

Middle States is the story of a future America in decline, the victim of progressive ideology of the government. Immigration has flooded the coasts, in an attempt to alleviate overcrowding, private lands will be seized and given to immigrants.

MIDDLE STATES

By Rick Jon Kirst

Order the book from the publisher BookLocker.com

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/11905.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**

RICK JON KIRST

MIDDLE STATES

A FUTURE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA



RURAL COMMUNITIES FIGHT A TYRANNICAL GOVERNMENT



Copyright © 2021 Rick Jon Kirst

Print ISBN: 978-1-64719-507-6

Epub ISBN: 978-1-64719-508-3

Mobi ISBN: 978-1-64719-509-0

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., St. Petersburg, Florida.

Printed on acid-free paper.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

BookLocker.com, Inc.
2021

First Edition

Contents

Chapter 1 – Government’s Synapses	9
Chapter 2 – Evan Dupree.....	12
Chapter 3 – The Seizure	28
Chapter 4 – The Patriot Underground	51
Chapter 5 – First Blood.....	88
Chapter 6 – Blindsided	112
Chapter 7 – Presidential Overreach.....	136
Chapter 8 – Liberty Awakens	155
Chapter 9 – Patriot Demands.....	177
Chapter 10 – The Media Double Down.....	201
Chapter 11 – Operation Lights Out	229
Chapter 12 – Sunrise Over a Broken Nation	263
Chapter 13 – The Governors Assemble	279
Chapter 14 – The New Thirteen Colonies	305
Chapter 15 – Garret and Kyle’s Final Push	328
Chapter 16 – The Middle States Strengthen.....	354
Chapter 17 – The Skies over Missouri	376
Chapter 18 – Returning Home.....	425
Chapter 19 – Heroes Down.....	472
Chapter 20 – The Plight of Dr. Graham.....	505
Chapter 21 – Brother, Where Art Thou?.....	535
Chapter 22 – Let’s Make a Deal.....	560
Chapter 23 – Presidential Tribunal.....	579
Chapter 24 – Devil’s Pass.....	611
Chapter 25 – The People and Goliath	662

Chapter 3 – The Seizure

Evan sat on the sofa, pulling his dinner tray close to his lap. Winchester was curled up at his feet, gazing up at him with a wagging tail. He knew that with a little persistence a few food scraps would soon come his way. Evan started to eat and looked out the large picture window behind the television stand that provided a picturesque view of his property. Across the field in front of the house he could see an occasional car pass by on the old county highway, disappearing and reappearing behind the white boarded fence that separated his property from the road. His driveway was long and winding, making its way around scattered large oaks that had been a part of the landscape since he was a child.

He pointed the television remote and started the DVD player. Tonight he had decided to enjoy dinner with one of his favorite movies from the past, *Red Dawn*. It brought back memories of when movies were about red-blooded patriotism, not like the modern productions of robot battles and zombie wars that he flat-out refused to embrace. He was adamant that this was one of Patrick Swayze's best performances, and the storyline grabbed his undivided attention no matter how many times he had watched it in the past.

It also reminded him of the patriotism and love of country that he had grown up with as a boy, and he desperately wished that the America he lived in now would reestablish the constitutional values that had once made it the greatest and freest nation in the world. Things were so different now. He used to go to bed at

night thinking about pure and wholesome things like how to expand his farming business, or how long before he would have to replace the old pickup truck, or maybe how many steaks he'd need to thaw for the neighborhood grill-out coming up on Saturday.

Those thoughts had since been replaced by worries. Worries about whether he would make his Luxury Property Tax payment at the next quarter, or whether or not the government would accept his medical request to see a doctor about his worsening back pains. The newest of concerns came with whether or not the Property Reallocation and Fairness Doctrine would allow him to even keep his land. He vowed to fight to the death should the government ever attempt to take away what was rightfully his, what he had labored so hard over for so many years to maintain and preserve.

Evan found himself staring out the window, lost in momentary thoughts of anger and sorrow, processing ideas of what he would do should that day ever come. Little did he know, the horror he feared most was nearly upon him.

He had barely peeled the foil from his baked potato and cut into his broasted beef when one of the most captivating scenes of *Red Dawn* began to play. Without so much as thinking about it, Evan placed his fork on the tray and watched attentively as white Russian parachutes quietly floated into the school playground. The children inside the schoolhouse began to scream and take shelter, as bullets began to riddle the walls and pierce the windows. His heartbeat increased as he intently watched America being attacked! He leaned forward slightly, his mind's

voice shouting, "Fight! Fight those bastards!" But as the scene unfolded, something else caught Evan's eye. He quickly pushed his tray to the side and stood, his focus now directed outside. He hurried to the window and pulled the cord, allowing the venetian blinds to fall to the windowsill. He cautiously looked with one eye through a small gap in the blinds that he held apart with his fingers.

A dust cloud rose behind the three black vehicles that made their way down Evan's winding driveway. As they approached he could see that two sport utility vehicles were being followed by what looked like an armored vehicle. Evan was confused, trying to rationalize the wonderment racing through his mind. He fought back his greatest fear that this might be it, the day that the federal government came to seize his property. He quickly shrugged the thought off, though, finding some comfort in remembering that no such seizures had ever taken place in Wisconsin.

Even if the feds started carrying out such land grabs, why him? His farm was relatively small in comparison to the many commercial farming operations in the state, but his worries remained steadfast. The vehicles appeared to be very official, identical to those he had seen used by the government. They were all black, and as they drove closer and closer to the farmhouse itself, Evan started to make out emblems of some sort on the fenders and doors. It was only a moment later that the white lettering on the vehicle's sides was unmistakable. "DHS."

For the life of him, Evan could not figure out what the Department of Homeland Security was doing in his driveway.

Were they lost? Could this have something to do with taxes, or maybe one of those property inspections that he had read about online?

Winchester now stood looking at the front door, his ears lifted and his attention completely trained on the unfamiliar vehicle noise he was hearing. He looked at Evan and whimpered, trying to read his master's emotions.

Evan stood to the side of the porch door and looked out a sliver opening in the window shade. He watched in amazement as two, then four, now there must have been at least eight federal agents exiting their vehicles and gathering together before they walked toward the porch. They were all clad in black, appearing to have bulletproof vests with large white "DHS" lettering embroidered on the front and back. He couldn't mistake that three of them were sporting MP-5 automatic weapons on slings that hung from their necks, and they approached in single file as if this were some type of SWAT detail.

Evan swallowed heavily. He could feel his heart beating fast as he forced himself to take a long, deep breath in an attempt to calm himself. He had no idea what these folks wanted, but he was smart enough to know this couldn't be good. He glanced to the corner of the room and verified that his semi-automatic AR rifle still stood behind the chair. He hesitated, not knowing whether to retrieve the fully loaded weapon or hide it, as he knew that possession of it was highly illegal. He decided to pause, still hanging onto a thread of hope that this visit may be benign.

There were three deliberate knocks at the door. Evan heard a very deep, very distinct accent coming from the other side.

“Hello? Hello? Mr. Dupree, my name is Agent Rodriguez. I am here representing the Department of Homeland Security. Mr. Dupree, may we have a quick word?”

Evan felt a slight tremor in his hand as it rested on the doorknob. He likely had never felt so threatened, even though he didn’t know what this was about. He looked again toward the corner and eyed the AR rifle, but knew that retrieving it at this point may escalate the event into something far more serious than it actually was. He stood motionless and silent.

Evan jumped slightly as another series of knocks echoed through the door.

“Mr. Dupree? Just a moment of your time, sir.”

With great hesitation, Evan slowly turned the knob and opened the door as far as the attached chain latch would allow. He could see through the narrow opening that agents stood at both sides of his door, somewhat hiding behind the jambs as he knew police officers did for cover. Trying to sound unaffected and confident, Evan uttered,

“What can I do for you gentlemen?”

The agent closest to him responded.

“Mr. Dupree? Mr. Evan Dupree?”

“That’s right. What can I do for you?”

“Mr. Dupree, we are here representing Homeland Security, specifically the FEMA division of Homeland Enforcement. Mr. Dupree, the reason for our visit today is to serve you with what we refer to as a Section 12 order from the Property Reallocation and Fairness Doctrine. Mr. Dupree, this order is from the federal government, and is being issued to selected property owners within your township.”

Evan’s shoulder leaned against the door now, his pulse pounding through his chest wall. He wanted to lash out verbally, but the state of shock that he felt robbed him of any meaningful words.

“Mr. Dupree, we will need you to either step outside or let us in so we may begin explaining what this order details and what we will need you to do for us, sir.”

Evan was breathing heavily, and was now consumed with emotion. His eyes were fixed and wide, his mouth hung open in awe of the ambush that was taking place! He had no doubt now what was happening. They were here to take possession of his homestead! But over his dead body!

Evan lunged into the door shoulder first, pushing with all the strength he had in an attempt to get the door latched once again. He shouted uncontrollably at the impostures.

“Get out! Get out! Go straight to hell!”

He leaned feverishly into the door, trying desperately to control his trembling hand in securing the dead bolt. This was like a bad dream, the worst kind of nightmare. He frantically turned the latch in both directions, waiting to hear and feel the familiar “click” of the door locking. At the same time he did his best to brace his feet into the woven rug that covered the hardwood floor beneath him, but he could feel his position slowly slipping away as the rug began to move below.

It was at that moment that he felt an enormous impact from the other side. He was knocked completely off his feet. He flew backwards toward the floor as two very large agents kicked the door in toward him. Instinct took over and he attempted to break his fall with his hands, but this was happening far too quickly. He felt the back of his head strike the floor and his flannel shirt pulled tightly against his back as he slid across the polished hardwood! He could hear Winchester barking and snarling wildly next to him, and strangely enough he couldn’t help but worry about his dog’s well-being in that split-second of time.

Evan stopped sliding and looked up toward the door to see two of the DHS agents standing at his feet. One of them pointed what looked like a handgun directly at him and with no words spoken. Evan saw a small flash that was followed by a faint *pop*. Every muscle in his body now erupted in pain and he stiffened uncontrollably. His eyes closed tightly and his fists clinched together as pulse after pulse of pain tortured him from within. The barbs of the taser had dug deep, one penetrating the denim pants at his upper thigh, the other burrowing through the flannel and into his right chest. Thousands of volts pulsated through his

body, a pain like he had never before felt. He quivered and grunted, praying that the hell would come to a stop.

When the longest five seconds of his life finally ended, he gasped for breath and heard the ratcheting of handcuffs being secured around his wrists. In those last few seconds he somehow hadn't realized that the agents had flipped him over and pulled his arms behind his back. Evan heard one of the agents speak, his voice somewhat strained from the hard breathing of the short-lived struggle.

"Mr. Dupree. As you may have already guessed, you are under arrest. You see, sir, attempting to harm a federal agent or prevent him from executing his federal duties in any way is not only frowned upon, but it's illegal."

Evan could hear unmistakable sarcasm in the agent's voice, followed by some light laughter between the officers. He remained on his stomach, staring at the floor. In his peripheral vision he could see boots walking around both sides of him, and could hear another agent in the background making radio calls.

"Headquarters, unit Nineteen Alpha has one uncooperative in custody. We'll transport after our property sweep and inventory is complete."

The radio crackled momentarily before a female voice responded.

"Unit Nineteen Alpha, understand custody times one, transport to follow. Case number will be two seven dash zero zero four."

The one who previously identified himself as Agent Rodriguez rolled Evan to his side and sat him up. He had placed rubber gloves on and was now in the process of removing the barbs that were still biting at Evan's flesh. A small spot of blood grew on his shirt as the sting of the barbs were felt being pulled from his skin.

Evan looked around the room now and saw another agent lifting the AR rifle that had been semi-hidden in the corner. He smiled and looked toward Evan, muttering.

"What have we here, Mr. Dupree?"

The officer pushed the magazine release to find a full cash of ammo and nodded toward Evan, almost in a cocky gesture of approval.

"Mr. Dupree. Your troubles continue, my friend. It seems you are in possession of an assault weapon, and Presidential Executive Order 998, paragraph three, prohibits such possession. Doesn't it, Mr. Dupree? You're also in violation of the United Nations Small Arms Treaty, but I'm sure this will all be explained to you again later."

Evan stared at the agent without responding. His emotions almost overwhelmed him at this point. He couldn't help but think to himself, *Why didn't I fight? Why did I give these bastards so much as a chance?*

He turned toward Agent Rodriguez, who was now dressing the small taser wound on his chest.

“What do you want with me? Where are you taking me?”

“Well, Mr. Dupree. You have chosen to make this a difficult situation for yourself. We simply were here to issue property division orders but you chose to resist those efforts. That’s not a wise choice, Mr. Dupree. The government is simply trying to help others that haven’t been quite as fortunate as you have, but...”

Evan’s hands pulled tightly against his handcuffs and he shouted,

“Go straight to hell! You and your government can go straight to hell! You have no right to take from me! No right!”

Agent Rodriguez smiled and held his pointer finger to his lips as if to shush Evan, and then uttered.

“Shhhhhh... Calm yourself, Mr. Dupree.”

The agent gave Evan a slight tug on the back of his arm and helped him to his feet. As Rodriguez continued talking, it seemed as though he was trying to maintain a degree of professionalism, but his statements sounded monotoned and rehearsed.

“Mr. Dupree, we will be charging you with Disruption of a Federal Agent Executing Lawful Duties. You also are in possession of a federally banned assault weapon, but of course you knew that. Right? Agent Garcia will be transporting you to the federal Behavioral Modification Center located at Fort McCoy. You’ll be able to talk to a federally appointed attorney to oversee your processing.”

Evan stood with his hands secured behind him, Agent Rodriguez's hand lightly grasping his left tricep. He looked around and watched as the others methodically went through drawers, looked in cabinets, and even rifled through old mail that was stored in the hutch. They simultaneously made entries into the electronic notebooks they carried and scanned every document, every letter, and every picture that they shuffled through. What they were looking for and what they were making notes about Evan had no way of knowing.

If it wasn't for the pain that the taser barbs had left and the sting of the handcuffs pressed against his wrist bones, Evan would be convinced that this was all a bad dream. It was surreal, like he was watching a fictional sci-fi movie unfold on his television screen. The only thing he could equate this to were the German SS squads searching the countryside homes of Poland, looking for Jews being hidden by the locals. This was Nazi Germany all over again!

* * *

The CMN News theme played as the cameras began to zoom onto the star commentator. Rachel Martinez, an attractive brown-eyed brunette and well-spoken anchor had been an icon at CMN for nearly three years.

"And a happy Monday and good evening to all our dedicated viewers. My name is Rachel Martinez and it's a pleasure to be sharing a portion of my evening with you."

The cameras cut away from Martinez and began showing a clip from the president's latest speech. It showed him standing

behind the thickened glass, clenching his fist and demanding, "This is not fair! This is unjust! This is not the America we dream about, and as of today, your government will be confronting this issue with a hands-on solution! From this day forward, your government will be working for you to secure a chance at land ownership for not just a privileged few, but everyone who resides within our borders!"

"Well, folks, as promised, the President today gave the order to begin implementation of the Property Reallocation and Fairness Act. Representatives from the Department of Homeland Security as well as FEMA began visiting neighborhoods and distributing property reallocation notices, a process that has been a long time in coming. To the excitement and cheers of so many who have anticipated that someday they would become property owners, well, the gears of that process have finally started to turn."

Martinez continued with a huge grin and turned toward a producer wearing a headset just outside of the camera's view. With perfect harmony, she included him in the coverage with a quick comment.

"Certainly a lot of happy people out there today, Anthony."

The camera momentarily panned over to Anthony to show him wearing a headset and holding a clipboard, nodding with approval.

"We have Sergey Stepanov bringing us a live report from Iowa tonight. Sergey, can you hear me?"

The video coverage now switched to Sergey standing in a rural farm field, one that looked like it had been recently tilled. He held a microphone with the CMN logo attached, and adjusted his earpiece as if to get a better connection between him and Rachel. In the distant background a farmhouse could be seen with a large metal machine shed that stood adjacent to it. Sergey began his commentating, his strong Russian accent unmistakable.

“Rachel, as you can see, I’m standing in a field in rural Iowa, a field that only a few days ago was scheduled to be planted in government-subsidized corn. As of today, however, those plans have changed in a great way. With the implementation of the Property Reallocation Act, acreage such as this has been designated to become home to so many that have lived in overcrowded conditions for...well, Rachel, for too long.”

The camera panned left to reveal a FEMA agent standing next to Sergey. He wasn’t dressed in the standard-issue body armor and helmet, nor did he carry any type of weapon. Instead, he was clad in a well-fitted suit, perfectly groomed hair, and a smile that rivaled the best of Rachel Martinez herself.

“Rachel, I have here with me Agent Heilbronner, who has been overseeing many of the reallocation efforts in this Iowa district today. Agent Heilbronner, can you briefly share with our viewers the processes that are taking place not only here in Iowa today, but in many of our midwestern states?”

Sergey promptly positioned his microphone in front of Heilbronner.

“Of course, Sergey. As you know, property reallocation is a process that shifts lands that the government has determined to be underutilized, such as the property we are currently standing on, and designates it as homestead land for so many of our poor citizens, as well as those who are new to this wonderful country. As you know, the housing issues in most of our large cities to both our east and west have reached a critical mass. As the president has pointed out, these citizens not only deserve the opportunity to have a piece of the American dream, but they also cannot prosper and become productive members of our society without a chance at home and property ownership, which everyone clearly has a right to.”

“Agent Heilbronner, how has day one of this executive order been received? Have you experienced a lot of backlash from the public?”

Heilbronner leaned toward Sergey and gently pulled the microphone back his way.

“Certainly not. As we anticipated, the program has been well received. I’m aware of only a few of the privileged land owners that have resisted our efforts. Luckily, however, we have government facilities that can help those who are discontented with this process. The government has staff available that can help these folks to develop a clear understanding of what it is we are trying to accomplish, and why it is so important that they contribute in these efforts.”

The coverage switched back to Anchor Martinez.

“Thank you, Sergey, for bringing us some of the initial coverage of the reallocation rollout. And on a side note, I couldn’t help but notice that black dirt you were standing in!”

Martinez laughed into the camera momentarily, and playfully slapped a hand on the desk. She then followed up with Sergey.

“Look, we promise to buy you a new pair of shoes here at CMN when you get back to New York.”

“Yes, yes,” answered Sergey with a smile. “I do believe I will need them.”

Martinez continued with a smirk and shook her head side to side in frolicsome disbelief as she looked back over to the cameraman.

“And right after a quick word from our sponsors, we’ll bring you coverage of a business owner in Pennsylvania who recently was caught on camera expressing some harsh criticism of the president. You’ll find out what fines and jail time he may soon be facing.”

The CMN theme song began playing and the camera shot of Martinez panned back, showing her again shuffling papers on her desk and conversing with the adjacent camera operators. A car rental commercial then began to play.

* * *

The morning was still young just one day after Evan Dupree found himself in federal custody. Several states west of him, Garret Dupree had just shed his flight suit following his training

mission debrief. His fighter unit, codenamed “Viper Strike,” had flown its weekly patrol and currency mission over the Utah mountains, and he was about to head for the showers. As he hung his G suit in his crew locker, he pulled his phone from an upper shelf and turned it on. Newly awaiting emails triggered his favorite ringtone, the sounds of laughter from *Family Guy*’s Peter Griffin. Garret grinned slightly and opened the email that awaited. His grin quickly disappeared, however, replaced by obvious concern. He read the bold red letters in his “New Mail” list.

“DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY” flashed from the screen. The email’s header read, “FORT MC COY BEHAVIORAL MODIFICATION CAMP (FMBMC),” followed by, “You are receiving the following message at the request of E. DUPREE, who is currently being housed at the FMBMC. This message has been created and authored by E. Dupree, and the content within has been reviewed and deemed appropriate by the Department of Homeland Security. Message transmittals are a courtesy extended to FMBMC residents, are limited to 500 character spaces, and are reviewed by DHS and FEMA for both security and content appropriateness. If you feel you have received this message in error, please contact your local FEMA office, or the FMBMC Public Affairs Division at the address listed at the end of this transmittal.”

Garret paused and looked around the locker room momentarily in a slight state of shock before reading the attached message from his father.

“Garret/Logan. I’ve been arrested. DHS is dividing our property. I resisted, which is why they brought me here. No idea what happened to Winchester. I must attend classes in order to be reevaluated and see a federal judge. They told me a review would be at least one month out depending on my progress. I’m okay but damned angry! Very crowded here. Charlie from down the road is here too, but I haven’t been able to talk with him. I know there’s nothing you can do. I miss you boys, love you both. America is dead. Please try to” (500 CHARACTER LIMIT REACHED).

Garret leaned against his locker in disbelief. He had to pause to let the reality of what he had just read settle in. His mind raced. He pulled a jacket from his locker and slammed the door closed. Grabbing his duffle bag from the bench, he quickly headed for the door and made his way into the parking lot. So many thoughts raced through his head, but contacting his brother, Logan, was clearly his first priority. He hurried toward his car, dialing Logan on the run.

“Pick up, Logan. Pick up!”

Garret stopped as he heard a click at the other end.

“Hello, you’ve reached the voicemail of Logan Dupree, Department of Homeland Security, Division of Security Logistics...”

Garret hastily pressed the keyboard to end the call. He looked around the parking lot, seemingly lost in thought as to what his next move would be or who he would contact. He opened the

contact list on his phone and selected the man that he perhaps trusted and respected as much as his own father or brother. Garret stood motionless now, waiting for the call to go through, hoping there would be an answer.

"Hello, this is..."

Garret interrupted in an obvious tone of distress.

"Colonel! This is Dupree! Colonel, I need to talk to you. Something has happened to my dad. I just got a message...look, I think I need to head back to Wisconsin right away."

The colonel responded.

"Garret! Garret, tell me what happened. What do you need?"

"Colonel, I just left the locker room and found an email from DHS. My dad has been arrested. He's in Fort McCoy... I'm not sure about all the details, but he said it was a Property Reallocation issue. They arrested him because he resisted. The son of a bitches are taking his farm and they locked him up because he resisted!"

Garret heard a sigh of disgust coming from the colonel.

"Okay, look. Let me make some calls and see what the hell I can find out. I'll try and..."

"Colonel, I need to head to Wisconsin now. I'm headed for the airport."

“Garret. You need to listen to me very carefully here. I know you’re upset. I understand and you know I’ll do whatever I can to get to the bottom of this. But there’s nothing you’re going to be able to do right now in Wisconsin. Listen to me, it’s imperative that you stay right here. I need you here, my friend. We’re meeting tomorrow.”

There was a long pause in the line before the colonel’s next sentence.

“Just the five of us. I need you here.”

Garret developed a “deer in the headlights” look. He didn’t expect to hear those words from the colonel, but he knew exactly what he was driving at.

“I had every intention of calling you today. I’ve already spoken with Puck, Swayze, and Mad Dog. We brief tomorrow night. Listen carefully, it’s happening.”

Garret leaned against his car as he mentally forced himself to switch gears and acknowledge his colonel’s statement. His collective thoughts merged to pinpoint focus, and he took a long, deep breath. The phone again stood silent, until he finally responded as generically as he could, almost as if he worried someone might be listening in.

“All right, Colonel. I understand. I’ll remain here in Utah and I’ll be at the meeting tomorrow.”

Garret ended the call and slid the phone back into his pocket. If there was anything that would ever stop him from returning home to help his father, it was the words that his colonel had just spoken. The meeting that the colonel was referring to was to discuss something that had been in the planning stages for nearly two years now, yet no one knew whether or not this covert plan would ever be carried out—up until now, that is.

The high level of secrecy that enshrined this idea and its planning was second to none, and privy to only a very, very few. It was a plan that, if ever was leaked to the outside world, would send shock waves through the entire nation. Garret was one of the very few who was on the inside, and not attending the gathering that the colonel was calling to order was simply out of the question.

* * *

Miguel, a civilian contractor hired by FEMA, picked up the sledgehammer and steadied his aim.

Ping...ping...ping...

Echoes rang across the Wisconsin farm field as he drove the green metal post into the black earth beneath him. He laid the sledge in the back of the pickup truck, at the same time taking a metal sign off the pallet that easily contained hundreds of copies of the same. He aligned the holes of the sheet metal sign with those in the post, then began inserting the screws that would hold it in place. In large red letters, the sign read,

“NO TRESPASSING. THIS IS PROPERTY OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT. UNLAWFUL TRESPASS WILL RESULT IN FINES AND/OR IMPRISONMENT.”

Below the initial warning and in slightly smaller letters was an explanation of the posting.

“THIS PROPERTY HAS BEEN ACQUIRED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE PROPERTY REALLOCATION ACT. WITHIN THESE BOUNDARIES ARE THE FUTURE HOMESTEADS OF LAWFUL IMMIGRANTS AND THE UNDERPRIVILEGED, WHO OTHERWISE WOULD NOT HAVE REASONABLE OPPORTUNITY OF PROPERTY ACQUISITION. THE PROPERTY REALLOCATION ACT IS DESIGNED TO FAIRLY DISTRIBUTE HOMESTEAD PROPERTY, WITHOUT PREJUDICE OF RACE, COUNTRY OF ORIGIN, INCOME LEVEL OR OTHER SOCIAL CRITERIA THAT MAY BE CONSIDERED DISCRIMINATORY IN NATURE.”

One after the next and in perfect alignment, these signs could be seen posted across the fields of the Dupree farm. To the side of the driveway was a surveyors tripod, carefully positioned to plot the two-acre parcels that were soon to be gifted to the awaiting recipients.

The surveyor wore a black jacket with a “FEMA CONTRACTOR” emblem posted on the back. He bent over slightly in front of the tripod and closed one eye as he sighted through the surveyor’s scope, signaling instructions with one of his hands to an assistant downfield. Two other contractors swung sledgehammers and broke the white boards away from a section of Evan Dupree’s

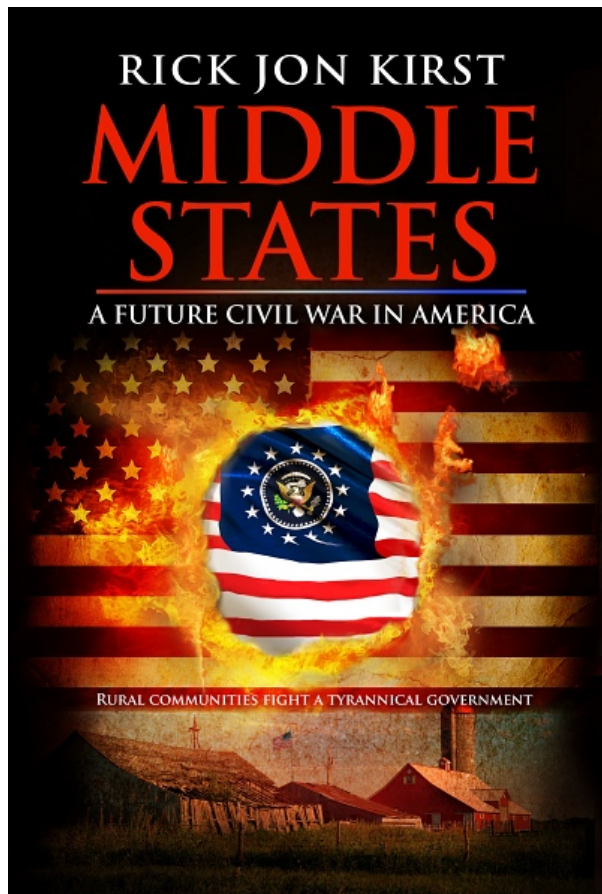
fence, as they happened to interfere with the placement of one of the property signs.

In every neighborhood, and every township of every county, government contractor trucks were parked in the driveways of those property owners who had been served notices. Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Indiana were the first states to fall under the heavy hand of the president's property order. They were to be the test beds, the initial grounds for the government to learn about resistance levels as well as the efficiency of the procedures and policies they were using. The remaining midwestern states would be implemented into the program as government officials and crews became available and could be relocated.

Roadblocks were starting to be established at most of the main highways and township roads that led into those neighborhoods being surveyed and subdivided. The government feared that resistance fighters, or "Patriots," from surrounding counties and states might attempt to infiltrate the affected townships, and ultimately pose a threat to the government's implementation plan. Armed DHS agents manned the roadblocks and demanded proof of residency before passage was allowed. Visitors to the area were screened and issued limited, "time restricted" passes on an as-needed basis. Those wishing to enter the area were required to submit to searches of their vehicles, and were questioned as to their planned movements within the township.

The landscape had literally changed overnight, and the sight of government roadblocks in peaceful, rural neighborhoods had become a common sight. For those who knew history, it reminded them of pictures from the Second World War, when

the Nazis had littered the streets with roadblocks in their newly acquired territories of Poland and France. America had truly reached the level of any third world nation, controlled by the wishes of an evil and narcissistic dictator.



Middle States is the story of a future America in decline, the victim of progressive ideology of the government. Immigration has flooded the coasts, in an attempt to alleviate overcrowding, private lands will be seized and given to immigrants.

MIDDLE STATES

By Rick Jon Kirst

Order the book from the publisher BookLocker.com

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/11905.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**