

Dear Friends/Loved Ones :

I love you all, but I will shoot you if I have to. I'm serious. Here's why.

I tried to persuade you to prepare for what's coming and, in the process, revealed that to you that I'm preparing. You realized that I have food, guns, etc., and ended up saying, half kidding but half serious, "I'll come to your place when SHTF."

No you won't. I will shoot you. If you threaten me and/or my family, I will use force to defend against any threat. And showing up at my place hungry and unprepared is a threat to me. You will eat my food and use up my medical supplies, generator, firewood, etc. That's less of these life-saving things for me and my family. That's a threat.

Is this greed on my part? No. I will take care of the truly needy – those who cannot take care of themselves. But you are different. Very different. You had plenty of chances to prepare for yourself.

But what did you do? You spent the weekends watching football, went on expensive vacations, and never made your spouse mad at you with your "crazy" ideas that something bad was happening. You didn't do Poop because... you would just come to my place. Problem solved, right? You didn't need to spend time, money, and create domestic strife because I did that all for you.

Not. Why should I spend my time, money, and stress just so you can waltz into my place and live happily ever after? I'm a nice guy, but – really? – I'm going to spend my (very limited) free time, disposable income, and domestic tranquility just so you can have a leisurely life and more material comforts pre-Collapse while I don't?

Why do you think I will sacrifice enormous amounts of my time and money so you can enjoy yourself while I'm slaving away? Would you assume you could come over and leave your broken car at my house? That I would just spend thousands of dollars on parts and several weekends fixing it and then hand it over to you with a smile – just because I'm a "good guy"? Would anyone expect that?

You do, apparently. You actually expect to waltz over to my cabin and receive – with a smile – thousands of dollars of food and other supplies that took me all my weekends to acquire and store.

So, my grasshopper friend (as in the story of the grasshopper and the ant), here is your official warning: if your "plan" for your and your family's safety is to come to my place, you're wrong. When you show up, I'll ask you to leave. When you don't, I'll point a gun in your face. If you refuse to leave, I will shoot you. You are a threat to me.

You had years of time and very clear warnings to get ready. But you didn't. Hey, I love football but haven't been able to watch a game in a few years; I've been fixing up the cabin, buying supplies, and training with the Team. I spent a lot of money doing all these things so I haven't gone on a long vacation in... forever. I have had several difficult times with my wife because of all the prepping I'm doing; I could have easily done what you did, which is just say "Yes, dear" and not prepare because she didn't want you to.

I hope this message jolted you. There's still some time. Go prep. Please understand that your plan cannot be "I'll come to your place." I don't want to shoot you.

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