

A Letter to the Future. by James Corbett
corbetteport.com April 11, 2020

“The lamps are going out all over Europe, we shall not see them lit again in our life-time.”

—[WWI conspirator](#) Edward Grey

I do not write these words for my contemporaries. We are the damned. It is our lot now to watch as the lamp of liberty is extinguished, our burden to bear witness to the final flickering of the flame of freedom.

No, I don't write these words for my peers; I write them for those yet to come. The inhabitants of that future dystopia whose birth pangs we are experiencing. The remnant of once-free humanity who might—through some miracle I can't even imagine—come across this electronic message in a bottle.

I know that it's almost hopeless. That the chance of these words surviving the coming internet purge are slim at best. That even if—against all odds—this message *does* wash up on your digital shores, the chance of these words being understood by you is even slimmer. Not because you don't understand English, but because you no longer use these words I'm writing: Freedom. Humanity. Individual.

Still, I am here to record the end of an era. So I will press on in the hope against hope that someone, somewhere in that future Digital Dark Age, will have eyes to see and ears to hear.

The darkness is descending.

Let there be no mistake: We all know this.

We know what it means when [17 million Americans](#)—a full 10% of the workforce—are added to the unemployment rolls in a mere three weeks. When they are joined by millions more newly unemployed ex-workers [all around the globe](#). When [modern-day bread lines](#) stretch for miles in the heart of America's [once-proud cities](#). When the phony baloney fiat funny money debt [rises to over \\$24 trillion](#) and the Fed's [Sovietization of the economy](#) is complete.

We know what it means when police start [shooting people dead](#) for not wearing a mask. When [drones police quarantines](#) from the sky and [robots police lockdowns](#) on the ground. When governments [admit to tracking every movement](#) of every citizen and begin internal checkpoints where [digital immunity passports](#) determine who may pass and who must stay in their home.

We know what it means when billionaires start telling us that only their new [experimental mRNA vaccines](#) will be able to release us from this nightmare. When they threaten to mark us with [invisible ink tattoos](#) to ID the vaccinated. When they tell us that we will not be able to buy or sell or participate in the economy until we can [prove our “immunity.”](#)

It means that the [Corona World Order](#) has arrived.

Oh, sure, some still deny it. But they are only fooling themselves. They're afraid to admit that it's true. Many are still under the old conditioning that told them to bleat "conspiracy theorist" at anyone questioning authority.

We have a name for that kind: "sheep." Or, sometimes, "sheeple." The masses in our day are kept in the pen by the jackbooted sheepdogs of the police state and led along by the political puppets who act as their shepherds. Occasionally a wise old-timer in the flock cottons on to the game, but the shepherd has only ever fleeced the flock, so he resigns himself to his fate. Why struggle? It's mostly painless.

Never did the sheeple suspect that someday the shepherds would lead them to the slaughter.

It is a term of derision, of course. "Sheeple." But I like to think that it doesn't just speak to our stupidity. It speaks to a naivety, an innocence. We are trusting and gentle creatures by nature. Peaceable. Cooperative. That is nothing to be scorned. If it weren't for the predators in our midst, our failings would be counted as virtues.

But I am not here to say that. I am here to say this: Resist! Struggle! Fight!

You are *not* cogs in a machine, despite what the shepherds of your day may be telling you. You are free and beautiful human beings. You are *not* born under the authority of another. *You* choose how you live your life, *not* some bureaucrat, *not* some police robot, *not* some "immunity checkpoint" algorithm or QR code.

You do *not* need permission to buy or to sell or to assemble or to speak your mind or to leave your house. You are *not* an "asymptomatic carrier" of whatever virus your misleaders are telling you to be afraid of. You do *not* have to shelter in place because someone in a white lab coat told you to.

I want you to understand that, once upon a time, the government didn't have the right to know where you were, who you were meeting with, what you were purchasing and what you were doing 24/7. Hell, the government didn't even have the *ability* to do that.

I need you to know that there was a time when you could leave your house when you wanted. Travel where you wanted. Buy and sell as you saw fit. Meet your neighbors. Rally. Protest. Party.

Live. As free human beings are meant to live.

Oh, what am I saying? These words. This language. It makes no sense to you, does it? These concepts don't exist in your time, do they?

You go where you are told to go. You stay home when you are told to stay home. You shut up when you are told to shut up. You think what you are told to think. . . . You don't think what you are told to not think.

I can't blame you, after all. You're trusting and naive and peaceful. Like a sheep.

But oh how I weep for what you have become. I tried to avert it. Please believe me. I really tried.

But the lamp of liberty is being extinguished. And I am bearing witness.

I don't know if history is something you study anymore, but in case it is not: UK Foreign Secretary "Sir" Edward Grey made his observation about the lamps "going out all over Europe" at the end of the so-called "[Twelve Days](#)." According to the mainstream history books of our age, that was the period during the summer of 1914 that the British government was said to be trying to avoid a World War. We are asked to believe that this prescient remark proved Grey to be a sage diplomat who was wracked with grief over the pain and suffering that he sensed was about to be unleashed upon the world.

But this is [history-by-the-winners](#) of the worst kind. In truth, Grey was himself [one of the conspirators](#) who were actively working to bring about the First World War. What's more, the source of this quotation is in fact Grey himself; it was first recorded [in Grey's own post-war memoir](#). Any tears he may have shed over the snuffing out of those lamps were crocodile tears, to be sure.

One can well imagine that the history books of your era will record that Bill Gates made a similarly portentous remark at the onset of this corona crisis. Gazing out the window of his \$127.5 million, 66,000-square foot-[Xanadu 2.0](#) mansion in Washington State—the then-epicenter of the US outbreak—Gates' post-coronavirus memoir will no doubt tell us that he remarked to an underling, "The lights are going out all across the globe, we shall not see them lit again in our lifetime."

But his memoir will no doubt fail to inform us that he was smirking as he said it.

To my children, or my children's children, or whatever remnant of once-free humanity happens to unearth these words in that God-forsaken future we are goose-stepping into: I'm sorry. I failed you. We all failed you.

But remember this: As long as the blood of your forebears flow through your veins, the lamp of human freedom shall not be extinguished forever.

Let it shine, dear sheep. Let it shine.