

The Long Night

By Anna Von Reitz



I knew an old judge at Quantico, a man of infinite jest; he had to have a sense of life's ironies and a staunch sense of humor to bear his part in this world, which was basically to sentence "gross offenders" in the military to life in prison or death in wartime. And it was always wartime.

He was the Axe Man and he knew it. It was a role he was loathe to perform, and yet, someone had to do it. When it fell to him, unexpectedly, when he was barely middle aged and had a family to raise, he wondered as we all might— why me?

Why am I always embroiled in the muck? In the worst, most violent, most depraved cases the military services can throw at me?

He could entertain you all night long, if you had some reasonable cause to know, recalling cases that featured high drama, and the infinite struggle between good and evil trying men's souls.

His Father had been a JAG Officer before him, so his after dinner repertoire was not limited to his own experience and ran a full gamut from before the Second World War to the present. And it was not limited to American Military cases. He had traveled all over the world and collaborated with counterparts in the Philippines, Jakarta, Seoul, Japan, India, West Africa, Europe, and wherever else the Judge Advocate General might send him.

His was an exciting life in its own way, but not everyone's cup of tea. He attributed his wry sense of humor to an Irish Grandmother and when worse came to worse, as it often did, a shot of single malt whiskey. I kept a special bottle on the shelf for him and listened intently.

A man like that can save you a lot of hard experience if you listen closely, and I certainly did.

During the worst bits of his dreadful stories, made all the more horrible because you knew these things actually happened, he had a habit of shaking his head, in a silent, wondering way, as if even he managed to be astonished, left dumbfounded by the sheer stupidity, cruelty, and moral depravity that haunts us all.

As he made clear, the worst cases always seemed to involve the highest ranking officers.

It's not some battle-scarred Marine going mad that we need to worry about. It's otherwise sane and calculating men in suits and uniforms we need to fear.

"They do the most terrible things," he said, "and it's like they don't know what they are doing. They've spent so much time thinking about this or that possible scenario, that when it all comes down to it, life assumes the character of just another scenario in their heads."

A movie. A PlayStation game. I double-checked my six on this and asked him specifically what he meant, and he replied.

"They've lost contact with reality," he said bluntly. "Some of them are so alienated inside their heads that they can't tell the difference between you and me sitting here, and a cartoon from Disneyland."

That's why when all the jabber of current "Intel" comes across my desk and Q or some other Source describes our present situation as "a movie" and tells us to "enjoy the show" my blood runs cold.

Men who are isolated from the action on the ground may come to regard it as a "movie" and we may all be characters in their play, but the fact remains that this isn't a movie and we are the flesh and blood they are toying with.

I am encouraged in recent days to report that the arrest of corrupt Judges is actually taking place.

The Brigadier Generals who are typically in charge of the quasi-military court system that has dominated our "occupied" country for a hundred and sixty years, are finally waking up.

The JAG Officers occupying the vacated positions of our own Provost Marshals are jerking awake, too.

When the presiding Prosecutor was asked to explain the documented fact that a man's court case had been converted into a bond and was being actively traded, the presiding Judge in one of our recent cases came unglued.

Oh, there wasn't anything like that going on!

There was no conflict of interest. The Officers of the court weren't colluding to benefit themselves and foreign interests. They weren't placing side bets against Defendants who were at their mercy to feather their own pensions and benefits, oh, no.

But they were, and the evidence of this criminal breach of trust was firmly placed in front of that judge the whole time he was ranting about our incompetence and failure to understand reality, our conspiracy theories and ignorance of the law....

A couple days later six armed military MPs shut that court down and took the Judge, the Bailiff, and several Court Clerks into custody. They locked the courthouse doors. That Judge and the other Court Officers and the evidence to convict them are now before a military Court Martial. And things are not looking good for them.

These isolated single victories may not seem like much. A single Judge gets removed from the bench. Big deal. It doesn't seem like much when hundreds of thousands of people are still being abused by these courts every day of every week— but it is a start.

We expect this case will finally blow the lid off the Court Bond Scandal and remove the profit motive that these courts have to secure convictions against people who shouldn't even be addressed by these courts.

And the word will spread through the Bar Associations and Blogs and coffee klatsches that the military is on the move and doing it's job at last.

This case will be followed by another proving that the FBI is promoting domestic terrorism and that DHS has actively sought to muzzle free speech in America.

And no, it's not a movie. This isn't about legal fictions.

We will bring you the details of what these unelected, unauthorized "Agencies" have done.

We will show you sixty-six SWAT team members, mowing down a woman's house with machine guns— with the woman and her pets inside the house— because they

trespassed on her land and she attempted to defend herself, as any American might, against armed intruders.

Injured Parties? This entire country and everyone in it has been injured and for far too long.

Stand behind your Tin Hats and your Tin Stars. The “Conspiracy Theorists” had it right all along. Turns out that those of us who were purportedly so ignorant of the law know the law after all.

And our Public Duty.

Say a big “Thank You!” to The Living Law Firm and to all the other research and prosecution teams that are now springing and leading the way forward.

Check out what David Martin is doing. His group got the goods on the profit-sharing collusion between the US, Inc. and Big Pharma to split the take on the so-called pandemic. The actual contracts. Now three major law enforcement organizations are bearing down.

They have also published the eight (count them!) Federal Laws that make coercion of the kind we have suffered over mask mandates and injections of experimental “vaccines” a felony level crime.

All you who lost your jobs and kept your health? Everyone who was forced to wear masks? Store owners who had to close down? Small town businesses who lost to the Big Box stores because of this horrible, murderous hoax? Get ready.

This canoe is ready to roll over upright.

Go check out Peggy Hall at <https://www.thehealthyamerican.org/> and meet Bobbi Ann Cox, the lawyer who put the muzzle on the State of New York Governor’s plan to open up FEMA Camps and intern everyone who isn’t vaccinated.

There’s a lot more coming that’s good and right because of the ever-growing number of Americans joining the fight.

Americans who recognize the facts of history.

Americans who know that the Central Banks have been illegal commodity rigging crime syndicates from the start and that they never provided the remedies used to “legalize” their activities, either.

Americans who know how these vendors of “government services” abused their positions of trust to purloin our gold and silver, our land, and the value of our labor and have used their Subcontractors at the IRS and BATF as instrumentalities of economic terrorism.

Americans who know the depth of the filth in Washington, DC, and the Crime Bosses who have been running the shop from overseas.

Americans who have had enough. We may not throw open our windows and shout it, but we are here just the same, from Maine to Vancouver, Duluth to San Antonio— and yes, even Big Lake, Alaska.

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