies, "It's simple Jack, just not easy but, when one comes to terms with one's actual and real involvement in the crimes of this evil world, there wasn't a choice I could find except to simply not be a part of it ever again and then show others with the hopes that they have the heart to stand above this nightmare as well." Jack knows what it cost her and ultimately him, on the most intimate of levels where he watched all her friends and family treat her like a pariah and cast her off like so much garbage, where her life and survival were worth nothing to them. She met a lot of others on the path that were looking for an end to their own nightmares and the nightmares of this world but none were willing to "go the extra mile" where that's the last mile to the Emerald City where humanity is still fast asleep, dreaming in the poppy fields reality, mimicking the crosses row on row, content to cry over the graves of the slain versus raising them from it.

"Hey Jack, you remember the story of Moses going up the mountain to get the ten commandments, the burning bush, golden calf thingy?" she asks. He chuckles lightly as he answers her, "Yeah, I remember that story for the most part but I'm sure you have a different way of looking at that with that phonics thing you do" as he looks at her with a cheeky grin. Jill just does her standard eye roll with a smirk of her own and continues, "Uh huh...anyway, Moses "the character" was given ten rules of life to follow as the story goes where apparently, he hadn't been doing that, preferring to make up his own rules and this is the allegory of a

higher being called "god" reading him the riot act. What people don't get Jack, is that the word they use for truth in those stories is "god" where YOU are the higher being, being called into that life equation, namely truth or liar, that simple", Jill responds, and then proceeds to outline the story where all the lines had been blurred and turned into "liens" instead from layman's "law" called "legal" or "lay-liens" and all manner of other things hidden in the sounds of the spells people ONLY take literally, at their face value of the definitions created by another. "What happens Jack, is that we have been conditioned into the definitions of the "spells and spelling" where it's used to manipulate the very SOUND that creates all reality, from invisible sound waves to visible light waves in a very tight band of reality, thus the "bands of Orion" mentioned in that book they call the bible. When you slow down enough to see the scylla-bulls, the many headed creations, within the spells, a different, starkly different picture comes into view or into-of you where you can see the split reality of every spell. One sound intention goes to pure evil, the other to pure benevolence." Jack was looking a little confused by this so he asked her to keep explaining and if he had any questions, he'd ask her.

He's finally remembering all the times he interrupted her as she was explaining something and she had constantly warned him to let her finish the whole idea first before he put his brain into gear because she'd shown him how quickly and easily the intellectual ego mind would take over and she never wastes time pointing that out with anyone. Jack was really starting to see and understand how patient Jill has been and is with others where they would think her rude or impolite regardless of how softly or loudly or on how many times she was still saying the same thing but they couldn't hear it, their egos were always blinding them with emotional reactions only. "Just let me know if I go over something too quickly and I'll go over it again...ok?" she reminded him.

Jack looked at her with a reassuring smile and said, " Now that I know how to ask the right question and actually wait and trust in the right answer for a change you mean?" remembering all the times he'd argued with her only to find she was always right anyway. Jill is the patient sort but only for those that are willing to share that patience long enough to even hear part of the answer let alone accept truth, especially when Jill could put it right in front of you and you'll still be blinded by the mind programs of this matrix.

Jack never really understood what she was talking about when she mentioned programs and the vast number of mental programs humanity was trapped in but he was starting to catch on now. She'd always remind him to take a look around and see what everybody else was still doing collectively that she and many others weren't doing any longer to go along with the insanity. "It's easy to see Jack", she said. "There are two distinct realities that humanity is living in with the masses not seeing that because they were born into a legal name reality so

they've never known any different and that is what they deem to be "normal", she explained. "What humanity has more of a problem with is the willingness to even look since they've been used to having someone to run to like children, not even knowing how to stand on their own without some nanny state prop up somewhere", Jill sighed.

Jill was right again and right on point as usual. "How do you explain that to people, to take a moment to breathe and wonder what their reality would be like without being a servant to Satan literally? she asked him. Jack answered in agreement with her only because he remembers how long it took her to get him to breathe long enough to listen without all the programmed fear kicking in. " The real problem Jack, is the greed and lusts for "a better life" individually that has separated humanity where humanity is playing the same game as demons with them being the chattle to feed on or the sell out of humanity that become demon feeders as well, either or", as Jill spoke in her calm and matter of fact way. It was pointless to get emotional around her anymore regarding what was not blatantly and abundantly clear to Jack. "Humanity lives in a legal delusion construct Jack, built by those that would feed on the souls of children and life itself where most are quite content to walk away when they realize they have to actually be responsible for their actions where they don't have a "big brother" to run to and prefer to remain ignorant as long as they live better than the next guy", she explained.

"You see Jack, The fundamental issue with using legal "rulings" is that you can't use something that is always justified legal left to justify it legally and lawfully right , that is, to define something using itself to define itself like using a word in the definition of the word you're defining...that's the legal case law reality. No fundamental right or wrongs only LEGAL and RIGHTS regardless of the harm it may inflict on another which is ALWAYS the case of legal, not law," but they do love to call it that" she said in a voice of disgust.

"Have a look at it for yourself Jack, you can ALWAYS justify some legal bullshit RIGHT, especially when you know it's wrong but they carry on in their little death illusions of life legally killing each other with no accountability as long as you kill by their rules which is only one of millions of examples of law versus legal bullshit.....law: thou shalt not kill vs. legal: it's OK to murder children (carpet bombing etc.), just put this uniform and flag on first.....you either worship their robed legal rober B.A.R.ongs or you step away from their nightmare reality.....most will never do that...especially the intellectuals, they're too stupid, trapped in another's definitions and simply reinterpreted to fit a square peg in a round hole by shaving enough truth off the box "case" and make it into a round Ba'al" she continued.

"In a world where right and wrong were tossed to the wind blurring the lines between lawful and unlawful, true right and wrong, the only definitions I used was separating that legal/illegal perspective in contrast to lawful and unlawful, the only clear cut separation in the legal world where right and wrong takes a back seat to legal definitions and determinations based on how they got away with killing or any crimes the last time...they call it "case law" but really, it's called growing the fuck up" as Jill started to get in her groove.

"It's like the so-called activists, the freeman, patriots types etc. that are nothing but wannabe fucking lawyers without a B.A.R. card...they should just get a B.A.R. card, be honest about themselves and join up with Satan's crew since they like playing with them so much," Jill continued, the rage behind her eyes held perfectly neutral but you knew when she was on fire, she just knew how to hold that fire in the palm of her hand almost daring and tempting you to take a bite where the wiser ones knew that to be foolhardy at best, incinerating at worst. Just as quick as the fire comes into her eyes, Jill returns to the level keel and almost whispers, "I just sent them the shut up notices, the "I can see your crimes" essays and got on with my day, regardless of the price it cost me and everyone that makes a stand in truth defying Satan's world and the legal demons that serve him slaughtering life at their leisure and profiteering"

"Now really Jack, I can't put a price on another's soul...can you?.....that's where creation showed up and showed all the miracles...but you and humanity would never know while dancing in the dance of legal death, pure and simple," as she was hitting her stride. "Since you've already noticed lately, you'll find me much more cut and dry these days Jack, and you more than anyone else know how tired I am of imbecilic debate within a legal house that Jack's Union built, because you're tired of it too now," she correctly assessed. "When people ask you where to look the easiest answer is look at the Union of Jack Black Blue Bloods...you can tell that union by the double cross and the blue/red blood staining the n-sine ensign....it's all in the phonics Jack.... blood...red in sunlight, navy blue to black in the moonlight and these dark bastards prefer to do their killing at night then write out their sins in the black blood of black ink to get one of their little "pages pagans" to accept their sin as theirs, physical and spiritual fact," Jill stated in her most matter of fact way.

"When you or anyone creates something from their own ideas, they have a fundamental right to determine how their creation is going to be used where a copyright is the fundamental "stamp" of someone's ORIGINAL creation concept, regardless of what legal book you look at, simply put, you made it first, it's yours rule so if you didn't create something and you use it, you're bound by their rules since you're using someone else's creation source construction plan, so, if you're in the legal unreality, your "reality" is the one they create the FORMS to build

your life's house foundation on for you to be the se'ment (creation mind/source energy) in those FORMS and all they need is you to VOLUNTARILY FILL in those forms first to be that se'-ment (creation source mind/life) and then they pick your life clean like the pair-a-sights they are...split adams and get evens," she sighed.

Jill took another deep breath and continued, "And since humanity, all of us defrauded since birth, built their houses, families and literal reality bass-ed on THEIR ply-your-would forms (i.e. legal name you built your reality with), that reality isn't yours while you continue to think that's who you are when in fact, they're nothing more than a single watt/what and you are drained of your power with every word you speak." Jack's eyes got rounder and rounder as he exclaimed, "That's insanely evil Jill, that someone or some "thing" would enslve life like that." Jill replied with her lips pursed, "Devilishly insane indeed, but it's got humanity duped and the dopey greedy intellectuals are the ones that keep it that way so I loathe anyone using demonic sorcery of legal references to justify a wrong position using "legal RIGHTS" as their supposed defence where I already know who's house they live in and who they serve: Satan, evil, dark principality or whatever you wanna call it to see the personified, physical form evil."

"You saw it for yourself Jack where we had spent a lifetime building our own lives only to have it all stolen but really, that was just a test of my own free will so I had to rebuild my own house house again devoid of their boxed forms and bloody forums even though they had driven away all the people I was building my house for in the first place." They continued walking and talking and Jack was noticing how steadfast his steps were becoming with every new realization and he gazed on Jill with a little bit of wonder, the wonder of how she managed to fight through all the nightmares without wanting to strangle some people. He chuckled that one to himself but Jill knew what that chuckle was. "They like to pin the blame of their evil on the one's that catch them, then use the fear programs to get those you love to turn their back on you like they all did to us Jack," she said. "I removed THEIR name, THEIR path and MY living house from all their legal bullet-ins and took the bull-ettes out which emptied their guns and clamped their fists in their own iron bracelets where now they only have themselves to blame completely, not halve themselves to blame shared," now speaking softly but with a hardened steel razor's edge in her voice. This girl has stood her ground and walked her talk every step of the way and Jack was grateful she did. He knew where he'd be without her and that wasn't a comfortable proposition any longer. That road he used to be on led straight to hell but then that's what the magi-strights are there for; to make sure you're wearing a straight Jack-I.D., hellbound and gagged until you cut your own strings Pinocchio.

The day wore on and looking back, Jack and Jill had walked a long way on this

hill, sloping upwards ever so gently now where it used to be a perilous cliff face that required the skill of an expert mountain ear. Jack always liked it when Jill used allegories from stories he was already more than familiar with to illustrate the simple concepts she was sharing. The hardest part, as far as Jack could see, was getting someone, anyone to sit and listen long enough to get all the facts versus them always being stubborn in a position based only on what they were programmed with at schools and religious cult houses of Satan's synagogue and always reacting emotionally, often violently to the point of killing another based on those delusions.

"This is the world of broken toy land of toy I.D.-dolls where their "tickers" are broken but their "talkers" keep ticking Jack," she giggled. "They live in the world of RIGHTS and wrong tics, tax and tows like poly-tics...seman-tics....anti-semi-tics...plas-tics, and all manner of all the wrong tics so it's not heart to see watt makes these broken dolls tic at all," she continued. "A broken ticker is simply a heart that doesn't work anymore where the heartlessness of their gods called poly-tic-shuns are their masters that keep their "beat" for them and humanity marches to their achin' drum instead." "Humanity can't simply look at a murdered and raped child from the heart perspective anymore unless that child is one of their possessions as if life can be owned by anyone but the one that owns it," she huffed in a sigh of ongoing disgust. Jack knows she really hates talking about all this evil but someone had to be the one to call all of it, not just some of it, out, once and for all.

"Humanity forgets the culpability of their crimes when the missile, tank or bullet they just helped build on the factory assembly line floor as it rolls off the line to deliver its killing effect somewhere else thinking that when they punch out at five o'clock, their guilt and responsibility punches out too. They don't see that Pinocchio string they're tied up with the instant some killer pulls the trigger or pushes the button from the same legal name club they're members of, the true lien in the sand," Jill said with a certainty few could grasp. "Only the few that CAN grasp that will set themselves free Jack, like you and I did, where the Legal Name sevants don't realize have set themselves on fire, ready for their coming hell that now awaits them just over the horizon and all because their tickers are broke," she finished.

Jack's eyes were getting wider and wider with every word Jill was saying, with every step they were taking on a road so rarely travelled, he wondered how she could have picked up this trail in the first place. "What was the real difference for you Jill, the one that gave you this kind of strength to stand in, literally, the face of ALL humanity and the demons they serve?", Jack asked. "You already know the answer to that one Jack, it just took you a little longer to let your heart do your thinking where the mind of humanity is lost in Satan's O.S. programs and where I

know the original Oz, the original wizard and it wasn't some techno-geek legal named slave or demon pushing buttons on a smoke and mirrors machine they built."

"These aren't babes in toyland Jack, they're papes in goy land with papal smears and pape-El moon-eye. A broken toy is easy to spot because they always lie to the legal left and lead with their legal RIGHTS hooks so you already know how these box-sires swing and it's ALWAYS the same swing, never varies," Jill went on to say. "These broken I.D.-dolls are too busy screaming about their own agendas of fear based on how it'll affect their ability to feed at Satan's money trough and then pretend to be all spiritual using one legal term here, another new-age nuke-age gnu age term there which shows what world they're truly living in; it's as simple as watching them in the language of light called their actions."

Jill was getting up to speed now and she kept going, "The demons, dear Jack, are the ones that can actually see the connections of their actions and the harms and harims of this world but they won't change their actions or will make a feeble attempt to try and make you think they're willing to change but they always back-slide to hell's trix and tree-eats world. Demons eat the tree of life so that's an easy spot, just sit outside any fast food joinder or grocery store and see how much death they carry in their little bags for the B.A.R.-Be-qed semi-Te's, half ewes." Jack knew she was right as he'd been there every time she was talking with anyone that wanted to defend their filthy demonic ways and she'd heard every excuse under the sun and rarely heard the true "click" go off where that's the sound of a long dead heart finally firing back up into life, a heart that's decided that ALL life matters, not just their own greedy little lusts and scenarios.

Jack watched as time after time, those that said they were friends and family thrust knives deeper and deeper into her back no matter what she did or said otherwise to wake them up from the death sleep. She knows these broken toys are all heading for the incinerator because when the ticker is completely broke, only intellectual chaos is left without any rhyme or reason remaining. The only reason that's left is the reason they killed another to get what they want and the only rhymes are the ones they sell to keep their fellow demons entertained. Jack realized that if you're going to win any game of you-care in the you-curse tournament is to be the right bower, not the left and since he was already once the left bower, he learned their legal tricks and became the right bower and Satan's highest card at that point is the death card Ace of spades and that's the one he'll be using to dig his own grave with, except, that grave's already been dug a long time ago. Jill's just here to fill everyone in or file everyone out, their choice.

The day was bright and clear again where they had once been lost in the fog of where like some proverbial Hansel and Gretel where Jill was the one who found the breadcrumbs of truth and retraced her steps all the way back home and simply yelled; "Hey guys, over hear" and those of us that heard her, saw that we didn't have a choice either where the choice at that point was only hell. Jack has always had Jill's back, from day one to day won so he knew her better than anyone else and there's one thing he knows; Jill's right so he pays very close attention to every thing she says and does. Jill knew this beast called Baby-loan and the Satanic merchants that serve everything evil and dark. She knew that if you played in the arena with this many headed beast, all you could do was cut off one head here and there but another lawyer or freeman wannabe lawyer always grew back in it's place. She knew that to slay this dragon, you had to go for its heart to kill that beast from her reality once and for all, literally.

Jill found the magic key and the vorpal sword that slays the Gabber-walkie talkie's and she knows that it's up to each and every one of us to pick up that same sword for ourselves where all she had was faith and a true heart to wield it and everyone telling her she was wrong. "You know Jill," says Jack, "I often wondered what I'd do without you." Jill looked at him, square in the eyes and quietly said, "Jack, it's more about what I'd do without you and I wasn't willing to lose my bet-her half is all where this world has us lonely enough as it is. At least I have one friend I can always trust and the truth is, if I can't trust my own dear Jack, how could I ever trust one of those Union Jack's where all they can do is hi-jack humanity where Hi Jack! is my preferred form of hi-jacking anything," she said with a solemn chuckle.

"Your heart has to be in the right place, not the RIGHT'S place Jack and this little quest we're on was for me to show you that where you could show me my own purpose in creation. There's no point in creating anything if it's just going to kill itself and this world is the last world with the remnants of the broken I.D.-dolls getting their last chance to change their minds and only a true heart has the power to over-ride that," Jill ascertained. "No Jack, we have this road now and those that choose the heart will eventually find us and the others that joined us on this path and I'm going to remind you, you're not some savior, you're just the messenger with the truth that saves your eternal soul. Truth is the savior where truth seeks life and lies seek death." Jack, rather sullen at this point has been pondering deeply everything she's telling him. He's getting the idea now that it wasn't Jill or himself the valley people were condemning, it was the fact that they were too busy having a good time at the expense of all life and that he and Jill were just an easy and nearby target to spit on and to blame for them being exposed in their own greeds and lusts. The truth, to them, meant that their party was over and they're not quite ready to leave Satan's world behind.

They both continued walking in a quiet solace taking in the views of this new

world opening up for them the higher they climb Jacob's Ladder to the truth and stop sliding down all the snakes in life's games of temptation. "It's been quite a day, quite a walk to get here," smiled Jack as new realizations and new changes were coming into view where life was finally making some sense to him. Jill could only smile at him in a reassuring way in the old "Sure, didn't I tell ya" grin that rarely had time to leave her face. "The only difference between you and I Jack, and many others now is we're tired of watching Rome burn life in the illusion of some grand circus or party while humanity runs headlong into its final doom where we had had enough and put down all the party favours and got serious about life and it's greater meaning," replied Jill as she pointed to a great spot for camping out for the night.

It was a great little spot under the stars that were closer now than ever before and they headed off the trail for another day. Just not too far, just far enough to catch their collective breaths and get rested for another day in the adventure of life where death, the old devil, could never move them off their path home ever again. "We'll talk about the crazy zombies that are too busy partying in this Hell here called Rome being the bow in Satan's orchestra; we sing a different song.....now Jack, let's get that tent set up, it looks like there are others coming up the path so let's get this camp set up so they have no doubt where to pitch their tents and maybe, just maybe, we'll have a little sing-song of our own tonight around a different kind of fire.....whatcha think?" Jack was already unpacking, he had a different energy these days. He was finally, for the first time in his life, alive and the best part was.....he knew why and he was grateful.

They had just finished setting up when the first of the weary travellers arrived at their new base camp for the night. One by one they were greeted as they dropped whatever measly belongings they had left since this path forces one to travel light in every way. The table was set and as always, there were extra places at the table but this time, there were fewer places empty and more smiles as everyone shared their adventures of the road. One by one the valley people had embarked on the same road because they heard the same message finally and it was so nice to see so many familiar faces at the table this night. The air was delectably mild with a baby bear perfect hint of "just right" as everyone settled down around the fire for the first time in a long time. Jack had the final say when he looked Jill square in the eyes and said, "You were right Jill, tomorrow is always going to be an even better day when you make the today you have better than the one you had and just keep doing that." All Jill could do was smile and say, "Clever boy Jack.....clever boy....now help me get some more firewood, it looks like it might be a late one tonight, the music is calling....."

....to be cont., kate