

Ashley Villarreal RIP

On Sunday, the ninth of February, fourteen year old Ashley Villarreal was murdered in cold blood by DEA agents, the latest in a long line of casualties in the ever increasing insanity that is the US *War on Drugs*. Naturally the DEA denies any responsibility in the matter, as government agencies always do when they've murdered someone in cold blood, maybe they expect that we'll be thankful because this time they have killed only a single person, down from the mass murder episodes of the Clinton regime. Somehow I can not bring myself to be grateful. Sadly, the only people that seem to care are her family and the surrounding community. We are a country that has long since lost our capacity to be shocked and outraged by the way our government treats us. Sadly, I seem to have been inured to the complacency around me, the fact that no one cares that their presumptive rulers treat them like Filipino sex slaves in an Arabic oilgarchy (sic) no longer surprises me.

Our government declares war against everything, wars against drugs, wars against terrorism (or, as in those idiotic commercials, wars against narco-terrorists), wars against poverty, wars against polluters, wars against gun users, wars against tax cheats, wars against digital pirates, wars against fat, wars against illiteracy, wars against informational abusers, wars against non government approved alcohol, wars against cigarettes, wars against cigarette smugglers, wars against discrimination, wars against hate crimes, wars against hate speech, wars against non FDA approved drugs, wars against surgical procedures that haven't gone through an eighteen year peer review process before government approval, wars against people that dress in plaid leisure suits. You get the point. All these wars have exactly one thing in common, the enemy, us. Our government is at war with us, and we're paying them to wage that war. The Europeans will smugly assert that the *War on X* phenomenon is the result of American militarism, but before they get too smug, allow me to say that what I find reprehensible is the way our government has been Europeanised. There was a far off time when the government used to say "Thanks", after ripping our rectum, now, just like France, Germany and the UK, they tell us to clean up quickly or they'll beat us for non compliance.

Wars always have combatants, and in the case of the aforementioned wars, we are those combatants, we are the casualties, and it is our ability to live our own lives on our own terms that has been sacrificed at the altar within the holy confines of the Church of America. Government mines our tax records, our credit records our bloody travel records, to build a profile of us, stored in data warehouses inside of buildings owned by the alphabet soup that is the national security state. In the recent past, the government used to pretend they weren't fisting us, though while doing it they could always be seen rolling up their shirt sleeves and lubing their hands, by forcing the various letter combinations to keep their files on us separated. Now, they have told us that our insistence on having this false sense of security caused the 9-11 attacks, in other words, if the state had been allowed to treat us like a ten dollar whore, all those people would have lived.

Now comes the Office of Homeland Security, and these new data analysts will now take your IRS files, your FBI files, your NSA files, your ATF files, your CIA files (if you have fallen into their view), your DOJ files, your FAA files (as you now need a picture ID and social security number to fly), everything, and build a comprehensive profile of your likes, dislikes, sympathies, habits, just in case you decide to become a criminal. Don't worry though, these records will never, under any circumstance, ever be seen by anyone unauthorised or used in an unethical way. The same way that your tax records are always secure, and no IRS agents have ever abused anyone's tax returns and sold personal data, ever. Just like your FBI records are never ever abused, and those few files that a certain former president's chief of security, a part time Dixie Mafia enforcer, came into possession of were simply an FBI clerical error, and there were only half a dozen, OK, maybe a few dozen...one hundred and sixteen, that was...three hundred, give or take three hundred or so, nine hundred and twenty four and that was really it, well, OK, twelve hundred or so, but it wasn't any more than that. They swear. Really. Would your government lie to you?

So, now the new Department of Homeland Security (because Centralised Government Bureau would have been too obvious), will have meta-profiles of every citizen because we're all potential terrorists. In the war on terror, the enemy is us, and the DHS is watching over you to protect you from the terrorists in your midst. You, like a

good citizen, must do your part in the war on terror and inform on your neighbours and coworkers. Are they using drugs? They are financing the enemies of America, those who will destroy us if we let them. Be ever vigilant citizen, but not too vigilant, inform, but do not question or think.

God help you if someone that works at the DHS hates you, or someone that knows someone at the DHS hates you, or is your competitor, or hates you and knows your competitor. Actually, God help us all. How long will it be before the war on terror becomes like the war on drugs, by which I mean how long will it take before groups of armed thugs are roaming the streets at will shooting at us because we're suspected terrorists, or related to suspected terrorists, or know a suspected terrorist, or once visited a "terrorist" website, like anti-war.com, or anti-state.com, or flag.blackened.net?

How did we ever let it get to this? How did we become a nation of masochists? Couldn't the 51% (let's face it, more like 21%) of you that demand to be abused go hire a dominatrix like the rest of us? Why fetishize the bureaucracy? At the very least the bureaucrats ought be dressing in leather thongs and nipple clamps if they mean to spank us. Every year a band of government employed dominatrices and their slaves, sycophants and supplicants rush to the polls to make the rest of us pay for their pleasures. Why is it my job to help you foot your S&M bill? Why must I become a practitioner of bondage & discipline just because you're a freak? If you want to lick the boots of state, pay for it yourself. If you want to feel the riding crop of bureaucracy stung across your buttocks, pull out your own damned Visa card. If you want to be bound, gagged and tortured in Mistress America's Dungeon of Pleasures, hand her pimp your own damned checkbook. I know, *America, love it or leave it.*

Would that it were that simple, for even if I escape Mistress America's Dungeon of Pleasures, I am expected to help foot the dominatrix bills of the bondage freaks that remain. I can always renounce her forever, but it makes it hard to visit friends and relatives that remain when the door is barred behind you. It is a lose-lose situation, the sort of choice forced upon an enslaved people by a totalitarian government, and really, where else is there to go? There are imperial China's faux city states, like Shanghai and Hong Kong, and where else? Singapore has a certain amount of economic freedom, followed by a boatload of laws restricting personal behaviour. Perhaps some obscure European banking republic (like Switzerland) or principality (like Liechtenstein or Luxembourg), the Caribbean has better weather, though. It's enough to make one wish that the UN offered world citizenship, except that one knows that Mistress Humanity's Dungeon of Divine Joys would be darker than any Japanese or German porn video in existence.

We started with Ashley Villarreal, a fourteen year girl that only wanted to drive a Mitsubishi Eclipse around the block, and the adult sitting next to her in the passenger's seat (Daniel Robles), there to make certain young Ashley had no difficulties. Neither knew as they pulled out of the driveway that she was to be the latest in a long line of innocent victims of the war on drugs, and when DEA agents rapidly surrounded the car, she panicked, as teenagers with little driving experience are known to do, and swerved out of the way, DEA agents opened fire. They arrested Daniel Robles, a family friend, and called for an ambulance, to take the living corpse to a hospital, so that her relatives could say goodbye. Now Ashley is dead and poor Dan Robles will spend the rest of his life dreaming of that deadly night and screaming in his sleep. Will there be outrage? Will we finally insist that the government end these ridiculous wars against us?

Depressingly, no. People will shrug their shoulders and say, "Oh well, her father was a criminal, she should have been more careful." Sadly, even I am beyond outrage, I have reached the point where these stories merely sicken and disgust me. For those of you slaves, sycophants and supplicants of state, who whore for more domination, her blood is on your hands, for your dominatrix was her murderer. For those of you that presume to rule us, you are all guilty of this murder, the latest body thrown atop the pile of corpses that are your wars on our lives. Tell me again that you are protecting me from the hordes of killers looking to murder me because I'm an American, could you please tell me which gang of armed thugs is yours again? From where I'm standing, I am having trouble telling the difference. Take your wars and go to hell.