

Dear sirs,

I have been cajoled, harrassed, beaten, imprisoned, and tortured. When I send this letter I shall be killed. However, I am unable to not write it, so profound and yet so obvious are the conclusions I have drawn.

What is really remarkable is that the rest of the populous has yet failed to realize my conclusion. Certainly it is because of the conditioning they have recieved from childhood and the extensive propaganda controlled by the state. Even considering this, they are terribly stupid. I wonder how many letters like this you recieve. Perhaps if others realize they aren't so stupid to write the authorities to tell them. Really, I'd rather contact these others, if they exist, than you. But I don't know how.

I have travelled much more than is encouraged; much more than is legal even. This has given me the first sign of the conclusion which I am detailing. It is frequent to encounter on the interstates two highways which cross without intersecting. An overpass or underpass facilitates this situation. The two highways are also most always fenced off from each other with high, barbed-wire fences. I've never seen this situation portrayed on a map, only on the roadways. However, maps are always very inaccurate, as they are issued by the burocratic Transportation Division.

I recall on one occassion having stalled my car near one of these overpasses. Just out of idle curiosity I climbed down the slope to look on to the other road, and by painful accidend found that the fence was electrified. Before I made it back up the hill several police officers were coming down the hill for me. I greeted them with a friendly cry of, 'My car broke down along the way'. They immediately ran down to handcuff me. At the top of he hill I noticed three or four more officers around my car before I was driven off. I spent several days in the county jail, under ~~W?~~

heavy interrogation, but was then released.

I haven't yet mentioned the most important part of this episode. While down near the fence I saw a car of an unusual make with an unknown foreign license plate. I didn't think about this until much later.

Later in my life I happened to be doing some research about growing capacity and starvation and I happened across some startling information. According to official figures our country has 2.5 million square miles of land. However, according to some quick estimates I did I found that our country should have at least 4.5 million square miles of dry land (using estimates based on the perimeter length and general shape). I mentioned this apparent discrepancy to my supervisor on the project during casual conversation. Funding for the project was dropped the next week, despite the great success we had enjoyed up to this point. Later the same week I was forcibly institutionalized by the proper agency for 'delusional behavior'. I spent 4 months in various institutions, where I was given extensive drug and shock therapies. I'm not really certain about the length of time though, as I spent much of the time under sedation. It may have been longer.

During another research project I worked on concerning the flow of pollution in the atmosphere and weather patterns, I found some technical discrepancies, which I shan't go in to. Basically what they amount to is that some pollution carried to certain locations cannot be accounted for with known cities and bodies of water. The project was carried out to the point of a preliminary report; probably because of the technical nature of the work involved. After this I was again put into a mental institution for, perhaps, six to eight months.

All this leads me to believe the rather incredible conclusion that

there are in fact two countries situated on the location which we live on. Much like the Victorian mansions built with two completely separate sets of passages, both of which run through the whole house. One of which would have been completely unknown to most visitors. This is entirely speculative, but it may be that both countries are unknown to each other. I may be very wrong about this guess though.

I can only guess at the possible lives of the people in this other country. Perhaps their lives are freer than ours, perhaps they are even worse off. Perhaps they speak the same language as us, perhaps not.

Occasionally, though not often, I see a report of a foreign diplomat making comment about a country with which I'm not familiar, which seems to be referred to as being at least continental to us. More often than not though these reports are retracted as misprints. These references have been so rare and so inconsistent that they give me no description of our twin-country, if in fact, that is what they describe.

A few times recently I've thought I've seen references to this situation of parallel in literature, though it is always subtle and indirect. It should have to be thought; in order to be unnoticed by the many stages of censorship which literature must undergo. Perhaps I am merely imagining these allusions. Perhaps I am delusional.

I think I would like to visit this twin-country. This is why you shall kill me. I want to know why it exists, and why I am intended to remain unaware of it.