

Post-script: Death of a Normie

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(Editor's note: Aside from minor photographic enhancements and some non-essential research and fact-checking, no AI was involved in the creation or execution of this publication.)

It is now (the year 2024, most believe) a more or less universal truth, or axiom as it is known, in technical or academic terms. It is never good to stray very far from the herd nor from the official narrative of our beloved authorities, needless to say.

Long story short, in the meantime it seems another once-good man has been forever lost to the dreaded "conspiracy virus."

Case in point one recently departed Lucas Antonio "Tony" Freeman, 58, lifelong outdoor enthusiast and athlete, ex-beloved tennis pro and self-employed entrepreneur, formerly of Marshall, Kentucky and Atlanta, Georgia, respectively. As this humble reporter dives deeper and deeper into this curious case, one can honestly report that this investigation only seems to get stranger and stranger by the second.

And sadder, of course.

On the date of February 10, 2024, a chilly but otherwise gorgeous Saturday (and officially Chinese New Year, Year of the Wood Dragon) in Savannah Harbor, the aforementioned Mr. Freeman allegedly attempted to launch his leased high-performance *Baja 39 Outlaw* speedboat directly into a ninety-plus-foot luxury yacht, the *Phoenician Princess*, anchored just off-shore. The luxurious private yacht in question was allegedly owned by a widely respected multi-national industrialist/philanthropist, prominent in the oil and gas industry, pharmaceuticals and Big Tech among other global enterprises.

FYI: The man is simply known as "The Greek" in certain circles.

Coincidentally and no less shocking, reportedly none other than the President of the United States himself along with our beloved First Lady may have been onboard, spending a leisurely weekend junket, celebrating the Chinese New Year, here in lovely late-winter Savannah, Georgia.

Fortunately for the unwitting gathering of well-known corporate rainmakers, political figures and other undisclosed celebrities, the President, and our great nation, the man's inconceivable suicide mission was bravely thwarted.

Initial reports from various sources on site indicate the brazen suicide attacker, and his potentially lethal recreational vessel (fast approaching a speed of up to 80-90 knots, encroaching dangerously close to POTUS's entourage, according to multiple witnesses), was literally torn apart by protective deadly force unleashed by a joint elite security force of Secret Service, Air Force, Coast Guard and privately contracted bodyguards, sharpshooters and fighter pilots.

(As the conveniently attached on-scene AP photos colorfully illustrate, the horrific weekend attack and assassination attempt on America's Commander-in-Chief and other undisclosed dignitaries fortuitously culminated in an explosive fireball of epic cinematic proportions, meanwhile resulting in minimal casualties, according to local authorities.)

"By gosh, it was just in the nick of time, darling!" exclaimed another stunned onlooker, a New Jersey resident likewise vacationing in Savannah, who wished to remain anonymous.

"Something right out of a (expletive deleted) James Bond or Vin Diesel movie, it was, so help me, God!" observed another shellshocked on-the-scene witness, reportedly visiting from nearby Nashville, Tennessee.

"All's I know, when the (expletive deleted) started going down, all I heard was the sound of that glorious tune, playin' real loud, see. *'The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down!*'. . . You know that one, darling? Yes, indeed. Then *BLAM-BLAM-KABLAM!*. . . That's all she wrote, mama," added another colorful local character called simply Old Virgil, homeless.

Why the would-be Presidential assassin and mass murderer would attempt such a heinous and harebrained suicide mission, such a brazen and ill-conceived attack on our beloved leader, remains, at this point, anyone's guess. Understandably, former friends, family and acquaintances of the failed Savannah Harbor attacker remain shocked and stunned by the news.

So, who in the wide world of sports is Lucas Antonio Freeman?

Once upon a time he was a wildly popular young athlete, Kentucky state tennis champion, a promising USTA graduate and Junior Wimbledon hopeful back in the day (mid-1980s, endearingly dubbed "Italian Ice" by some cheeky sports pundit or other.) Years later, an irreverent upstart playboy, and respected entrepreneur turned

underground conspiracy podcaster (*Keep It Pure*), operating his successful tennis instruction/personal trainer/holistic healing franchise based in Atlanta, Ga.

Meanwhile, the envious legacy of the aptly named “Cool Hand Luke” now lies in a sad state of ruins, if not absolute and historic disgrace. The personal investigation of your modest reporter begins right here, in historic Savannah, Georgia.

Available for limited comment at the deceased’s official wake and/or celebration of life, held just yesterday at the Black Orchid Banquet Hall here in Savannah, the grieving young widow was surprisingly candid and forthcoming. Clearly tormented throughout her enlightening account, the surviving spouse (his third, technically) of Freeman, the handsomely golden-haired Dr. Kara Lonigan-Freeman, 39, a magna cum laude graduate of the University of Georgia Medical School, appeared distraught and inconsolable, if not apologetic.

“Frankly, I have no idea why he would do such a thing,” remarked the clearly upset young widow, a respected local family physician specializing in OB/GYN and part-time certified yoga instructor, hailing originally from Hilton Head, South Carolina. Upon the initial interview with your humble reporter, the grieving widow was still clearly in some semblance of shock.

“I mean, I have to admit, he had been acting stranger and stranger these past few years, even worse starting just around the Pandemic, I suppose . . . At first we thought, my Jungian therapist and I, it was just another mid-life crisis or whatever. Maybe a brain tumor? PTSD from college fraternity life? Suffering from chronic tinnitus, strange dreams, nightmares and insomnia, as he did. Growing more and more irritable and paranoid, you know, which he blamed on some invisible *wacko weaponized sound system or whatever* . . .” (emphasis added) “. . . IDK, whatever that’s all about . . .

“More and more, working less and less, becoming literally obsessed by all these wackadoodle JFK, 9-1-1 and space aliens in Antarctica conspiracy videos. Trying to meditate, doing his shadow work, sometimes 2 or 3 hours a day. Joining the David Lynch Society for TM or whatever. Skipping training sessions and business meetings to go hang out at the public library, of all places, buying tons of books. *Behold a Pale Horse? The Illuminatus Trilogy? The Creature from Jekyll Island? Escaping the Matrix?* I mean, when we first met, Tony *never* . . .” (emphasis added) “. . . liked to read, like ever. Not even the Good Book, the most powerful weapon against Satan, of course. Have you ever even heard of the *Baghdad Gita*, that *Dao De Thing* or whatever? I mean, you cannot be serious! What the hell happened to my husband? He never used to know squat about politics, just voted Democrat ‘cause that’s what his crazy daddy back in Kentucky always did . . .

“At least until *that Donald Trump . . .*” (e. a.) “ . . . came along, you see. And then one day, poof! IDK, ma’am. It was like my ex-husband literally became a completely different person, totally . . .”

(The distraught interviewee went on at some length, including an assortment of private details regarding her and the subject’s relationship which clearly went far and beyond the appropriate boundaries for this inquiry. Be advised, we may or may not preserve these intimate details for future reports. Irregardless, we carried on with the powerful interview.)

“First it was all, *tennis, tennis, tennis*. Then it was all about rock climbing. Then the freaking mountain biking. Then it was cross-training and the martial arts. *Be like water, my friend . . .*” (e.a.) “ . . . The man even started freaking Tai Chi, and running triathlons. Then, finally, that stupid speedboat and all. But then I mean, these last few years or so, he quit voting or believing in politics at all, stopped loving the Eagles (the pop band from California, huge in the 70s), no more rock ‘n’ roll, or football. Came to hate the uber-woke, corporate-sponsored and supposedly fake NFL for some ungodly reason. Once a big-league partier, my once fun-loving and frisky life partner no longer got hammered with his old college buddies at the St. Patrick’s Day Parade, Mr. Animal House 1988 even refused to acknowledge the Super Bowl anymore. Or any of those other so-called mainstream materialist corporate-brainwashed, occult loosh-sucking Satanic zombie rituals, according to him. Not me, of course . . .

“One day he even said he could no longer stomach any of these liberal sell-out skills. Bono, Eddie Vedder, Springsteen, Dylan, just to name a few. I mean, he used to worship these guys. He became obsessed with dead musicians allegedly murdered by the CIA or whoever. Jimi Hendrix, Bob Marley, Prince . . . And if it wasn’t some old Apocalyptic dirge by John Lee Hooker, Jeff Buckley or The Band, he just didn’t want to hear it . . . And even before COVID, the man just quit on Gen X vs. Boomer Saturday night bowling league. No more Karaoke Night at O’Reilly’s Pub. No more Friday night Rom-Com date night. It’s just so sad, you know . . .”

Indeed . . .

“And Valentine’s Day, the past few years, um, don’t even get me started, please . . .

“I mean, we talked about having kids, or one, briefly, which I never wanted before, by the way, to, you know, maybe help preserve our marriage or whatever, but . . . I’m sorry, I can’t talk about it right now . . .”

Following a brief moment to regain her composure, the stoic grieving widow and trusted Savannah family doctor continued on, revealingly.

“Come to think of it, I do believe it all started with that freaking *Matrix* movie, you know, when that doe-eyed Keanu Reeves was much younger, way before those ultra-violent *John Wicks* flicks. And that other one, real depressing, *Dark City* or whatever. Not to mention that crazy Alex Jones conspiracy lunatic. And that David Ickey, whoever that is. Not that *crazy Tony . . .*” (emphasis added) “. . . had any great love or respect for Hollywood after watching all those human trafficking conspiracy videos, or listening to Mel Gibson’s (the once super-handsome Aussie OG Mad Max character) bitter, incessant anti-establishment nonsense, if you know what I mean . . .”

But there were even more shocking personal revelations to come in this telling interview with the fresh-grieving Savannah widow.

“Not to speak ill of the dead, the dearly departed or anything but, I mean, this was even worse than that time last year, when he ran off to that New Agey Buddhist Zen retreat in San Diego for two weeks, and hooked up with that stupid, snowflake ex-NFL cheerleader floozy or whatever . . . I mean, *Ugh!*” (Emphasis added.) “Couple’s counseling helped for a little while but . . . I mean, last Christmas he even refused to put up the freaking Christmas tree for his kids, my stepchildren, or even be bothered with our gorgeous award-winning outside Disney-themed holiday lights display! Can you even believe that? Hell, I mean, come on, man, who cares about the freaking light bill, it’s Christmas for Christ’s sake! . . .”

“Then came that (expletive deleted) underground conspiracy podcast. *Keep it pure?* I mean, what the hell does that even mean? Sorry, excuse my language . . .”

“I guess that was the last straw for me, personally. Our marriage, I mean . . .”

Clearly, it was like the man literally just checked out of this reality, further added the forlorn Savannah widow mournfully.

When reached for comment, Freeman’s former California concubine, one Ms. Lorelie Flowers nee Misty Lee Rainwater, 40, from San Diego, now working as an intuitive existential life coach, professional remote viewer, and underground conspiracy podcaster herself, declined to meet in person. Ms. Flowers/Rainwater did, however, respond via the following thoughtful text message:

“Antonio was one of the most enlightened beings I have ever encountered in this realm. What we shared, however short-lived, was very special, indeed. Like any true and pure spirit warrior, he will be remembered with the timeless honor and absolute respect he duly deserves. Of course, I will miss him deeply and dearly, until we meet again, Keep It Pure! (double heart, triple sad tears emoji) . . .”

Huh? Well, there’s a real headscratcher for you.

An interesting fact the aforementioned Widow Freeman had omitted in our initial interview, it has subsequently been discovered that the tragically bereaved Dr. Lanigan (preferred pronoun, *Dr.*, as she now prefers to be called) had officially filed for divorce several weeks before the shocking incident in question. Sadly, the man would perish before the case could be adjudicated in divorce court.

Freeman's second ex-wife/divorcee, Alice, 59, reportedly a respected long-time marketing executive with *Coca-Cola Co.*, a private consultant and a certified music therapy counselor from Atlanta, Georgia, could not be reached for comment in time for publication. Also the mother of Freeman's surviving teenaged twin children, Apollo, 13, and Pandora, 13, she has yet to respond to our agency's multiple inquiries for comment. Reportedly, the two did not part ways amicably.

Official public records indicate that Freeman's first wife (a reportedly turbulent marriage lasting less than a year, sadly), and high school sweetheart, one Ms. Kristine Jones-Freeman, originally from Marshall, Ky., age 48 at her death, perished nearly a decade ago due to an alleged opioid or heroin overdose. (Off the record, at least one anonymous witness offered her well informed opinion that Ms. Jones-Freeman's death may have been a suicide, allegedly.)

Others have privately speculated that Mr. Freeman's increasingly bizarre behavior was a trauma-related response induced by grief over the loss of multiple family members recently, particularly since the Pandemic. Although surviving family have declined or not responded to this reporter's requests for interviews, official public records further indicate that Freeman has suffered the recent loss of each: a favorite ex-girlfriend, (Gina G., 53 at the time of her death, a former indie musician turned professional barista from Memphis, Tn., before relocating to Atlanta, Ga.), his elder sister, his aging father, a close cousin and multiple friends, students or business associates since the Pandemic. Supposedly, the already-questionable health of each his beloved Sicilian mother, 79, a retired masseuse and amateur chef, and long-time stepfather, 83, a retired school principal and highly respected local Shriner from Stone Mountain, Ga., have significantly declined since the Pandemic.

An anonymous family spokesperson who issued a brief public statement to multiple mainstream news outlets this week denied any ties between Freeman and "any formal terrorist organizations, domestic or foreign, religious or secular, known or unknown." He/she likewise firmly denied any relevant family history of suicide or any other significant form of mental illness pertaining to recent events.

"You know, I recall my cousin always was a great patriot. A real, true-blue, red-white-and-blue American. *Hot dogs, apple pie and illegal fireworks . . . And Lana Del Rey, of course. . .* And quite the philosopher," offered another anonymous family member. "I

recall him saying, more than once, in fact, sometimes life is like a sticky-ass turd just clinging on to the rim of the toilet bowl for dear life. Other times it's like a big old hunk of horse pucky plopped right in the middle of the road. Sometimes, you can step over it. Sometimes you gotta' plow right through that (expletive deleted) . . ."

Thank you so much, Cousin Mikey, for that gratuitously enduring image . . .

Nevertheless, our diligent investigation continued. An intense scrutiny of Mr. Freeman's publicly available social media activity revealed a host of interesting anecdotal facts regarding Freeman's concerning and oft-disturbing attitude – towards not only modern-day society but American culture in general. Most notably, Freeman's recently adopted, vehement and highly irrationally charged anti-vaccination stance, among other notable cognitive distortions and personally held biases. According to the sadly departed Freeman at least, he believed that a number of his recently passed-on loved ones were allegedly "vaccine injured." Multiple sources, official and otherwise, have confirmed anonymously that Freeman had himself adamantly refused to "take the jab," or the so-called "snake bite." This dogged and irrational resistance carried on, despite the impassioned, compelling and well-informed counsel of his own wife, a highly respected medical professional in the local Savannah community.

"Oh, the lifesaving vaccine, invariably proven to be safe and effective by science," the aforementioned grieving widow, Dr. Lanigan, would add emotionally in a subsequent interview. "No, sadly, the two of us couldn't even sit down and have a normal human discussion on that sore subject . . . *Don't even get him started . . .*" (Emphasis added.)

Although the subject had allegedly sworn off all social media (largely due to his perception of some imagined veil of egregious fascist censorship) some time ago (and which he overtly regarded as some sort of vast and widespread program of mind control, social programming and total surveillance gambit supposedly instituted by the corporate-controlled government in league with the allegedly neo-fascist Silicon Valley-based technocracy, since at least the so-called "inside job" conspiracy of 911 if not before) his rather shocking history of anti-social commentary revealed an alarming pattern of disturbingly unconventional attitudes and beliefs. (Nearly all of which have long since been promptly, properly and fastidiously fact-checked and adequately debunked by official sources in authority.)

Additionally, Mr. Freeman's public displays of thinly veiled micro-aggressions and unadulterated sarcasm reveal throughout his colorful past a consistent pattern of unapologetic cultural insensitivity (if not outright racism), sexism (if not outright misogyny), blatant antisemitism, xenophobia, and homophobia. Just to name a small sample of the would-be assassin's alleged inexplicable plethora of unsavory anti-social attitudes. *In his defense, the man did grow up in the 70s, and the South, after all.*

During its short existence, Freeman's underground conspiracy podcast, *Keep It Pure*, which explored a wild array of holistic health issues and other widely debunked conspiracy themes, reportedly attracted a small but loyal cult-like following of several thousand diehard followers and subscribers. The controversial podcast was fastidiously fact-checked, extensively censored and eventually removed from all major Internet platforms due to its reckless dissemination of potentially dangerous disinformation contrary to public health and safety.

Long story short, near the end of his life Lucas Antonio Freeman seemed to share the same irreverent belief and firm conviction that untold other likeminded diehard tinfoil hat-wearing conspiracy theorists do. Namely that the world-at-large (literally everything from politics to banking and finance to the military-industrial complex to Hollywood and the mainstream media) is more or less secretly run by an elite cabal of ruthless, amoral so-called "Elohim-worshipping Crypto-Jews." Some say it's the Vatican Jesuits. Others point to the shadowy members of the Illuminati, the Freemasons or other so-called secret societies. Po-tay-to, po-tah-to. *And they (or They) might not even be human? Seriously?*

Freeman, among select others of his ilk, also reportedly didn't believe that NASA, the United Nations or the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame were legitimate organizations operating with the best interests of humanity in mind. Enough said.

Experts in the fields of criminal behavior, human psychology and psychiatry were eager to offer their theories and professional opinions in this intriguing case.

Dr. James Vanderbilt, a Ph.D. in both Abnormal Psychology and Criminology at Columbia University in New York City, points out that ample peer-reviewed academic research (including his own) clearly shows rising numbers of both narcissistic and sociopathic behavior growing throughout our society, particularly amongst the fast-rising so-called "truther community."

"Yes, ma'am, it's quite concerning. Quite concerning, indeed," Dr. Vanderbilt stated bluntly. "Narcissists and sociopaths, they seem to be literally everywhere these days, don't they? . . ."

New York Times bestseller and interim professor at the University of Phoenix, Dr. Josephine "Rosie" Rosenbaum, a self-proclaimed expert in trauma-related shame, shadow work, inner child healing, narcissism and suicide, and founder of the Feminist Society for Trauma-related Shame, Shadow Work, Inner Child Healing, Narcissism and Suicide, similarly had a lot to say.

"As people, we all deal with trauma and grief differently, as we all know," Dr. Rosenbaum reminded us. "If only that boy had reached out and received the proper

and compassionate mental health treatment we all deserve in this society, perhaps things could have turned out much differently,” she offered sympathetically. *Amen!*

A very helpful and informative AI bot accessed via *Healthy Parenting.gov* offered the following: an individual’s upbringing, specifically parenting and disciplinary styles, such as being authoritarian or permissive, can have a significant impact upon one’s adult life. For example, a child who was physically abused or neglected, or otherwise experienced an insecure attachment to his parents will likely have difficulty trusting others, may respond maladaptively (inappropriately) in challenging social situations, and will struggle to parent his own children in a healthy way. Further, he will likely develop myriad (many) other unhealthy pathologies, including but not limited to anxiety, depression, ADHD, PTSD, Borderline Personality Disorder (BPD), not to be confused with bipolar disorder, which may also result, and/or psychosis, among other personality disorders.

Meanwhile, certain segments of the allegedly growing truther movement who shall remain nameless continue to hail Freeman as a bona fide hero and a martyr. Many of this thoroughly debunked fringe community, along with the aforementioned loose cannon, the recently departed Freeman, seriously believe that these so-called “former United States of America” are a “captured operation . . . politically, financially, and most every other ways . . .” *Captured by who exactly? The Russians? The Chinese? If this were the case, faithful common-sense readers, why aren’t we all speaking Russian, Chinese, or Mexican? I mean, wait for it . . . You cannot be serious! . . .*

But whatever the case, it has since become clearly obvious that even the disjointed and often-tinge so-called “truther/conspiracy movement” remains deeply divided in such matters. Pointing out the arguable ubiquitous “deep fakery” of today’s quantum-speed, ever-changing technocratic world, some have even gone so far as to wildly claim that the man may still be alive, somehow, some way. (More or less in the evil spirit of that infamous “Effrey Jepstein” fellow, but for obvious reasons, we won’t go there right now.)

One relatively obscure long-time “OG truther,” science genius and self-proclaimed genealogical expert (more or less only familiar to certain fringe members of the crackpot conspiracy realm), laconically stated in a recent update to his obscure website:

“I suss this to be undoubtedly yet another fearmongering fake event (as they all are) designed by the CIA to distract the clueless herd from what the globalist Phoenician elites are really up to . . . Too stupid to be true . . . The photos are also obviously faker than that of all the so-called NASA moon landings put together or Obama and Michael’s fictitious whirlwind college romance back in Chitown. Or the so-called natural childbirth of new mama, ‘Serena Williams.’ . . . But one digresses . . .”

This highly questionable source went on to tenuously link the “Freeman/Friedman/Corleone/Cassini/Cassanova lineage” in a convoluted and confusing, unverifiable yet imaginative matrix to that of various “Kazarian celebrities” and “Royal elites.” (This more or less following a circuitous hereditary route leading from popular elite actors Jennifer and Morgan Freeman (an impressively aging Jimi Hendrix?) and Brad Pitt/Scarlett Johansson (the same person or twins?) to Marlon Brando and Paul Newman to Milton Friedman to Teddy Roosevelt, FDR and Benito Mussolini, General Patton, Douglas S. Freeman, Helen Freeman (1886-1960, actress of stage and screen, married to an elite banker) to Mark Twain/Samuel Clemens, Sherlock Holmes, Giovanni Cassini, Napoleon, Vlad “The Impaler” Tepes, Alexander the Great, Marcus Aurelius, Cleopatra (all allegedly in-bred siblings or cousins to various degrees) and beyond, supposedly.)

Needless to say, a number of Freeman’s former childhood pals and acquaintances, many of them still residents of the quiet and quaint, tiny western Kentucky berg back home in Marshall County, are no less shocked and dismayed by this recent tragedy.

“Yes, ma’am, we all figured that boy was destined to move on and do big things. Just didn’t think it would be something like this. A good boy, back in the day, helluva athlete, he was, real jokerman type, just a little different than the rest of us,” candidly stated one anonymous former Kentucky schoolmate of Freeman’s. “Honestly, never thought our boy would turn out to be some freakin’ Harvey Lee Oswald flat earther sommabitch, boy . . . Just goes to show, you never really do know a person or what’s really going on inside that head of theirs, do you, mama? . . .”

Far be it from yours truly to argue with such sagacious words of country wisdom.

It was further reported by yet another long-term acquaintance that, as a young boy, Freeman witnessed the death of his beloved pet Beagle dog, Muscles, via a tragic hit and run, a childhood trauma young Lucas Antonio reportedly never recovered from.

And finally, in the wake of this shocking tragedy, Freeman and his shattered legacy continue to draw heated posthumous backlash from both the professional and amateur tennis community, including the likes of such former contemporaries, mentors and luminary legends as McEnroe, Agassi, Graf, Martina Navratilova, Chrissy Evert, normally soft-spoken Gabriela Sabatini and the iconic Williams sisters. (The legendary Swede, Bjorn Borg, if indeed he is still alive, nor Jimmy Connors, could be reached for comment.) The currently media-embattled so-called “anti-vaxxer” Novak Djokovic, formerly a pupil of Coach Freeman and his now-bankrupt instructional school for a brief time, one of the few to come to Freeman’s tentative defense.

“Yes, of course, I knew the man. He was a pretty cool dude, a good teacher, gave me a lot of great, secret tips on developing my unique back-spin serve, and on how to

meditate properly for enhanced athletic performance under pressure,” Djokovic stated calmly. “I listened to his podcast quite religiously, back in the day. What happened to him, a damned shame, man. *Keep It Pure.*”

Perhaps it is little known among the mainstream that, shortly before Freeman’s catastrophic mental breakdown, he had publicly and quite shockingly disavowed the entire sport of tennis. *But why? As ever, more questions than answers in this mind-boggling boondoggle, like any good mystery.*

In closing, via an unofficial social media statement, Cool Hand Luke had derisively referred to his lifelong sport and former love as “a painfully boring and pointless game of the privileged, pompous elites,” and “more or less a complete waste of one’s precious time,” and “an antiquated normie sport inevitably destined to be sooner than later wiped off the proverbial map of the entire fake-ass sports world by that ridiculous (expletive deleted) lazy man’s pickleball *nonsense . . .*” (Emphasis added.)

On an unconfirmed storyline we will continue to follow, it has recently come to light that Lucas Antonio Freeman may have been involved in an experimental “remote viewing” project recruiting aspiring psychics at some point in his past. The underground project was allegedly created and run by a maverick professor, a well-known “remote viewing guru” and “pioneer alien contactee” formerly employed at Emory University in Atlanta, Ga. (With little evidence to support their claims, some have speculated that such a hypothetical project may have been some form of off-shoot program similar to that of the so-called *MK-Ultra*, *Montauk* or *Phoenix* projects, allegedly orchestrated by the C.I.A. or other Intelligence agencies for decades.) University officials wish to stress that such a project, if it ever existed, occurred wholly off-campus and was never sanctioned nor approved in any way, shape or form by university officials. Official university transcripts indicate Freeman attended the university for several semesters but failed to graduate.

On a final note, I will share with my dear readers the final, chilling words of Lucas Antonio Freeman, allegedly posted by this highly polarizing figure on one of his last remaining social media profiles (after months of curiously dormant inactivity) and just moments prior to his fateful end.

“If you always do what you’ve always done, you’ll always be what you’ve always been . . . You take what you need, and you leave the rest . . . And, as always, *Keep It Pure, baby! . . .*” (Emphasis added.)

For unknown reasons which remain unclear, Freeman had attached a curious link to his farewell posting: that of an esoteric online audio reading, namely the so-called *Tibetan Book of the Dead*, read so eloquently by popular American actor and well-known Buddhist advocate, Richard Gere, 74, at the time of this publishing.

As we speak, officials report an elite task force of government and private codebreakers, expert linguists, professional remote viewers and alleged psychics are scrambling to decode Freeman's cryptic final missive. *Keep it pure? Was this perhaps some secretly decoded American Jihad, or some form of doomsaying Apocalyptic prophecy a la the widely debunked psychic Edgar Cayce or old Nostradamus?*

Clearly, only time will tell, dear readers . . .

An unconfirmed family spokesperson has unofficially announced that, when and if authorities release what remains of the remains of Lucas Antonio Freeman, he will be buried in historic Bonaventure Cemetery here in lovely Savannah, Ga. This private ceremony to take place on a future, undisclosed date and time.

Perhaps in this case, it is only fitting to allow the bravely grieving widow to have the final word here, today:

"I mean, towards the end, when we did talk . . ." (e.a.) ". . . all the man wanted to talk about was this absurd so-called Notnilk reality . . . Notnilk? I mean, what the (expletive deleted) is that? . . ."

Personally, yours truly has no clue, not the faintest idea. Clearly, that remains an excellent question for further investigation, loyal readers.

And so she continued, sharing these conclusive, thought-provoking words:

"Eventually, I never knew what he was thinking or doing or talking about. First, Mr. Notnilk wanted to move to San Diego. Okay. Then it was Tennessee or back to Kentucky to start a homestead or whatever. Live off the grid? You cannot . . . be . . . serious . . . I mean, No, thank you. Then it was Mexico or Costa Rico. Sicily, Spain or Portugal? Czechoslovakia? Anywhere but here, the United States, which he claimed was, inevitably, an absurd collective mentally ill clown show. A slowly, painfully dying empire in the tragic footsteps of Babylon, ancient Rome, Britain and all the rest. I mean, have you ever heard anything so crazy . . . Other than the fact that some of these nut job conspiracy (expletive deleted) actually have the nerve to claim that I'm actually Tony's secret Intelligence handler or whatever (e.a.), a la the strange Yoko Ono/John Lennon connection, just because I happen to be retired from the Air Force, and the favorite daughter of a prominent and proud officer in military intelligence with close ties to the CIA or whatever . . . "

"Now, have you ever heard anything so crazy or absurd? . . ."

No, indeed . . . And in the end, so it seems, Mr. Lucas Antonio Freeman realized perhaps there was nowhere to run, nowhere to hide . . .

In the meantime, your humble investigative reporter will continue to provide further developments to this shocking case if and when they arise.

Stay safe, and always check your facts, my faithful minions . . .

(Editors note: This article was fastidiously fact-checked by an infallible AI algorithm, fully sanctioned by the official authorities. In retrospect and all fairness, it has been recorded that Lucas Antonio Freeman's now-defunct underground conspiracy podcast at its peak popularity actually amassed a following of over 600,000 followers and subscribers. It was also deemed to be way too long and wordy. Apologies, dear readers. Also, when solicited for comment, the CIA and military intelligence offered a unilateral, blanket statement of "No comment" regarding this particular case.

Have a nice day now. And always, Keep It Pure! Like Lana Del Rey? . . .)