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THE UNDOER

I guess it's a superpower, but I can't fly through the air or juggle elephants. All I can do is undo things. Like when you're working with a word processor and make a mistake, you can click "undo" to go back and correct it. Well I can do something like that in the real world. If I cut myself shaving, I can run time back and be more careful with the razor. Or if I stub my toe I can rewind and sidestep.

Anyway, when I was young I liked to use my undoing ability to beat my brother at checkers. I'd take back moves and he never knew. I undid moves later on too, in the concentration camp. Card games were popular there but I stuck to checkers because of its faster pace. I only have a few seconds to reset things; after that the weight of time is too much to overcome.

You probably don't know about the camps because they haven't been activated yet in this reality. But the things are there. Obama built them. The Department of Homeland Security openly advertised for construction bids when he was president, and then after the work was finished there were ads for maintenance personnel. All of this happened while we were dealing with the day-to-day grind of our lives.

The camps sat idle until Donald Trump's head exploded on live TV. He was trying to reclaim the presidency from Joe Biden when he was shot in Butler, Pennsylvania. The next day the Biden government set off truck bombs in several black communities. Mainstream news blamed

angry white Trump supporters, and the Bidenistas began rounding up their political opponents. They shut down the internet too, but not before citizen journalists proved that the government was responsible for the bombings.

So the world knew the truth, but knowing the truth can't always stop the lie. Obama's camps started filling up. I'd donated to Trump's campaigns, so I was arrested in a late-night raid. The camp I was sent to was huge, with barracks that looked brand new except for the dust on the furniture. One of our first duties was to tidy up the place.

Armed guards watched over us. Few of them spoke English, but some of the ones who did told us they were recent arrivals in the U.S. There were Chinese communists, fundamentalist Muslims, and foot soldiers from the Mexican drug cartels. They said they'd been brought into the country to free up American troops for the coming war with Russia. We had to attend nightly re-education sessions, and at the end of each one Hillary Clinton's fat face would fill our Jumbotron screen with a slobbering rant. She said Russia was too Christian and that's why there was so much trouble in the world.

I'd never given Christians much thought before I was sent to the camp, but after I got there I came to respect them. And they were tolerated by the guards, up to a point, because they tended to the sick and needy. I played checkers for extra food, and whenever I won more than I could use I gave it to the old Christian couple that occupied a pair of cots next to mine. I knew they'd route my donations to wherever they were needed the most.

One night before bed I struck up a conversation with Brother Rusk, the husband half of the Christian couple. We'd just been to re-education

and I was sitting on the side of my cot. He faced me from the side of his. He was reading his Bible and I was picking my toes. I said it looked like Hillary had added a new chin to her collection, and as soon as I spoke I knew that I'd been too loud. One of the camp snitches might have heard me. They loved to report people for badspeak, so I undid my statement, and instead of commenting on Hillary's new chin I asked Rusk what he thought about her views on Christianity. I spoke low so nobody else would hear.

Rusk said, "Mrs. Clinton hates Christians because she serves Satan. But maybe she'll see the light someday. Pray for her."

"Do you think she serves Satan voluntarily, or has he hijacked her body?"

He closed his Bible and looked at me. His eyes were bloodshot but had a serene cast to them. "I couldn't really say. But I can tell you that she doesn't follow the eleventh commandment."

"Eleventh commandment? I thought there were ten."

"There were, until Jesus said, 'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.' Mrs. Clinton has obviously not taken the commandment to heart."

Rusk's wife, Sister Sophie, sat down beside him on his cot and blinked more serenity at me. Rusk said, "We're talking about the eleventh commandment, dear. Adam's never heard of it."

"Most people haven't," Sophie smiled. "But it's the great leap over the chasm that separates man from God."

I told her we were talking about Hillary Clinton, too, and I didn't see how she could make a leap like that. She'd done some really bad things in her life.

"Her sins could be forgiven in the blink of an

eye," Sophie assured me. "All she'd have to do is accept Jesus Christ."

"But she's committed so many atrocities. When she was Secretary of State she destroyed Libya. She murdered the country's leader, and it went from being the Riviera of North Africa to chaos. And Clinton laughed about it on TV."

"Pray for her," Rusk said. "And pray for the people of Libya."

"Well, no disrespect, but I don't see the point in praying. I mean, not to a god that would let something like that happen. If he's omnipotent, and good, then why make Libya suffer like that?"

"It's not God who's making Libya suffer," Rusk said, "it's us. But since we're unable to correct the problem at the moment, we need to ask for divine intervention." I started to speak but he held up a hand and said, "I know how you feel about prayer, but nothing pleases God more than when we look beyond ourselves and ask him to help our neighbors. I'll say a prayer for Libya tonight and encourage others to do the same tomorrow. Most problems in the world can be solved if enough prayers are brought to bear on them."

The klaxon sounded, signaling ten minutes to lights out. Rusk told Sophie that he wanted to check on someone before bed, and he went off carrying his Bible.

Sophie remained on the cot and I asked her if she'd had a good day.

"Oh, yes. Busy. There's always a lot to do here, same as at home." She sighed. "I miss our church and. . ."

"The Church of the Hand of God," I interrupted. She and Rusk had told me about the church early on and I liked the lyrical sound of the name.

"Yes," Sophie smiled. "About a hundred

people regularly attended Rusk's services, but we had an online congregation of more than sixty thousand. People from all over the world. And the power of our prayer network was formidable. We healed the lame, gave voice to the mute, and brought whole communities to Jesus."

One of the camp's snitches was passing between us. He stopped and asked Sophie what she'd said about Jesus.

I undid things and held a finger to my lips. Sophie stopped talking. This time the snitch moved on without incident.

"Sorry," I said when he was gone. "Please continue to enlighten me."

Sophie let out a little laugh and said, "Rusk uses that word every morning in the prayer we say together. 'And Lord please enlighten others so that they may enlighten me.'"

I wasn't sure what to say, so I just nodded and then she laughed again and said, "I don't know why I told you that. Please don't mention it to Rusk. I'm the only one who knows about the prayer and... They've taken so much from us. We deserve to have something that's our own."

Rusk returned, kissed Sophie before she went to her cot, and then the lights went out.

And the vast sobbing in the dark began. I listened, imagining the broken lives behind the lamentations, and then I was dreaming. I was back watching the televised debate between Joe Biden and Donald Trump. That was the night of June 27, 2024, when Biden gave the worst debate performance in American history. His dementia was on full display and it was horrifying.

I watched the whole thing, and by the end I knew I wasn't dreaming. And I'd undone enough situations in my life to know that I was in somebody else's reset. But it was much bigger than anything I was capable of. I'd been thrown back

several months. I wondered whose un-doing I was in, and why.

I went online after the debate, to check out the turmoil on social media. It was as I remembered—hysteria from the Democrats and laughter from the Republicans—and the next day there was more of the same. Then it dawned on me that Trump’s assassination was about two weeks away. Was that why I’d been brought back, to witness his head exploding again?

The following day, the twenty-ninth of June, I realized I could save Trump’s life by getting his upcoming rally in Pennsylvania called off. I was ecstatic. I found an email address for the Secret Service and sent them a warning through an anonymizer. “Donald Trump will be shot in Butler,” I wrote, figuring the rally there would be cancelled or security would be beefed up.

Then I waited, but nearly a week later the Pennsylvania rally was still being advertised. It seemed that not one detail of the event had been changed. So I contacted the SS again, this time to give them the location of the roof where the shooter would be.

After that I spent a week surfing the web, and I learned some things I hadn’t known before. For instance, the Democrat judge presiding over Trump’s conviction on a bogus hush money charge had just deferred sentencing. He said it could be done later, “if such is still necessary.” Because of that, Trump was able to continue with his plans for the Pennsylvania rally. And all of the major news outlets announced that they would be covering the appearance. Normally the majors didn’t give Trump’s rallies much attention, for fear of helping him with free publicity, but for the Pennsylvania event they were going all out. Several award-winning photographers would be seated directly in front of his podium. I knew from

before that the brutal images they caught of the assassination would be used to help traumatize the nation into accepting martial law. Surely the judge letting Trump remain on the campaign trail and the increased press presence at Butler were more than mere coincidence.

I grew quite anxious wondering what to do. It seemed pointless to contact the Secret Service again. They weren't doing their job, unless the job was to set Trump up for murder. As far as I could tell they were the one common factor in every presidential assassination. They were gatekeepers who "accidentally" left the gate open from time to time.

By July 12 I was in a panic. The rally in Pennsylvania was still on for the next day, so I sent anonymous warnings to the FBI, Homeland Security, the CIA—any agency I could think of that might have the power to shut down the event.

I stayed up late into the night sending out the warnings, and then when I was all out of agencies to contact, and all out of ideas, I remembered Brother Rusk. I found his Church of the Hand of God website and watched a video about the power of mass prayer. When it was over I clicked around the site and found a message box. I wondered if I should send a request for help. I was desperate enough to try anything, and Rusk had a prayer machine with sixty thousand voices. Why not put it to use? But he didn't know me, not in the new reality, so would he crank up his machine because a stranger asked him to? Maybe, if the stranger said he'd had a prophetic vision. So I began typing and described what was going to happen at the rally the next day. I also described the hell that would follow the assassination. Then I asked Rusk if he would use his internet congregation to pray for Trump.

I finished typing and read over the message.

It still needed something, to make it sound like more than just a baseless fear. A thought struck me. I added, "Lord, please enlighten others so that they may enlighten me." If Rusk and his wife were the only two people who knew about that prayer, then a stranger couldn't be aware of it unless he had insight into the innermost workings of things.

The next day, July 13, I sat glued to my TV. And I watched everything unfold as it had before. Trump arrived at the rally, the Secret Service got him to the stage, and he began his speech. I'd never felt so helpless in my life. I tensed as the moment of the shooting grew near, and I heard a knuckle crack because I was gripping my hands together so tightly. Then I heard the crack of the rifle, but this time Trump's head didn't explode.

I don't know what the future holds. Trump may be assassinated next month or never. But at that moment, when he was speaking in Pennsylvania, I saw a hand reach down and turn his head so that the bullet only nicked his ear.