

So It Begins

By Anna Von Reitz



Last week, a young man who used to work for me was arrested on charges of indecent exposure in a stolen truck filled with stolen guns and enough (kind unstated) drugs to make the DA think he was intending to resell them. A friend of his paid \$1500 in bail to get him out of trouble, and his brother took him and his girlfriend off the street -- in January, in Alaska, that's no small favor -- only to be attacked in his own home and have his, the brother's truck, vandalized.

So, my erstwhile carpenter is back in jail.

That's where he belongs. It's the only chance he is likely to have to get off the drugs that sent him on this absurdly negative course. All efforts to get him into rehab using gentler means failed. He had too much pride to go into a program, though he clearly needed intervention, both for drug use and rage control.

Even if he did agree to go into an in-house rehab program, there aren't many slots and the programs are hideously expensive. His whole family would have had to make dire sacrifices to pay his way at a private hospital.

Now he gets to go through withdrawal in a jail cell.

I suppose it is as good a place as any.

Three hots and a cot for the rest of the winter, and maybe several winters to come.

Because of repeated and closely connected brushes with the law he's looking at over twenty years total for all the offenses he has totaled up.

It's hard to equate his disheveled manic face now with the young man I met two years ago. The drug use has transformed him into a different person, reckless, dishonest, angry, and uncaring. He thinks that the world and everyone in it owes him something.

At least, while he's on the drug. After it wears off and he is himself again, he cries because he's ashamed and hopeless.

Unfortunately, I have seen all this before and too many times. Even though the jail time may get him off the stuff, he'll still have to face a lifetime of cravings when he gets out.

Just like another friend who was addicted to Ephedrine, managed to stay off it for twelve years, and one day, out of the blue..... back on the stuff. Last time I saw him, he was crazier than crazy, talking so fast it was like listening to a tape run at triple speed.

Neither of these men had a whole lot going for them, but they had decent lives. They both had reasonable skills and were able to support themselves. They both had families that loved them. They both had pets. Now all those homely comforts are gone.

Unfortunately, when they are on drugs they aren't safe to be around. They are delusional, wavering between mania and paranoia, imagining all sorts of things that aren't real. The wives and girlfriends leave for their own safety. The only ones who stay are female addicts who are just as strung out anyway, and in their zombified state don't care if their heads are bashed in.

A couple of days ago another guy high on something, only God knows what, was going around banging on doors in the middle of the night and howling like a wolf --- which really isn't a very bright thing to do in Alaska.

There's no place for young kids and middle aged men strung out on drugs to go and no place for their desperate families to go for help, either. In the end, they wind up calling the police.

What happens when the jails are full and the police no longer answer? We are at that point now, in Alaska.

<https://www.msn.com/en-us/news/us/alaska-s-matanuska-susitna-borough-urges-residents-to-get-ammo-and-arm-themselves/ar-BB1h07uE?ocid=msedgdp&pc=U531&cvid=1542d6416a0b4b6196823fc8569244e9&ei=10>

No need to encourage me. I have enough guns and ammo to hold off a zombie army and a wolf pack if it comes to that, but what happens when all the rest of the population jerks awake and says, hey, things aren't "normal" anymore?

It will probably be too late to help the for-hire police forces. Most police officers are fed up, shrugging, and saying, "Let them freeze in the dark."

The Open Borders policy that the demonic cretins have forced on us, has led to a tidal wave of drugs entering this country, none of them "clean" or standardized in any way. Every day young people are dying as "one hit losers" and it's happening in Alaska like everywhere else.

This phony corporate "government" such as it is, is failing the only mission a government ever has, and because it makes Black Ops money off the drugs, it's even worse than that. The government corporations are just exacerbating and contributing to the whole problem on purpose.

Of course, there are good-hearted bureaucrats and overwhelmed politicians spinning around in circles waving their hands, oh, my, Toto, what are we going to do?

I have to turn away and strongly resist the impulse to slap them silly.

Close the damned borders. Build the effing wall. Legalize and tax and standardize all recreational drugs. Get tough. Get serious. And while you are building the wall, build a lot of rehabilitation hospitals and insane asylum facilities.

As for me, I've got my sixty-shot bandolero. If there's more than sixty of them, I'll be in trouble until I can reload.

I already have my winter camouflage and subzero armor gear ready and I told the neighbors to call if they need me.

The idea of a pudgy 67 year-old woman tatted up in state of the art militia-wear slinking through the snow-filled woods on cross-country skis in the dead of night might well be cause for amusement, but better safe than sorry.

At the rate things are going, we may all have to dust off our crossbows, six-shooters, and merit badges.

And do those extra push-ups.

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