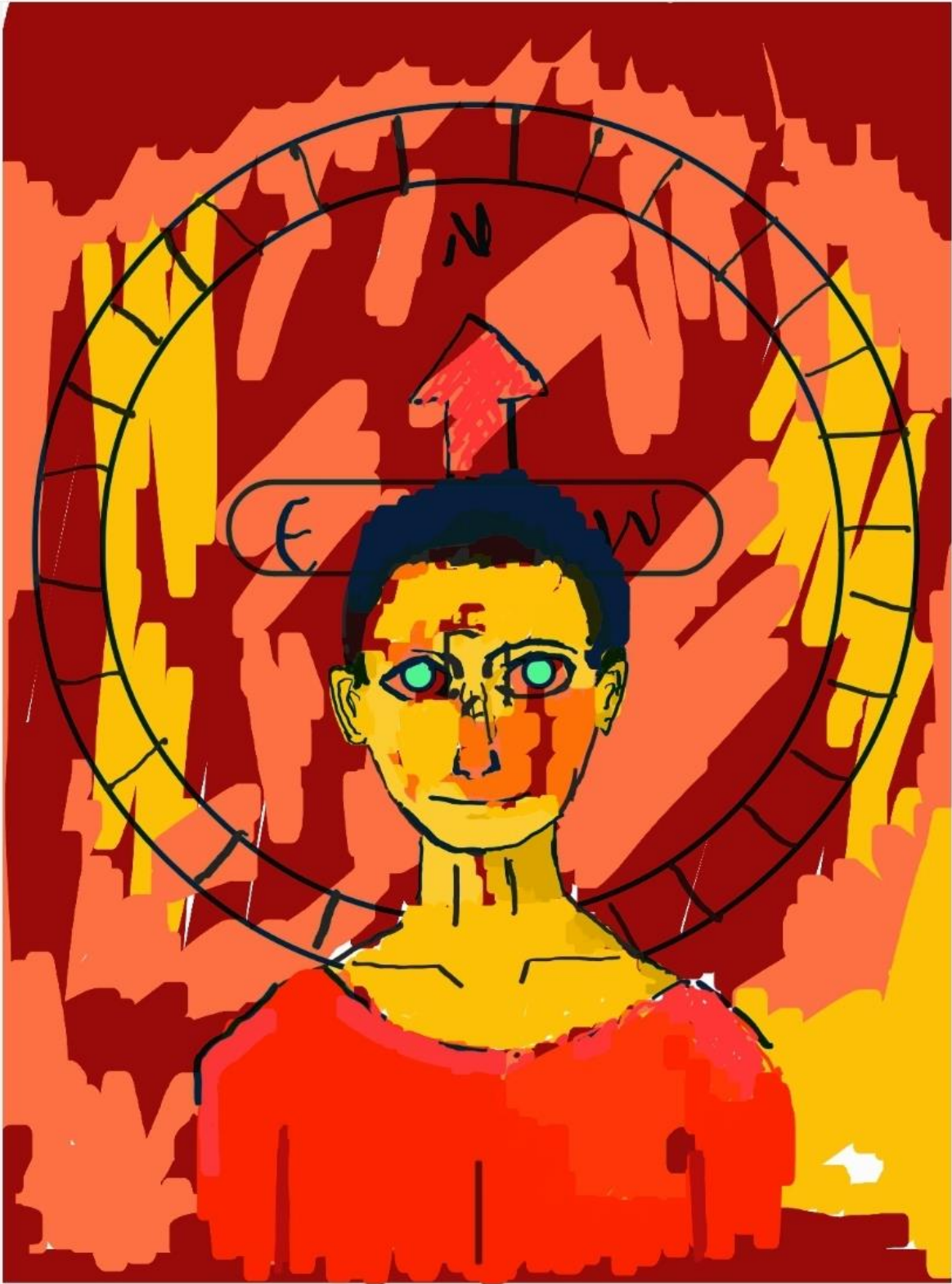


ROMA - Volume IA



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For the New United States of America, and To the Republic Of
the People which was Made By The People, For the People'

Chapter 1 - The desire for knowledge

There is a fine line between money and God. There is a division, and it lies in existence. To me, the volcano is heaven. Heaven is the most dangerous thing on the planet. No weapon in the world can ever extinguish the volcano, and although the United States has a military capacity to wipe out millions, all will pale in comparison to eradicating an active volcano. The secret to the volcano is the outcome, that it makes any creature, or object one with itself. You fire nukes on an active volcano, it makes it one with itself, and remains the most deadly existence on the planet. I think that is where God's home is. That is why I love Rome more than anything, because I can reach heaven through Rome. Secondly, it's the thunder storms that light up the sky, and the voice of the lion, thunders throughout the heavens like the mighty one that rides the storms of the sky, blinking, and blinding, creating an atmosphere that is too ominous for the eyes to see. You can hear the roar of the lion when the skies are cloudy.

Money is composed of matter. In physics, matter is neither created nor destroyed, so when you burn money, it just simply changes form and the particles will take over the air, and the dust the grounds, where inevitably, the sand on the beaches are gathered, collected and made into walls, or the soil of the earth, is cultivated, and the trees bear fruits in due time, and the barks are used as cinnamon in your morning tea. Between money and God, there is the Woman. As for the opposite gender, there is a Man. Mankind is the instrument that takes care of the soil, where money is part of it. At all times, money can be altered by man, which is why I am not fond of something I can destroy. I like the concept of being in service to something more powerful than I am. Service is simply terms that have to do with what you put on a plate, for a person to consume or eat. That service when kindled, and perfected, is painting in two pictures, where there is a

fruitful concert of money on a dinner table, or a solid compass on the other, which will always point towards the atlantic ocean, deep in the wrenches where you find the perfect republic, or the active volcano, which is singularity stronger than the US military without being extinguished.

I prefer to serve the one that can consume my soul and body whole, rather than just my physical body alone. Everything is a matter of choice, right down to the atoms and molecules which I can single handedly reduce the paper into, yet not the other way. Compasses have a direction clause much like gravity, where if you jump from a roof, you will always fall, and you can trust it will cause harm, even without money. If you do not utilize money, or remove it by incineration, you won't have the chance to put it to use again. One is unlimited, the other just happens to exist under the power, and mercy of your hands that could destroy it permanently.

The US government seems to alter the heavens by altering the rain constantly but that is not so much possible when you get to the rain in the midst of the storm in the oceans down the southern skies or the pacific, the atlantic or the deep Indian Ocean. There where traders exchange and barter, goods of all kind, you find the heavens kilting, breaking apart tearing loose, and sinking in the oceans with the roar the majestic divine God...then and there you find it, the liberation of the heavens, the truth power of the galaxies. In that state and where it resides, there is no altering it there, the sound is heard clearly and it vibrates throughout the skies.

I know where I am headed, I know what I want, and I know how to get it. For the first time, I see the fruits of my labour starting to show in my writing. Heaven has yet to fail me. Rome has yet to fail me. My first heading is "Don Quixote". The whole theme is about procuring a woman. I like the heading since it will secure me a woman that I want. At the moment, I know

and believe, a human woman is made up of three components. A woman has a body, a soul and a spirit. I have in a sense up to this point have begotten myself, one third of the dolce. It is only a matter of time any fem will realize, I have put them in a republic where they have to get 1/3 of themselves somewhere else in the physical realm. Whatever aspirations, desires, history and tales they have, so do I, put away in a safe little document where I can access it anytime I want to my will's extent for however long I want. In this timeline, where I will undertake a phagocytosis kind of project, I should be able to apprehend the second component of the woman, where it would leave the opposition hamstrung like a track accident. In the process of elimination, I do not have the physical component with me, so that leaves either the spirit, or the soul. Considering the reason globally, going to Rome is frowned upon, and I have the Roman spirit.

I believe it is the soul of the woman that I have captured, and I doubt it will ever go anywhere from this point on. You might as well call me Hades, and I have stolen your Meg, through my texts. I am the pain at your side which you can't get rid of before your KO game with a conclusive batting average which you fear. I am the villain in the story of your childhood books because the world has made it so, however in truth, I just want to be. The seat is left open. I have been reduced to loving myself, and my aching heart while it longs for the comfort of a woman, has been bashed by the refurbished language of the dogmatic church. As my lungs sink to the depth of my stomach, and my throat is parched with perishable longings, I am at the edge of my seat when I find ways to put in my hands the subject of my desire. Long ago, when I was expelled from school, little was taken from me that I wanted which I have now secured for myself.

For once, I can secure myself a good army, a powerful unit, and a group that will protect

me from what I cannot handle through “Les Miserables”. I found out that if I can foster my writing habit, if I let it flourish, and without restrictions, let it flow, I can recruit a large number of soldiers to my growing group. In a few short months, I will be a nation, and with constant good work, a holy one, large enough to be myself, host and protect the armies and their family. My name is significant, and so is my cause because I have used what little was given to me, and made it large enough to sustain a country. At the moment, my name is Australia, I am a whole continent inhabiting spaces with large enough numbers like their Army. Timely, my name is Also Africa through South Africa. I am at this timeline two continents strong. Much like the texts I have inscribed, the length contains the digits, the same as Australia's and South Africa's army. To justify the cause, we have to address the Christian bible, where in the book of John, the word refers to himself and itself, and it existed before, and that the word himself was God. In a sense, in any Christian country, I am the word that I am inscribing, individually, where even in secular terms, a person has one name to describe the physique he has. I have compounded together the same catastrophe where if each word was a name, they will count towards service in the army in the digital world.

Quite recently, I found The complete Collection of Theadore Roosevelt's work. It contains what I desire, most, with my utmost longing. It contains the details on how to make a country. I will go towards the million to find and create, in my own household, the current most powerful military on the planet, the American Combatant Command, or Region Theatre. With these three objectives in mind, I find all that I want collimating into my arms. My suffering has subsided since all I desire is within the grasp of my hand. I have always loved Rome, and at the moment, Rome has all the answers I need. I am marveling at my own capacity to have what I want. It's not everyday you get to see your heart's desire being fulfilled, and then you see the objects

standing in your way crumble beneath your shoes. A few thousand leagues from here awaits a country, and much like the goal of a christian is to seek heaven, I can seek it with my own will.

Chapter 2 - I love my country, so do You

In these past few months, we went through multiple difficulties, such as large movements in the southern borders, that prolifically impacted our economy and coast Guards. I think now that we have succeeded in reducing the access of entry points in the country, America will be healthier for it. When the country was in need of desperate resurrection, much like a philosophical revival for the heart of the poor student in the midst of final exams, was the administration's attraction when they preached their sermons on the top of their democratic platforms. Nevertheless, the Princeton gentleman from the State of New Jersey, has safely

outgunned his militant opponents and found lucrative ways to protect our just Republic.

When we wanted safe education, and the state was in rebellion to the opposing parties, he did not stand aside and let the citizens get smashed into a corner. He outwitted, and with his relentless strength, dismantled the root of what has been causing our nation a problem.

I think we have made a good home, and we have done a good job safely keeping the promises of the founding fathers. America will stay for our kids, children, offsprings, most likely until the half of the second Gen. I am no longer worried about my own protection, yet the education needs work. We need to understand the seriousness of the circumstances which have led us to a unanimous victory much like you need to learn to swim to navigate the surface of the waters, elusive studies are required to course the waves that is the county itself. I like to not drown, much like I do not want to look bad when I try to find answers to complex questions.

Because of the work the good minister has done, I am no longer qualified to be a senator. Here I have inscribed the stories of great orators, and I stand with the greatest of them all, among them, Oscar Wilde, whose life was told in the Charles Dickens story, "Oliver Twist", around the same period. Due to the protection I have been provided, the United States has provided me the opportunity to rise above my circumstances, and live longer and be more useful than American Senators. They will serve for somewhere around 6 years, I will be in the Library of Congress, along with my memories for the incoming century of two. I can't even associate with congressmen anymore since their stagnant diplomacy is under me. They have no legacy, I do.

The best the honorable gentleman can do is save the Russian Federation. I love Russia. I think a lot of people will thank him well for it. I do not practice homo-sexuality, yet I do not understand how people who do, earn all the money and run with it. A lot of people associate Russia with money, riches, and strength, yet I, who has been nowhere near it, am left with happiness by itself. How have I, in my quest for greatness, have been reduced to ashes like the great Russian Empire that existed before? I stand in the frame of Tsar Alexander I of Russia, modeling myself everyday, cultivating and harvesting my well being to be shaped in form and likeness, where he himself rivaled Emperor Napoleon. Why has Russia been reduced to a Federation when all its greatness has been ridiculed by opposing warlords? Maybe it is I, whose focus is on the money. Maybe the fault lies in my desire to be perfect, or my will to better my country everyday. No matter, the defence minister has no hope of resurrecting The strength which was, is and will remain the strong hand of the west, by leaving the Siberian nation idle. I think it is better to serve the cause of Russia, than to hammer our Tsars and Kings with tasteless tales, like Sheer-luck- Homes, with “Waats”, and vivid titles, like “The hound of the Baskervilles”. Where in reality,” the Baskervilles” adheres to a family name in which the origin comes from people who beg money on the streets using their hats and their guitars.

They are called buskers, and I do not think it's humane to make fun of them, lest their secret gets discovered and they get dealt the same axe they took the name of the poor citizens. I have been around towns where some people, who believe in Christ, think they can reach heaven through poverty. They do believe in all their hearts busking is the way to go, and relinquishing private property is the right cause. I do not. Nevertheless, I also do not understand the meaning in despising their name, or their existence. The hounds articulate to and belong to the buskers, where their eyes are red shot from hunger and lack of attention. What a horror show some

individuals are capable of causing in pursuit of wealth.

Chapter 3 - In search of an ulterior cause

What causes are there to fight for? I can think of nothing as a citizen more than drinking the park Kool-aid in to take the heat off. When inspecting the social contract, little is required of me at the moment. I am an author, with 4 degrees, whose father is a landlord, and I have a republic as my government. As a naturalized citizen, at 30 years old, if I do not run for office, I do not see my life going anywhere. I would be a waste to society. I see my life set in the future,

where I half do the work that is set for me since I have no right to run for office. It's funny how little of my academic accomplishment is required of me. I can be called General in my father's house the rest of my life, yet in this time and age, I do not want to serve anyone. There is no right cause to serve, nor demand my time. I am instructed to stay home, wrap and gobble over the phone, and the sexual instrument in beholds, and make cases for obscene matters, and speak well, in defence of their actions, where and when I do not support it. I am told to stay quiet by the government about my feelings, and where the country is headed, and I do not like the destination. I despise lack, then I have the strength of a continent, and yet, the general consensus tells me to do unnatural things with my body, in my own home without my consent, so they can feel better about their nation.

What a hell hole, to be in their mind, doing the things they do calling themselves "natural", yet their high school diplomas don't speak well of their dogma, or their lack of sacrifice. Time and time again, their grammar, doctrine and propaganda refuses to stick. It's all child's play. The language and rhetoric is screwed beyond belief, to the point if I do not have money, I am looked at differently, with distaste and rejection. I have just as much power over them as their top leaders. I can be dangerous. I have the capacity to take military actions. There are so many times someone spits on your face before you turn on them. What happens when a person of my caliber turns on them? Some people never really see it because of the dissatisfaction they have of living. I despise the current monarchy of the United Kingdom. The royalty is finished. They have gone a route they can never recover from. I no longer want anything to do with them. There used to be a country called the United Kingdom, but no longer. They have criminalized cannabis, and accepted homosexuality. They gladly preach this philosophy and the Church, along with the state, are in complete confusion. There was once a

time where The Red Coats flourished, undefiled by useless command, like protecting safe intercourse outside closed doors.

If I was a normal citizen of Great Britain, I would take my guns and saber, and take them to war to conquer land for the King I wanted to serve. I would gladly fight for the nation I want it to be, and not worry about poker, or what “the boys” do with their time, in hatred of company and the joy of comrades in arms. I have no desire to do anything with the royal family anymore. They are no longer people who help and protect the Roman family. As long as these laws are in place, you will find me their enemy at every point, and their friend in war if they protect Romans. The proud floozy king has seen fit to put a Crimson carpet beneath his feet and ridicule Rome for the last time. He no longer has my respect, nor my service to his Kingdom. I will see it fall beneath my feet, lest they change their laws and surrender their arms. My cut of Britain will always be The Redcoats. I will keep their memory alive, the tales of their conquest will be my banner.

Nothing great remains in the country other than the military. I love the army, yet our cause is being white washed and our treasury spent on trivial matters. The women have rejected us constantly in pursuit of other gods that are not our own. They have forsaken our churches, they have forsaken our state. Faithfulness has been set to another male, or woman, and not the constitutional monarchy. Where my brothers in arms, in the time of our lord fathers, married their loved ones in the temple of the knights, they desecrated it, by their homage. The priests have chosen to bear liberal clothing. They wear gowns that cost thousands of pounds. In their desperation and pursuit of large funding, we grow hungry and dangerous, sworn to carry the sword of our ancestors. While the holy chambers are torn apart with crime, lack of appropriation,

our lack of executing judgment puts us far from the woman we love, thereby losing claim to our birth right. I get exhausted having explained to me why modern prostitution is acceptable, in the form of attacking the state, while taking money from the citizens.

My country is sacred to me. I want to keep the sanctity of marriage holy. Reasonably, I justify it because I do not have it, and when I see people who squander it, I get jealous. My fury, and a sword in my hand, cannot be a just cause for any family to bear. There has got to be something more than just taking the punches in the face, or lying down defeated, upon being stricken. In its capacity, in the well being of the commonwealth, I fear not the damage uncivil people can do to the country but the choices the people can make. Free will, although not the enemy, is the agent that must be guided not compelled to submission by the prostituted nation, put under display by royals who see fit that their actions are correct because they believe it so.

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