

OLGA DIES DREAMING

XOCHITL GONZALEZ



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For Pop,
who taught me to be proud,
and
to all the South Brooklyn girls who stare at the water, dreaming

| I am myself, plus my surroundings, and if myself. | I do not preserve the latter, I do not preserve |
|---|---|
| | —JOSÉ ORTEGA Y GASSET |
| The price of Imperialism is lives. | —JUAN GONZÁLEZ |

JULY 2017

THE NAPKINS

The telltale sign that you are at the wedding of a rich person is the napkins. At the not-rich person's wedding, should a waiter spill water or wine or a mixed drink of well liquor onto the napkin-covered lap of a guest, the beverage would bead up and roll off the cheap square of commercially laundered polyblend fabric, down the guest's legs, eventually pooling on the hideous, overly busy patterned carpet designed and chosen specifically to mask these such stains. At the rich person's wedding, however, the napkins are made of a European linen fine enough for a Tom Wolfe suit, hand-pressed into smooth order and trimmed with a gracious hemstitch border. Should the waiter spill any of the luxury bottled water, vintage wine, or custom-crafted cocktails designed by a mixologist for the occasion, the napkin would, dutifully, absorb any moisture before the incident could irritate a couture-clad guest. Of course, at the rich person's wedding the waitstaff don't spill things; they have been separated and elevated from their more slovenly, less-coordinated brethren in a natural selection process of the service industry that judges on appearance, gait, and inherent knowledge of which side to serve from and which to clear. The rich person's wedding also never features hideous carpet. Not because the venue or locale might not have had one, but because they had the money to cover it over. And not necessarily just with another nicer, more tasteful carpet, but with hardwood flooring, black and white Havana-inspired tiles, or even actual, natural grass. These, though, were the more obvious markers of wealth at a milestone life celebration for the rich person, and while Olga Isabel Acevedo's job required her to worry about all of these elements and more, the present moment found her primarily concerned with the napkins. Mainly, how she could steal them when the party was over.

"Carlos!" she called out to the authoritative-looking waiter who was leading the caterer's setup team. "Carlos, let's talk about the napkins." He eagerly made his way over, followed by three of his other black-clad compatriots.

The rich person's wedding not only had better napkins, it had elaborate plans for them as well. They were manipulated into intricately folded shapes and wrapped around lavishly printed menus or adorned with anything ranging from single-stemmed flowers to braided ribbon to—on one occasion, of which Olga was particularly proud—a leather band burnished by a miniature branding iron. (The groom: a fourth-generation cattle rancher.) Olga demonstrated a complex pleating pattern, which was then placed on a diagonal across the display plate, with a place card then set atop that.

"Now Carlos, it's critical—critical—that the napkins be placed at exactly thirty-degree angles from what would be twelve o'clock on the plate, and even more critical that the place card be set parallel and not perpendicular to that angle. The mother of the bride said she might do some spot checking with her protractor, and after a year of working with this woman, I'd say odds are high that she actually does it."

Carlos nodded with understanding, almost as if he knew that the mother of the bride had an advanced degree in geometry that had been gathering dust for the past thirty years while she reared her brood and supported the career of her automobile CEO husband, and that she had chosen to channel her intellectual frustrations into the anal-retentive micromanagement of her eldest daughter's wedding. Of course, Carlos knew none of this, but, having been in the business for decades, he didn't need the specifics to understand the importance of executing the task at hand with precision. (The wedding of a rich person also had, at least for the workers involved, the looming possibility of litigation hovering in the near future. Not-rich people's events had forgettable glitches. Gaffes to the ultra-wealthy were unforgivable grievances that only the courts could remedy. A recent tale of a florist in fiscal ruin because she substituted an Ecuadorian rose for an English one after her shipment was stuck in customs had struck a nerve. Everyone, from the delivery guy to the wedding officiant, was on their toes.)

"Now listen," Olga continued, "these were custom made just for the wedding, and the bride wants to have them for her house—"

"What's she gonna do with three hundred napkins?" one of the waiters interjected. He was clearly new.

"Six hundred, actually," Olga offered. "Always good to have extras, right?" The staff laughed. "She claims they'll be heirlooms. Point is, we need to be sure that we keep these separate from the rented linens at the end of the night; got it?"

The waiters collectively nodded and, like a colony of ants given orders from their queen, ran off to execute the said napkin plan. Olga did some mental math. It would take six pairs of hands another four hours to create an optic that the guests would undo in seconds with the flick of a wrist—290 guests, to be exact. Barring a crazy incident—some overgrown frat boy spraying the bridesmaids with champagne, say, or a drunken guest knocking over the croquembouche display—they should end the night with between 150 and 175 brand-new beautiful linen hemstitch napkins that she could take for her cousin Mabel to use at her wedding that fall.

Olga hated her cousin Mabel.

Of course, it hadn't always been this way. Yes, Mabel had been a loudmouth girl who developed into a loudmouth, know-it-all woman, but despite this they had been, in their youth, quite close. Slowly, though, a rift had formed and expanded. Then, last year, at age thirty-nine, Mabel was concurrently promoted to mid-level management at Con Edison and proposed to by her long-term boyfriend. The combination rendered her insufferable. Olga was only a year or so older, and for the entirety of their lives Mabel had been in a one-sided competition with her where action of any sort in Olga's life was interpreted by Mabel as a sign of aggression and met with a "So, you think you're better than me, huh?" Truth be told, for most of their lives, using a traditional American metric for measuring success, Olga was better than Mabel. Olga had left Sunset Park, gone to a fancy college, started her business, had been featured in magazines and on TV, had traveled the world, and gone to dinners costlier than one of Mabel's paychecks. But now, with this engagement, Mabel was going to achieve something Olga never had: being a bride. Never mind that Olga bristled at the idea of third dates, let alone marriage. To Mabel, in this one arena, she had finally won, and she was not about to let her victory go unnoticed. On Christmas Eve, drunk on coquito, she waved her engagement ring in Olga's face repeatedly, saying, "Julio got it from Jared's, bitch, what did you get? That's right, nothing." At the bridal shower that her family pressured her to host because "she's the one with all the party hookups," Mabel gave a special toast to her "cousin Olga, who can help the brides, she just can't get a groom."

Olga had taken this in stride. Primarily because if finding someone like Julio to be tied to for all eternity was the one contest she would lose to Mabel, then she had chosen well. She was equally placated knowing that, when the time was right, she would think of the perfect fuck-you gesture to take just a bit of wind out of Mabel's sails on her wedding day. Just the right little something to be the

pebble in her shoe when she reflected on the day. It was during her sixth meeting with Mrs. Henderson, the mother of today's bride, specifically about the topic of napkins, when the idea came to her and she was immediately filled with delight, knowing that she could strike two birds with one tiny stone.

From the beginning, Olga knew the napkins were going to be the "thing" with this event. At every first meeting with a client there was one comment casually uttered that Olga filed in her mental Rolodex, knowing that, in several months' time, she would spend hours or even collective days dealing with what had been a seemingly innocuous statement or question. So it was when Mrs. Henderson and her daughter came in the first time and, just as they were about to sign Olga's pricey contract, Mrs. Henderson exclaimed, "We didn't speak about one of the most important things! The napkins! I do hate when they leave lint on your gown." Olga agreed immediately and waxed on about that and a number of other nuanced considerations regarding table linens. Within moments, the paperwork was signed, and Mrs. Henderson was phoning their "money person" to deal with the matter of getting Olga her not-insignificant deposit payment. With her one comment about lint, Mrs. Henderson had revealed herself to be, at best, neurotic and, at worst, crazy. Olga had only quoted them her fee for normal rich people. Anxiety consumed her when she realized she had not charged them nearly enough.

She had not been wrong. Mrs. Henderson's daughter, the bride, was a forgettable girl marrying a forgettable guy. They both, wisely, allowed Mrs. Henderson to do whatever she wanted with the wedding, knowing that if she was satiated, Mr. Henderson was far more likely to give them the cash they needed to purchase their own place in Bridgehampton. Yet even with the bride and groom largely absent, Mrs. Henderson had kept Olga and her staff's hands full, mainly with the aforementioned napkins. What would they be made of? How wide would the hemstitch be? How would they be folded? What about the cocktail napkins? What about the hand towels in the bathroom? Was a white napkin rude? Did the same rules apply to napkins as to guests about wearing white at a wedding? Should they switch the order to ivory? Was that same quality of linen even available in ivory? Should they add in a pop of color? What would people say about a blue napkin? Would that be good luck? Would that leave lint?

In the end, she settled on a standard white linen hemstitch napkin, which she insisted be custom made for the occasion so that "the children can have them as heirlooms." Olga easily obliged, knowing that they would cost her \$7 apiece to have made by a Dominican woman she knew in Washington Heights and that

she could very easily charge the client \$30 a napkin, attribute the cost to Mrs. Henderson's exquisite taste in fabrics, and pocket the difference. Of course, even a seasoned professional like Olga could never have predicted that Mrs. Henderson's neurosis about the napkins would escalate to the degree that it did. Fear that her guests would, at any point, be forced to use a soiled napkin gripped her. Gradually, she increased her original order of three hundred napkins until eventually she doubled it. Of course, Olga knew there was simply no fathomable way that her guests could possibly go through this many napkins. She also knew that telling Mrs. Henderson that her fear was irrational? Well, that was pointless. Instead, Olga assured her that such a degree of thoughtfulness was the sign of a truly considerate hostess, while silently delighting in the knowledge that she'd concurrently figured out the perfect touch for Mabel's big day while also earning a few extra thousand on this job.

Olga did not see this as a theft as much as an equalization of resources: Mrs. Henderson had aggressively accumulated too much of something while her family had acutely too little. At the Henderson wedding, despite all the time and energy spent discussing, procuring, pleating, and angling these napkins, they would go unnoticed. But at Mabel's, like a black Chanel suit in a sea of knockoff Hervé Léger bandage dresses, they would stop people in their tracks. "¡Qué elegante!" she could hear her Titi Lola saying. She could picture her Tío Richie holding two of them over his chest and saying, "Hey, how many do you think I'd need to make a guayabera?" There would be countless cousins uttering, simply, "Classy," as they thumbed the fabric between their fingers. This was the least Olga could do, she felt. Why shouldn't her family get to know the feeling of imported Belgian flax against their laps? Because Mabel's father was a janitor? Because that was the job he could get after he dropped out of high school? Because he dropped out mainly because he was dyslexic? A disorder that the family only learned of, mind you, when one of his grandchildren was diagnosed with it at school and Tío JoJo, to comfort the child, said, "It's okay, mijo, I've seen the letters backwards my whole life, and I've been okay." Her family should have to wipe their mouths with \$3 polyester rags because Tío JoJo's teachers were too fucking lazy to ask why he struggled with reading? Because no one blinked at another dumb Puerto Rican dropping out of a shitty public high school? Fuck that.

Also, it was doubtless that her family would attribute this elegant touch to Olga, and that would absolutely kill Mabel. Titi Lola, Tío Richie, Tío JoJo, all of them would immediately know that this was something only Olga would think to

do. After the cousins said the word "classy," then they would say, "Olga." That was just the way it was in her family. This was her role.

"Meegan," Olga called out to her assistant, who was busy sorting through seating arrangements. "Meegan, at the end of the night, get the soiled napkins to the laundry service and have them messengered to Mrs. Henderson first thing Monday. Take the extras back to the office."

"Wait. Aren't we sending those, too?"

"Nope." Olga knew what was coming next.

"But she paid for those."

"She did."

"So, if you take something that she paid for, isn't that...?"

"Isn't it what, Meegan? Because what I know I'm doing is executing our clients' wishes. Mrs. Henderson wants the napkins used at her daughter's wedding to pass on to her someday grandchildren. We are sending those. We are not sending her the hundred or so napkins that will sit in a box in the back of the kitchen, unused, for the rest of the night. Not only is that not what she asked for, but ask yourself why, after she is delighted with the entire thing, we would advertise to her that we allowed her to wastefully indulge in such an irrational expenditure?"

Meegan was about to say something and then paused. The suspiciousness in her eyes faded and a smile came over her face.

"This is why you are the best. You are so right. I wouldn't have thought of it that way, but you're right. This is why I begged my mom to get me this job."

Meegan was the most effective assistant that Olga had had in a long time. She was also the most annoying, having come herself from linen napkin stock. Her mother, a client of Olga's, hadn't so much asked her to give Meegan a job as threatened to take her business elsewhere if Olga didn't. Yet, this was not what grated on Olga. No, what bugged Olga was Meegan's insistent application of kindergarten ethics to every situation and her genuine desire to be around weddings. Indeed, while the former quality had the greatest potential to cause trouble for Olga, it was the latter that incensed her the most. It would be easy to enjoy this profession, Olga felt, if turning a profit weren't of concern.

Eager to move on, Olga changed the subject. "When does Jan get here? I want to go through the timeline for tonight."

"He's not coming," Meegan said sheepishly. "They are sending Marco instead."

To handle the mental minutiae of her job and mitigate risk of complaint,

Olga, like many in her profession, had established a reliable stable of vendors—caterers, bakers, and the like—on whom she could rely to execute at the scale and level that her clientele demanded. From this roster, after more than a decade in business, she had a list of preferred staffers whom she would request. Jan, the best floor captain for one of the finest caterers in the city, was on her frequent rotation. He was, in many respects, her emotional security blanket for her toughest jobs. His elegant appearance, soothing demeanor, and unplaceable European accent pleased her clients in the front of the house. His first-generation American work ethic coupled with a robust supply of dirty Polish jokes pleased her team in the back of the house. She felt a panic at the thought of facing Mrs. Henderson's protractor without him.

"What? But I specifically asked for Jan. Marco is fine, but if I ask for Jan, I want Jan here. What reason did they give?"

Meegan cowered. "I actually didn't ask."

Olga needn't say anything, her silent turn on her heel enough to let Meegan know that that was not the right answer. She took out her phone and texted Jan to ask why he was abandoning her and then she dialed Carol, the owner of the catering company, to register her complaint.

"Carol," she spoke loudly into the phone, to set an example to all the other vendors readying the hotel ballroom for the festivities. "With all the business that I throw your way, I expect you to accommodate my fucking staff requests and at the very least give a bitch a call if you're going to make a change like this. I really—"

But she had been cut off by Carol's sobbing. It was all so sudden, she said. Olga dropped the phone. She couldn't deal with this now. Meegan, sensing something was wrong, was just standing in front of her, with her stupid, naïve, eager face.

"Jan isn't coming to work because Jan is dead."

A POLISH WAKE

Jan's wake had left Olga even more glum than she'd anticipated. The mourners, gathered at a funeral home in a stucco-faced storefront on a corner of Greenpoint, had revealed Jan's rigidly segmented double life. On one side of the room, beneath an oversized framed photograph of Pope John Paul II, sat his mother, surrounded by a gaggle of black-clad Polish women who Olga could only assume were his aunts. On the other side, below an oil painting of a Polish pastoral scene, sat Christian and his team of mourners—a group of once and future cater waiters, nearly all gay boys whom Jan and Christian knew from their two decades living together in their Chelsea walk-up.

Observing them, Olga was unsure whom to greet first. She'd never met Jan's mother before, wasn't even sure if she and Jan were close. But her own Catholic, outer-borough upbringing had ingrained in her an unspoken ethical code (an ethnical code?) that required deference to mothers, no matter how estranged. The inverse property of "yo mama" jokes. She walked towards the Polish contingent.

"Mrs. Wojcick?" Olga placed her hand on the grieving mother's shoulder. "My name is Olga; I was a friend of your son's. I'm so sorry for your loss."

Mrs. Wojcick took Olga's face in her hands, kissed her cheek, and whispered something in Polish that a younger woman next to her translated.

"She said thank you for coming. She always wanted to meet one of Jan's girlfriends."

"Oh no," Olga said gently. She turned directly to Jan's mother and, as one instinctively does when bridging a language gap, raised her voice. "Jan and I worked together. He catered some of my parties. I plan weddings. He was very hardworking."

The younger woman translated to the mother, but not before throwing Olga a miserable look. After a moment, the mother laughed out loud, looked at Olga, and said, "My Jan too handsome!"

Olga politely smiled and turned away, relieved that the awkward exchange had come to an end. She felt a tap on her arm. It was the translator.

"Listen, I told my mother that Jan wouldn't commit to you because he wanted to play the field. If anybody else asks, can you just—I don't know—act the part?"

"She didn't know he was gay?"

The sister motioned to the photo of John Paul.

"It's bad enough he killed himself, she needs to know he was gay?"

"I'm sorry for your loss," Olga offered curtly, respecting the sister's grief enough to suppress her own vexation.

The room, she saw now, was more battlefield than funeral parlor. At stake was the way in which Jan would be memorialized: with fact or fiction. Lest she come across as sympathetic with the enemy, Olga crossed the room, where Christian greeted her warmly.

"Darling, thank you for coming."

"I'm so sorry for your loss."

Olga truly meant it. She'd had dinner with Jan and Christian a handful of times over the years and while she didn't know Christian well, she had a deep affection for him and had delighted in the playful aspects he brought out in a sometimes somber-seeming Jan. She leaned down to embrace him, inhaling him deeply. He smelled of Chanel No. 5, cigarette smoke, and vintage clothes. His scent recalled that of her grandmother, a woman who, even in dire times, would never run low on either Chanel No. 5 or cigarettes. Christian, a cabaret singer who'd met Jan while working a club together, had draped a black cardigan over his shoulders, and paired it, tastefully, Olga thought, with a sleeveless cream silk blouse with a tie collar. In a nod to Jan's Catholic roots, Christian had accessorized this with several mother-of-pearl rosary strands. His face was weary, but his elegant demeanor did not appear smote.

"Girl," he said, stepping back, "there isn't anyone sorrier than that motherfucker. Wait until I catch up with him on the other side and give him a piece of my mind. Making me sit with his crazy-ass family like this."

They chuckled in spite of themselves.

"How is it possible that they didn't know he was gay?" Olga whispered.

"Olga, people always thought we had an open relationship because I was a ho, but really I just wanted to give him one place to have nothing to hide."

She wondered aloud, "Was it the secret keeping that killed him, do you think?"

"Fuck that," Christian said. "Jan was a sad motherfucker; he could get pretty ... dark. But, mainly, I think he was scared. A few months back he found out that he was sick. I could never convince that man to get on PrEP; he always had a reason he couldn't figure it out. He took some chances, tested positive, and I just watched him withdraw. A few weeks later, I found him in our closet."

Christian teared up at the thought but continued.

"If that isn't a metaphor and a half? He literally went back into the closet to die. It would be poetic if I didn't know that it was the only practical place in our apartment to do it."

"Fuck," Olga said.

"So, not only was I the one to find this bitch, now I have to think about him hanging there every time I get dressed. The only considerate thing he did was leave his note on the coffee table, so at least I wasn't surprised. I'm forty-four years old, I could have had a fucking heart attack."

"Are you going to stay in that apartment?" Olga asked.

"Girl," Christian replied, "do you have ten grand to move? Because that's what it takes to get into a new place these days. To rent. To fucking rent. Lord, I can't even talk about this right now. It will get me worked up."

He sighed and fanned himself and she leaned in to embrace him. Olga rubbed his shoulders gently. She could feel him shaking as he again began to cry. She hadn't factored in how the stress of money must be multiplying his sense of grief. Cater waitering wouldn't make anyone rich, but with his wealthy clientele, Jan's tip money had surely greased the wheels of their lives.

"You know what?" Olga muttered. "I should have brought it today, but I have a tip envelope for Jan that I'd never had a chance to give him. Probably at least five hundred."

"Really?"

Jan's gratuity for the Henderson wedding had, of course, gone to Marco, but the relief in Christian's voice felt worth \$500. Maybe she would send a little more. They were interrupted by another mourner and Olga figured it was a good time to go pay her respects to the dead.

The casket's lacquered white wood and gilded handles gleamed under the soft lights that illuminated Jan. Olga approached, pausing for a moment to take in his physical form one last time. This aspect of Catholicism had always troubled her, the viewing of the dead. A really piss-poor placebo for the matter-of-fact status that is death. She had always felt the Jewish faith got mourning right; there's no pretending there, a quick burial and a time where you can be as

grief stricken as you need to be, without the presence of mirrors, surrounded by family, friends, and comfort foods. The wake struck Olga as a disrespectful farce. It's absurd to think that kneeling before Jan's cold, chemically stuffed body and waxen face was anything like being in the presence of his living self. A self who, if alive, would surely be outside chain-smoking, sipping from his flask, and flirting—with man or woman. The only thing Jan and the body in this casket had in common, Olga thought, was the suit, which was impeccable.

She knelt down, with the intention of saying a prayer, but her mind wandered back to his mother, grieving a child she only sort of knew. It's a myth about motherhood, Olga felt, that the time in utero imbues mothers with a lifelong understanding of their children. Yes, they know their essences, this she didn't doubt, but mothers are still humans who eventually form their own ideas of both who their kids are and who they think they should be. Inevitably there were disparities. Some mothers, like Jan's, simply wished them away, no matter how glaring. Others, like Olga's own mother, focused on them with laser precision, feeling confident that with enough effort, the gap could be narrowed. Either way, in Olga's assessment, it was hard to not let that disparity turn into a feeling of deficiency. Olga knew firsthand how harrowing that could be. How weighty it must have been for Jan to don his mother's version of himself every time he rode the subway back to Brooklyn for a visit. To make sure he didn't let any of his other self slip, for fear of disappointing her. She reconsidered Jan's sister, her previous irritation replaced by empathy. She was only protecting the image Jan wanted his mother to have of him. Olga knew that for her brother she would do the same.

As she rose and turned away from the coffin, she ran into Carol, Jan's old boss. Carol had started her catering business out of her apartment thirty years ago and had grown it into a vast and lucrative operation, something that would be almost impossible to do now. She started out doing small weddings, then bigger and ever more prominent affairs, eventually securing the contract for the annual Met Gala, all the Fashion Week parties, and, well, just about every A-list happening in the New York City area. Now, on a given day, they were servicing anywhere from fifty to a hundred functions, and Carol seemingly knew the intimate details of each of them. Her business consumed her thoughts and life. All she could talk about were parties, and clients, and trends in catering and food, and which captains were good and which captains were overrated and, of course, her favorite topic, how to grow her margins. And while Olga long admired Carol's business acumen, Carol herself often rankled her, as she was, to

Olga, a mirror to the vapid concerns of her own chosen profession.

So commerce focused was she that Olga had been surprised by how absolutely broken up Carol had sounded on the phone. She opened her arms to embrace her now.

"Olga!" Carol exclaimed as she broke from the hug. "Oh my God. Isn't it awful?"

"Carol, it really is."

"He was my best captain!"

"And a really great human being."

"Of course, goes without saying. And the best worker! They don't make workers like him anymore, Olga. What am I gonna do? We're about to get to the busy season, and you can't imagine how many events I had him on for."

"Grief can be very disorienting, Carol."

"No, Olga, this is devastating! We have a private dinner at Agnes Gund's next week and she won't let anyone but Jan even look in her wine refrigerator! Not even a peek! You can't imagine how particular she is."

Olga nodded. She felt her blood pressure rising.

"He was on all my biggest fall events," Carol lamented with a sigh. "He had so much to live for."

Olga said with a smile, "Yes, Carol. If only Jan had reached out before he took his life, you could have reminded him what an inconvenience his death would be for New York society. Surely that would have given him something to live for."

She excused herself without waiting for a response, beelined out the door and onto the street where she found a taxi, and directed it to her local dive bar.

THE HOARDER

Noir was a satiating place to be sad, Olga thought as she sidled up to the bar and ordered her usual. Filled with regulars who seemed to have nowhere to be and no one who cared if they made it there, it lacked the sense of possibility that the newer spots in her rapidly gentrifying corner of Brooklyn conveyed. There were no reclaimed woods or cleverly reimagined industrial lamps with Edison bulbs lighting the place. Noir was more like a well-insulated garage, illuminated by mismatched lamps and filled with old kitchen stools, in a completely unironic way. The air-conditioning was weak, so on warm days like this one, you were never quite hot, but never quite cool, either. Its major draw, for Olga anyway, was its jukebox, filled with old funk and R & B from the '70s, '80s, and '90s. She paid for some songs she thought Jan might like and Syreeta's "Keep Him Like He Is" filled the small bar. When she made her way back to her seat, she felt a hovering presence behind her.

"Can I help you?" she turned to say.

Before her was a swarthy, unfamiliar fellow. A sad sack who, though she had never seen him before, had escaped her attention because he blended in so well with the other pouty faces.

"Hey, so ... You know, I was just finishing up a meeting and I stopped in here and then you went and played one of my favorite songs. Did you know she was once married to Stevie Wonder?"

"Everyone knows that."

"Do they?" He tapped a woman named Janette on the shoulder. Janette, who practically lived at Noir, particularly in these summer months when she was on break from her job as a public school administrator. "Excuse me, ma'am, but do you know who this artist is?"

"Yeah. It's Syreeta Wright. She's one of Stevie Wonder's ex-wives."

Olga didn't know what to do. On the one hand, she was amused that this

musically smug stranger had been so efficiently smacked down. On the other, she knew that once anyone said anything more than hello to Janette, they were in danger of having to listen to her oratory on the problems of the Department of Education for the next four hours. A speech that, no matter the variation on the details or grievances, always ended with Janette proclaiming, yet again, "The shit of the whole thing is we traded a corrupt democracy for an inept autocracy," delighted by her clever rhyming.

She picked her battle; before Janette could open her mouth again, she jumped in.

"See, common knowledge. Anyway, I appreciate your truly excellent taste in music, but I came in here to clear my head and have a drink, so if you don't mind..." And she turned away.

"Well, seems more like you want to cloud your mind."

"Excuse me?"

"Just that drinking isn't what anyone does for real clarity, is it?"

"Isn't it?" Olga answered. "I think there are about a million writers and artists who would beg to differ."

"Are you a writer or an artist?"

"I'm a wedding planner."

"I'm a Realtor."

"I didn't ask."

Yet something about that descriptor made her give the stranger another look. He was disheveled. His button-down shirt wrinkled, a rolled-up tie spilling out of his pocket. He carried under his arm an oversized ledger notebook with dog-eared pages and Post-its and business cards sticking out of the ends. He was wearing a massive JanSport book bag, stuffed like that of an overachieving eighth grader from an era before laptop computers.

"Wait, you're a Realtor?"

"Yeah. You looking for a place? Interested in exploring life in New Brooklyn?"

She was insulted. "Psssh. Fuck outta here! I bleed Old Brooklyn, thank you very much. My family's been in Sunset Park since the sixties. One of the first Puerto Rican families in the 'hood *and* we owned our house."

Now the stranger appraised her. "Really, now? Impressive given the redlining going on back in the day."

"My grandmother was gangster. Never involved a bank. Bought our house from her landlord, cash. He sold it to her for a song when the area got too Brown for his taste."

"Is that right? Well congratulations to your abuela for taking advantage of white flight."

Olga couldn't help but laugh. "¡Salud!" She raised her glass and drank the last of the wine in it.

"I'm from South Slope," the stranger offered. "In case you were wondering." She hadn't been, but now paused. "Really? Born and raised?"

"Born and raised."

On the rare occasions that Olga met a fellow native, she was always surprised by how relaxed it made her feel. Like she could slip into a dying tongue and talk about the old country.

"So, listen, don't take this the wrong way or anything, but from one Brooklynite to another, I've got to ask you something."

He laughed. "Shoot. But I'm already gonna take this the wrong way because nobody starts with that if they're going to say something positive."

She smiled. "So, this neighborhood is hot right now. Luxury properties. New money coming in. The Realtors I know are all kind of slick and polished...."

"And you want to know how I get away with looking like a crazy community college professor?"

"Yeah, I guess that's what I was getting at."

He took his backpack off, sidled up to the bar, and leaned in towards her.

"Well, I'm really talented, I'm very smart, I've got some swag, and frankly, I'm well connected. I went to the best schools—literally—Packer, Bennington, the works."

"That's interesting."

"You're wondering why I'm just a Realtor?"

Olga was in fact wondering exactly that, but before she spoke it aloud, she asked herself, *Well*, *why the fuck are you a wedding planner*, *Olga?* and decided to shut her mouth.

"No," she lied.

"My mother died and I never got over it and I got my real estate license to deal with her house and then one thing led to another and the next thing you know I'm doing this and I'm living in her house and I kind of became a hoarder."

"Excuse me?" Olga was sure that she had missed something.

"Yes, I have a lot of stuff. Mainly furniture."

"But you mean that metaphorically. Not like the TV show."

"Um, no. I mean exactly like the TV show. Technically, since I don't keep newspapers or food, I might not meet the clinical definition, but trust me, it's not normal. Like I said, my thing is really furniture. And electronics. And knickknacks. I have a Hummel room."

Olga laughed and the stranger laughed, and Olga forgot for a second that she wanted to be alone.

The stranger, who'd now sat down on the stool next to her, offered his hand.

"I'm Matteo."

"Olga."

Close up, Olga could see that Matteo was quite handsome underneath his scruffy semi-beard. He had a spattering of freckles and the kind of light brown eyes that Olga used to call Coca-Cola colored when she was a kid. His short curly hair was going more salt than pepper, but she could tell that he was five, maybe six years older than her, at the max. His rolled-up shirtsleeves revealed muscular forearms covered in hair that was quite sexy.

"So, Olga, let me get you another drink while you tell me what you were trying to clear your head about?"

As they downed two more glasses of wine, Olga told Matteo all about the funeral and Jan's suicide and, of course, his double life.

"I suppose though," Matteo offered, "most of us in New York live double lives, with a secret of some sort living behind closed doors."

"Really? What's your secret?"

"I already told you. I'm a hoarder."

She giggled.

"So, what's your secret?" Matteo asked.

"I'm a terrible person."

* * *

Outside Noir they stood kissing under a streetlight for an hour, their clothes growing damp from the humid summer night. His hands on the small of her back, on the nape of her neck. Olga could feel Matteo hard on her thigh through his khakis. It excited her, kissing on a corner. Something she was happy to discover she hadn't outgrown. The kisses tasted like memories and wine and salt and she lost herself in them.

"Come to my place?" she whispered in his ear.

He fucked with his socks on, yet it surprised Olga how little she cared.

NOVEMBER 1990

Querida Olga,

I write to you on your thirteenth birthday, one I'm sad to miss. There is work in the world that I've been called to do, mija, and the time has come for me to do it. I believe, in my heart, that I've given you and your brother all the wisdom that I, as a mother, can impart. Because thirteen, Olga, is a magical age. Yes, you leave girlhood behind, but now you get to decide, day by day, what kind of woman you want to become. The big picture of the world becomes clearer. You begin to learn more for yourself than any parent or teacher could possibly tell you.

I know it was that way for me; nobody could tell me about nothing. Not my mother, not my brothers, certainly nobody at school. In those days, our whole universe was just a few blocks wide. We walked to and from school; Mami walked to work at the factory. Even so, by thirteen it was clear to me that our people—Black and Brown people—were treated worse by just about everybody. In class, the teachers favored the white kids. At home, as the whites left the neighborhood and the Puerto Ricans came, suddenly there were less cops in the streets, less garbage trucks cleaning up. I didn't need anybody to point this out to me, I saw these things for myself and knew it wasn't right.

For you, I expect this will be doubly true. When you were born, your Papi noticed your eyes, how they seemed to take in everything. They say babies can't see much, but I thought he was right. You looked wise. And unlike when I was growing up, when girls like me and Lola were put in dresses and told to be polite while we sat like dolls in a corner, you've always been able to run wild and free. Where we grew up having to use our "inside voice," to play our music low, you and Prieto grew up dancing and singing loud. Stomping up and down the stairs of a house your family owned, not getting policed by a landlord who wants your money but not the smells of your food or the sounds of your language.

Me and your Papi took great pains to ensure that you and your brother were raised with all the knowledge we'd had to seek for ourselves. To know that we came from kings and queens who lived off the land, from people who were raped

and enslaved but stayed strong, kept their spirit. Things we were told to be ashamed of—my curly hair, your father's dark skin—you grew up knowing that these things were beautiful. So, when I think of you at thirteen, I know how prepared you are for the challenges of the world. You are no ordinary little girl, but a beautiful young Boricua.

And so, Olga, you must see yourself and my absence not as one little girl missing her mother, but as a brave young woman who knows that in a world of oppression, achieving liberation will require sacrifice. You can't stay in your room and cry. You can't keep Abuelita up at night with your tears. You have to keep your head held high, you have to be strong. Like the revolutionary we raised you to be.

Life, you will unfortunately learn, is full of hard choices. For everyone, but especially for you, a Latina girl in America. Your options will be fewer and choices harder. The cost and value of your life decisions must be carefully weighed.

Nothing, Olga, is more valuable than people being free. Which is why, despite this being one of my own harder choices, I must leave you and your brother. I don't know when I will return.

I need you to be strong. To behave. Not to fuss like a child. You are made of powerful stuff. And I don't leave you alone, mijita. Your brother loves you and he has had three extra years with his parents to learn what's right. You have Abuelita, my sister, my brothers. Your father has his troubles, but his heart is still full of love and his mind still has wisdom that will benefit you. Above all, just because I'm not there doesn't mean I'm not watching. Just as the government watches our comings and goings, my Brothers and Sisters in this struggle will have their eyes on you. Your family is bigger and vaster than you can even imagine.

Querida, one day my work will make you proud. You will see our people take off the shackles of oppression and say, "Mami helped to do that." And you can take pride, knowing your sacrifice was a part of it. This is my word.

Pa'lante, Mami

JULY 2017

MORNING ROUTINE

In the morning Olga opened her eyes and wondered how expediently she could get him out of the apartment. The coitus had been remarkably satisfying, the proper amount of fast and slow, rough and gentle, biting and caressing. He was a confident man. This complicated things. Olga frequently had male companions, but rarely allowed them to spend the night. On the odd occasions that she did, she usually triggered a swift morning exit by delivering an ego-bruising remark in an offhand manner. Usually, she was comfortably alone again before the coffee percolated. This tactic was doubly effective as it not only drove the offended party from her abode, it usually saved her the trouble of then having to ignore their texts seeking further mediocre conversation as preamble to even more mediocre intercourse. This morning felt a bit different. She had enjoyed Matteo—both before and during—and wanted to keep her options open. That did not mean she didn't want him gone now. She cleared her throat, loudly, in an effort to wake him up. She slid out of bed and into her robe, climbing over her black funeral/wedding dress, his rumpled button-down shirt, and, inexplicably, his Teva sandals. She looked back for visual confirmation that she had, indeed, just fucked a guy who wore socks and sandals. In the summer.

Yes. There they were. Peeking out from under the comforter, attached to his muscular, hairy calves.

"Morning!" he said. "This is some mattress. I slept like a baby."

"Um, thanks?" she said, hearing the awkwardness of her own voice. She quickly scuttled into the kitchen, cut on the news, and started her coffee. She did this as loudly as possible, hoping the noise would send the message she seemed unable to verbally communicate. As the coffee filled the pot, her angst began to mount, his presence threatening to cross the invisible line into her morning routine. She opened the cabinet, contemplated pulling out two mugs, but instead took out just one. Her go-to, with the mascot of her own fancy New England

college. Its presence at the start of her every morning both a comforting aidemémoire of her own ambition and intelligence, and a disquieting reminder that she was likely squandering the two.

Even with his socked feet and the hum of the central A/C, she could hear him making his way to the bathroom, down the short corridor towards her. In her adult life Olga had only been in one real relationship, and that had ended nearly fifteen years before. This type of intimacy was unfamiliar, leaving her unsure how to act. Would he greet her like a husband? Like a lover? How should she react to that? A grimace? A sweet kiss? Pretend, for a moment, to be like a normal woman, eager for an instant of domestic bliss?

"Shit! This is some view!" Matteo exclaimed. It was. The apartment was located on the seventeenth floor of one of the older of the new high-rises that had come to dominate, and transform, one of the previously neglected enclaves of her hometown. The unit itself, decorated with sparse perfection, featured the best of HGTV and IG: stainless steel appliances, an open concept floor plan, a kitchen island with poured concrete countertops, and the showstopper—floor-to-ceiling windows that offered sweeping views of what Olga considered her little patch of Brooklyn. From her kitchen she could look down one of the bustling avenues and practically see the neighborhood she had grown up in.

"I mean, the construction of these buildings is garbage—I hope you're leasing and didn't buy—but wow, the view. Chef's kiss!"

Olga stared at him. He was naked, his flaccid penis dangling as he paced the room clocking each angle of the view.

"You're naked."

"I am," he said. "Is that weird, somehow? We were naked all night."

"Yes, but now it's daytime. So, I guess I was just a little surprised you were still—"

"Naked? This is interesting, I didn't take you for the Puritan type, but then again, I didn't know you'd spent formative years with the witch burners up north." She looked at him quizzically and he gestured towards her mug.

"Ah!" She chuckled. She was less uncomfortable than she thought she would be, the realization of which made her uncomfortable. For a moment there was a silence between them, the meteorologist on the TV lamenting about climate change. A clip of her brother on the news brought her back to her senses. "So, yeah. Listen. It's just that normally—"

"God," Matteo exclaimed to the TV, "is there a day when this homie *isn't* on the news?"

She put her mug down. "Not a fan, I take it?"

Matteo laughed. "Of what? His schmaltz or his unbridled ambition? I was half expecting him to announce his bid for president the day after the last election!"

Olga didn't really want to engage him; after all, chances were she would never see him again. But she was proud of her brother.

"We should be so lucky. My brother'd be an amazing president. He'll never run though. So, for now, I guess the people of Sunset Park have to be content with having their own personal Pedro Albizu Campos."

Matteo looked from Olga to the TV and back to Olga again.

"Hold up. Please don't tell me that you're related to Congressman Pedro Acevedo?"

"Okay, I won't tell you." She smiled, a bit smugly.

"Damn."

"Damn." She laughed.

"No hard feelings?"

"None. You know what they say about opinions and all..."

"Funny girl!" He smiled. "Listen, ma, since there's no hard feelings, let me ask you what's a dude's got to do to get a cup of coffee? Where's that Brooklyn hospitality?"

She was embarrassed. She knew better and he'd called her on it.

"How do you take it?" she asked as she reached for a second mug.

"Light and slightly bitter?" He was suddenly up close behind her, his erection brushing the back of her robe. He reached around her for the mug. "Don't you worry about me; I can fix my own coffee. Go do your thing. Just going to drink my java and charge up my phone and I'll be on my way. You're not the only one with shit to do."

This last part he said playfully and pinched her cheek for good measure. She stared at him. Who was this naked hoarder?

* * *

OLGA COULD FEEL him looking at her things while she showered. Her color-sorted bookcase filled with tomes that had whispered to her soul. She imagined him staring at art on her walls: the Barron Claiborne print of Biggie Smalls, the framed Puerto Rican flag she paid too much for on eBay despite her doubts about its authentic role in the failed '50 revolution, a framed *Beats*, *Rhymes and Life* album cover. She felt a shiver down her back at the thought of him gazing at

the photos on her desk. Her at her college graduation, looking fraught with anticipation. The portrait of her grandmother she had taken back in high school. Her brother getting sworn into Congress; how she beamed with pride. The black-and-white shot of her parents on the subway, the one that was burned indelibly into her eyeballs, of them leaning on each other, exhausted after a day of protesting. The signs that had rested on their laps are cropped out of the shot, but she didn't need to see them to know what they said. *Viva Puerto Rico Libre* and *Tengo Puerto Rico en mi Corazón*. Her mother, beautiful and young, her face, as always, makeup free, a scarf stylishly wrapped around her head. Her father with his smooth brown skin and mustached face, his beret and army jacket covered in protest buttons. Her heart raced imagining Matteo staring at these photos, his mind forming questions that his mouth would soon bring into the air. She could not imagine discussing her parents with this stranger, especially not this morning.

Though still covered in soap and mid-leg-shave, she shut the water off. She put her robe on as she ran from the shower, leaving a trail of water behind her. "You need to get out of here!" she shouted as she entered the living area. "You can't be touching my things."

Matteo was not, as she had imagined, thumbing through her books or staring at her photos. He was fully dressed, overstuffed knapsack already on his back, standing at the sink rinsing the two coffee mugs. He shut off the water and dried his hands with the dish towel.

"Whatever's clever, girl. Wash your own dishes!"

He walked past her dripping-wet self and patted the arm of her damp robe.

"Ciao," he called to her as he walked out the door.

THE PRICE OF MANGOS

Prieto Acevedo woke up before dawn resolving to have a good day. He ran a few laps around Sunset Park, got his daughter Lourdes up, fed, and ready for the ridiculously bougie Art & Talent Day Camp his sister had paid for, and then, despite the heat, donned his suit jacket. This morning's agenda included what he considered the best part of his job: greeting his constituents on their way to work.

When he first ran for public office—City Council nearly seventeen years ago—he did this every single morning from the day he announced until the election, working all the N and R stations along Fourth Avenue within his district. The party leaders would tease him: "Acevedo, you realize you're a Democrat in Brooklyn running for an uncontested seat, right? Just keep breathing till election day and you'll win." But Prieto didn't want to just win. He wanted people to feel good about voting for him. These were his neighbors, after all. People whom, if he didn't know personally, he'd seen around the neighborhood his whole life. His whole friggin' life. People his grandma used to know, who would come to their house so she could do alterations on their party dresses. He wanted them to know that he wasn't just a guy collecting a paycheck; he was one of them. They could come to him with their problems. He wore the suit not because he wanted to look like a politician, but because he wanted them to see that he took them seriously.

Of course, running for office and being in office were very different things. After he got elected to City Council, he tried to work the stations once a month. Once he got elected to Congress (again uncontested, the seat virtually grandfathered to him by a mentor) his chances to do these meet-and-greets were even fewer and farther between. The stress of going back and forth to D.C., of maintaining two households. To say nothing of the sheer bullshit and internal politics of the job, of donors, of people who weren't donors but tried, with great

pressure, to wield influence. There were days when he felt so jaded and down. Pushed into a corner so tight he could hardly breathe. But today was not going to be one of those days. No, the days when he got to do this, to shake hands and hear about people's lives and needs, these were the days when he remembered why he got into this game in the first place.

It was a hazy day as he made his way out of his house—his grandmother's house, the home he'd grown up in—and over to the Thirty-sixth Street train station, his favorite to work. It had a local and an express, so it attracted more people, but mainly he liked it for sentimental reasons. This was the station his parents would post up at when they were selling *Palante* papers for the Young Lords. Unlike in the Latino enclaves of Manhattan, the Lords' footprint in South Brooklyn was relatively small, so his parents stuck out. They were sort of local folk heroes. Or crazy Puerto Rican hippies, depending on who you asked. Either way, Prieto enjoyed imagining them out there, a generation before, connecting with the people of their community, and him, a generation later, carrying the mantle now. Or so he saw it on his good days.

The first forty-five minutes passed more or less as usual. Lots of handshakes. Some daps. A heated rap battle with one of his favorite younger voters. Prieto carrying several strollers down the staircase. (It's really ridiculous, he thought, that we don't have more accessible stations.) Then, an older lady with a grocery cart was struggling to get her things up the station steps, but when Prieto went to help her, she took one look at him and swatted him away.

"Thank you, pero, no thank you. With you helping me, I'm likely to end up with all my groceries in the street, starving to death."

God bless the viejitas and their flair for the dramatic.

"Señora, let me just help you, and then you can tell me why I stink, okay?"

She acquiesced and allowed him to take the cart but did not wait for him to get to the top of the stairs before she began running through her litany of offenses.

"First of all, you let them build that ... mall, pero where are the jobs? Why does my grandson still have no job? Next, mis vecinos. Nice people. From El Salvador. One day I see them, the next they are gone. I find out that the ICE came and took them away—"

"Yes, I've heard about this family and my office is—"

"Then! Then, I see they put a new, nice-looking grocery store on Third Avenue. I think, oh, good, no more taking this train to Atlantic with this pinche cart just to save a few dollars. Pero no. This place! No coupons. No nothing. The

prices are sky-high! Three dollars. For a mango! How is a senior citizen supposed to survive here? This is a neighborhood for working people! I live off of retirement!"

"Señora," he said, mildly out of breath, which disturbed him because it was only a flight of stairs, "I assure you; I understand. I was raised by my abuela, she was a retiree—"

"Save your story for the cameras, okay? I know you. You've been around forever. I even remember your grandma. Nice lady. Did the rosary society. But that doesn't make you good at your job. You are no good at your job!"

But before Prieto could say anything, she took her cart and pushed off. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow. He called out to her.

"Tell your grandson to come by my offices and I'll see what I can do about a job!"

But she just dismissed him with her hands and kept on walking.

* * *

"Whaddup, team! Has my sister been on yet?" Prieto called out as he walked into his district office.

The TVs, normally tuned into CNN or NY1, were all showing *Good Morning*, *Later*, the show where, occasionally, his sister did segments on weddings and etiquette.

"Not yet," Alex, his chief of staff, called out, "but I'm hoping it's soon because I'm losing brain cells by the second watching this nonsense."

"Tsk, tsk." Prieto sucked his teeth. "It's not nonsense if it involves my sister."

"My bad. I didn't mean that as a diss, sir, I just don't get it," Alex continued. "I've hung out with Olga. I mean, the work she did on your last campaign. She's smarter than ninety percent of the people I know working in Washington—"

"And Olga would say that's why she's not one of them."

"Touché."

"That's a direct quote, by the way. She's literally said that shit to me before. Listen, Alex, my sister built this business from the ground up, all by herself. She makes a nice living. She's very generous to my kid, our family. If this wedding shit makes her happy, what kind of East Coast elites are we to question it?"

Prieto was protective of his sister. When their mother had left, Olga was still in middle school, just a year or so older than his daughter was now. He'd been charged with watching out for her, and he took that charge seriously. Over the

years, though, at times the roles felt reversed. Alex was right, his sister was smarter than most people he knew, and not just in D.C. Prieto always had to work hard at school, but Olga barely had to crack a book. And she'd been a good artist, too. Beautiful photographer. But the thing that his sister had that most impressed him was her street smarts. That, he knew, she got from their grandmother. Prieto could make people feel good when he was talking to them, but nobody could anticipate a problem or solve it faster than Olga. Indeed, he sometimes resented her ability to wriggle out of trouble just by dialing up the charm at precisely the right moment in exactly the right way. But it was this same skill that had also made her Prieto's most trusted consigliere. She was only a college student when he ran for his first office, but she had helped write every press release and campaign speech. When he and Lourdes's mother split, it was his sister who helped him rebuild his life. Once he got to Congress, it was Olga who coached him on speaking to donors. On how to say yes to things without really committing to much. Whenever he got into a bind—personal, professional, political—his sister was always his first call. Almost always.

For these reasons, Prieto was both befuddled by and defensive of his sister's career. To Prieto, his sister could be or do anything: fix the MTA, run the Met Museum, replace snarky fucking Alex as his chief of staff. He was unclear why, therefore, she chose to tie her life and fortune to the minutiae of other people's personal lives. It felt too small an arena for her talents and, invariably, their lives encroached upon hers. Her clients called her any day of the week, any hour of the day. And he knew these people. They were the same kinds of people he had to spend time with when reelection season rolled around, courting donations. They were nice people, generally, but their litany of problems, real or imagined, never waned. Nor did their sense of urgency around getting these problems resolved, their allergy to even a moment's discomfort quite severe. Still, Prieto made certain to keep these opinions to himself. His mother, in her letters to him, had made clear her disappointments with Olga's career. A betrayal of their family "legacy." He knew she had made this clear to Olga as well. Prieto felt no need to pile on. Instead, he tried, both publicly and privately, to champion her successes as a business owner and encourage her, in any way, to broaden her options. To ask for more.

The segment today was short. Etiquette in the digital age. Very helpful stuff, actually. He was proud of her. Of them both. Not bad for two kids from Sunset Park.

"She's great, isn't she?" Prieto said to no one in particular. "Honestly, she's

better than these hosts. They could replace Tammy or Toni with her today and I bet their ratings would go through the roof, having a Latina anchoring a show like this!"

He picked up his phone to text Olga, and he could feel Alex staring at him.

"Congressman, can I put the real news back on?"

"Psssh," he said, "you've got to lighten up, Alex. But yeah. And before I forget, what's going on with that Salvadorean couple from Fortieth Street that ICE picked up?"

"We're working on it. Not a lot of info. The pressing thing this morning is down in P.R."

"Shoot."

"There's been more protests at University of Puerto Rico. They've been teargassing the students and—"

"What? Why hasn't this been in the news?"

"It was in *El Diario*; you know that national media isn't interested in P.R. Anyway, it all has to do with—"

"I know. PROMESA. Fuck."

"Well, they finally got a new university president in place, but the PROMESA board is digging their heels in on those budget cuts, and the school can't operate on their allocation."

He'd rather be getting yelled at by the viejita at the train station. After a slate of federal tax breaks expired, corporations slowly fled Puerto Rico, causing the colony's income to fall, debt to rise, and infrastructure to fall apart. Recently, the seemingly abstract issue of Puerto Rico's fiscal crisis had turned into a professional and personal nightmare for Prieto. Professionally, because his vote for PROMESA—which put in place a politically appointed control board to restructure the island's debt—had completely backfired. In the year since Obama made it law, the austerity imposed had sunk the colony into worse shape than ever. Personally, because everyone from his mother to the lady who did his dry cleaning was pissed off at him about it. The former more seriously than the latter. This PROMESA vote haunted him.

"Look, Alex, I get it. We've got that hearing coming up. Let's fly some UPR students up here, get them on TV, let people see these are just kids, like theirs, trying to get an education. Maybe we can make someone care about this?"

"Sounds good," Alex offered, hovering.

"Anything else?"

"Yes, Arthur Selby's office called to invite you to a dinner party next week."

His pulse quickened. "Tell him that I'm previously engaged."

"His secretary said he wouldn't take no for an answer."

"Is Arthur Selby my constituent, Alex? The last time I checked he wasn't even one of my fucking donors."

"So, that's a definitive no then, sir?"

But Prieto knew that it was not a no.

"Mark the info on my calendar and if I can make it, I'll make it."

REALITY TV

Becoming a post-recession, slightly better-than-'hood-rich wedding planner had required a significant amount of cunning on Olga's part, but becoming a famous one had been surprisingly easy. Yes, there had been lots of grunt work, but like a '70s game show, behind each door there had been opportunity. She'd started her business in the nascent era of reality TV and social media and discovered quickly that, if leveraged properly, something of a facsimile to real fame could result. She'd left the fancy college with not quite the right connections to secure one of those lucrative management consulting gigs, but certainly a good enough network to score her a one-off appearance on a Real Housewives franchise as wedding coordinator for Countess von Vonsberg's third marriage. A decently written press release led to coverage in a magazine, which, when pitched correctly, led to an in-store appearance in the coveted registry department at Macy's, which in turn got her booked as a regular on a Style Network wedding show. Along the way, she adopted each new social media platform as it was invented, humble-bragging every magazine feature, speaking engagement, and five-second clip in which she opined about wedding trends in advance of celebrity nuptials. For nine years, she did this with exhaustive frequency, until one day a call came with an offer of what was, to wannabe service industry celebrities, the holy grail. A widely watched cable network wanted to shoot her very own TV pilot.

It was an epic disaster.

The initial pitch had been "Sophisticated New York City planner goes cross-country fixing up people's wacky weddings." A cross between *My Fair Lady*, *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy*, and *Bridezillas*. To Olga, it sounded like a hit, but from the first day of taping things seemed off. Reality TV is nothing if not completely fabricated, and Olga had done enough of it to know to act shocked at the cost of something that the network had already negotiated to get for free, or

how to feign surprise when seeing a locale for the first time, even after you'd already done ten takes. It all helped the story in the end, and a good story was good for Olga. Yet, from the beginning of this shoot the producer kept giving directions that seemed both overly abstract and inappropriate for the situation. "Be more fiery!" he suggested when she entered a room. During a scene in a bakery they asked if she could have "more passion" when she tasted the cake. The requests irked Olga in a way she could not put her finger on. The shoot lasted several days and by the end, sensing her own irritability, she willed herself into a cooperative temper. When, in a reaction shot, she was meant to be pleased about something or another, the producer asked a question posing as direction.

"Do you think you might dance if you heard news like this?"

Olga pointed to herself, incredulously. "Me? Do I think I would dance when I heard that we found a string quartet to play Coldplay's 'Yellow' for their wedding ceremony?"

"Yes," the producer said. "You've wanted to find something to make this wedding more elegant and now you've succeeded. It's a moment of professional fulfillment. You know how excited it's going to make your bride. Maybe you'd dance a little bit? It will be cute, really."

Olga was skeptical but wanted to be a team player. She began to dance to the song that played in her head anytime she needed to be inspired to move: Teena Marie's "Square Biz." After a few seconds the producer chimed in again.

"Yeah, Olga, that's great, but what about something a little more rhythmic?" "I have rhythm," she said, her jaw tight.

"Of course. But how about a little salsa! Huh? Channel your inner Marc Anthony!"

For a moment she stood completely still as the full picture crystallized before her. A voice, her father's, whispered in her head: *Is this what it's come to? Dancing on command?* Then, she reflected on the near decade-long slog, which had all been intended to build to this moment: her own show. The wedding business had been a hustle. On the surface, if one were counting social media followers or press mentions, few were more successful. But by conventional measures of a business's health, she barely had her head above water. On her way to tape the pilot she'd stopped at a newsstand to buy a magazine one of her weddings was featured in. Her credit card was declined. The first time she had appeared on TV, she had redone her website and gotten a second phone line to handle all the calls. They came, but few of the leads were real. And though her clients' budgets grew progressively larger, the workload scaled in turn. That

meant more staff and more expenses. If she could get past this moment, this ridiculous request, ahead of her lay true financial opportunity: a party product line at Target, a spokesperson gig with Sandals Resorts, a coffee table book! She imagined herself, for a moment, the Puerto Rican Martha Stewart.

She took a deep breath, stepped out to the left, out to the right, stepped together, held a beat, repeated. Once. Twice. A third time. It was maybe ten seconds, but she felt herself red with shame.

"Enough!" she screamed.

"Aw! That was so cute, Olga! Just a little bit more."

"I said enough!"

The producer, the camera crew, and even the couple from rural Pennsylvania who had signed up to tape this pilot in the hopes of free wedding stuff all laughed.

"I think that's the fiery he was looking for!" one of the cameramen quipped.

A few weeks later, Sabine, the network executive who brokered Olga's pilot deal, asked her to lunch. They met at a trendy Mexican place in Midtown whose kitchen was helmed by a white guy who claimed that while on an ayahuasca trip, Quetzalcoatl, the Aztec serpent-god, had spoken to him, directing him to abandon classic French cooking and dedicate his life to elevating Mexican cuisine. The restaurant and the story had gotten wall-to-wall, A-list media coverage. Though Olga distinctly remembered reading the glossy Sunday Styles piece about him and thinking, "Who says Mexican cuisine needs elevation?" She nevertheless began uploading photos of her dining experience to social media the second she and Sabine sat down.

"Marshal, the chef, is a friend of mine from Dalton," Sabine offered. "It's the only way I was able to get us a reservation! Even at lunch, it's just impossible. But I thought this was the perfect place to tell you that you are about to be the biggest thing to happen to Latino people on TV since *Ugly Betty*!"

"Really? That big?" Olga replied, flatly. "Not to split hairs, Sabine, but I thought this was meant to be more of a city slicker/country mouse thing?"

"It is! It is. It is all of that. It's *also* got unique appeal to a growing demographic that we have just not been able to crack. But you know what? I don't even want to talk. I just want to show you the trailer we cut for the pilot."

She pulled an iPad from her bag, placed it on the table, offered Olga headphones, and pressed play with a giant smile on her face. Olga heard the sound of a trombone and her stomach dropped. A vibrant salsa began to play as the camera cut to shots of Olga walking around Manhattan in fitted business

attire, with close-ups of her red-lipsticked lips, gold bangles, and—in a shot Olga found a bit risqué for a lifestyle show—her butt while she walked. Then, a voice-over Olga could have sworn was the same woman from *House Hunters International* began as the camera rapidly cut between shots of the Great Plains, a small-town main street, Mount Rushmore, and a seemingly endless array of stock shots of happy white couples.

A Latino invasion is coming to your hometown this fall....

A quick succession of shots: Olga walking in different primary color outfits. ... When did we even film this? she wondered.

A STYLE invasion!

The promo then cut to a series of wedding images of various portly white people getting married in church basements, Knights of Columbus halls, and affordable hotels.

Olga Acevedo is here to take your bland, American wedding ...

That seems offensive to those families, Olga thought to herself.

And SPICE IT UP!

As the music swelled to full Willie-Colón-at-the-Palladium levels, there was a quick montage of a Mexican mariachi band, a Salvadoran Pupusa vendor, and the final shot, Olga, dancing her salsa on a seemingly endless loop. A graphic of big, bold, hot pink sans-serif words appeared on the screen, timed exactly to the final beats of the music:

Spice It Up!

There was a moment of silence while Sabine, grinning ear to ear, waited for Olga to join in her ebullient excitement that they, together, had just set Latinx identity in America back to pre—Ricky Ricardo levels. Again, Olga heard her father's voice.

Pendeja.

* * *

LUCKILY FOR OLGA, white America was nearly as upset over *Spice It Up* as she had been, albeit for different reasons. When the network tested the pilot, they discovered that white audiences were, in varying degrees, afraid of Olga. In the heartland, people were not bothered by the fact that Olga was Latina; there had

been growing pockets of Latin migrants in these areas for years and their service work and tasty snacks had been generally well received. No, they were bothered that she was going to come in and tell them what to do. The reversal-of-power dynamic was too disconcerting. Focus group participants who reported enjoying the show during the screening were calling back hours, even days later to say that they had been haunted—"haunted" was the word—by the prospect of "someone like Olga" coming in and bossing their family around. In coastal suburban enclaves, the show fared even worse. One focus group participant said Olga represented a new "threat" to "normal women." "It's bad enough," this woman was quoted as saying, "that we need to fear au pairs and yoga instructors. Now we need to worry about 'spicy' wedding planners?"

Olga was so relieved when Sabine told her that the network would not be picking the show up that she could barely feign disappointment. She had been quietly calling lawyer friends to review her contract to see if there was any way to block the pilot and, barring that, plotting a public relations offensive to mitigate the humiliation this would inflict on her. Of course, Sabine was clueless and Olga could hear the worry in her voice. The good news, she told Olga, was that it wasn't completely in vain—the pilot would see the light of day! Contractually they were obliged to air it at least once, so she—Olga—could DVR it, or gather her family for a little viewing party, or whatever else Olga thought would be a "fun way to celebrate this experience!"

The onetime public broadcast of *Spice It Up* was on a Saturday morning at 5 A.M. Olga spoke of it to no one but set an alarm for herself at 5 A.M. and again at 6 A.M., just so she would know when the horrible humiliation was finally a worry of the past. She had no idea how her mother found out about it, but a few days later she got a note in the mail—her mother's sole communication method—that simply said, *Saw you on TV the other day. You dress nice for a maid. Love, Mami.* She'd enclosed a portion of Pedro Pietri's *Puerto Rican Obituary*, careful to underline key words and phrases, in case her point wasn't clear enough:

These empty dreams
from the make-believe bedrooms
their parents left them
are the after-effects
of television programs
about the ideal
white american family

with black maids
and latino janitors
who are well train—
to make everyone
and their bill collectors
laugh at them
and the people they represent

By way of a consolation prize, Tammy offered Olga a less "narrative-driven" opportunity with their sister network on their hit morning news program, *Good Morning*'s fourth hour: *Good Morning*, *Later*. It was a confection of a show. Their only attempts at news coverage were occasionally reading presidential tweets on air and then quickly moving on to celebrity gossip and how to artfully dress a backyard table for an Instagram-worthy Fourth of July blowout. It was, therefore, the most popular program on morning television.

Five or six times a year, Olga would head to the studio for an entertainment segment in which she would offer banal bits of advice on how to keep your guacamole from going brown or what kind of waistline a petite bride should choose to elongate her torso in wedding photos. Today, after kicking Matteo out, she'd headed over to the studio where they readied her naturally curly hair into sleek, blown-out waves and glossed her lips to a perfect rose pink. She then taped a segment called "Digital Etiquette: Are Manners a Thing of the Past?" Predictably, the snarky text from her brother, who found her public identity as a mistress of upper-class etiquette amusing, arrived shortly after she walked off set. When does the segment on "sucia chic" air, hermana? 'Cuz that's where your expertise will really come in handy! She texted him back a middle finger emoji, which she knew he'd receive with good humor since he, of all people, understood leveraging a public persona. Her brother: the charismatic politician, the darling of the local news networks, and a favorite foil for the city's more conservative tabloids. While the man Prieto presented to the cameras and his constituents was not a total fabrication, it hung more firmly on a few carefully chosen facts while diligently avoiding others. They were good secret keepers for each other. And though she felt that he, like herself, couldn't quite understand how she ended up in this profession, she knew that he was proud of her. "A bright, beautiful Latina on the national stage," he would say, "is a role model to young Latinas everywhere, no matter what she's doing." (She never told him about Spice It Up, though who knows what her mother wrote to him in her

missives.)

Typically, following one of these segments, her phone blew up with messages, and today was no different. Besides her brother, cousins, tíos, and tías, they were mainly past or current clients, excited to see her on a staple of morning television. This gig would never make Olga a household name, but it had enabled her to raise her fees. The women of the Upper East Side, Dallas, Palm Beach, and even Silicon Valley all felt just a bit better about their choice in party planner knowing that they could tell the ladies at SoulCycle or Pilates that yes, the wedding is overwhelming, but at least they have that fabulous girl from *Good Morning, Later* helping them out, so things are under control. Those kinds of bragging rights carried a premium. In the aftermath of the *Spice It Up* debacle, Olga realized that she'd allowed herself to become distracted from the true American dream—accumulating money—by its phantom cousin, accumulating fame. She would never make that mistake again.

Mixed among the texts was a message from Meegan and another message from a number she did not recognize. Meegan reached out to say that Mr. Eikenborn had called; he had something that she'd been looking for and he hoped she would drop by his offices around lunchtime. The unknown number simply said: Got your number off one of the cards on your desk. Had I known I'd fucked a D-list celebrity last night, I would have asked for an autograph before you chased me out. Drinks this week?

She knew he'd been looking through her things.

A MAN NAMED DICK

Dick Eikenborn had biked eighteen miles that morning, shaving two minutes off his personal best, and rewarded himself by posting a series of shirtless selfies, including one almost dick pic, to his secret online dating profile. He didn't actually use the profile to meet anyone but enjoyed seeing the reactions the photos elicited and reading the more provocative messages that some of the women sent. If they were, in fact, real women. That germ of possibility had never entered his mind until Olga placed it there, where it festered and grew, quietly diminishing the pleasure of every digital wink. Indeed, while he knew Olga was a woman able to eviscerate an ego with a pointedly chosen turn of phrase, in this particular case she had cut down his fantasy in such a casual manner, he knew her observation wasn't intended for injury, and was simply offered as matter-of-fact. Which made its claws all the more tenacious. The irony, which had not escaped him, was that posting to the app, and even the taking of the selfies, had all developed out of his frustration with Olga herself. Olga and her inability to show passion anyplace other than the bedroom.

He was traveling at the time and had woken up thinking of her, with an erection. Normally had this happened, he would have simply tried to see her, to physically touch her and hold his hands on her ample hips. But on this day, the day of the first selfie, they were apart. They were apart and he wanted her badly, a longing that made him feel so young again that he'd come to think of Olga as his own personal fountain of youth. His need for her left him feeling vulnerable, exposed. He needed her to want him in that moment as badly as he wanted her. He took the photo of himself, naked on the hotel terrace, his body reflected in the suite's large mirror, and sent it to her, then waited, eagerly. For nothing. He went about the business of the morning—a conference call with their factory manager in China, getting an in-room massage—and as he was coming out of the shower, he caught a glimpse of himself again. Not bad for fifty-four, he

remembered thinking. He massaged himself to hardness and, grabbing his phone, snapped another photo and sent it Olga's way before heading to whatever meeting it was that he had. Hours later a reply: *Be mindful. This is my business line. Thank you.*

He took her at her word and, given that at the time (a) he was still married and (b) she was planning his daughter's wedding, saw some wisdom in her words. This was careless behavior, for both him the sender and her, the receiver. Which was why he had his assistant go out and buy them each new phones. Hers, he promptly messengered to her office with a handwritten note that had simply said, *Our private line*, to which he added a wink and his new number. An hour or so later, the new line rang. He had saved her new number in his phone, but she called from her old one.

"Dick, that was cute. The phones thing. But seriously, I don't have the patience to be one of these two-phone types."

"Oh, but Cherry!" (Cherry was his pet name for her. He loved everything about her, except for her name: Olga sounded far too serious for such a sexual creature.) "Now we can send each other the kind of messages you don't think are appropriate for a work phone."

"Or maybe we just don't need to send each other those kinds of messages."

Dick was not dissuaded. He kept his phone. She never used hers. The dick pics persisted. Eventually, she addressed it with him, explaining that while she enjoyed seeing his naked person in real life, no one needed mounting photo evidence of their affair. He conceded her point. Particularly since by then he had done the unthinkable and asked Sheila for a divorce, a move that felt liberating, exhilarating, and expensive all at once. Olga wisely pointed out that if it felt expensive now, imagine how much costlier it would be should Sheila find out that he'd been fucking the wedding planner this whole time. So, he let up for a while. A time when he was lonelier and sadder than he had imagined himself being.

That had nothing to do with the pics, of course. Not really. His sense of loneliness was caused by the vast disparity between the realities of his newfound bachelordom and his predivorce imaginings of it. For starters, at the advice of his lawyers, in an effort to not lose or sell the estate on the Vineyard—the one that had been in his family for generations—he had camped out there to establish it as his primary residence. A lonely place to be in the early spring. Then, there were the kids: Victoria, at the time twenty-four and newly married, Richard, twenty, and Sam, seventeen. He had not factored in the defensive and, frankly,

accusatory stance that his daughter would take. He had also not calculated how much of his time with his sons, as they danced on the periphery of adulthood, had been casually accrued around their penthouse in Manhattan, moments gathered in their comings and goings. As busy as his own work kept him, it was equally hard to get on their schedule, the allure and excitement of their own nascent adult lives proving more seductive than time with Dad. A sentiment he himself remembered and understood, but still, he missed them. Their absence and growth made him aware of his own mortality in a way that he hadn't felt before, and cast a dark shadow on his generally optimistic worldview.

His greatest miscalculation, though, was with Olga.

While Dick had not technically left Sheila for Olga—their marriage had long been strained—it had simply never occurred to him that when he moved out, Olga might not move in. His assumption of this outcome had been so total, so complete, it was only after his departure, during his early days on the Vineyard, that he found himself blindsided by reality. He had tired of his wife's company but had no desire to be alone. He FaceTimed Olga, offering to send movers to pack up her place, and she looked at him quizzically. He realized he had never even told her he was calling it quits with Sheila, never spoken his other assumptions out loud. He felt a bit foolish; he couldn't expect her to be a mind reader (something Sheila had repeatedly chided him over year after year). Yet, when he did finally ask her, back in New York, over a room service dinner at his suite at the Carlyle, he was shocked by her reply. He'd said that he wanted them to be together, officially, and for her to come and live with him and she had laughed and said, "No, Dick, you don't." But he assured her that he did. He didn't just want it, he needed it. He needed her.

"You only think that you need that, Dick. Right now. In time, you'll be happy that it's like this."

"But don't you want to live with me?" he asked. Then, and he revisited this sometimes on his runs, she didn't hesitate for a second before saying that she liked things exactly as they were. Enjoying each other when they could because they wanted to at that time. Without the pressure of commitment.

Later, when he would confide in Charmaine, his assistant who had been his father's assistant before Dick inherited her and in whom Dick entrusted all of his secrets and fears, that his offer had been rebuffed, he found himself nearly whining with disbelief. "Isn't this what every woman wants? To be the person that the rich guy actually leaves his wife for? Don't all women want that, Charmaine?" But that was later. In the moment, when Olga rejected his offer to

cohabitate, before he could become pouty or offended, she had come over from her side of the little dining table where they were eating and straddled his lap, opening her robe as she did so, reminding him of how much more fun everything is when it's spontaneous, and didn't he agree with that? And he had said, enthusiastically, yes.

Charmaine reminded him that the city was full of women who would want to be that girl, that he didn't need to chase after Olga. The problem was that he wanted to chase after Olga. He didn't simply want to catch her, he wanted to pin her down, and make her love him as much as he loved her. (The irony of this did not escape him. The challenge throughout his entire marriage had been his deepseated resentment of having himself felt caught by the former Mrs. Eikenborn.) The unevenness of their relationship both vexed him and moored him, rendering him unable to fix his mind on anyone else. In an effort to open his eyes to another woman, any other woman, he signed up for one of those dating apps, anonymously, of course. He wasn't famous, but his face and name were in the financial papers—and his divorce on Page Six—enough that he knew better than to show his recognizable self. So instead he showed the parts of him that were less frequently seen, carefully cropping out his head. He wrote his selfdescription cautiously: his aim to be truthful, but not too revealing. "Five-footten Caucasian businessman and entrepreneur, athletic build, passionate about travel, cycling, flying planes, and wine collecting. Enjoys a good joke and live concerts." He could be anyone, he thought to himself.

The "likes" started immediately. He was overwhelmed and flattered. He never responded to the messages with anything more than, maybe, a wink. He never gave out his number. Yet, rather than take his mind off Olga, these other women only made him more resolved to wrestle commitment, of some sort, from her. To make her see what even strangers on the internet saw: Richard Eikenborn III was a catch.

"Why don't you like my photos?" he asked her one evening in bed.

"The Dick dick pics?" she asked.

"All of them. The body shots, the dick pics. Yes. Why don't you like them?"

"No women like photos like that. We're just told that we're supposed to by a lazy patriarchal culture that assumes that women must like the inverse of what men like. Men like topless boob pics, ergo, women must love bare chest shots ... it's just lazy."

He felt himself getting defensive. "If I were to post these photos on a dating app, Cherry, women would love them, I bet you anything."

She laughed.

"Are you on a dating app, Dick?"

"Of course not! Why would I be on an app when I have you here with me?" He pressed himself closer to her back as he spooned her in bed.

She giggled again and rolled away from his embrace.

"If you posted pics like that on a dating app, I have a feeling that the 'women'"—and here she put her fingers in the air to emphasize the point with air quotes—"who like them might not turn out to be women at all. Or at least not the kind who don't expect a monetary exchange at the end of the evening."

Dick was both grazed and perplexed.

"What are you trying to say? That people on these apps aren't real people? Why would someone do that?"

"I'm not saying that they aren't real people, I'm just saying that they might not be the people they are presenting themselves as. Grifters. Married guys too afraid to download Grindr. Online hookers. A whole assortment of explanations. My cousin Mabel went on a date with a guy and when he showed up, he was only five feet tall. In one of his photos he was towering over Jon Hamm—she showed me!"

"Did she bring it up?"

"Hell yeah! She showed him the photo and he admitted he was standing on something."

"But why would he do that?" Dick had said, genuinely confused.

"Richard," she said—she always used his full name when she was being serious—"I know that no one has given you any reason to worry that you are anything less than perfect, but some people don't like themselves the way they are."

"This doesn't make any sense to me," he said sincerely.

She turned to him and smiled, her face right near his face. "Your inability to see people's dark sides never fails to awe me."

He didn't, in fact, agree with that assessment; he sometimes felt Olga underestimated him. When it came to business at least, Dick always saw the dark sides of things, but his gift, he felt, was for sensing the opportunities that often lie in wait. Certainly, this had saved him—and their national chain of hardware stores—when his father, still CEO at the time, had been diagnosed with Alzheimer's. Business had already been contracting and Dick knew their investors would pressure them to sell as soon as word got out. So, he got ahead of it, calling an emergency meeting of their board of directors, in which he laid

out a plan for expansion into Puerto Rico, Mexico, and Canada that would triple business valuation within two years, making everyone in the room far richer than unloading the business would. A decade later, when the housing market crumbled, people around him panicked; construction and contractors were a huge part of their customer base. But Dick sensed opportunity: if people couldn't afford new homes, they would likely fix up their old ones. He invented Eikenborn DIY Reno Schools. He cut out the middleman, invested in developing their own line of paints, tools, and toolboxes. He licensed their name to a DIY show on HGTV. By the time the recession was over, Dick had grown Eikenborn and Sons into one of the most profitable retail operations in America. Similarly, while his friends and colleagues lamented the seemingly endless environmental rules and regulations of the Obama era, Dick saw a burgeoning market. He was the first hardware retailer in the country to carry LEED lighting fixtures. They began retailing home solar systems, then launched their own solar panel production operation. From Dick's point of view, climate change—be it efforts made to mitigate it, or efforts to repair the havoc it caused—would be his greatest boon. Eikenborn Green Solutions would keep the business thriving into its sixth generation, when he imagined, and hoped, that Richard or Sam, or maybe even Victoria, might take the reins from him one day.

These successes had left Dick feeling confident about his place in the world. He had architected a business and a life far greater than the one that his father had mapped out for him. In his mind, having a woman like Olga by his side was the missing piece. Getting her to commit was simply a matter of finding the right approach. His money, he'd come to realize, was not enough. Finally, though, he felt he'd landed on exactly the right tack.

FLYING PRIVATE

Olga had fucked Richard Eikenborn III before she even met him, having siphoned anywhere from \$20,000 to \$30,000 from his bank accounts and credit cards in the form of administrative fees, product markups, and a new clause in her contract that she realized was a true stroke of brilliance: a late fee that automatically kicked in every day that her clients' payments were past due, which was almost always.

This idea came to her one Sunday at dinner at Tío Richie's house out on Long Island. One of her cousins was complaining about his exorbitant credit card bill, largely composed of late fees, which then were compounded with interest. Richie started to lecture on the importance of fiscal responsibility and keeping track of his payment due dates and her cousin whined that the credit card company could have at least called him to remind him about the payment before it was too late, not to mention that he didn't always have the money exactly when the due date came up. Olga started to explain how that might mean he was charging more than he could afford, but then it hit her. Her clients did have the money to pay her when the due dates came, yet they never did so. Though they never failed to pay her, the only checks sent promptly were the first and the last. The "motivation" payments, as she thought of them. The ones they sent when they were excited for her to start and terrified that she wouldn't finish. Beyond that, she would always need to call to remind them, and it never achieved anything, except annoy them. "Are you implying that I'm trying to stiff you?" one father of the groom once asked. Subsequently, she ended up being tardy with her own bills, which almost always cost her money, none of which she ever passed on to the clients, because, she had long felt, wasn't the onus on her to manage her cash flow better? She was certain that these families, with their administrative assistants and money people, never sent a late payment to Amex or Visa. Yet with her, just a small shop, barely a company, they never

cared when she got paid. As point of fact, they almost seemed to resent having to send the check.

But what if she acted like a credit card company? What if she stopped calling when the bill was due? What if, in very fine print in her very long contract, she said she would bill them \$750 for every day that they were past due and after 15 days she would automatically charge their credit card on file? Only she didn't write out the \$750. Instead, she calculated it down to a percentage of their total fee, which seemed such a minuscule amount. Less than 1 percent, really. So that even when people did bother to read the clause, they usually shrugged, the amount seeming so nominal.

She thought the idea so bold when she implemented it, she was certain she would lose clients or have wild fights about it when her invoices went out. Instead, she discovered something else about the ultra-rich. The only thing they enjoyed less than parting with their money was talking about it. It seemed to physically pain them. She had one person ask what the fee was and as soon as she explained that they could refer to item 26a in their contract they apologized, said they would FedEx a check, and hung up the phone.

The Eikenborns were particularly reticent to talk about bills or budgets or anything of that sort, yet maniacally uninclined to spend a penny, Olga noticed, on other human beings. Mrs. Eikenborn delightfully coughed up cash for luxury bathroom trailers, fine wine, freshly shucked oysters, Kobe beef steaks, and custom tuxedos for Victoria's two dogs. Yet, she balked at the cost of feeding the staff who installed the tents and lighting, proclaimed outrage at the photographer's need for breaks, and once booked Olga on a double layover to save \$200 on a \$750,000 event.

The flight to the Vineyard was a quick shot from LaGuardia, Olga knew. Yet she and Meegan somehow found themselves with not one, but two layovers. A two-hour flight turned into a six-hour ordeal. They had insisted there was no need for Olga to book a hotel, as the estate had a large guest cottage. Upon arrival, however, they discovered the cottage was under repair, as was a guest bedroom, and so she and Meegan found themselves sharing a drafty, twin-bedded spare room next to the bride's suite. In the dark, they whispered their complaints about the awkwardness of the situation to each other, terrified that they would be heard through the walls. For her next visit, the food tasting, Olga refused to allow them to book her travel, instead suggesting she bill them back. The bride insisted that if Olga "really needed" to fly direct, she should fly up with her father, Mr. Eikenborn, who would be coming up on his private jet. This,

the bride felt, would "save money" and "reduce the carbon footprint" of the wedding.

By this time, Olga had come to detest the bride. She had a shorter fuse for younger brides, whose senses of taste and style were so loosely formed, they clung to their mothers' opinions in a way that Olga found pathetic. Victoria was no different in this regard, but her beigeness was coupled with a hypocritical sense of social justice. Victoria's day job was at a global human rights foundation, and during the many lunches, dinners, and car rides together that planning events of this scale required, she often filled the empty space with impassioned monologues regarding inequity of women in Ecuador or Yemen, always buttressed by her mother's proclamation that "Victoria is out to change the world!"

Olga ruminated on this as she willed herself into a meditative state while riding to Teterboro to fly with Richard Eikenborn III up to the tasting. Rather than be irritated, she thought, she should focus on the infallible hilarity of the ultra-wealthy to be penny-wise when it came to compensating human sweat, and dollar-foolish when it came to everything else. She shouldn't be irritated at all, she counseled herself, and instead laugh her way to the bank.

She boarded the jet, a newish-seeming Legacy, promptly. Despite having charged his credit cards and cashed his checks, Olga had never met Richard Eikenborn III. Though she had Googled his image before, as she waited—at first for minutes, then an hour, and then a second hour—she began to picture him as an old fifty-four. Pot-bellied and balding. As time went on, she grew first hungry, then eventually desperate to use the bathroom, but refused, lest he board the plane while she relieved herself. He should, she felt, see that he had kept her—a person whose time was also valuable—waiting. With each passing moment, he grew increasingly homely in her mind's eye. When he did finally arrive, she had her legs crossed tightly, her face buried in an out-of-date magazine.

"What," she barked, "is the point of flying private if you still have to wait on the tarmac for two hours?" She rose, not to greet him, but to rush to the bathroom. As she peed, she thought to herself: That is one fine white man.

Within fifteen minutes of takeoff their physical desire for each other was mutually understood. Forty-five minutes in and Olga had already rationalized the dubious morality of this lust as the perfect counterbalance for the despicable behavior of Dick's wife and child. By the time they landed, they had made a plan for him to join her for a nightcap at her hotel once the others had gone to bed.

Afterwards she wondered, would she have made the same decision had they booked her direct?

ACCESS

Her freshman year in college, Olga had taken a part-time job at a preppy clothing store near campus, where she worked in the menswear department. Day after day they would come, her classmates, in their cargo shorts and T-shirts. Casually trying on a \$300 sports coat or slipping into a \$500 pair of loafers. Sometimes they would pull out a credit card, sometimes they would buy nothing —the indifference always striking her. She studied them, noticing that the wrinkled dress shirts they wore over their college tees, the ones fraying at the cuffs, were also monogrammed. Their watches, and they all seemed to wear watches, were thick banded and heavy. Rolexes and, more often, brands she'd never even heard of before. Sometimes they would come in with girlfriends always sun-kissed, waifish girls—to look for a shirt or a tie for a formal or fraternity banquet. Weekends brought the moms and dads. Older, starched versions of the sons and girlfriends. Occasionally, one of the women would be wearing a pricier version of Olga's own work uniform: a button-down, mantailored shirtdress, which Olga would bind herself into with safety-pins to prevent from gaping where her bust and hips swelled. Olga noted how differently the garment communicated on their lithe, flat bodies. How it bathed them in effortless elegance. She noted how much she felt herself in a costume for a life she could never have.

Olga worked at that store for one full year and none of the boys who came in ever recognized her from class or the dorms or the library. If they did, they never said hello. No one ever asked if she was also a student at the college, and surely no one assumed so. She was, in that environment, to those boys, like a hanger, or a price tag, or the machine that swiped the black American Express cards. Not an object to be desired, but a tool to facilitate the acquisition of desirable things.

But Dick—who if never a customer in that exact store, had certainly bought his Nantucket Reds in a similar establishment—saw her. That, she knew

immediately. When she fucked him, she felt that she was fucking every son and father who had made it through an entire transaction without ever once making eye contact. Not even when she handed them the bag of their carefully tissue-wrapped purchases. After she fucked him—and this would last for days, sometimes—she felt as if she had taken her middle finger and poked it in the eye of every flat-chested, narrow-hipped girlfriend, wife, and mother who never even registered her existence as they flicked through the racks of clothes and held up ties questioning aloud if this blue would match the blue in their Lilly Pulitzer dress. When she ignored him—his texts or calls or invitations for weekends away—the knowledge that she was both an object that he desired and the gatekeeper preventing him from having it filled her with delight. The pleasure of being lusted for was amplified by the consciousness that she might be the only thing he'd ever coveted that couldn't be his.

For nearly a year Olga rode this high, but now, finally, it had begun to wane. When it was just sex, she delighted in the affair, but lately Dick had been pressing for a real relationship, a circumstance that interested her not at all. Dick was tedious and needy in a way that she was repulsed by, yet felt compelled to indulge. He was sweet, but she found him simple: he'd married his college sweetheart, they had kids, he inherited his father's hardware store empire. He was competent enough to grow the business, but he was hardly an innovator. Even his divorce was boring. Because no one knew about their affair, the financial matters were settled quickly and quietly. And what, after twenty-six years of marriage to one person—five of which were completely sexless—did Dick then want to do? Just repeat the whole thing, but with another woman. No sooner did Dick move out than he was pressing Olga to move in. Had she been a different type of girl, one who valued her sanity less and inherited wealth more, perhaps Olga would have seen this as an opportunity. Instead, she could imagine nothing more boring than a life filled with the minutiae of Dick's personal wellness routine or intermittent fasting rituals designed to keep him "young." She couldn't imagine the horror of suffering a holiday with Victoria and her dough-faced husband, no matter how exotic the locale they were in. She also could not bear the thought of letting Dick get one more thing that he wanted.

After she rejected his offer to cohabitate, rather than cooling things off, his demands for her time and desire to go public as a couple only became more urgent. No one needs to know that we got together before I left Sheila, he would say, I can just tell people I couldn't get you out of my mind. If you think people would buy that, she'd reply, I've got a bridge to sell you. He was relentless. To

provide them cover for getting reacquainted he went so far as to have the Historical Society, his pet charity, hire her to plan their annual gala honoring his generous support of their recent exhibit, "Free Markets and Freedom: Commerce in New York City." Dick had made good use of the time, luring her to his office under the guise of gala planning. And while Olga resented this move, she was not so resentful as to turn away the business. Instead, she began to sleep with other people, in a passive attempt to assert her independence and a reminder to herself that Dick Eikenborn did not own her. She had only the faintest qualms about her behavior, feeling justified that she had never made a commitment to Dick, but uneasy about why, then, she didn't just cut things off.

As she walked through the sleek lobby, past the security guard who waved her in, it occurred to her that this "thing" Dick had for her might be another of his juvenile euphemisms for sex. Dick had a millennial-like obsession with dirty texting. It was, after his oblivious sense of his own privilege, the thing she found the most annoying about him. There was seemingly no rhyme or reason to when he might send his missives, meaning Olga could be in the midst of a meeting, a wedding, or visiting her twelve-year-old niece, when suddenly a giant pic of Dick would pop up on her screen. This notion that his sex needs, thoughts, or desires were so pressing that they should be allowed to rupture her day was galling to her. She rode the elevator to the upper floors of the building where his suite of offices was, all the while becoming more convinced that this was a ploy for a midday tryst. She was not amused.

"Richard," she said, as she entered his office, "if this 'thing that I need' has anything to do with your penis, I'm walking out and I think we just might need to take a break from each other for a while."

He looked up from his computer and meal supplement shake.

"What's happening, Richard?" came a male voice from his speakerphone. It was only then that Olga realized that this was not a sex ploy.

"Background noise, Nick," Richard said into the phone, shooting her a biting look. "I've got to go, but listen, our San Juan stores are doing well, so if you say there's more opportunity down there, I'm all ears. Charmaine will set some time with your office."

He hung up the phone, his face sour. "You were saying?"

"Oh." She grimaced. "Sorry? I guess I couldn't imagine what was so urgent that I needed to rush over here and thought maybe this was some kind of a ruse."

"Do I need a ruse?" Dick said, pouting.

Although life had rarely wounded Richard, Olga discovered that he bruised

easily. In dramatic fashion. Like a baby's wail, it elicited a knee-jerk rush to comfort him. She stepped towards him, took his face between her hands, and pressed herself up against him.

"No, of course not. It's just been a hectic day."

He put his arms around her waist.

"I know, I know, busy woman! And I wouldn't have bothered you if it weren't for something I know will tickle you." With that he reached over to his desk and presented her with a neatly calligraphed envelope.

Mr. Richard Eikenborn III & Ms. Olga Acevedo

She knew what it was before she opened it. An invitation to the Blumenthal annual end-of-summer party in Easthampton. An event she had been angling to get invited to for years, and which, for several critical reasons, had taken on new urgency this season. Recently, Carl Blumenthal, the long-divorced host, had married Laurel, an actress of some acclaim who had reached an age too old to actually be cast in films, but just right for being the second or third wife of an aging billionaire. With her came a fresh, more glamorous guest list than this event—long a high point of the summer for the finance set—had known in previous years. Additionally, Laurel brought to the table her twenty-seven-yearold adopted daughter, herself an aspiring actress, and, more important to Olga, recently engaged. To a YouTube cooking celebrity, whatever that meant. Olga knew that if she had the chance to work that room, she would walk out with two or three new clients, and possibly the big fish themselves. Looming over all of this, though, was her knowledge that Meegan, her assistant, would be there. Meegan's boyfriend had been newly hired at Blumenthal's hedge fund and each year the top earners and first years were invited. A world where Meegan, by simply swiping right on an app, could be at a party Olga had unsuccessfully climbed her whole adult life to be invited to was an unjust one. Olga had been texting, calling, and setting up drink dates with anyone and everyone who might be able to correct the situation for weeks, but to no avail.

Now, here in her hands, was her golden ticket. How had Dick even known she wanted to go?

"So? What do you think? Is it a date?" he asked. "It should be a good party, right? I hear that Oprah is going to be there. So, if Oprah is there, everyone will be worrying about where they are in relation to Oprah and no one will be paying any attention to us, don't you think?"

Years before, Olga had worked with a genuinely lovely couple with quirky taste and gentle hearts. Together they conceived an untraditional, soulful

wedding. A dawn ceremony in a forest; a dance party around a bonfire. But the parents—who were footing the bills—deemed it all "too weird" and insisted they undo all their plans. The bride pleaded with Olga to advocate for them, and she tried, but ultimately, she explained, with the purse come the strings. She thought of that as she looked at the envelope, their names written there, together.

As if he could read her mind, he suddenly said, "Carl's assistant plans his parties, you know. It was fine when they were sort of call the caterer, clambake, bachelor-pad kind of affairs, but now, with his new wife and all, they are putting him through it and he's at his wit's end—at least that's what he was telling Charmaine. Anyway, seems like it could be a nice piece of business up for grabs. Certainly, I'll put in a good word for you...."

He took the invitation out of her hand, placing it back on his desk as he drew her near.

"I'll think about it."

"That's almost a yes, Cherry, and that makes me very happy."

She felt herself stiffen in his arms, knowing that she was trapped by his offer. She was too weak-willed to refuse this kind of access, and the fact of that repulsed her. She felt smothered already, knowing what accepting the invitation would mean.

"And God knows," Dick whispered in her ear, "won't the old Exeter guys be wide-eyed when I walk in with the sexiest woman on the planet."

MARCH 1995

Querida Olga,

Though your Papi hated what he was made to do in Vietnam, he always felt grateful for the opportunity it gave him to see the larger world. To see that oppression existed beyond the borders of the barrio he grew up in. For someone your age, fresh perspective can be invaluable. It's why I was happy when Prieto decided to go upstate for college, and upset when he decided to move back home. Leaving home, getting space, it can be very helpful in teaching us who we are. It's an experience I wish I'd had at your age. I say all this to make clear: my issue is not with you moving away.

No, nena, my issue is with this school. This kind of school. These bourgeois institutions that do nothing but reaffirm that in a capitalist society there are those who are anointed to rule and those born to serve. Do not confuse admission for a chance at power. This kind of college has no place for you, even if they offered you one of their precious "affirmative action" spots. They do not want to teach your people's history; they don't want to read your people's books. They see no value in our culture, or the culture of any minority people. Your classmates won't be the children of factory workers or housekeepers or even teachers. They will be the children of bankers and politicians. Children of a ruling class waiting for their turn at bat.

What will you do there? It's dangerous at your young age to be surrounded by people who don't value who you are. Who don't understand you. A child can become lost.

I am sure that this opinion is unpopular. I bet you are being fawned over at school for the rare "achievement" of being admitted to an Ivy League college. That mi familia is so proud, so bowled over by the famous white names and faces that have gone there before you. So pleased that a place built on the back of slaves, funded by the sheep-like descendants of slave owners, run via nepotism towards advancing more of those descendants, took in someone like you. As if, somehow, you breaking into that system, your intelligence being affirmed by this institution, means that they, too, have accomplished something. I can imagine

how my brother Richie is crowing! That somehow this means our family is an "exception" to every worst belief about our people.

Olga, don't delude yourself. This means none of these things. Yes, you are bright. But you are also pretty and fair skinned and speak in a way that doesn't rub white skin the wrong way. Your admittance to this place is nothing more than a minuscule gesture to reaffirm the myth of an American meritocracy, one that makes this school feel benevolent without damaging their elitist system. A system in which the only thing you're certain to lose is your sense of self.

And, of course, your money. I won't even waste my time discussing the ridiculous debt you will take on to do this. You will barely get your start in the world and be shackled already: your choices hampered, your options reduced. Debt is one of The Man's great tools for keeping people of color oppressed. But, of course, you know that.

I must tell you, I resent you involving your Auntie Karen in all of this, asking her to write you that letter of recommendation. You put her in a terrible position, as even she, who is aware of my feelings about this, seems enchanted about this "opportunity" for you. For your photography. For your mind. That was what she called it. An opportunity. To this, I ask, for what? An opportunity to forget the values with which you were raised? To be surrounded by people who don't understand you or where you are from or what you were born to fight for?

At the end of the day, though, this is your life. One that will be defined by choices that you make. All I can do, as your mother, is express myself.

Pa'lante, Mami

AUGUST 2017

SYLVIA'S SOCIAL CLUB

It was the golden hour when Olga found herself on what she imagined was one of the last undeveloped corners of Williamsburg, navigating the broken concrete sidewalks in her heels. The sun's last light so strong, it gilded the weeds that had popped up between the cracks. She passed an empty lot filled with old cars and a swing set, fenced in with chain link. The three-story, brick-front apartment building that cradled its left side was emblazoned with a spray-painted mural that paid homage, with improbable success, to the Puerto Rican flag, the coquí, Lolita Lebrón, Héctor Lavoe, and Big Pun, all at once. Underneath it said #respecttheanscestors and, as she read it, Olga reflexively made the sign of the cross, lowering her eyes as she did so. When she looked up, she noticed Matteo, seated at a card table outside the building, deeply invested in a game of dominos with three older, wrinkled men. They all four wore guayaberas and their bare forearms grasping at the dominos formed a melanin-rich ombré that Olga found beautiful.

"Hi," she said, finding herself a bit shy.

"Hey, hey!" he said, jumping up and breaking the rainbow right in the middle. "Caballeros, you'll excuse me, but, frankly, something better has come my way."

The viejitos surveyed her quickly.

"Bendición," one of them said to her.

She winked at him in response and he laughed. It had been a while since she'd been blessed by a man, of any age, in the streets, this pleasurable spark of Brooklyn life largely extinguished by gentrification. It delighted her and made her homesick for Sunset Park all at once. How could one be homesick for a place just a few miles away? She made a mental note to go back to the neighborhood and see her niece that weekend.

Olga realized now that they were outside a bar, of sorts, though she'd only

discovered that by looking inside the door, which was propped open with a Bustelo coffee can filled with pennies and screws. The interior was dark, the space paneled with wood that absorbed what little light came through the small windows on either side of the door. The bar itself was clearly handmade, the top nothing more than a Formica kitchen counter, the stools a shiny gold glitter vinyl, the back bar festooned with blinking Christmas lights despite it being August. There was a pool table in the back and a disco ball over the center of the room, card tables and folding chairs scattered around the edges of the place. Faded covers from the *Post* and the *Daily News* sports pages featuring Bobby Bonilla and Jorge Posada were taped onto the walls, flanking both sides of an oil painting of Roberto Clemente, done, it seemed to Olga, by the same artist as the mural outside. She spotted the jukebox—the old-fashioned kind, no debit cards welcome here—tucked in the corner. Cheo Feliciano played in the background. The only thing up-to-date in the whole place was a small flat-screen TV mounted on a wall, which Olga instinctively knew was for baseball and baseball only. She was surprised it wasn't on now.

"What is this place?" she asked, slightly incredulous.

"Sylvia's Social Club. The last of the Puerto Rican social clubs. There used to be a ton of them, but you know rules, regulations, that kind of thing, most of them closed. I got the sense that you were into a good dive bar, so I thought you might dig this spot."

"I mean," she said, beaming, "this is real-deal Brooklyn. I can't believe no one has torn it down and erected a high-rise. Is this place even legal?"

Matteo chuckled. "Why? You too upright a citizen to patronize an unpermitted establishment?"

She laughed, too, as they sat on a couple of the barstools. A woman came out of the restroom, uttering apologies in Spanish, rushing to her place behind the bar and immediately pouring out a rum, neat, for Matteo and a small foam bowl of peanuts for them to share.

"To answer your first question, believe me, they have been trying for years to get Sylvia to sell, and she won't budge. Isn't that right, Sylvia?"

Sylvia winked at him. "Oye, Matteo, it isn't mine to sell. This place is for the community, isn't that what you always say?" She turned to Olga. "And what can I get you, mami?"

"Same for me is good."

She poured her a glass, and Olga took a sip.

"Wow!" she said. The rum was smooth and rich with spice.

"Sí, ¿verdad?" Sylvia's raised her eyebrows. "This is the good stuff. They don't even sell this here; you can only get it on the island. I always keep a bottle here, just for him." She patted Matteo's hand.

"To answer your second question," Matteo continued, "Sylvia's all aboveboard, aren't you, señora? It was too risky with all those developers lurking around."

"Ay, Matteo." Sylvia swatted her dish towel at him playfully. "You're making an honest woman out of me! I'll be in the back, but holler if you need me, honey."

She was in her late sixties, Olga figured. The skin around her ample décolletage—the same golden brown as the rum they sipped—had begun to crepe and was adorned with several gold necklaces and religious medallions. She wore shorts a bit too short for her age and wedge sandals that elongated her very shapely legs. Her hair, a shade of dark blond that matched her jewelry, was pulled up into a soft bouffant, large gold hoops showing off her long neck. She was, Olga thought, beautiful.

"Is she flirting with you?" Olga whispered when she was sure Sylvia had sauntered away.

"Is that jealousy in your voice?"

"Jealous? Please! Not every Latina is the jealous type, you know."

"And certainly not you, ye with the New England ice in her veins."

She laughed. "What do you have against New England? If I'm not mistaken, you went to school there, too."

"Exactly, and that's why I know of what I speak. They have a very specific way of letting you know what they think, without exactly saying it, if you know what I mean."

"Well that's definitely true, but how is that not just tact?" Olga asked.

"Because tact is, by definition, meant to spare people's feelings and New England is designed to make you feel like an outsider. I mean, didn't you?"

"Feel like an outsider? Hmm. There's this myth that white Americans don't have a culture, but they absolutely do, and New England is the cradle of it. So, I felt a bit like an anthropologist."

"So, that said..." Matteo took another sip of his drink. "I have to ask. How did your parents feel about your ... anthropological studies of the white elite?"

She felt her cheeks redden with anxiety at the direction this conversation was taking. As if he knew what she was thinking, Matteo continued.

"Don't worry, I wasn't going through your drawers or anything." He put his

hand on her knee and gave it a squeeze. "All I did was look at the stuff that was out in the open. You can't be mad at a brother for being observant. Well, maybe *you* could be, but generally, it's not socially acceptable grounds for anger."

She exhaled and took another sip of her drink.

"Okay. Fine. Hit me. Ask what you really want to ask."

"Well, I guess I did. But I can get more specific. It appears, based on that photo you keep out on top of your desk, that your parents were members of the Young Lords Party—one of, if not the singular, large-scale paramilitary prosocialist Puerto Rican political protest organizations in American history. The Puerto Rican equivalent of Black Panthers. They were dedicated to toppling a capitalist, racist society, bringing social and environmental justice to inner-city minorities, and, of course, liberating Puerto Rico. And now, you, their daughter, seem to have found a way to make a living—a living that, despite the shoddy construction of your apartment building, seems pretty lucrative, if I may be so observant, but, if I may further observe, is a living reliant upon embracing the very people and values that your parents were trying to topple less than a generation before. So, my question is, how do your parents feel about that?"

A moment of thick silence passed between them. Olga stared at Matteo, her face blank. La Lupe was coming from the jukebox, and in the distance the sound of a motorcycle crew out for a summer night ride. Olga slapped the bar top and hopped off her barstool.

"You know what, fuck you." Her hard-suppressed South Brooklyn accent jumped off her tongue as her chest and neck grew hot with anger. "Fuck. You. I really don't know who the fuck you think you are, judging me, or what kind of fucking wack idea of a date you have in your head that you text a bitch nonstop for a week trying to get together, drag me out to bumblefuck Williamsburg just to take up my time by insulting me and how I make my fucking—"

Matteo grabbed her waist with one arm and, with his other hand, took hold of her hand, which seconds before had been shaking in his face, and kissed her. Intellectually, Olga knew that this was a cheap ploy to calm her righteous anger, but physically, she felt a surge that made the walls of her vagina contract, sending a charge up her spine, relaxing her shoulders, loosening her neck until her head dipped back in full surrender. Her intellectual resistance melting in recognition that this was why she had shown up to bumblefuck in the first place.

"Listen," Matteo said, when they finally broke apart. He took hold of her hands in his and caressed them as he looked into her eyes. "I'm going to ask you to try and suspend disbelief for a moment and hear me out here: I'm not trying to

diss you. I'm really not. My time at college was wasted. I did not learn the ways of the people of New England. I have no tact. I'm just genuinely curious about you. It's not every day I get to meet a smart, sexy Brooklyn girl. That's why I've been blowing up your phone and trying to drag you out to dive bars since we met. I just want to get to know you. I'm not good with small talk. I ask bad questions. I'm a bit of an asshole. And who the fuck would I ever be to judge you and the values of your profession? I'm a native Brooklynite earning my living as a fucking Realtor in gentrified Brooklyn. So, please, sit and let's just get to know each other a little bit, okay?"

Olga looked at him and sat back down. She could hear kids outside squealing in play and wondered if it was possible that somewhere in the borough of Kings adults still opened fire hydrants for children to dance in on hot summer days.

"Let's change the topic," he said. "Why don't you ask me a question? Anything you want to know."

She looked around for a second and back at him, trying to glean something she couldn't articulate. She felt a bit out of her element.

"Yeah," she finally said. "You play dominos, you know the salsa classics, and you certainly seem to be a regular here. But, I don't think you're actually even Puerto Rican. Am I right?"

Matteo put his hands on his heart, his face grimaced.

"Ah! You've called me out! You really do know how to poke a man where it hurts. I didn't pass the smell test. Damn. What gave me away?"

"Honestly? You know too much of our history. Dead giveaway. This begets another question, though. We're a wonderful people and all, but why do you want to be one of us so bad in the first place?"

"That's a longer answer that requires more rum and some better music, but let's get ourselves sorted and then I'm more than happy to tell you."

They spent the next forty-five minutes taking turns picking songs that the other simply "had to hear" and nursing another glass of rum, telling stories of Old Brooklyn, discovering common ground they had shared while never quite crossing paths: the *Kids* days of Washington Square Park, hanging out at Fat Beats, Sundays at the Tunnel. People that they inevitably knew in common.

Eventually, Matteo told her the story of his Jewish mother and Black father and their divorce, after which his father faded into his native Los Angeles, leaving his biracial son with his white mother in South Slope, Brooklyn. When he would play in the street with the other kids on the block, people always assumed that little Matteo, with his lightly freckled café-con-leche skin and tight

head of curls, belonged to the Puerto Rican family who lived next door, and after a while, Matteo kind of felt the same way. He would be at all their family gatherings, sometimes dragging his mother, sometimes alone. He learned to dance, he learned to play dominos, he even learned how to cook.

After high school he got a partial scholarship to Bennington College, where he planned to study music composition, but soon discovered he would leave with more debt than he had talent. He switched his major to political economy, wrote a letter to one of the few other Bennington alumni interested in making money, and landed himself a job at an investment bank. The annual bonuses made it easy to forget he was the only Black guy he saw all day who didn't work in the mail room. He bought a loft in SoHo, DJ'd parties downtown to keep life interesting, and did a ton of coke, so it all ran smoothly.

Then his mother was diagnosed with stage 4 ovarian cancer. She had always wanted to go to Hawaii, to see the sunrise on Haleakalā, so he took time off to take her. They woke in the middle of the night to drive up the winding road to the top of the volcano where it was as dark and cold as outer space, so high up that clouds embraced them with their cold mist. When the sun rose, revealing the planet around them to be a terrifyingly vast and beautiful space, he looked over and saw his mother was crying. They drove down the volcano in silence, against the bright of the morning. When Matteo saw a pay phone, he pulled over, called his office, and told them that he quit. He moved out of the loft, stopped DJ'ing the parties, and cared for his mother until she died. And then, knowing no other family other than the people on his block, decided to stay.

Olga was touched. And enchanted. As a kid, she'd been embarrassed by the complexity of her family story. The nuance required to understand it escaped most people. By the time she hit high school she felt exhausted of explaining it, and simply resigned herself to not revisiting the past with strangers. But Matteo's life trajectory, and his openness about it, made her feel a glimmer of possibility that this time she might be understood.

OPEN YOUR EYES

It was her turn.

"By the time I left for college," Olga started, "Papi was already dead, so he had no opinion, and my mom was gone, so she didn't have too much say in the matter, but no, she wasn't happy about me going to that school. Far too bougie for her tastes."

Sylvia had just poured them their third round of rum. Outside, the sky had turned to twilight and the domino players had moved their game to a back table. Matteo had very carefully avoided asking her any more direct questions, but she felt relaxed and strangely eager to talk about an aspect of her life that rarely saw the light of day.

"I was twelve, almost thirteen when she left us. Or maybe it's more accurate to say when she didn't come back, because the truth is, my mom was in and out for as long as I could remember. They joined the Young Lords together, my parents. They had already been together for a minute by then, already activists. My Papi was one of the dudes who took over Brooklyn College. So, joining the Lords was an extension of what they were both already committed to. But my dad was older. He'd already gone to Vietnam. I think by the time the Lords collapsed, he was just tired. Depleted. They had my brother and then me, and he was into being a dad. Wanted to have a normal life. Or normal-ish.

"My mom though? I think she got this early taste of being part of change and couldn't shake it. She tried teaching, tried to 'settle down,' but she was always getting called somewhere—Latin America, South Africa. Always off to a fight; always on the road. They grew apart, he moved out. And then one day she just didn't come back."

"Where'd she go? Your mom, I mean," Matteo asked.

Olga shrugged. "We don't really know.... Actually, you seem to know your Puerto Rican history. Have you heard of Los Macheteros?"

"I can't say that I have."

"Let's just say that they were a group very committed to a free Puerto Rico. More pre-Mecca Malcolm than Martin, if you get my drift?"

"Ahhh," Matteo said.

"Well, it seems for a time she was in P.R. with them. Then, we'd heard she was in Cuba. My brother, he's got a friend at the FBI who let him see her file a few years back. The last time someone had seen her she was in Mexico with the fucking Zapatistas. But that was years ago. The only person who probably knows her location with certainty is her best friend Karen, but she'd go to the grave before she shared that information."

"Hold up," Matteo now whispered, "are you saying your mother's a fugitive?"

Olga laughed. "Damn, my mom has even got you whispering! ¡Bienvenido a mi vida! She brings out the paranoia in all of us. I swear me and my brother literally have code names for her and shit." She laughed again. "But seriously, is she a fugitive? I suspect my brother knows more, but honestly? I try not to ask too many questions."

"Plausible deniability, and all."

"Exactly!" Olga laughed.

"But you hear from her? You've talked to her?" Matteo asked.

"Hear from her? Hell yes. Talk to her? Not quite. She sends these letters. She's always managed to keep tabs on us, somehow always knows what we're up to, but we know nothing about her. It's creepy, frankly. And frustrating. There are 'Brothers and Sisters in the movement' that we either don't or barely know, who know how to reach her. Who pass her letters along. Who've probably even seen her, but me and my brother haven't. Not in over twenty-five years. Isn't that fucking crazy?" She laughed even though it wasn't funny.

Matteo put his hand over hers.

"My mom has been gone for ten years and it's been the hardest ten years of my life, so yes, that is fucking crazy. I can't even imagine how hard that was."

Olga sighed. This topic always made her irritable and defensive. When her mother was first gone, young Olga was despondent for months. One day she overheard two teachers talking about her at school. Poor Olga. How sad. Her father a junkie. Her mother ran off. Poor little girl. The pity dripping from their voices. Being the subject of such sentiment disgusted her, made her feel small. She vowed to fix her face, to don a mask impenetrable to ruth. That instinct—to put the mask on—rose again now. She tried to shrug it off. To try something

different this time. To tell the whole truth.

"Yeah. Actually. I don't talk about this much but yes, it was really fucking hard. Especially at night. In my dreams she would disappear. Vanish right in front of me. And I would wake up crying. But you know. Eventually I bucked up. I mean, I'd get angry and stuff. At her and my dad, for leaving us. But, you know, revolution requires sacrifice, as my parents would say."

"But," Matteo interrupted, "you were just a kid. You didn't choose to join a fucking revolution!"

Olga laughed, a genuine belly laugh now.

"Matteo. You're a Black man in America. You were drafted into a revolution the day you were born, like it or not."

Matteo chuckled and raised his glass. "Well, damn."

"I'm kidding, but I'm not, right? See, my parents raised us, me and my brother, on an 'all power to the people' doctrine. 'Liberation' was the highest calling. So, what my mother did was, to some degree, noble. Or at least I knew I was supposed to see it that way. And at the end of the day, she didn't leave us on a street corner. We were with her mother—who I was always closer to, anyway. My father was still alive when she left. And of course, I had my brother. When my dad got sick, he moved home from college and everything. Just to be near me. So, I never felt abandoned, per se. I just started to feel like she was a soldier we'd lost to a war. Which, we kind of did."

"So." Matteo proceeded with caution. "Since you brought up your brother, I gotta ask—"

Olga laughed. "Hmm. I hope you're smart enough not to talk shit about my brother."

"Nope. Not me. I learned my lesson. But ... you've got to see why people find him a bit schmaltzy, right? That whole schtick when he was being held 'political prisoner' for, like, five minutes, and then got released and was paraded home? And this part I remember from the New York 1 loop like it was yesterday! My man was paraded home, draped in the Puerto Rican flag while sitting in the back of a convertible, like his own one-man Puerto Rican Day parade float. I mean, come on, how is that not political theater?"

"Damn," Olga said, giggling while she tried to sound serious. "You're really testing me! First of all, my brother was a legitimate political prisoner. He went down to Vieques with Reverend Al and was arrested protesting military bombings there, okay? Second of all, it was pure coincidence that they placed him in a jail—for thirty fucking days, mind you—that happened to be in his

district. Third of all, that was my Tío Richie's convertible and we can't help it if he's flashy. Nor could we have planned that they would have released him on the eve of the actual P.R. parade."

Her argument fell apart because by now she was laughing too hard. "Okay! I can see how, combined, it may have come across as a little gimmicky."

Matteo laughed with her. "Was just trying to make a point about how someone not related to him might see things from the outside is all."

She sighed. "Truth be told, I have no use for politicians. Especially Puerto Rican ones. When I was little, my father would have these little history classes for us. Every Wednesday night—that was his day. We'd learn all the Puerto Rican history and American history nobody was teaching in schools. My takeaway? Politicians were always the sellouts, pushing our people down a river. Sometimes not even for money, just for approval by the Yanqui, as my parents would say.

"Prieto? My brother got all those same lessons and came out believing he could be different.

"My mother thinks what I'm doing is stupid and I'm not sure I disagree. I'm absolutely 'a slave to the capitalist needs of the White Man.' Worst of all, I really enjoy money. My brother though? He doesn't give a shit about any of that. All these City Council guys, these guys in Congress, pocketing this or that kickback so they can buy a house or send their kids to private school? My brother still lives in my grandmother's house.

"My mother'd like to topple the system, but my brother? He genuinely wants to fix it. For people like us. And he's not perfect—he's a little naïve, he's a people pleaser—but I also know we're better off that it's him in office versus some other crooked motherfucker."

"Olga, you think you're so cynical, but you could break into 'The Greatest Love of All' right about now."

"My brother just brings that out in me!" Olga sang. "But, I am cynical. Because I understand all the problems, I just fundamentally don't believe we can fix them. However, I fully support those on the bottom taking as much advantage of the top as humanly possible."

Matteo began to sing.

How gratifying for once to know, that those above will serve those down below!

Olga stared at him, quizzically. "I dig the sentiment, but don't think I know that one."

"Sondheim. Yeah..." He grew bashful. "Musical theater was big in my high school. I was on stage crew. Anyway..."

"You have a good voice," she answered awkwardly.

"I'll tell you what, though, girl." He raised his eyebrows mischievously. "I'm an okay singer, but I'm a hell of a dancer."

The bar was more crowded now, mostly old guys playing pool and dominos, a couple dancing a bachata on the dance floor. He called out to Sylvia to turn on the disco ball, and he headed to the jukebox. Bobby Caldwell started singing about opening your eyes to the possibilities that love could bring and Olga slammed down her rum so she could join him on the dance floor, as dizzy and bright as the electric disco ball that illuminated them.

JUNE 2001

Mijo,

My heart is swollen with pride as I write this. The world now knows what I've known since you were a little boy: my son is a natural-born revolutionary. A fighter for the people of Borikén.

I was skeptical when I heard you were running for public office. More than a few Brothers from the Lords went in this direction and I found that participating within the system forced them to compromise their values. Watered down their sense of right and wrong. But when I saw you being taken off of Vieques—our stolen land—with the news cameras following you, I realized I'd been wrong. Suddenly the media—and the world—had their eyes on Puerto Rico and its struggles. I recognized what you, bendito, had already figured out: your platform as an elected official will enable you to do more for the liberation of the Puerto Rican people than working as a community activist ever could.

Prieto, any time in prison can change someone. Can bring on a certain darkness. When the public adulation ends, these next few weeks and even months may feel hard for you. We'd see Brothers from the Lords go away and come back totally different men. Even your Papi, when they sent him to Rikers for the CUNY protests, was changed. It was only two weeks, but when people treat you as less than human for even a day, it can haunt you. So, you have to do your best to just keep going. Pa'lante. With your eyes on the next fight.

But also, when I think about it, one thing your Papi had, that my Brothers in the Lords had too, was somebody to come home to. Someone to be soft with when they took off the armor they needed to survive in the White Man's world. While generally I worry that romance can be a distraction for activists, I think in your case, with the right person, it could be an advantage. It was easy to win your first election as a young bachelor, but as you age, un muchacho tan guapo como tú still out there in the field? Well, it makes people less excited and more skeptical.

For what my opinion is worth, mijo, it might be a good thing for you to take a wife. To have a good, strong woman by your side. Think of all you could do in the world if you didn't have to do it all by yourself?

Pa'lante, Mami

P.S. Speaking of relationships, please talk to your sister. This man will hobble her. She'll listen to you.

AUGUST 2017

THE WHIP

The summer air was hot and thick, but Prieto rolled the windows down anyway, knowing that soon enough, he'd be driving fast, the velocity forcing the air to hit him in the face, again and again. The only thing that, after these meetings, he felt could cleanse his sense of shame. He removed his tie, unbuttoned his collar, and rolled up his monogrammed shirtsleeves. As he started the engine, he turned on the stereo, steadily raising the volume. By the time he pulled out of the parking garage, the car vibrated from the bass line of his soundtrack, the aggressive hiphop beat piercing the late-night quiet of the Upper East Side and numbing his mind. He cut a left north onto Park Avenue, heading further uptown, hoping to extend his thirty-minute drive into one of necessary length for him to compartmentalize and rationalize his latest act of cowardice. Hoping that by tomorrow he could get up and attempt, in small ways, to atone for the sins he had set into motion so many years before. Sometimes, when he needed to settle his nerves this way, he would drive around the entirety of Manhattan, finding himself grounded by the water and the flickering lights of the outer-borough landscape. Tonight, he worried the island might not be big enough to do the job.

Prieto ran nearly every morning, lifted weights, even took the occasional yoga class, but nothing calmed him quite the way a drive did, his whip his fortress of solitude. Always with the music blasting, always with the windows open, even in the winter when the air bit, unless it was raining or snowing. It had been this way since he was first able to drive, and Abuelita got a call that his father needed to be bailed out of Rikers for some fucking crackhead shit that he was always getting into then. It was spring of Prieto's senior year, a Friday, and he was watching TV with one of his homeboys when the phone rang and then, a minute or so later, Abuelita called him into the kitchen. "Bendito, your Papi got into a little trouble and we need to get him some help." Prieto remembered the lump that formed in his throat when she told him what kind of help he needed,

the feeling of heat that came with shame. *Yo, son, I gotta bounce and go get my sister* was the lie he told his friend. Lying, a survival tactic he mastered quickly. He remembered thinking the ground would swallow him up before he let anyone know where he was going and why.

Olga was out somewhere, likely being scandalous; she was never home in those days. So, he told his abuela he could go by himself, so the house wouldn't be empty if she came back. She gave him the keys to the hooptie she used, and he drove. The very first drive he'd ever taken alone. The car had a cassette player and before he left, he ran to his room to grab a tape—a Wu-Tang mix he'd gotten at the Fulton Mall after school. He blasted it and by the time he was crossing the bridge and could see the prison in the distance, he felt placid. Far from happy, but calm. Able to manage the process of going through security, showing his newly minted driver's license as a form of ID, extracting the exact bail from the envelope of cash—in mostly \$10s, \$5s, and \$1s—that his grandmother had given him for this purpose. He was able to breathe as he sat in the plastic bucket seat in the waiting area behind the thick glass, waiting for them to bring his father out, gaunt, legs and hands cuffed together like he had done more than try to steal a TV. When the officer said, "I don't know much, but I know we'll be seeing you back here, son," Prieto wasn't sure if he meant to bail out his pops or as a criminal himself, but he was able to say, with calm and certainty, "No, I don't think that you will."

His father kissed his cheek as he'd always done when he greeted his son. Papi was tired. Prieto didn't know if that was him coming off a crack high or having doped up in jail. It was hard to tell with his father sometimes, but he had hunted him down enough to know that, up or down, when Papi wanted to get high, he would find a way. Prieto let him lie across the back seat. He changed the tape in the car to Joe Bataan, knowing it would please his father and it did; he sang along before he drifted into sleep. In this way, they drove home. Prieto pulled up to the little house on Thirty-seventh Street between Second and Third, where his Tío JoJo's friend rented Papi a basement apartment on the condition that he didn't smoke crack there. The rent was only \$200 a month, but Prieto knew that JoJo, Lola, and Richie had been taking turns covering it the past few months. (They didn't complain, but you hear things.) His father was out like a light, so Prieto climbed into the back to shake him awake, and that was when he saw it, on his father's neck—the KS lesion. He didn't even know that's what it was called, but he knew what it was—the mark of the beast, really. The mark of death. His heart raced. He carried his father out of the back seat and into the tiny apartment, wondering to himself how the fuck this homie had ever even been able to carry a TV when he didn't weigh more than a TV himself.

The room: a portrait of a tragedy. A Puerto Rican flag hung on the wall, and next to it Papi's Lords beret. A record player lay on the ground flanked on either side by what must have been a hundred records. The mattress was on the floor, a crate as a nightstand next to it, on top of which was a bare-bulbed lamp, a copy of *The General in His Labyrinth*, and, to Prieto's quiet horror, Papi's works, the needle in a cup of water, pink with blood. He set his father out on the bed and thought to himself: He'll be high again before the sun comes up. Prieto got back into the car, drove into Bay Ridge, east onto the Belt Parkway, before he ultimately did what he had long wanted and turned the beat-up sedan around to make his way over to the piers off Christopher Street by the West Side Highway.

If the needle was Papi's release, this was his.

* * *

PRIETO HAD THOUGHT himself street smart, but he'd been a simpleton when he arrived on the political scene nearly seventeen years ago. A Pollyanna was what the City Council speaker had called Prieto when he first assumed office and was asked what his side business was going to be.

"Side business?" Prieto asked, genuinely confused. "I think my job representing Sunset Park isn't going to leave me much room for a side business."

The speaker had laughed, clapped his hand on his back, and said, "Turns out our political dynamo is a real Pollyanna." The nickname stuck, at least his first term, as he was genuinely shocked each time he discovered a new act of corruption or self-dealing going on with his colleagues.

They almost all had side businesses based in their districts. From pizzerias to laundromats to small accounting shops. Always storefronts that looked, to their constituents, like investments in their communities, but in reality were vehicles to clean the money that passed into their hands to secure votes for policies and measures favorable to a class of people living far from the neighborhoods they were representing. So much of this was happening in the open, or the near open, that, when discussing upcoming votes or meetings people were taking with developers and financiers, they would sometimes look Prieto's way and say, "Pollyanna doesn't have a problem with this, right?" This was their way of reminding him that if he wanted to play by the rules, no problem, as long as he didn't fuck stuff up for the rest of them. It was his sister who pointed out to him that he could work this to his advantage, parlaying his silence into leverage over

his colleagues for votes on matters that would benefit his small idyll of South Brooklyn, an area that, in those days, commanded very little attention in the city.

Sometimes, when he contemplated the direction of his life, he felt his wounds were self-inflicted. He ran for office because everyone ignored his neighborhood—the board of education and their overcrowded schools, the cops (except when they shot kids in the street with impunity), the sanitation department, elected officials. These days, all eyes were on Sunset Park, and it was he, Prieto, who had put them there. For better and for worse.

Before his mom bounced, Prieto had planned on applying to colleges outside of New York. He was desperate for some distance from what had heretofore been his life. His aunt took him to D.C. to see American and Georgetown; he sat in on classes at Howard. But when his senior year rolled around, his mom was gone, and his dad was in a bad way, and Prieto's brain hurt just thinking about filling out those financial aid forms. Whose income tax return did he use? The Radical or the Junkie? So, he applied to a bunch of SUNYs and wound up at Buffalo.

He joined a Latino Greek figuring that, with his own family in shambles, having some brothers might not be a bad thing. It turned into his lifeline. Pledging, living with his line brothers, the public vow of silence, wearing the uniform for nearly eight weeks. It provided him with structure and closeness at a time when he'd felt alone and flailing. His brothers held him up when no one in his own family could.

He'd started college wanting to become Brooklyn's Johnny Cochran: using law to fight police brutality. But an environmental justice class he took made him realize that the cops were just one small thread of a tightly woven system of discrimination. He was shaken to discover how systemically government and industry had imperiled the health of minority communities for convenience and profit. The course opened his eyes and invigorated him in a way his parents' Brown Power rhetoric never had. By the middle of his sophomore year, his father was in full-blown crisis. No one asked Prieto to come back, but he wanted to be there for his family. With Tía Lola's help he proved he was "legally emancipated" and transferred to NYU with a full ride, commuting to class from Abuelita's. It was right around this time that the city was trying to erect a waste-processing plant in Sunset Park, just a few blocks from their home. He emailed his line brothers saying, "I'm not religious, but God brought me home to fight this." He linked up with the Latino Youth League and the Community Board and made arguments so eloquent, he wanted to tape them and mail them to his

professor up at Buffalo, just to let him know he'd been listening. The *Daily News*, *The New York Times*, even the *Post* covered their fight and the city buckled under the pressure. He'd found his calling.

Then, just a year later, despite public outcry, outside the light of day in a not-quite-legal move, the waste-processing plant seemed to have arisen overnight. By this time, Prieto was in law school. He was livid and scrappy—filing motions as a private citizen against the city, doing presentations on community health impact for the City Council. He was handsome and eloquent. The news cameras loved him; he was the perfect salve for White Guilt. He had been practicing law and running a campaign to block a prison expansion when the local Democrats came to suggest he might run for the City Council seat that was opening up. Prieto couldn't think of a better way to protect his 'hood.

* * *

He'd just started his second term on the Council when an envelope came through the mail slot of his office. It was hand printed, the card inside engraved, inviting him to dinner at a private residence on the Upper East Side. It had no return address or contact information and Prieto's assistant was about to throw it in the trash when the phone rang. The caller was confirming that the invitation was received and hoped that Councilman Acevedo would not be skipping their dinner. The timing freaked the secretary the fuck out and she ran into his office saying that she had canceled everything on his calendar before and after this dinner. He called one of his frat brothers who worked in real estate to see what he knew about the building.

"That address is nothing but money. I think they print it in the basement. The Selbys have two units in there. Both the brothers."

In a city of real estate dynasties, the Selbys were one of New York's most prominent. The father had spearheaded the redevelopment of Bryant Park a generation before, and the sons had sunk a fortune into redeveloping the Lower East Side, to mixed results. But, in the aftermath of September 11, they found opportunity. With downtown desolate of people, filled with dust, and backlogged by slow insurance payouts, and with landlords unable to collect rent, the brothers headed to Ground Zero with literal carloads of cash. Betting that the desire for immediate relief from misery would obscure any misgivings. The people—the small business tenants, condo owners, the landlords—certain that nothing could be built on top of all this tragedy, that nothing would ever be possible on this square of misery—thought them fools. In a highly public news

conference, the Selby brothers unveiled a broad plan for the area, where, on a windy day, trapped ashes from the fallen buildings might still unwedge themselves and flurry the air with death.

The city, for its part, thought the Selbys Heroes of Hope—that's what the mayor called them—and Prieto's colleagues moved to reward them as such with tax breaks upon tax breaks. Who, in the wake of such disaster, wouldn't support such entrepreneurial vision? For his part, Prieto was unsettled by any one family scooping up such concentrated plots of land, tax free, but sensed that public morale was too low for such cynicism. Besides, as his sister pointed out to him, with all of his colleagues from the Manhattan districts on Selby payroll of some form or another, why squander the political capital by raising the issue? Just quietly vote against it. No need to poke an urban bear.

Which is why, when he realized that it was this very bear summoning him to their ultra-luxurious, doorman-and-private-elevator-entry-actual-motherfucking-Picasso-in-the-foyer-and-a-maid-in-an-actual-motherfucking-maid-outfit lair, he knew it could be nothing good. Prieto had never given much thought to The Man. The notion of one mythical, monolithic, rich, powerful White Man puppeteering the lives of people of color to keep them dancing in service of his larger plan seemed far too simplistic to serve the complex issue of systemic oppression very well. But, on that spring night in 2003, after the maid took his briefcase and the butler escorted him to a dining room half a city block away, passing a museum's worth of fine art en route, Prieto found himself thinking, if The Man existed, this would certainly be his apartment. He had made it a point to arrive fifteen minutes early—no person of color serious about being taken seriously was ever late to meet white people—but the two Selby brothers were already seated, napkins on their laps and wine poured. In that moment Prieto knew he'd already lost whatever battle he was about to fight. No matter what he had mentally prepared for, they were already a step ahead. It was a setup.

A place was laid for him, but where a plate would have been was an envelope. He sat and opened it, looking to their faces for a tell and finding none. He pulled out the photos and inhaled deeply; the first showed him fellating a man in what was clearly his own apartment, the next featured his face visible during intercourse, his partner clad in leather. He exhaled and stood up.

"I have to be honest, gentlemen. What have you got here? Some photos? Of me with a man? New York's a very liberal city; this is hardly leverage."

"New York is quite liberal, Councilman," the elder brother, Arthur, said, "but you're not the councilman for Chelsea or the West Village. You represent,

as you so proudly say whenever a camera is near, Sunset Park. And I'm not so sure the Catholics and the macho Hispanic community you speak for would be quite as happy to be represented by—what's the slang your people use?"

Nick, the younger, chimed in: "Maricón, Arthur." He seemed pleased with his Spanish.

"We don't think your district would want to be represented by a maricón, Councilman, and we're prepared to put a lot of resources into making sure that they aren't."

When looking back on that night—the beginning of the collapse of who he had thought he was—Prieto often wondered how things might have played out had he been just a bit more courageous. Would anyone have cared who he slept with? How might he have responded if he'd found himself in that dining room a year, or even two, later? Once Ellen's talk show got its footing, or after Jim McGreevey came out? After his grandmother had died? What might his whole life have looked like? But at that moment, the idea of his most private life becoming public paralyzed him with fear.

"What is it that you need?" Prieto had asked.

"When the vote comes up," the younger brother replied, "you'll know."

They were right. As soon as the proposal was put forward to clear the path for the Bush Terminal Warehouses to be redeveloped by the Selby brothers, he knew what he was expected to do. For more than a generation, Bush Terminal had housed the industrial and garment factories that put food on many a table in the neighborhood. Abuelita had worked as a seamstress there, and of course Papi worked there until he wasn't able to work. Then, little by little, they all closed. Moved to Jersey or, more commonly, offshore, to places where people worked for even less money than the poor of Sunset Park. On its face, there was nothing wrong with encouraging some development in this dormant area, whose most robust commercial activity was a brisk drug and sex trade. Yet, Prieto knew this would do nothing for the area but quicken the ascent of rents, offering little by way of job opportunities, tax revenue, or even amenities for the working poor who made up his electorate. Prieto, the local hero, the straight man, would have fought for more. But, Prieto, the compromised, the closeted homosexual—which he wasn't even sure that he would call himself, it was just that when fucking men, he felt his most unbound—that guy folded like a fucking shirt. He voted to move the project forward. He gave a press conference about how this would attract new people from all over Brooklyn for cuchifritos and the wonders of Eighth Avenue's Chinatown, knowing full well that this would never happen. No one who went to the Selby brothers' waterfront supermall would ever venture into the real neighborhood.

Prior to this, he'd resigned himself to a compartmentalized life. One where his sexual desires were placed inside an iron box locked so tight, they'd be unable to burgeon into emotional attachments. He'd contented himself with his career, his friends, his family, and made peace with the fact that he would simply not have, nor pretend to have, a meaningful romantic relationship. But after the Selbys approached him, he felt desperate for a cover. Desperate to put some distance between their secrets and his public life. He married a neighborhood girl, Sarita, who he knew would be a devoted political wife. Who he knew would want kids, something he pined for and had assumed was beyond his grasp. He was eager to share the kind of love his father had given them with children of his own. They had a child, a girl, and for a while, he almost felt grateful to the Selbys for forcing him down this path. He'd asked that they name her Lourdes, in a nod to both his parents and the place of redemption he hoped she would be for him. She was not enough. Not Lourdes, and not Sarita. Not enough to keep him from what he longed for.

There were more votes. Yes to a basketball stadium downtown whose rezoning enabled them to move forward with dozens of luxury condo projects. No on a ferry project that would have saved his constituents hours of commuting time into Manhattan. And on and on. Yet, he was still able to eke through enough pieces of good for his neighborhood and for Brooklyn to feel his compromises worth it. For this reason, when one of his mentors, his local congressperson, announced his retirement, Prieto foolishly pursued it, naïvely believing the Selby brothers' interests too local to have any use for his one little vote in the House of Representatives. He won the election easily, and his strategy worked well. For a term or two he found some breathing room. By now divorced from Sarita, he wondered if there might even be a way to be free, to step into who he fully was. Then Hurricane Sandy hit, ravaging the waterfront of not just his district, but all of New York City.

The call came through his office; his chief of staff had Arthur Selby on the line. Terrible damage, they both agreed, awful for the people of New York, the businesses lost, the homes flooded. Wonderful that they had him as a champion in Washington. Just as Prieto relaxed into the conversation, talking the elder Selby through the environmental policy proposals he was planning to make, Arthur interrupted. This was all terrific, really, but he hoped that Prieto could see the wisdom in providing a tax incentive or, better yet, find some federal

matching funds for anyone entrepreneurial enough to undertake redevelopment along the flood zones. The dollars for disaster relief, Prieto reminded him, are very competitive, with their priority being recovery and shelter for families displaced by the storm. Of course, Arthur agreed. Prieto hung up, confident.

Days passed before someone named Derek came to his D.C. office to see him. Thinking it a constituent, Prieto gladly said to show him in, but when he recognized Derek as a john he used to see several years before, he threw him out, canceled his next slate of meetings, and sat at his desk and sobbed. He felt he would never be free.

* * *

Now, Prieto found himself heading southbound on the West Side of Manhattan, pulling off the highway near the Highline, and meandering his way down to the Village. It all had changed. Everything was shiny or under construction. Gone were the street urchins and young hustlers who populated the pier that night when his teenage self found the courage to see what this world was really about. Of course, he wasn't dumb enough to cruise, even if the opportunity was still there. But he liked to come down here, look at the water, and remember the nights when he was allowed to be completely whole, nights before anyone knew who he was. He tried to calculate if his total good done was greater than the sum of harm facilitated during his time in public office, and he wasn't sure of the equation's sum.

Tonight, when he arrived at Arthur Selby's apartment, he'd been surprised to find they were not alone, as was custom. Around the table sat a bevy of men, some he recognized from the financial news, others he did not. Curiously, their agenda had nothing to do with upcoming legislation, his district, or even New York. Instead, they were "deeply invested" in the PROMESA oversight hearing he'd called for, as head of the Hispanic Caucus and member of the House Committee on Natural Resources. Deeply invested in it not happening. Though he couldn't pinpoint why blocking such a banal procedural hearing could be of such import to this group, he sadly knew that this many white men so laser focused on Puerto Rico could mean nothing good. His Papi had always told him that the United States made Puerto Rico's handcuffs, but it was other Puerto Ricans who helped put them on. He didn't quite get what Papi meant until now.

FIVE STOPS

It was the tail end of summer, but the crisp of fall was already in the air when Olga walked out of her posh lobby—soulless, Matteo had called it—and onto the street. This was her favorite time of year. One of the perks of working with the wealthy was that they had better things to do in the heart of summer than to get married. So, while they holidayed in Nantucket or Maine or Europe, she could usually string together three or four weekends in a row for herself.

Her greatest occupational hazard was that her daily priorities were, first and foremost, the priorities of the families who paid her. As such, she often neglected her own. She cringed thinking of how many weeks it had been since she'd seen her niece Lourdes, her waking hours chock full of other people's lives.

As she made her way to the Atlantic Terminal, she couldn't help but marvel at the neighborhood transformation that had happened literally under her nose, while she was flying here and there, getting home drunk, leaving for the office early. Even as a younger woman, Olga never had a desire to live in Manhattan, put off by its nonstop pace and posturing. No one could ever just "be" there. It required trying, at all times, to be something else. Richer, thinner, more famous, more popular, more powerful, more in the know. For all of her ambition, at the end of the day, Olga wanted to shut it all off. Yet she'd recognized, as a practical matter, that being closer to "the city," as Brooklynites referred to it, would be an asset as she launched a business catering expressly to those trying to be more. So, she moved out of her grandma's house on Fifty-third Street and into a floorthrough of a brownstone on a tree-lined street just a stone's throw from Fort Greene Park, one quick subway ride to Manhattan. Here, a utopia of creatives, mostly Black and Latino, all strivers by day, surrounded her, eager to let their hair down at night, to drink, laugh, and dance off the weight of a day spent trying to live up to a notion of White Success in this impossible city.

But eventually Manhattan's architecture and its sensibilities had begun to encroach on this corner of the world. First slowly and then fast. It started with the stadium, of course. Then, the first high-rise went up. It seemed so novel that Olga and several of her neighbors took leases there, tickled by the idea of a doorman and a roof deck just steps from their usual stomping grounds. Then, there was a second, double the height of the first. Now, there were so many tall gleaming towers, they had altered the wind patterns and created shadowy canyons on streets once flooded with light. The residents of these towers were different. They didn't run home to Brooklyn to escape, they ran back to continue their efforts of trying to be cool, edgy, artisanal, "low-key." Like milk in coffee, the potency of the neighborhood was diluted with each shining new edifice. As with all forms of white conquest, Olga knew that by the time acquisition was complete, the soul of whatever they were after would have already been destroyed.

The beige stones of the Clocktower Building gleamed white in the bright morning sun, the haze of summer already burned off the sky, leaving behind a rich blue backdrop for it all. For generations of Brooklynites, the Clocktower was a landmark—the tallest building in Brooklyn, by design. Now it was dwarfed in the cluttered downtown skyline. For decades it had been a bank where Olga's grandmother kept her accounts. Until recently, when the conversion to condos was complete, Olga had used its grand bones as the backdrop for lavish parties, guests dancing on the beautifully mosaicked floors, the teller windows serving as bars. The parties had bothered the residents though, and now, like much of the retail space downtown, the former bank sat empty, luxury apartments stacked on top of it. A precarious Jenga game. In fact, the only reason anyone noticed the bank at all was because it contained an entrance to the subway, where Olga now ducked belowground.

Only five stops separated Olga from her neighborhood of origin. As a teenager sneaking off to clubs, or as a recent college grad commuting to her first couple of jobs, she never gave them any thought, that extra distance that separated her from the buzz of Manhattan. Yet now, from as close as downtown Brooklyn, the old neighborhood felt far. Remote. The process of getting there something that required preparation. Time blocked off. A calendar invite, even.

It was such a beautiful day, she decided to walk a bit, so she hopped off the train at Thirty-sixth Street, noticing the hipsters exiting at the same stop. (Were they hipsters, even? Olga thought. Weren't these just yuppies by another name? For surely, with such ubiquity of style, they were no longer technically hip.) As

she suspected, at the top of the subway stairs the group broke right, heading west to the waterfront mall that had sprung up there, eager for a day of poking through vintage clothes and eating poké bowls. She shook her head. How had Prieto ever thought this development would be good for the neighborhood? Olga broke left, heading uphill, east towards Fifth Avenue.

Sunset Park had two main strips of retail, each of which ran from the park, at the corner of Forty-first Street, south to Sixtieth or Sixty-fifth Street, depending on who you asked. What no one debated, though, was which belonged to whom. Fifth Avenue was the bustling Latino strip, while Eighth Avenue offered one of the best Chinatown experiences New York had to offer. Olga had grown up just off Fifth, and while some of the stores had changed and the restaurants had become more Mexican than Puerto Rican, she was comforted by how little, in the way of energy and spirit, was different. There were, inevitably, children's clothing stores, furniture shops still offering bedroom sets by layaway, and dollar stores whose awnings teemed with suspended inflatable dolls, beach chairs, laundry carts, and other impulse purchases a mom might make on a Saturday afternoon, exhausted by errand running with her kids. There was the sneaker store where Olga used to buy her cute kicks, the fruit store Prieto had worked at in high school, the little storefront that sold the kind of old-lady bras Abuelita used to wear. On the sidewalks, the Mexican women began to set up their snack stands. Mango with lime and chili on this corner, tamales on that. Until the Mexicans had come to Sunset Park, Olga had never tried any of this food, and now she always tried to leave a little room to grab a snack on her way home. Despite the relatively early hour, most of the shops were open, music blasting into the streets, granting the avenue the aura of a party. In a few more hours, cars with their stereos pumping, teens with boom boxes en route to the neighborhood's public pool, and laughing children darting in front of their mothers would add to the cacophony that Olga had grown to think of as the sound of a Saturday. In the distance, the pale green arch of the Verrazano Bridge, its arms gracefully splaying outward in embrace, presided over it all.

She walked a block past her own to Más Que Pan, her favorite bakery in the neighborhood, its windows full of lavish buttercream cakes the likes of which her clients had surely never seen: multitiered wedding cakes with a dozen plastic bridesmaid and groomsman figurines descending spiral staircases; a Ken-like doll wearing nothing but a Speedo lying in repose atop a cake intended for a bachelorette; a Barbie doll torso wearing a bridal veil popped out of a cake, her gown fashioned from mounds of cream. This one, Olga imagined, was for a

bridal shower. She ordered a coffee and a buttered roll knowing that the coffee would come with frothed hot milk, the butter whipped and sweet, and that the two things would cost her \$3, the price having risen a dollar in the past decade. There was no need for this snack—the idea that there wouldn't be food at the house was utterly ridiculous—but this was comfort food. Ritual eating she needed to do to know that she was back home.

* * *

HOME. OLGA HADN'T lived here in over fifteen years, but time did not matter. It was bigger than its physical size, this house. It housed all her grandmother's hopes and fears for her young family on the mainland, all of her children's dreams and sorrows, and those of her grandchildren, too. Had her grandmother laid the stones and mortar herself, this place could not embody her more. When they first came from Arecibo—Abuelita, Abuelo, and their brood—they lived in a tenement in Spanish Harlem with another family. Abuelita saved her pennies, little by little, to buy their own house, but when her husband left—fed up with this mainland experiment—she had to adjust her plans. She found the rental apartment upstairs through a woman at the garment factory where she worked. How nice it would be to have a big apartment so close to her job, all to themselves. The neighborhood was Scandinavian and Irish back then and the landlord, Mr. Olson, did not want to rent to a Puerto Rican family. That he made plain. But her grandmother charmed him: she was high-heeled and lipsticked, and she had left her four young children at home. They rented there for years, living in the unit upstairs. Little by little, buying furniture, saving more money, warming Mr. Olson to their family. When he finally decided he'd had enough of Brooklyn, enough of the Puerto Rican wave flooding Sunset Park for the factory jobs nearby, he didn't just want to sell. He wanted Olga's grandmother to buy it. To give her a taste of the American dream. And somehow, she did it. Little by little, she used to say, everything impossible can come to pass. So, the family moved from the rental upstairs to the owner's unit downstairs. The first thing her grandmother did, or so everyone said, was to sit her children down and tell them that no one in their family would ever have to worry about having a roof over their head again. And no one ever did. The next thing she did, according to lore, was put on her music nice and loud so that they all could dance.

* * *

OLGA TURNED OFF the main avenue onto her block, a line of attached limestones glimmering in the summer sun. Each just like her own: garden level and two short stories. A tiny wrought iron gate out front, bounding in the smallest patch of concrete front yard, large stone steps with a black iron banister leading up to the parlor floor. Like hers, most of the houses were owner-inhabited, landlords presiding over the bottom two floors, a rental unit up top. Like hers, the renters were almost always relations, someone in need of a reasonable place to lay their head while they finished school or got on their feet after a divorce or simply tried to make their way in a difficult world. As such, the block took on the nature long-running telenovela, with series regulars and multigenerational feuds and intricate plot points. Already ladies were sweeping stoops and setting out their lawn chairs for a day filled with the busywork of neighborhood bochinche: watching the comings and goings of the street to see what this week's episode would bring. Her phone rang. It was Matteo.

"Whatcha doing, girl?" he asked.

She smiled. "I'm in my old neighborhood, hanging with my niece today."

"Aw, have I found myself a Tender Roni girl?" he asked.

She laughed. "I guess! What are you doing?"

"I'm..." He hesitated. "I'm picking up a sofa...."

As they had only hung out a couple times, and always ended up at her place, Olga had managed to forget about Matteo's hoarding, and in fact, could not wrap her head around it. She despised clutter of any sort and had shocked herself by pushing past his confession. Yet, it was likely his openness about this defect drew her to him in the first place, her fear of her own imperfections softened by his acceptance of his own. Before she could figure out the appropriate response, he jumped in.

"But look, ma, the reason I called is because I've got a hundred dollars of yours, and I wanted to let you know."

"What?"

"Apparently you left Sylvia a hundred-dollar bill on the bar the other night and she's not gonna take your money like that."

For some reason, Olga felt embarrassed. No money had exchanged hands between Matteo and Sylvia, despite numerous drinks consumed and tons of time on her barstools. While she was certain they had some kind of arrangement—clearly Matteo was a regular—she felt strange about not compensating the woman for her time and hospitality. Yet she also felt strange that Matteo knew she had done it.

"I wanted her to have it," she said. "She was so lovely to us."

Matteo sighed. "That's sweet, but Sylvia is stubborn, and believe me, she will check to make sure I gave you your Benjamin back. In other news, it's nice to know I have a crush on a chick who's such a generous tipper."

She felt herself blush, but luckily was, by now, in front of her house, where her niece was sitting on the stoop, surrounded by two dozen splits of champagne and a Michael's bag bursting open with turquoise tulle.

"Matteo, let me call you later."

FAVORS

"¡Ay, querida! What have you gotten into over here?" Olga asked.

"Olga!" Her niece bounded down the steps, and the turquoise fabric, somehow stuck on her shorts, transformed into a tail. She threw her skinny arms around Olga's waist and hugged her tight. "Papi said you were coming this weekend." She released her embrace, as if she'd just remembered something. "Where've you been all summer?"

"Working, mija," Olga replied, ready to own her crime. Lourdes had grown so much that summer, the sight of her made Olga melancholy for all she'd missed. "But, you're right, I let the whole summer go without us doing anything fun. I'm sorry. Tell me, what's all this?"

"Lourdes!" Mabel had popped her head out the window of the top floor. "I hope you're making those bows even!" She looked at Olga. "Oh, hey."

Olga looked up. "Hey, prima!" Mabel had been living in the rental apartment ever since she met Julio, her fiancé. She claimed she wanted the apartment to help Prieto with Lourdes, but all the cousins knew that what she needed was a fuck-pad, since up until then, despite being in their thirties, both she and Julio had lived at their respective parents' homes. As soon as Olga saw her cousin, she realized that her niece, along with the rest of her family, had likely been enlisted in Mabel's crafting army and that the house would be ground zero for preparing tacky takeaways for her upcoming nuptials. Celebrations in her family were more than a day of gathering. The planning, preparation, and postmortem chisme sessions were both how and why Olga's family marked any major occasion. She hadn't factored wedding prep into her visit, but should she dare to seem less than enthusiastic about helping, the whole day would devolve into war with Mabel, and Olga didn't want to sour everyone's mood.

"Oye," she said, "I just figured you could use some extra hands!"

"Oh yeah?" Mabel called down, suspiciously. "Well, I guess better late than

never. Come in. I'll show you what to do."

Lourdes poked her and mimed a secret, which Olga bent down to hear. "I was gonna play with Camille today, but Mabel says no one plays until all the favors are done."

The favors, Olga soon discovered, were quite the production, involving at least five aisles of the crafting store. The garden level of the house was a sizable space, with a front sitting room that opened into the dining room, and the kitchen in the back. Each and every corner was occupied by a relative tending to some aspect of customization and assemblage of the takeaway gifts for the end of the night. At the dining table, two of her cousins were covering the champagne bottle labels with stickers that had Mabel and Julio's photo with the wedding date underneath. Next to them, Tía ChaCha, always very good with detail, sat with a pair of tweezers, her readers sliding down her nose, affixing rhinestones in artistic clusters around the bottle. These then would be boxed up and taken to the porch where, Olga now realized, Lourdes was put in charge of dressing the bottle necks with tulle ribbon bows. Once dressed, the bottles were taken to the living room, where Tío JoJo and one of Mabel's nephews were placing them in clear gift boxes together with a single champagne flute, which, Olga realized upon closer examination, were also etched with Mabel and Julio's names and wedding date.

Mabel had made her way downstairs, her wet hair dripping onto her Marc Anthony concert T-shirt. Like a general, she surveyed everyone's work.

"Ricky," she barked at one of their cousins, "that label don't look straight to me." She turned to Olga. "Let's get you set up in the kitchen. You can help decorate the gift boxes."

"Wait," Olga said, laughing. "You're adding something else to this?"

"Ya!" ChaCha interjected. "The box can't be plain, Olga! What's wrong with you?"

Mabel, ever eager to be persecuted and judged by her cousin, opined, "Well, Tía, maybe Olga's rich vanilla brides like things more, you know, refined."

"¿Qué?" ChaCha called out, a bedazzled champagne bottle in her hand. "These bottles have hand-placed crystals on them! Who wouldn't find that elegant?"

Tía ChaCha was their Tío Richie's first wife and Mabel's godmother, a role she took seriously enough to adopt all of Mabel's enemies as her own. Olga being their favorite target. They, though, were in the minority. Whether their family worshiped them out of merit for their successes or pity for being parentless, if Olga walked on water it was only because Prieto had already parted the Red Sea. So now that Olga had called into question the style and taste of her cousin's wedding favors, the entirety of the room grew quiet, awaiting Olga's verdict.

Truth be told, Olga's clients never gave out favors anymore, deeming them largely a waste, which was more a matter of mode than money. Since the recession, conscious that weddings were acts of conspicuous consumption, the wealthy had deemed the wedding favor an opportunity to offer an apology for inequity. The tchotchke replaced by "donation in lieu of favor" cards. Graciously announcing to guests that instead of buying a useless favor everyone knew would be chucked into the trash after the wedding, they had chosen to send that money to a charity, where it would benefit people who couldn't even afford a wedding in the first place. In Olga's family, however, these favors—any favors, really—would never be chucked in the trash. The guests at Mabel's wedding would coo over the gift, chill and drink the cheap champagne, and take the flute out again on New Year's Eve. Or, just as likely, place the entirety of the decorated package into a china cabinet, where it would be preserved and lovingly dusted, weekly, alongside the favors from all the cousins' weddings that had come before it. Even Olga, with her fastidious nature, was highly superstitious of throwing away a favor from any family affair, and kept an under-the-bed box filled with crocheted bridal gown toilet paper roll covers, engraved miniature picture frames, and glass swans swimming on mirror ponds whose exact purpose she had never deduced, but of which she had three. She knew Mabel had likely agonized over selecting each label, crystal, and bow. With this in mind, Olga paused, looked around the room, and declared, "Of course, it's elegant, Tía! I just didn't want the packaging to take away from your work!" And everyone laughed and ChaCha, and even Mabel, smiled. New England tact, Olga thought to herself.

"Meanwhile, we can't get any music on in this joint? I get why you've got us working, Mabel, but what kind of sweatshop are you running?"

In this way, with music blasting in the background, Olga sat at the kitchen table while her Titi Lola made arroz con habichuelas blancas—Olga's favorite—and adorned 150 clear plastic boxes filled with bedazzled champagne splits and flutes with teal bows, onto which Ana, her Tío Richie's current wife, then hotglued a large rhinestone.

KING OF THE CASTLE

Olga stared at Tía Lola intently as she seasoned beans, boiled rice, chopped onions, and sliced avocado. While she cooked, Lola hummed along to the Daddy Yankee song playing on the stereo system and from across the kitchen Olga attempted to discern something of her aunt beyond her boundless capacity to love. Her mother's baby sister had always bucked convention. In college, she had studied accounting and, once done with school, landed a good job, chopped off all her hair, and took an apartment forty blocks north in Park Slope. Lola then proceeded to stack cheddar in a way that enabled her to care for her mother as she aged, keep Olga and Prieto in fresh back-to-school clothes, and still go on one cruise a year. On Saturdays, Lola, who had been the family chef since she herself was a girl, came and cooked for whatever family showed up. On Sundays, in good weather, she rode with her Puerto Rican motorcycle club. She never married. What she did with her days and nights outside of that, none of them knew. The block had long whispered that Lola was a lesbian, and Olga hadn't ruled that out, but she also wasn't completely convinced.

"If being a single woman made you gay," Olga would say, "then make me Grand Marshall of the Pride Parade."

This would inevitably inspire laughter, because everyone knew that Olga had always been a world-class hetero sucia, a rotating cast of boys and men trailing her since she had first begun to develop. Certainly, her aunt had never brought another woman around the family, minus her friend Lisa, who Lola had known so long, Olga retained no memory of even meeting her. Mabel had lobbied the rest of the cousins hard that Lisa was not Lola's friend at all, but instead her lover, to which Olga retorted that people can and do have friends. "Not the Ortizes!" the rest of her cousins had replied. To a certain extent, this was true. Richie had three kids with ChaCha, two more with Ana. JoJo and Rita had Mabel, Isabel, and Tony. Everybody's kids then had kids, except for Olga and

Mabel. What room was there for friends when there was so much family around?

Olga's real confusion about her tía's life was rooted in her grandmother's death. Before Abuelita passed away, Olga could understand why her aunt might feel she had to hide who she was from an admittedly old-fashioned and faithfully Catholic woman. But Abuelita had been gone for twelve years now and Olga saw so little need for a closet that she began to question the hypothesis—that her aunt was queer—in the first place. Her aunt was quiet, but fearless, unafraid to live life on her own terms. To Olga's eye, her aunt's persona simply didn't befit a closeted person. Unlike her brother.

Olga had long suspected that Prieto was gay, but she knew he would more likely die than embrace an identity so "alternative." His private life, in this regard, was one of the few unspoken, off-limit topics between them. Olga, unlike Mabel, did not like to trade in rumor and suppositions, especially where her brother was concerned, and so she kept this thought to herself. Also, no one would have chosen to believe her anyway. Her case for the matter rested largely on circumstantial questions for which her family would have convenient answers.

Wasn't it weird that her brother had never had a girlfriend? He's too dedicated to his work to have time!

But what about when he was younger? Why would a man so handsome want to be tied down?

Isn't it strange how Sarita is around him? So cold and chilly, no hint of lost passion? *Ay, her family would say, she's just bitter that he ended things.*

Olga was unable to articulate the less tangible reasons for her belief. Things that only she, raised under the same roof with him, noticed. How, when he'd take her to the pool at Sunset Park, she'd find his gaze lingering on the same shirtless boys her own eyes had wandered to. How, when she would clean his room, she'd find men's muscle magazines hidden between the wall and his twin bed, tucked away like another guy might have stashed *Playboys*.

Prieto's relationship with Sarita transformed a nagging feeling into an unconfirmed belief. Olga remembered cognitively registering, the first time he brought her around, how stiff he seemed. Like a robot playing the part of himself. Before his wedding ceremony, when he looked nearly sick, she'd reminded him that he didn't need to go through with it. He'd replied, very seriously, that yes, he did. In a way, she supposed, he was right. To her consternation, her brother's identity was completely enmeshed with the appearance of perfection. And while people weren't outwardly homophobic, she

understood that a description of the perfect Latino man did not include the word "gay." Prieto's need to be liked was compounded by his palpable fear of disappointing people: their family, their mother, his constituents. It was, to Olga, his main character flaw. So she said nothing, kept her thoughts to herself. At the end of the day, what did it matter who her brother wanted to fuck?

"¡¡¡Wepa!!!" Prieto called out as he came into the house. "Nothing like coming back to a home full of fam!"

Olga could feel the energy of the place collectively shift, the center of gravity now firmly fixed on her brother. The king returned to his castle. Mabel showed him her favors, Lourdes walking him through the assembly line; her brother doled out hugs and kisses as he greeted each family member in turn. The first time she saw him work a room at a campaign event, she thought of times like this, here with their family—how effortless it was for him to make everyone feel special, how he seduced attention from a crowd.

"¡Oye!" Tía Lola shouted. "What am I? Chopped liver? Come give Titi a kiss!"

Prieto and Olga's father, Mabel would always say, were the only men Tía Lola ever glanced at twice.

Olga's brother bounded into the kitchen, kissed her head, and wrapped their aunt in a big embrace, dancing her around as he did so. From under his arm he presented her with a package.

"Tía, I picked up some steaks. You season them, I'll grill?"

"Bueno, bueno, ¡bendito!"

* * *

OLGA SAT WITH a beer in their little backyard, watching her brother stoke the charcoal into flames. Impossibly, two more cousins were already out there, hard at work bagging candied almonds into little turquoise net sacks. These, Olga knew, were to go at each guest's place setting. The sight of them made her remember the linen napkins, tucked in a corner of her office, awaiting their debut on Mabel's big day. The recollection curled the corners of her mouth upwards.

"Oh shit," Prieto said. "When I see my sister smile like that, I know she's up to no good. What are you scheming now?"

"Nothing, nothing!" She giggled and sought to deflect. "Hey, you know what I noticed when I was walking up Fifth today?"

Her brother grunted so she continued.

"Bars. Two bars."

"Okay?" he said, stoking the fire.

"Since when do we have bars on this part of the avenue?"

Brooklyn's Fifth Avenue began at Atlantic Avenue, the outermost edge of what eventually became Park Slope, running south until it met the water under the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge at Shore Road, Brooklyn's version of the Gold Coast. In every neighborhood it cut through, the avenue served as a retail hub, full of fruit stands and fish markets, diners, coffee shops, and bodegas. If Park Slope had a "scene," Fifth Avenue would be it, as it was clustered with restaurants, sports bars, and lounges. Bay Ridge, home to Saturday Night Fever, long provided the alternative to schlepping to Manhattan for some nighttime fun. But for generations, if you drove through the Polish stretch, which began at Eighteenth Street, and Sunset Park itself, you would not see a bar on Fifth Avenue until you hit Feeney's Pub on Sixty-second Street. Dives peppered Third and Fourth avenues, serving whatever workers remained at Bush Terminal and catering to men hooker-shopping under the BQE, but the Polish and the Puerto Ricans had happily restricted their commerce to the family-friendly variety. In the past decade, however, Olga noticed that, slowly, this too was changing. Hipsters and their ironically named bars had begun to creep further south. First the sailor-themed bar, The Merman, opened on Twenty-first Street, then Gravediggers—right across from the Greenwood Cemetery on Twenty-sixth. Then Twenty-seventh Street, then Thirtieth. Always luring the same patron: skinny, pale kids with NPR tote bags, intricate line tattoos visible under their frilly, ironic sundresses or Bernie Sanders T-shirts with the sleeves cut off. Now, today, on Thirty-seventh Street she'd seen a little wine bar, Sour Grapes, and then on Thirty-eighth a true bar bar, named, of all things, HOLA!, which Olga found particularly ironic since from a quick glance through the window at the heavy-handed Day of the Dead décor she knew that no real Mexicans were likely involved. It was obvious they were not saying hello to the people of Sunset. Not the ones she knew anyway.

"Those are wypipo spots," Fat Tony, one of her cousins bagging the almonds, chimed in. "I didn't even know there were so many around here, son. But me and my homeboy passed by the other night, and the 'Mexican' joint was bumping. Jam packed. No melanin anywhere."

"Hmpf," Olga said. "How come these bars are there, Prieto?"

"Olga," her brother said, with some exasperation, "I'm in D.C. now. This is a City Council issue. Anyway, there was some rezoning. Makes sense. They cater

to those coworking spaces they put up in Bush Terminal. It's not necessarily a bad thing to have a place to stop and get a drink after work, is it?"

Olga did not agree.

"No, but if there's a chance to suddenly open bars in a Puerto Rican neighborhood, Prieto, then why didn't the opportunity go to Puerto Ricans? Or fuck, Mexicans! Hell, why isn't there a Chinese-owned bar up here?"

"See," her brother said, "this is why I want you to be more involved in my campaigns, ya! Actually"—seeming grateful for a chance to change the subject—"the weekend after next, you working? Someone's throwing a fundraiser for me out in the Hamptons. Wanted to see if you could come. You know that's more your scene than mine...."

Olga looked at her phone. "On the Saturday? Ugh, I'm already committed to a thing ... out east...." She stopped and thought of the party. Her first public outing with Dick. Since she had accepted his invitation, she felt the stranglehold of her commitment. Whether real or imagined, her freedom to ignore Dick, to say yes or no to his requests, had been hampered. True, she had denied meeting him for dinner and blown him off for an impromptu romp after work at the Four Seasons, but after each refusal he had replied with "No matter, we'll have a whole weekend together out east." His words a stake in the ground to which she was tethered. Yes, she could still roam the yard, but at the end of the day, Dick knew she couldn't go very far. Olga wanted to go to this party very badly, but she also wanted to rob Dick of this feeling of conquest, and she wondered if her brother might not have given her the opening to have both things at once.

"Prieto, let's figure this out. Maybe if I do you the solid and go to your thing, you can come with me afterwards to mine."

"Damn, son. That's how it is?" Tony called out. "You got all these cousins up in here, and nobody takes us to shit! How you know I don't want to go to one of your fancy parties in the Hamptons?"

"Tony," Prieto called out, as he threw a steak on the fire, the flame jumping in the air. "Do you want to come out to the Hamptons to my fundraiser?"

"Fuck no, Prieto. You know I get carsick on long rides. It's just nice to be asked, is all."

NOVENAS

As was her ritual on every visit home, at a quarter to five Olga snuck into her brother's room. She held her breath, and with eyes closed, slid open his closet door, dreading what she might not find there. She exhaled relief immediately, goose bumps rising on her forearms. She could feel its presence without needing to see it: her grandmother's altar. She marveled at its sameness after all these years, an anchor of constancy amid a torrent of change. When Prieto took over the house, and in turn, Abuelita's room, Olga's only request was that he leave the altar. It lived atop a small milk crate covered with a white lace doily, Nuestra Señora de la Caridad del Cobre presiding over empty velas, the faint remnants of red, pink, yellow, and white wax still evident in the glass cases. Around them, photos of Olga's mother and grandfather, her father's mass card, a bottle of Bacardi, a small statue of St. Anthony, and a photo of Abuelita placed there by Olga herself. Around the Virgin hung four rosaries, and Olga reached now for the black one—obsidian, or so she was told, years and years ago. She stuck it in her jeans' pocket and closed the closet door.

"I'm going to the store!" she called out to no one in particular, and made her way up Fifth Avenue to Our Lady of Perpetual Help, where she slipped into the tenth pew from the front on the left-hand side of the lower level, the bronze plaque on the bench inscribed with the name *Isabel Alicea Ortiz*. How many Saturdays had she come and sat in this very spot with her grandmother? It was impossible to count, but enough that when she died, one of Olga's first acts was to claim the pew—Abuelita's pew—to be marked with her name in perpetuity.

This was their space, her and her grandmother's. In a house full of people, lives crowded with crisis and defined by chaos, this ritual, this place, belonged to the two of them alone. Olga's parents did not forbid her and Prieto from doing much, with the exception of going to church. Their parents felt, generally, that religion was a bourgeois tool for inuring the proletariat to their exploitation, and

more specifically, that the Catholic church was the devil's handmaiden, having played such a prominent role in the colonization of Black and Brown people all over the world. Her mother and father were so vociferous about this, so relentless in their critique, that Olga's grandmother moved her altar into her closet, simply to avoid having to hear the two of them go on and on. After Olga's mother left, Abuelita kept it there out of habit. Olga loved the altar. The mystery of it was especially delightful to her, but also the ritual of the prayers, the lighting of the candles. Abuelita would often catch her in the doorway, spying on her grandmother as she knelt and said the rosary. One day she called her over and taught her granddaughter the prayers—the Hail Mary, the Our Father. They were the first and only things Olga could say with confidence in Spanish.

Her grandmother didn't intend to defy Olga's parents' wishes, not overtly. Olga had a curiosity and her grandmother had a faith. Or at the very least, superstition. One Saturday afternoon, when Olga was maybe six or seven, she and Abuelita were running errands when her grandmother looked at her watch and became stressed. Abuelita had long gone to Saturday evening mass, dating back to her days at the factory. Sunday was her only day off back then, her only day to sleep, even if it was just until seven o'clock. So, she would leave work and go to vigil mass, to pray for her job, her children, the roof over their heads. Then she would come home and see her whole family together, with so much food on the table, in a house that against all odds belonged to them. To Abuelita, the two things were connected. The health of her household tied to her appearance at Saturday evening mass. If it didn't help anything, Abuelita would tell Olga, it certainly didn't hurt anything, either. And so, on this particular Saturday, pressed for time and unsure if Lola was home to watch Olga, she turned to her grandchild and, in a conversation that Olga remembered vividly, asked her if she knew what a secret was. Secrets, her grandmother said, had a bad reputation, like their neighbor, Constantina. Yes, lots of men did come visit Constantina while her husband was away as a Marine reservist, but she also fed many of the stray cats and dogs in the neighborhood and never bragged about it, so she wasn't all bad. That was how secrets were; you heard more about their bad aspects than their good. Going to church with Abuelita was a good kind of secret. Did Olga think she could keep a good kind of secret? She nodded, vigorously, yes.

When Olga stepped inside that first time, she was enchanted. She loved the statues, the ceremony, the marble, the gold, the smell of the incense, the sound

of the organ, the sense of order, the veil of secrecy ... all of it. After everyone went for communion, when the entire parish was kneeling in prayer, Olga shed a tear, so moved was she by the sound of quiet. Abuelita was clearly looking more at Olga than praying, because she kissed her on the top of her head and whispered, "We can come back, you know." And come back they did, without further discussion. Every Saturday they would find themselves out together, shopping for this or that, always winding up at their pew just as the bells rang to begin the five o'clock mass. Afterwards they would race home—sometimes they would buy soda and ice, just to cover their tracks. By then, her father would be over. Her mother, if she was not traveling, there. Her aunt and often her uncles and whatever cousins all gathered at the house. And they would have dinner surrounded by family, feeling blessed that their prayers had worked.

The only time Olga had ever felt pure envy for her cousin Mabel was when she made her First Holy Communion. Olga cried and cried for weeks afterwards. Her mother called her materialistic for being jealous of a meaningless dress, while her father offered to make her a party of her own, just for being her, "No Jesus required." Only Abuelita knew that what she was jealous of was not the outfit or the party, but that now Mabel would know the taste of the Body and Blood of Christ on her tongue. Mabel, who gave Holy Communion no more thought than a bird gives its first flight, would enjoy this privilege Olga had pined for. When everyone could be filled with Jesus, sitting in that beautiful silence in the marble hall, Mabel would be full too, and she, Olga, would just sit there. Still hungry.

When her mother left, Olga grew more brazen, saving her allowance to buy a twenty-inch Infant of Prague statue and building her own altar in her room. Not in the closet, but on top of her dresser. She chose that statue with care, because you could change him into elaborate robes that varied according to the season. When she got a little older, Olga worked for Tío Richie's car dealership on Saturdays and whatever money she didn't spend sneaking into clubs at night she put towards buying outfits for the Niño Jesús de Praga. She would go with her abuela to the Catholic goods store and select a purple Easter gown, a red silk dress for Advent, a baptismal ring too small for even a baby, a miniature crucifix necklace. At her altar she lit candles in front of her mother's photo, saying novenas for her safety, wherever she was.

Her sadness at her mother's departure was tempered by what she saw as an opportunity. She begged her grandmother to enroll her in catechism, reminding her about good secrets and Constantina, the animal lover who used to live next

door. Her grandmother obliged. She loved all of her grandchildren, but felt, she would tell Olga as she brushed her hair at night, that perhaps God put them so close together to give her a second chance at raising a restless spirit. Although her grandmother would say that her mother had chosen "a life based on her convictions," she would still sometimes lament that "perhaps she'd have been less angry if I'd been home a little more." And Olga would take the old hand that held the brush and kiss it and tell her that she had just done her best. This was the truth.

It was also true that Olga and Prieto had more time with their grandmother than their mother and aunt and uncles ever had. By the time Olga was in grade school her grandmother had retired from the factory and instead did alterations out of the house for people in the neighborhood. Prieto would make her flyers and post them around and ladies would come with their occasion dresses. Spring was the busiest time. They would learn all the local gossip as everyone needed fixes on prom dresses, outfits for weddings, and, of course, communion gowns. If it seemed like one would fit, her grandmother would lay out a bedsheet on the ground to protect the dress and let Olga try it on. Another good secret. On these occasions, Olga would look into the mirror and practice kneeling and opening her mouth, waiting to receive the Host.

On Wednesdays, public school kids who went to catechism got early dismissal: 2:15 P.M. instead of 3:00. Olga was beside herself to finally leave with those kids, who she knew all walked to Our Lady of Perpetual Help together, stopping for gum and Quarter Waters along the way. She was thirteen and trying to get baptized and make communion all at once, while her classmates were already studying for Confirmation, so Abuelita talked to one of the nuns about giving her special classes. This was a familiar situation for Olga and Abuelita both. Her grandmother had sent one of her girls "away" before, busing Olga's mother to every gifted program the city offered. She'd felt that she'd lost Blanca in the balance. Abuelita wanted to keep Olga closer to home, but also didn't want to stifle her. She aggressively solicited Olga's teachers for special help, pleading her granddaughter's unique case, asking for extra work, anything additional to keep her bright Olga engaged, but close. Olga thought nothing of having private lessons with one of the sisters because she spent her days getting special attention at school, all of her teachers charmed by the ambitious grandmother and her bright granddaughter.

Olga jumped from her seat when the special release bell rang, holding hands with her junior-high boyfriend as they walked the ten or so blocks towards the

church's school building. But as they turned the corner, flanked by a pack of their classmates, Olga's blood grew cold. She could hear a commotion, if one man yelling could be called that. She pretended to forget something, told everyone to go ahead, reversed her course just long enough to seem believable, and then hid behind a tree until she saw them all ascend the stairs and walk into the building. The ranting continued. Louder still.

"But what I want to know is, who the fuck told you that my daughter was available for brainwashing? Tell me! Who?"

It was her father. High. Crack this time, clearly. On smack he was like a baby, would just curl up in anyone's arms, looking for proof he was still loved. On crack, he was brave. And angry. And loud. She saw him, at the top of the stairs to the entrance of the school, all up in the face of the nun, Sister Kate, her face stoic under her habit. In the corner, slumped on the top step, was her brother, that fucking Benedict Arnold. That fucking people pleaser. Her father was barely a functioning being at this point, just nerves and synapses either stimulated or dulled senseless. He was, she surmised even at her young age, embarrassing but harmless. Her brother, on the other hand, was of sound mind and body and had brought him here with the sole purpose of ruining her dream.

"¡¡¡Lombriz!!!" she called out to him using the word worm that her parents had always used for sellouts of their own culture. "¡Lombriz!" She pointed, her voice louder than her father's, loud enough to stop her father's rant.

"¡¡Mija!!" He turned to her. "¡Dime! Who put you up to this?"

But she swatted him away, hissing at her brother, "Take him away, you fucking piece of shit."

"Olga," Prieto replied, matter-of-factly, "he's still our father, don't his wishes count for anything?"

She ignored him and turned her attention to Sister Kate.

"Sister," she pleaded, "my father isn't in his right mind. I have wanted be a true Catholic—"

But Sister Kate cut her off. She was an old Irish woman. She had seen this all before. If not crack, alcohol. The vice really didn't matter. Her eyes oozed with compassion. She put her hands on Olga's face.

"Beautiful child. God's timeline is long, and Jesus lives for always, so your time for the Sacraments will come. But for now, I cannot prepare you for them. Your grandmother told me that your parents were dead. You're only thirteen. If your father doesn't consent, I must abide by the law."

Tears streamed down Olga's face.

"But Sister, I will work so hard. So very hard."

The sister blessed her before she went inside.

That night, Olga put Nair in her brother's shampoo bottle. They never spoke of his betrayal again. Abuelita went to confession for her lie, though she did not feel true remorse; she and Olga kept returning to their pew.

When Olga's father did actually die, three years later, with el SIDA, no funeral parlors in the neighborhood wanted to take him. There was a place for bodies with AIDS, everyone said, a potter's field uptown. But Abuelita had an idea, and after digging in her papers to find the proper evidence, spoke about it to Olga. Only sixteen, but armed with her father's baptism, confirmation, and—most shockingly to Olga—a certificate of marriage to her mother from the church, Olga went to visit Sister Kate, pleading that even Catholics with AIDS had the right to decent funerals. Sister Kate made a few calls, and they had to travel into Greenwich Village, but he had a proper wake and religious service at a funeral parlor there. "Lombriz," Olga said to her brother, "thank us later." He never did.

Olga had never had many friends, in part because she loved to spend time with Abuelita, their minds so much alike. Her mother was so black-and-white—rigid with her principles. Her father, a dreamer, lost in impossible ideals. But to Olga, her grandmother was a hustler who actually got things done. She understood the dance, which they did together, often. Both literally, as Abuelita, glamorous and towering in her heels, loved to dance with young Olga, and also figuratively. With her parents absent for such critical years of her life, Abuelita was never afraid to bend the truth, make someone dead or another person missing, in order to procure special tutoring, or a scholarship, or whatever her grandchildren needed. The truth, Abuelita would say, is so much harder to believe than our lie, no? And it's not like we have bad intentions, ¿sí? Yes! Olga would agree. She loved it all. The high heels, the prayer, the laissez-faire relationship with rules and regulations. Whether born that way or formed into shape from necessity, the two women mirrored each other.

* * *

WHEN ABUELITA DIED, Olga's mother did not return for the funeral. She and her brother were the only evidence of her mother's existence in their grandmother's life. Olga was twenty-seven at the time and while watching her grandmother's decline had been heartbreaking, the deepest pain came at the funeral mass itself. Sitting there, she felt so profoundly empty, so utterly gutted from the loss, she

physically ached for relief. She'd never done her catechism, never made the official sacrament, but at the funeral mass, Olga was the first to go up and receive. The priest said, "Body of Christ," and she said, "Amen," curtsied, and crossed herself, just as she had practiced for all those years. She made her way back to her seat, her grandmother's coffin just a few feet in front of her. She knelt in genuflection. In this moment, one she had coveted for so long, one she thought would hold the wisdom of the entire world, she felt nothing. She wept, with disappointment and loneliness. A sense of loneliness she hadn't known was possible and one that never truly left her.

Again and again, Olga returned to church after that, hopeful that this visit would be the moment when she was healed. That on this occasion, the anger that so often filled her would be replaced by grace. Eventually, her sense of hope faded into nothing, replaced with ritual. Ritual that brought her closer to her grandmother, that bordered on superstition. Today, with the obsidian rosary being kneaded through her fingers, the ritual felt silly and the empty feeling formed a crater through which she almost slipped. Olga looked up, to the statues, to Abuelita, to her father, to anyone who might be listening, and prayed—

"Dear God, please, let me know what it is to feel loved again."

LOMBRIZ

Inside his D.C. office, Prieto threw his newspaper down in disgust. The op-ed was nothing short of scathing, raking him over the coals for canceling the PROMESA hearing, calling him "the toothless lion" guarding Puerto Rico. He should have known when he saw that Reggie King bought a ticket to his fundraiser that he'd had something else up his sleeve.

"Alex!" he bellowed out to his chief of staff. "Alex, did you see this shit?"

"Well, sir," Alex said as he entered the room, "I was the one who put it on your desk, so, yes."

Some days Prieto detested Alex.

"If it's any consolation, do you think anyone reads the op-eds in the *Daily News*?"

"Actually, Alex, yes. Yes, I do. Maybe not your friends from HBS—"

"Kennedy School, but Harvard, yes."

"Maybe not your friends from Harvard, but my constituents do. The people on *The Breakfast Club* do. Black and Brown Twitter does. This fucking clown has decided he's the spokesperson for Puerto Rico all of a sudden and now he's trying to come at me for *my* record?"

"I still don't get why you canceled the hearing. This feels like way more trouble than that would have been," Alex said, shaking his head.

"You would think, after knowing me for as many years as he has, he'd have the decency to pick up the phone and call me before he pulled this shit."

The truth was that while yes, the two men had known each other for nearly two decades, it was always a frosty relationship, predicated as it was on Reggie's romantic interest in Olga. Truth be told, Prieto had long eyed Reggie King with a mixture of contempt, admiration, and, more recently, an odd sense of jealousy. A music impresario, Reggie had cultivated a larger-than-life, rags-to-riches persona that, for years, had been confined to the entertainment arena. More recently,

though, Reggie had begun wading into the waters of politics or, as Prieto saw it, moving into his lane. It started with his so-called social impact investments. Reggie's first venture, Sanareis, was a biopharmaceutical company focused almost exclusively on developing drugs to target and treat diseases adversely affecting Black and Latino people. Diabetes, heart disease, women's reproductive health. When other music moguls were investing in vodkas and bottled waters, Reggie made headlines for being so community minded. He was suddenly just as likely to be giving an interview to *The Atlantic* as he was to *Vibe.* When he launched Podremos—a company that manufactured wind-energy turbines—he made even bigger headlines, and bigger profits. The cover of Forbes, appearances on MSNBC, interviews in The Wall Street Journal. Then, a couple of years ago, Reggie, who for the majority of his career never uttered a peep about being Puerto Rican, suddenly adopted the island as his pet cause. Truth be told, the op-ed hadn't taken Prieto completely by surprise. He'd noticed some more subtle swipes Reggie had taken at him in the media. He just never thought he'd come at him like this.

"Seems to me," Alex offered, "he only knows how to operate as a public spectacle. This should make Saturday interesting."

"I'm not worried about it," Prieto said genuinely. "My sister's coming. She's the Reggie whisperer. We'll see who looks like a toothless fucking lion."

"Speaking of lions, Congressman Hurd's office called about that Hurricane Harvey relief package?"

Prieto let out a slightly bitter laugh. "Tell Will, yes, he can count on my vote, because I'm a Democrat and we don't let people suffer just so we can keep our checkbook balanced. I just hope that when the next storm comes to P.R., I can ___"

A shriek came from the outer office followed by murmurs and gasps. Alex ran to see what the commotion was. He returned moments later, carrying a small box, a somber, almost frightened look on his face.

"Sir, please don't worry, we've already called the Capitol Police."

"What the fuck is it?" Prieto asked, gesturing for Alex to bring the package to him.

"I ... I ... don't really know. But it was sent for you. I just don't know what it means."

But as soon as Prieto looked, he knew. The box was filled with worms.

* * *

HIS MOTHER HAD not contacted him in over a year, not since he had voted yes on PROMESA, giving financial control of Puerto Rico to a politically appointed board of mainlanders. Yet he knew it was her behind the box of worms. After much posturing, Prieto managed to convince Alex not to involve the Capitol Police, as it was "likely just kids playing a prank." Instead, he had the box and its contents messengered over to the J. Edgar Hoover Building.

When Prieto was first elected to Congress and lobbying for his committee assignments, he shied away from one that might require deeper digging into his personal life, for obvious reasons. While Prieto and his sister had some vague notions of their mother's radicalization, her paper trail—digital and otherwise—was thin. Once on the Hill though, Prieto found himself with increased access to information, and finally, after cultivating a friendship with a rising star at the FBI, a Bronx-born Boricua named Miguel Bonilla, Prieto asked to see his mother's file. It was, he felt, like finding negatives to the photographs of his own life.

The file was thick, dating back to before her days with the Young Lords Party. It started with NYPD reports, trailing her and his father after Papi's arrest for the Brooklyn College takeover. After that, when they joined the Lords, COINTELPRO was almost always on their tail. Despite years of hearing his parents' stories of harassment by the NYPD and the FBI, it was still a trip to see the actual files. To reframe what he'd assumed was the hyperbole of jaded activists as actual fact. Proof not only of his parents' just paranoia, but also a mirror, he realized, to the skepticism he'd clearly held about it.

After the Lords disbanded, the FBI seemingly lost interest in his mother. Through childhood recollections buttressed by findings from the internet, Prieto sketched an outline of her life over the course of the ten or so years that followed. She was still living with them in New York, teaching at Hunter College. She became increasingly involved with a radical wing of the Socialist party, one more global in scope than the Lords. She'd begun going on a speaking circuit, traveling to Mexico, Central and South America, and, from what Prieto could piece together from old Socialist newspapers he found online, spending time in South Africa on anti-apartheid efforts.

Then, in 1989, the year before his mother disappeared from their lives, the FBI file picked up again. Robustly. A man named Ojeda Ríos was on trial for shooting an FBI agent with an Uzi during a raid on his home in Puerto Rico. The raid was part of an attempted arrest for a bank robbery Ojeda Ríos allegedly committed in Connecticut. Of course, Prieto knew, Ojeda Ríos was no ordinary

bank robber, but the leader of Los Macheteros, a militant Puerto Rican independence group that the U.S. government had deemed a terrorist organization. The bank robbery itself was as much about protesting colonialism as it was a money grab. His mother penned a series of impassioned op-eds championing his cause and was immediately back on the FBI's radar.

Ojeda Ríos was eventually acquitted for injuring the FBI agent, but jumped bond on the robbery charge in 1990. He found cover in the hills and forests of Puerto Rico, managing his secret paramilitary army and disseminating, via the local media, recordings to his followers throughout the rest of the island. Humiliated, the FBI launched a manhunt, deploying hundreds of agents in search of Ojeda Ríos. It was in November of that same year that they put eyes on Prieto's mother in San Juan, but she quickly vanished, leading the agents to believe she had joined Ojeda Ríos in the hills. They had been correct. In 1993 she emerged again to claim credit, on behalf of Ojeda Ríos's army, for a bombing at the home of Puerto Rico's then governor-elect. He'd won on a platform of privatization and statehood; the bomb detonated on the eve of his inauguration, leaving the house in flames. No one had been home at the time. Like her mentor, his mother evaded apprehension and for a time, the FBI believed she'd escaped to Cuba. Then, fifteen years ago she was spotted in Chiapas, Mexico, where she'd found refuge with the Zapatistas. Ojeda Ríos, for his part, became a sort of folk hero on the island, living openly in the Puerto Rican countryside, evading the law until 2005 when he was assassinated by the FBI. It had happened on the anniversary of el Grito de Lares—September 23 fifteen years to the day after he had escaped. On the island there was an outcry.

Reviewing the file, the date stood out to Prieto for different reasons—Ojeda Ríos's murder was just a day after his own grandmother's death. He'd found it difficult to braid this political homicide with such an intimate loss in his own life, of his family's. He imagined his mother planning an assassination as they watched their father's slow descent into death. He pictured her plotting rebellion while his ex-wife was birthing their daughter. While he had sat in mourning for his grandmother, her daughter was shedding tears over this failed revolutionary. A sense of neglect washed over him that turned his worldview quite gray. His thoughts morphed into a feeling of dull pain.

As a young man, with his father a walking zombie and his mother gone, Prieto had to make a choice. Was he going to love them or hate them? He chose love. But in his mother's absence that love became something else. He idolized her, worshiped her. She, who was so committed to bettering the world that she

left her own children! In light of this, he began to shape his life so that it reflected the values of this exalted figure. To signal to her that while she was off on the front lines, he was keeping up the good fight at home. The ideal soldier. Discovering that she had left it all behind—left them behind—to follow a fringe figure in an independence movement that would never succeed was, for Prieto, a pernicious blow. Her file recast their abandonment as futile: her cause not only impossible, but the means insane. What did this say about the woman, his mother, who'd dedicated her life to it? What did this say about him, whose life's purpose had been defined, not in small part, to please such a woman? Dwelling on this question took Prieto into dark, existential terrain, and so he packed the information away.

* * *

HIS MOTHER HAD written to him ceaselessly prior to the PROMESA vote, warning of the dire consequences and utter destruction of the Puerto Rican people that it would bring. But he had faced tremendous pressure, both from his peers and of public opinion—to say nothing of Lin-Manuel Miranda. Plus it was, he felt, a matter of common sense. It was the only real choice and so he made it.

Sort of. Truth be told, though Prieto tried to forget the information he'd seen in his mother's file, in the months and years following, he often found himself feeling angry with her. He went through and reread all of her letters, running the dates against milestones in his family's life. He was struck for the first time by her self-absorption, by her single-minded focus on her vision of how the world should be, the lack of interest in their lives outside of what she deemed important about them. Where these letters once filled him with warmth—random reminders that he wasn't motherless, he was loved—for the first time, he began to feel manipulated by her correspondences. So, when she began lobbying him about PROMESA, he didn't so much vote for it to enact revenge as he didn't give her approval the consideration he historically would have. He didn't care if she was disappointed in him. He was disappointed in her.

For days and weeks after the vote, through the appointment of the panel and the creation of the fiscal austerity plan, he held his breath. Waiting for the angry, scolding missives from his mother that he knew Olga was accustomed to receiving. A waste of his position; a waste of his power. Yet nothing came. After a while, he began to sense that his mother was more than just "a bit" upset. Of course, PROMESA quickly proved humiliating for all who'd supported it. It was nothing more than a private-sector money grab. Whenever the topic of

PROMESA came up he'd be flooded with a wave of anxiety, one that was rooted in more than concern for the island. Prieto found himself desperate to apologize to his mother for it. He hadn't realized how much his status as "the good one" had grounded him.

* * *

"THE ACTUAL PACKAGE was from a compost store on eBay," Agent Bonilla told Prieto over drinks at Le Diplomate. "But I was able to track down the bill-to address on the order: a Karen Price of West One Hundred Forty-ninth Street in Harlem."

Years of hiding—his sexuality, his father's addictions, his compromised position with the Selbys—had perfected Prieto's poker face. Karen Price was his auntie Karen, his mother's first and arguably only real friend.

"Hmm. Not a name I recognize," Prieto said.

"Well, it's an interesting biography," Bonilla replied as he took a sip of his whiskey. The bar was loud, but Bonilla was careful not to raise his voice. "I can't find a direct link, but I can't help but feel she's an associate of your mother's."

"Really? What would give you that idea?"

Agent Bonilla proceeded to walk Prieto through the path of Auntie Karen's life, which had many "common bonds" with his mother's, and yet no direct ties. Not that Bonilla could find. Karen had come from a tame, middle-class family, was radicalized in college, joined the Black Panthers, and defended her own self in court on a false terrorism charge. She, like his mother and father, was involved in the CUNY protests. She, like his mother, eventually became an academic. She'd then lived with a man for a time in Liberia, where she published subversive poems of sex and rebellion under a nom de plume. She never married, never had children. Instead she became a public advocate for jailed veterans of the movement whom she considered to be political prisoners. She was an early public supporter of Black Lives Matter and other activist groups and a private cooperator with more fringe political movements.

What Bonilla didn't know, and of course Prieto did, was that Karen's connection to his mother and radicalization predated all of these things. In an effort to tame her daughter's rebellious streak, Abuelita had sent Blanca to an all-girls Catholic high school. "¿Y instead?" Abuelita would lament. "What happened? She met La Karen." Always *the* Karen, as though she was a force and not a person. Ironically, Karen had landed at the Catholic school for similar

reasons as his mother. Her older brother was a Black Nationalist and her parents hoped the nuns might inoculate Karen from this same leftist path. Instead, she and Prieto's mother found each other among, as his mother would say, "a sea of white girls with bleach blond hair" and bonded over their mutual awareness of systemic inequities. Karen would get books from her brother—*The Autobiography of Malcolm X*; *Black Skin, White Masks*—and share them with Blanca, who, in turn, would come home and proselytize to her siblings and mother. Karen joined the Panthers, while Prieto's parents joined the Lords. But even as the movements faded, as his parents' marriage fell apart, his mother's bond with Karen never waned. When his mother left, to his grandmother's chagrin, only La Karen knew exactly where she'd fled, and only La Karen had a direct channel of communication to her. If the worms came from Karen Price, it was only because she was serving as proxy for Prieto's own mother. To let him know she saw him as a traitor.

"We don't have any direct links to her and the Macheteros your mother was involved in," Bonilla was now saying, "but that would definitely be something up her alley."

"Interesting."

"And you've got no idea why she would send something like this to you now?"

"No. None whatsoever."

"Kooky old hippies," Bonilla declared. "Who knows what sets them off. They don't like the way you vote on some bill or another, and the next thing you know..."

Bonilla laughed and Prieto made sure to join him.

"We'll keep an eye on it," Bonilla added, and Prieto just sipped his drink.

* * *

When he got back to New York, Prieto decided to get to the bottom of things. His mother couldn't just hide from him this way. He needed a chance to explain himself, to make things right. Aunt Karen did not keep a phone, so he decided to pay her a visit. He didn't know how serious Bonilla was about keeping an eye on things, but he took no chances. He donned his Yankee cap, shorts, and a tee, parked his car in a garage downtown, and hopped on the subway, to make the long journey up to Harlem. Because Prieto rarely rode the New York City subway, he found it pleasant. In D.C. he couldn't walk into a restaurant or store without being recognized from TV, so his ability to slip into anonymity despite

his close proximity to others was relaxing. So relaxing, he missed his stop and ended up taking a meandering walk through North Harlem. He hadn't walked these streets since he was a kid, when his parents would bring him along for a political meeting or for his mother to visit with Karen. He was shocked at how, just like his own borough, everything seemed so metallic and new. The streets were filled with parents—white parents. Pushing strollers in and out of luxury condos. Up and down steps of brownstones. When he got to Karen's building, a place he hadn't been in years, his hand instinctively went to her buzzer. Muscle memory. She asked who it was through the intercom. He announced himself and waited for her to buzz him inside, but the buzz never came. He was sure it was her; he had recognized her voice. He rang again, and again. He became frustrated, but also nervous. He thought of the box of worms. His aunt had known him since he was born; she couldn't possibly ignore him. Perhaps she just couldn't hear him through the intercom. It was the end of a warm, late summer day; her windows were open. He stood on her stoop and bellowed up.

"Auntie Karen, hey! Wasn't sure if you could hear me through the intercom. It's me—Johnny and Blanca's son. Can you let me up? I just gotta ask you something real quick!"

A few moments passed before he heard the sound of a screen being raised. His aunt's beautiful dark face emerged, older, but still familiar. She looked at him pointedly in the eye, but the softness he had always known there was gone.

"Prieto, no reason to let you up. In case the package wasn't clear: she doesn't have anything else she wants to say to you, nor does she have anything she wants to hear from you."

APRIL 2002

Querida,

Lately I've found myself thinking about the role of women in the world and the important part we play in forcing hands of power to create change. No matter where I've traveled, women, when given space, have excelled at organizing and improving their communities. We're born with barometers in our belly that make us more sensitive to the climate around us and, because we're so often on the lowest rung of any ladder, we're naturally inclined to look out for the least among us. Since we're also burdened by domestic tasks, we're forced to be more efficient. In a woman's world, time is the most precious commodity, and we don't have it to waste.

Of course, the problem is that we don't live in a world just of women. Not only do men exist, but we are drawn to them and, for complex reasons, they do not treasure time in the same way that we do. It may have to do with an inability to face mortality, or needs of ego, or maybe it simply has to do with the fact that they don't hear the ticking of a biological clock. What I can say with certainty is that a man has no problem wasting time, especially that of a woman. And they manage to do so in such insidious ways we often don't notice that it's happening until it's too late.

Sometimes it looks like passion—they adore us, they treasure us, they want to be with us in the morning, every night, on the weekends. We, our hearts open, eager to give that love back and warmed by the light of their admiration, comply. We make ourselves available at their convenience, never giving another thought to what we might have done with those moments, hours, and days had they not asked for them. We justify it by saying, but what's more important than love? Never remembering that when they ask for your time it's always before and after they've accomplished what they wanted to do with their day.

Sometimes it looks like being supportive—they trust us, they need us, they feel we understand them, they believe we make them better. We, overflowing with capacity to care, flattered that we are so special, so chosen, so intellectually equal and necessary, we again comply. We put our energy—our

tremendous energy—into strategizing how to achieve their dreams. How to help actualize their visions. Not realizing that the size of their ambitions blocks the light with which to see our own.

Sometimes love looks like being a savior—they seem lost, confused, without direction. We, ever-optimistic believers in change and the power of unconditional love, again comply. We give them guidance, we offer discipline, we go so far as to loan them our vision until they can find one of their own. All while our own dreams gather dust.

Olguita, mi amor, I have heard that this man—this "musician"—wants to settle down. I implore you to walk the other way. Mija, you're only twenty-five years old! Your own dreams are hardly formed, and I worry that with a man like that—a man who seems so lost himself—you'll spend your whole life supporting his ideas and his career and his children.

Marriage, when I was young, was a permission slip. The only way, in those days, a young woman could cross the threshold into adulthood. But you and your generation have the chance to be truly liberated—and true liberation is freedom from obligation. Obligation to soothe a husband's ego, or a baby's hungry cries.

Your father was brilliant. A dreamer. An idealist. He was a wonderful lover and a wonderful father. I loved him madly. Yet, at the end of the day, I had to accept the choice in front of me: I could spend my time soothing his loneliness and hurt, trying to motivate him back into purpose, or I could spend my time working towards the liberation of oppressed people around the world. Both, you must understand, are expressions of love. The choice isn't necessarily easy.

I worry that you're seduced by the money and the life that this guy represents. I worry that you've been bewitched by the little bit of limelight you get being next to a man who is the actual star. Have you mistaken the cost of the gifts he likely gives you with the value he has for you? Your Papi used to say that the greatest fool is the man of color who defines his success by the White Man's standard. I'll add to that: if he's a fool, then his trophy wife is to be pitied.

I'm sure my family thinks he is fantastic! I'm sure they find his cars and flash and little bit of fame very enchanting! But to me, what a heartbreak to imagine you selling yourself short to be this guy's wife. This thug of a guy who spends all his time making music about nothing. No, not about nothing! From what I've heard he makes music about money. Having it. Stealing it. Needing it to validate himself. Have you forgotten that when money is what centers someone's soul, that soul is hollow? This man is so lost he's ashamed of his own identity—

changing his name to hide! Imagine what your father would have said. A man that insecure wants marriage to mark you as his territory the way a dog pisses on a hydrant. A man that insecure will never allow you enough space to find your own way, to express your own voice.

In fact, I can't help but feel that since you've met him, you already seem to have lost your way. What happened to your passion for your photography? What goals are you pursuing beyond spending all your time going where he wants to go with the people he knows?

I won't try to convince you that this guy isn't worthy of you. I remember being young and thinking I understood love, too. But I do have to ask questions, in the hopes that you will ask them of yourself. What are his bigger ambitions for himself? When was the last time he asked about yours? Besides your looks, does he value your mind? Does he ask your opinions in public? Does he support your curiosities in a meaningful way? What is his vision for you as a wife and a mother? What is his vision for himself as a husband and a father? Does he ask you if you want to have kids or does he just assume? Does he know that money can purchase things but not joy? What, besides being Puerto Rican, do you even have in common?

Pa'lante, Mami

SEPTEMBER 2017

BILINGUAL

Getting her brother an invitation for the Blumenthal party had been so easy, Olga couldn't believe how challenging procuring her own had been. Of course, Olga was not a congressperson, let alone one who was on set at *Morning Joe* almost as frequently as the hosts themselves. Adding to this, Olga found out via Dick's assistant Charmaine that the new Mrs. Blumenthal was a self-declared "fan" of her brother. Indeed, a deep dive into Mrs. Blumenthal's Instagram account—@rrriottthespian—revealed that Mrs. Blumenthal had in fact already met her brother, when they shared the stage at the Women's March on Washington. Likely it was not a long meeting, but long enough that they had snapped a selfie together, which Mrs. Blumenthal captioned, *Great politics and easy on the eyes #womensmarch #easyontheeyeshardonsexism fire emoji, fire emoji.*

As she had suspected, Dick, an ardent Libertarian, refused to fork over the \$10,000 for entrée into the fundraising fete, sending Prieto a note to say that it was nothing personal, but he wouldn't give him a dollar until he cut government spending and supported deregulation. When Olga read it, she rolled her eyes and almost raised the point that if he really wanted a relationship with her, he would need to see past policy and support her brother in ways big and small. Then she remembered that she didn't want a relationship with Dick and that she therefore didn't really care what he believed or supported. Besides, the entire point of this play, by design, was to ensure that she and Dick would not enter the Blumenthal party together, where surely a *New York Social Diary* photographer would be lingering. Instead she would walk in tethered to her brother's shiny star, enabling her to attract Mrs. Blumenthal's attention *and* rob Dick of the smug satisfaction of diminishing her to arm candy intended to impress some old white guys he liked to slap backs with.

Olga had helicoptered over with Dick on Friday afternoon. As she did not particularly like the Hamptons, or sleeping the night with others, it was her first

time out to his house there, an impulse purchase he'd made in the wake of his divorce. It was a lavish bachelor pad, with a game room and movie theater in the basement, and glass walls that looked out on the infinity pool and the ocean just beyond. The kitchen was comically masculine. Walls of dark gray invisible cabinets, a massive wine fridge, and a marble countertop so long and wide she was certain that Dick would want to fuck on it, if only because it invited such unoriginal fantasy. It was a "sexy" house, in the way that pornography is sexy—it screamed the most basic desires a man has while seeming utterly ignorant to how and what might give a woman pleasure. Dick had bought the house, he'd explained to her, as a lure to his growing sons, hoping that they would find the place cool enough to want to come out with their friends, and not mind the "old man" being around. As far as she knew, they had not been out much, either.

Olga found this both funny and sad. She wished her family felt the need to use luxurious real estate to draw her presence. Instead she was lured by nothing more than the promise of a pastel, the timeless power of guilt, and, of course, love. She'd wondered if it was the money or the divorce that had degenerated Dick's family so. Where Dick seemed so lost and lonely, her Tío Richie, also divorced, now remarried, had ended up with more than ever. Always surrounded by his kids and, whether he liked it or not, both his current and former wives. The sum total of the Hamptons house, and Dick's place in it, made Olga feel a vacuousness that not even sex that night—as she expected, on the kitchen counter—could shake. Indeed, if anything, the sex only succeeded in bathing her in a strange wave of melancholy. The evening left her feeling genuinely sorry for Dick, and nothing was less arousing than pity.

By the next morning, the feeling had not abated. If anything, overnight, it had strengthened and mutated into something more pointed and nagging: guilt. It surprised her. It was her first time sleeping with Dick since she had begun fucking Matteo. It was not the sex that evoked the guilt as much as the stark contrast in how she felt about the before and after. In the moment, she hadn't noticed this with Matteo, but once back in bed with Dick, it crystallized for her: it had been pleasant, a relief really, to fuck someone without the aura of mutual condescension surrounding the act. For the first time, certainly with Dick, but possibly in recent memory, it occurred to her that sex without disdain might be a good thing.

She needed to end things with Dick. Sooner rather than later, and ideally, nicely.

Overwhelmed by the sadness of the house, she asked Dick's driver to take

her out at noon, though the benefit didn't start until two. Dick, who had signed up for back-to-back SoulCycle classes, wasn't there to notice. She sat at a bar in town nursing a glass of wine and Googling guests she wanted to meet at the Blumenthal party until her brother picked her up and off they headed to Southampton.

* * *

IT WAS A perfect day and the party was centered around the estate's vast swimming pool, which the hostess, or more likely the housekeeper, had decorated with large red and white floating peonies. The cocktail tables had been covered in denim tablecloths with little white vases filled with more red peonies atop them. The entire affair had a casual Americana vibe, assuming that Americana's backdrop was a \$20 million beachfront estate. Two of her past clients were there, and Olga was genuinely surprised by how many other people recognized her from *Good Morning*, *Later*. But, make no mistake, the star of the show was her brother, whom Olga had always envied for his ability, when with his donors or on television, to transform into a person who was white palatable while still remaining very much himself. He wasn't quite code-switching so much as he managed, miraculously, to speak several languages simultaneously, creating a linguistic creole of hip-hop, academia, contemporary slang, and highlevel policy points that made Olga marvel. More astounding, he knew exactly when and with whom to finesse which aspect of himself, which proved, as Olga observed her brother, remarkably counterintuitive. He gave one of his older white male supporters a fist dap and slapped his back, and as he walked away Olga heard the man tell his wife that Prieto could be the Latino Obama. He called the hostess of the event Ma, which Olga was certain would offend, if not confuse her, but instead she blushed and kissed his cheek. Yet he was deft enough to know that, when greeting two of his older Black supporters—Prieto's events almost always brought out monied people of color—to call them sir and ma'am, and ask after their children, which inevitably led to the retrieval of a phone and, remarkably, a FaceTime call to their adult children traveling out of state. Her brother had staff for these events, but used no handler, remembering details—from profound to minuscule—about his supporters and constituents.

Olga herself had never learned this linguistic mezcla that her brother had perfected, this ability to be all facets of herself at once. She always had to choose which Olga she would be in any given situation, in any given moment. Indeed, as she watched him work the room, she wondered why he had ever felt that he

needed to have her there in the first place; Prieto's "scene" was anywhere Prieto was.

The official program began with her brother speaking impassionedly about bipartisan efforts at criminal justice reform (mild applause), his work to secure more funding and transparency from the EPA to protect New York's coastlines (stronger applause), marijuana legalization (mischievous cheers; a surprisingly salient issue, Olga thought), and finally, the pièce de résistance, his work developing and supporting a wave of mid-term candidates to help secure a majority in the next Congress and keep this administration in check (audible whoops). He opened it up to Q & A, which was relatively benign, if perhaps revealing of the conflicted interests of the socially liberal financial elite: feelings on deregulation, the dangers of socialists among us, concerns about big pharma being legally culpable for the opioid epidemic. Then, from the back came a baritone voice Olga recognized immediately and she felt her body tense.

"Congressmen Acevedo, I recognize that no man can be all things to all people, but as one of—what are you?—four Puerto Rican representatives in Congress? And as the head of the Congressional Latino Caucus, how can you explain your recent decision to cancel the oversight hearings for the board implementing the austerity measures in Puerto Rico?"

The crowd, completely ignorant of the subject matter at hand, but hyperaware that the tone of the question was hardly friendly, grew silent. Olga sucked in her breath and slowly retreated to the back of the crowd, making her way towards the inquisitor, whom she of course knew to be, without needing to see him, Reggie King.

"Well, first, let me say, hello Mr. King," her brother began. "It is, as always, great to see you. As you know, I've been a very vocal supporter of a path to statehood for Puerto Rico. But in answer to your question, the truth is that the PROMESA board is comprised of bipartisan presidential appointees, and our oversight is purely ceremonial—"

"But surely," Reggie interrupted, "even a ceremonial hearing can help to raise awareness of the neocolonial state that PROMESA has put Puerto Rico in? People are fleeing, schools are closing, and at this very moment people are waiting out a hurricane unsure if the island's infrastructure can survive the season."

"With all due respect, Reggie, I'm very aware of what's happening on my island."

"Our island," Reggie added.

"Gentlemen!" Olga called out loudly for the crowd to hear, cheer injected into her voice. She slipped her hand into the crook of Reggie's arm. "There is nothing that would make my grandma more proud than two people so passionate about their Puerto Rican roots. For those of you who do not know about the fiscal crisis in Puerto Rico, I encourage you to take a moment and speak to my brother," and she waved at her brother, "or to Mr. King here, who are both quite knowledgeable about the issue and would be happy to fill you in during the rest of the reception."

The hostess smiled widely at Olga, grateful to have avoided the actual discussion of politics or policy at her political fundraiser. Her brother winked at her from across the pool, where he was already swarmed by donors, and she found herself face-to-face with Reggie. This was why her brother had wanted her there.

* * *

They had met in another era, when cell phones were a novelty and email was for work. Before planes were flown into towers. When everything seemed extremely possible, including the unlikely possibility of being a recent college graduate, hustling at her first job, and being called into VIP by an older, handsome guy who happened to be behind countless songs that she had sung along to as a teenager, in college, and in that very nightclub where they met. He didn't try to take her home with him. Instead they went to Café Express at 2 A.M. and dined on moules frites—the first time she'd ever tried them—and talked until it was nearly time for her to go to work. He drove her home, she showered quickly, and then he drove her to her office. From then on, for nearly two years, it was like this: more than friends, but not quite committed, either. Him chasing his fortune and Olga chasing some sense of satisfaction that always seemed to evade her.

One day, he told her he wanted to get more serious. He was ready to settle down. He knew he would never find anyone else like her. Abuelita was delighted. Her mother, horrified. What was the point of all of that education, all of that insight, just to be an accessory to a man so lost he hides his own culture? A man so focused on money. Eventually, Olga told him she wasn't ready, she was far too young, she had too much she wanted to do with her life, though she wasn't quite sure what. He was the first and last real boyfriend Olga ever had.

Their parting was very friendly, not a hint of animosity. She was surprised by the sadness that consumed her when she read his wedding announcement a year later. She was less surprised when, a couple of years after that, he showed up to pay respects at Abuelita's funeral.

Though he was hip-hop royalty, Reggie's true wealth hadn't come from music, but from several wise, early investments in biotechnology firms and wind farms. And, of course, his real name was, in fact, not Reggie King, but Reggie Reyes. He'd changed it early in his music days when he made the transition from producing salsa and freestyle music to more mainstream pop and R & B. In recent years, perhaps to make amends for having not exactly hidden his Puerto Rican heritage, but not heralding it either, he had become a highly vocal advocate for decolonization efforts on the island. This initially perplexed the tabloids and hip-hop gossip sites, who followed his moves closely, as people seemed confounded that one could be both Black and Puerto Rican concurrently. The result was a bizarre media blitz during which Reggie appeared on various podcasts, talk shows, and CNN segments explaining Afro-Latino identity to the masses, which had struck Olga as surreal. They'd kept in touch, largely on social media, occasionally via text if she saw him in the news or he saw her on TV, just to say hello or "big up" or what have you, but it had been years since they were face-to-face.

* * *

Now, HE WAS here before her, again. In the Hamptons of all places. He was older, broader. His face dark and smooth, with an impeccably groomed salt-and-pepper beard. The hip-hop mogul attire of the aughts replaced by a summer linen suit and a button-down.

"Hi," Olga said as she kissed him on the cheek.

"Hey!" He smiled. "You look fantastic. As usual. You don't age."

She laughed. "Please! I've got more La Mer happening on this face than J.Lo uses on her whole body!"

"I dated her once, you know."

"Oh my God." She rolled her eyes. "Always the same with you! The bragging! You think I don't know that date happened when I was in junior high and J.Lo was still a Fly Girl?"

"Pssh! You don't even know what you're talking about, girl. I took her out during the *Out of Sight* era, thank you very much."

They both laughed.

"So, it's good to see you, but ... what are you doing here? Besides picking a fight with my brother."

"Your brother's wack, Olga, and I've always said that."

"So, because you're consistent, that makes your opinion true?"

"It's a dereliction of duty. He is one of the few people able to call attention to the disaster happening on our island!"

"Ay, Reggie, you and my brother are hilarious. The only island you should be claiming is City Island. Your home is the Bronx. When was the last time you were even in Puerto Rico?"

"Actually, Olga, I have a big-ass house there now, so..."

They both laughed. Each could always take what the other had to dish out.

"No, but seriously," he continued. "I came today because I want to make sure your brother knows we're watching."

"And who is we?"

"Just some like-minded individuals who care that our people—United States citizens—are being systemically eradicated by colonialism and neo-liberal policies, that's all."

"Ah. Okay. Just that." She sipped her champagne. "Listen, when did you get so political about all this shit?"

"Well, if you want to know, you woke something up in me—"

"Me?" Olga pointed to herself.

"Ya! When we used to hang out, I couldn't believe how much you just knew about our culture. I was embarrassed by my own ignorance. And I used to make salsa records! Anyway, I started to read, more and more. Then, when me and Grace had Carlos and he was in school, I realized he was very pro-Black, but didn't think of himself as Puerto Rican at all. I had done all this work to get all of this money and my kid was being raised a total alien to the culture I had known. Nothing was the same about us. Not the kind of house, not the beaches he'd visit, not the languages he would speak, not the way he thought of himself. And I figured some of this is just life, but some of this is on me, right?"

"Right." She paused. They stared at her brother working the remaining attendees, the sand dunes in the background. "So, now with all that knowledge and wisdom, you basically spent ten grand just to come and tell Prieto off?"

"Basically," he said. "Seeing you was a secondary goal. I would have dropped another ten G's on that."

Olga smiled, faintly. "I should get my brother. We have another engagement."

"What? You going to that Blumenthal party?"

"We are. And you?"

"Too many creeps under one tent for me, thanks."

She leaned in to give him a kiss on the cheek. He whispered in her ear: "Olga, I know you love him, but watch your brother."

She pulled away. "Thanks Reggie, but we're all good," she said as she walked away, his parting words trailing behind her.

DICK'S NO GOOD, VERY BAD DAY

Dick sighed in the back of his chauffeured SUV as he headed home. Alone. He found himself considering how wildly dissimilar the day's activities had been from the fantasy that he had developed about it. In his fantasy, he strolled into the normally bland Blumenthal party with Olga on his arm, turning the whitehaired heads of his colleagues and competitors and then floating her around from couple to couple while she wooed them with her wit and exotic beauty. Instead, he was dropped at the entrance of the party and, right as his driver pulled away, realized that, when on political principle, he'd refused to attend her brother's fundraiser, he had in turn robbed himself of the moment he'd been visualizing in his mind for these past few weeks. How could having convictions result in such punishment? Unwilling to compromise the moment, he decided to wait it out, but, having dismissed his driver, was left with no place to hide. So he occupied himself by calling his senior staff to discuss pressing business that, until now, he'd planned to deal with on Monday. In between his manufactured frenzy, he'd also been texting and calling Olga, with, he would have to admit, a bit of insistence, just to see how quickly she could wrap things up and come and rescue him. For about thirty minutes, he paced back and forth, speaking loudly into his phone and nodding tacitly to partygoers passing him en route to revelry. He'd paused for a moment to catch his breath when, who should appear but Olga's assistant, hand in hand with a brawny young man, both smiling ear to ear.

"Mr. Eikenborn! So lovely to see a familiar face! I didn't think I would know anyone here. Trip, this is Dick Eikenborn, of—"

Trip, the thusly named brawny young man, cut her off and held his hand out to Dick. "Eikenborn and Sons, yes! Of course. What an honor to meet you, sir. I was so impressed with the M and A work you've done in Mexico and the Caribbean. The way you've expanded the brand."

"Ah, thank you..."

"Trip. Trip Davidson. I'm a first year at Blumenthal."

The assistant, who was quite perky, chimed in.

"And I'm his date." She looked into his eyes and gently said, "Meegan. Anyway, so nice to be on the other side of a party for a change! Are you waiting for someone?"

"Well, actually," Dick felt unable to restrain himself, "I'm waiting for Olga."

"My boss, Olga?" Meegan said. "She's coming? With you?" He could see her mind working.

"Why? Is it strange? That she would come to a party with me?" Dick heard the insecurity in his voice and regretted being so transparent. But why had she not told this girl about them? Charmaine knew everything important about him.

"No," Meegan said. "Why wouldn't she want to come to a party with you, Mr. Eikenborn?" Whether she felt that way or not, Dick made a mental note that the girl had picked up Olga's social-political skills and he laughed. Meegan continued, "Just surprised that she never mentioned it. She knew I was coming. ... The only thing on the calendar was a party for her brother—"

"Yes, she's meeting me here, after. Soon," Dick said.

"Well," Trip interjected, "no reason to spend the time waiting out here, when you could go inside and wait with a drink in your hand, right?"

And this was how instead of making his grand entrance with Olga on his arm, he walked in with Olga's assistant and her first-year hedge fund associate boyfriend. It only went downhill from there. No sooner had a waiter put drinks into their hands than they found themselves in Blumenthal's line of sight, his new wife, Laurel, by his side.

"Eikenborn!" Carl Blumenthal called out and they made their way over. Dick awkwardly made introductions to his two new companions, the humiliation compounded by the fact that Carl clearly had never laid eyes on Trip before, so low was he on Carl's totem pole. Then, just as he thought he could make a getaway, the new Mrs. Blumenthal chimed in.

"But Dick, where is your lovely girlfriend and her fabulous brother? I am such a fan of hers—yours truly, a complete *Good Morning, Later* addict! But, more than anything, I just *love* that brother of hers! I was so excited to hear that he was going to stop by."

"They are on their way, actually, Laurel."

"Ah, right! His benefit! If I wasn't playing hostess, I would absolutely have been there. He is just so ... real! Oh, but why aren't you there, Dick?" Laurel asked, genuinely confused.

Dick was unsure how to answer, as he got the distinct impression that revealing his Libertarian leanings now would be a social gaffe. Luckily, in his moment of hesitation, Laurel continued on with her admiration of Olga's brother.

"Really, I think he could be the Latino Obama. Don't you? Carl, wasn't I just saying that the other night?"

And, just then, the Latino Obama himself arrived. While Dick wondered to himself if a Hispanic version would fuck him with regulations the same way original Obama had, the Blumenthals, and then seemingly everyone, swarmed Olga and her brother. He was no fan of Prieto, whose very name Dick found ridiculous, and refused to use. Dick not only didn't agree with his bumper sticker liberalism, he hated the entire "homeboy" act Prieto put on for the news, and the nickname, to him, was just an extension of an obnoxious persona Dick found, frankly, dangerous. What good could it possibly do young minority men to see someone in Congress using slang and quoting rap music, except to encourage more of the same? And what good could more of that do the country, except to highlight divisions? This guy had a damn law degree from Columbia for God's sake, so it's not like he didn't know how to speak like a normal person. His sister certainly did. Which, of course, compounded his frustrations with her brother even more.

Dick slurped up the signature drink in his hands. A mojito? High in sugar, but he'd chalk this up to his cheat day. He handed a waiter his empty and picked up a fresh one. He made his way to the back of the crowd of guests, mainly women, waiting to take selfies with the brother and gently tugged on Olga's elbow, trying to get her attention. She was already enthralled in conversation with Mrs. Blumenthal, giving her all the dirt on the anchors of *Good Morning*, *Later*.

He knew that this meeting, this very relationship, was why Olga had agreed to accompany him to this party in the first place. Now that it was budding, he resented that she had found her way to Mrs. Blumenthal on her own. More than anything, though, he resented that just being with him for the day would not have been enough for her.

"Darling," he said, as he slipped a hand around her waist, a bit more firmly than he'd intended to. Her postured stiffened. "There are so many people here that I want to introduce you to."

Olga, Dick noticed, had a way of laughing in public that was not quite her private laugh. It was rounder, going up and then down, like a song she'd practiced. She laughed that way now, as she gently touched Mrs. Blumenthal's shoulder.

"Dick, who could possibly be more important than our hostess?" She paused and Dick simply stared at her. "Prieto! Prieto," she called to her brother and he stopped what he was doing and turned his attention to her, "come here. I told Laurel that you would fill her in on your plan to protect women's reproductive rights."

Dick noticed the way Mrs. Blumenthal looked at Olga with wonder, admiring her ability to command her powerful brother that way.

"You, Mr. Eikenborn," she said to Dick, "are one lucky man!"

"I know," he said as he guided Olga away and scooped two mojitos off a tray, one for each of them. For a moment, a brief moment, he felt the day had been turned around.

Dick guided them towards a step and repeat, where the *Times* society photographer snapped a pic in which he made sure to press Olga close to him. (It was beneath him, he knew, but he loved knowing his ex-wife would see this as she thumbed through the Sunday Styles section.) He then directed them towards some of his old classmates from Exeter, who he knew, once they met Olga, would be gossiping about him for the next month at least. Olga was just engaging in a spirited conversation with Nick Selby over the further development of their waterfront property in Brooklyn when there was a loud commotion, and the evening's true calamity ensued. A service tray came flying out of nowhere, the top half of a cocktail table was severed from its lower parts, and suddenly, sprawled on the floor was a large puddle of mojitos and a tall, lanky Black man in highly impractical shoes. Everyone turned to see.

"Christian!" Olga exclaimed.

"I think you mean Christ, dear," Nick Selby offered.

"I know how to curse, for fuck's sake. His name is Christian."

What followed played out, for Dick at least, in slow motion. Olga was wearing a sensational jade green summer dress that hugged her every curve, and these elaborate high-heeled sandals, but she effortlessly glided over to this Black man on the floor, squatted down, and held out her hand to help him up. Then, once standing, they hugged for a moment. Longer than a moment really, because Dick had enough time to watch her do it and then watch his buddies from Exeter also watch her. She wiped a tear from the man's eye, kissed his cheek, and directed him somewhere. Rather than leave well enough alone—to be content with her act of kindness—she then proceeded to go to the rear of the tent, where the drinks and the food had been coming from, and he could hear her, faintly, barking orders. She reemerged with a small army of staff, some with mops, some

just picking things up. On the far side of the tent, where he could spot Meegan and Trip and Mr. Blumenthal (that lucky shit Trip should thank his stars he walked in with him!), he could tell no one noticed any of it. The Brazilian band continued playing their Samba. (Ah! That was the theme! Brazil!) People kept drinking. But in his corner of the tent, the only show that mattered was Olga leading the clean-up crew. In his corner of the tent was Mrs. Blumenthal and her daughter. He wanted to evaporate. It was a feeling he'd never known before.

"Well," one of his Exeter buddies exclaimed, "she's certainly different than the former Mrs. Eikenborn, isn't she?"

He was walking over towards Olga to stop the humiliation, but Laurel and her daughter intercepted him, broad smiles on their faces.

"Olga!" Laurel exclaimed. "Did you know I used to do summer stock?" Olga appeared confused and nodded no.

"Well, nothing teaches you that hard work is talent's best companion quite like summer stock. I knew you had talent, but you, my dear, are not afraid of W-O-R-K! My husband's friends are lovely, but they don't understand working girls like us, dear."

From where he stood, he could see Olga, his Olga, reassert herself, her shoulders tipped back and her head back up high.

"Laurel, I suppose they can't. You know, I see a problem and I just feel compelled to try and solve it."

"Well," Laurel's daughter chimed in here, "we saw it and were very impressed. If this is how you troubleshoot and you're just a guest..."

Dick walked towards them, but not before grabbing a fresh cocktail off a passing waiter's tray. Olga reached for his free hand, tightly squeezing his fingers. He was momentarily delighted. Just momentarily. The rest of the afternoon was a blur. Perhaps they were there for another hour, or maybe it was four. Olga was by his side, then she was gone. Then they were together again. Then they were waiting for the car, and he could hear that the party was still going full swing.

"Why are we leaving?" he asked her.

"Because if we stay any longer, you'll be drunk. Or drunker, I should say."

"It's my cheat day."

She didn't say anything.

"Did you enjoy talking to Nick? He's very interested in Puerto Rico, you know."

Olga laughed. "Is he now? He seems mainly interested in money."

"Well," Dick said, "isn't everyone?"

She didn't say anything.

"Anyway," Dick continued, "I was happy you two met because he invited us down for a retreat of sorts next weekend—for investors on the island. I think it would be wonderful to go to your motherland together, don't you?"

"My motherland," she said flatly as she scrolled her phone, "is a neighborhood in Brooklyn, which your friend Nick and his family have slowly begun to destroy."

Dick laughed.

"Let's not be dramatic, Cherry. Anyway, it's a little time at the beach together. I can show you how to surf." He tried to nuzzle her neck, but she was unresponsive. "We'd fly down Friday, maybe Thursday, if you think you can—"

"I can't," she replied without skipping a beat. "I have my cousin's wedding that weekend."

"Your cousin is getting married? Which one? Why didn't you tell me? I don't have to go to this thing with Nick, you know. He has these little gatherings all the time."

"I didn't tell you," Olga said, some distance in her voice, "because it doesn't concern you."

"But it concerns *you*, so then I'm concerned. I want to go and meet your family."

Olga paused for a moment. "No, Richard, you don't. Not really."

Dick considered this. The truth was, if her family was anything like her brother, he didn't want to meet them, but he didn't want her being embarrassed of them, either.

"Olga." He cupped her two hands in his and looked her in the eyes. "I love you. There is nothing I could find out about your family that would send me running away."

Olga looked at him and let out a cackle. Not her public laugh, but not her bedroom giggle, either. It was, he felt, a cruel laugh.

"That's fantastic." She shook her hands free of his grasp. "Of course you think I'm worried about your impression of them. Why would you ever consider that I'm worried about their impression of *you*? Who would ever not like you?"

It took him a second to register her sarcasm, which was more a result of the multiple mojitos he'd consumed, not because her voice wasn't thick with it. Dick's car pulled up in front of them, but neither moved to get in. He could not believe that after the day he'd had, that she had put him through, she was now

insulting him to his face.

"Let's change the subject," he said sharply. "Why did you do that today?"

"Do what?"

"Why did you embarrass me?"

"Excuse me? I embarrassed you?"

"I brought you here as my guest and you were off acting like a maid, in front of all of my friends."

"Like a maid?"

"Yes. There were some very prominent people here. People I know and do business with, and you were down on your knees helping that waiter off the ground, directing people with mops. It was embarrassing—"

"That embarrassed you? That embarrassed you. Okay. Well, you know who didn't find it embarrassing? The hostess! There is no way that I don't get hired for Laurel's daughter's wedding."

"Well, that's exactly my point! This was a party, not an audition. You acted like a maid and now you'll be hired as one."

"So, that's how you see me?" Olga said to him.

This was the moment, Dick realized in the car ride home, when his answer should have been different. He should have said anything but what came out of his mouth next, but he didn't.

"I only see what you present."

"Richard," she said, with remarkable calm, "and I mean this very sincerely. Please get in this car and go home and fuck yourself."

OCTOBER 2006

Querida Olga,

When I was a girl, my father told me that I'd been named for Blanca Canales, the revolutionary, and that she was the one who gave me my fighting spirit. So, when I was pregnant with you, your father and I put together a list of names that would instill you with the spirit of your ancestors as well. It was your Papi who suggested we name you for Olga Garriga, who was born in Brooklyn like you, but dedicated her life to liberating la Matria. She had the wisdom to understand that as long as the people on the island were bound by colonial rule, no Puerto Rican anywhere in the States would be a truly equal citizen. I liked this choice because Olga Garriga could have had an easy life, blending in as a New Yorker, meeting a man, raising children to think that they, too, were American. But instead, she chose the hard path, because that was the right path.

Still, in the back of my mind, I couldn't help but think of another famous Boricua named Olga. One much less admirable. And this gave me pause.

When we were young, me and your Papi used to visit his old friends in Loisaida, where he'd grown up. That area was full of artists, writers, poets. All Boricuas. All into uplifting our people. One night, we heard this Brother perform this poem, and it broke my heart. In his verses I heard my family's life. They were characters—Juan, Miguel, Milagros, Olga, Manuel—but as far as I was concerned he could have named them Isabel, Richie, JoJo, and Lola, because he —Pedro Pietri—captured my family. All of them chasing an impossible dream: to be accepted by a nation that viewed them with contempt. So willing—eager, almost—to shed our rich culture for the cheap thrill of being seen as "American." Thinking that if one day they accumulated enough stuff, if they learned to act the right way, they could wipe the "Spic" off of them and be seen as "the same." And because of course white America will never see them as equal, they die owning lots of things, but having lost themselves.

So, although I admired Olga Garriga greatly, there was a part of me that worried this name might be inauspicious. That instead of imbuing in you the spirit of a fighter, it would render you like the other Olga. The one whose

obituary had already been written: destined to spend her life chasing a love she'd never fully have.

I hear from my friends that you are on a reality television show now working for rich white people. Planning parties for them. Like a secretary. Or, maybe worse, a maid! Someone sent me the tape and I almost don't want to watch. Is this a business? Is this a job? Or are you trying to be famous? Because the world needs to see another Latina girl sweeping the dust from white people's feet? I'm struggling to understand how this happened and what about this path was appealing to you.

Your father was beaten and put in jail to raise his people up. I gave up my life and family to liberate the oppressed. Even your brother has committed himself to this cause. It's hard for me to understand how you've wandered so far astray. When you see your brother out there, fighting for his people, while you flail your arms to get a few dollars and a little bit of attention, how do you feel? Mija, it's not too late to choose which Olga's path to follow.

Pa'lante, Mami

SEPTEMBER 2017

THE LIFT

"Thanks for coming back," Olga said to her brother as she climbed into his truck.

He barely waited a beat before he pulled right back onto the Montauk Highway. Olga hadn't even asked him to come up the driveway; she met him out by the side of the road, just near the Blumenthal estate.

"Listen, sis, I'm not sure why you couldn't call a fucking Uber, but I'm your brother, so you call, and I guess I come? Even when I'm already thirty minutes out of this fucking—holy shit! Olga! Olga, have you been fucking crying?"

The late evening sun, blindingly bright, had illuminated the saline outlines of dried tears just beyond the rims of Olga's gold-edged Ray-Bans.

"Cry!" she said, looking straight ahead. "Cry? Prieto, I didn't cry when we put our grandmother in the ground, you think I'm gonna cry because of this fucking pendejo? I was bored waiting for your ass, so I smoked a little weed with the valets."

Prieto glanced at her again. She pulled down her sunglasses and widened her eyes. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Please," Olga said. "If I ever cry again, I promise it will be about something more important than some dumb shit Dick Eikenborn said."

Prieto just shrugged again.

"It's fucking *Visine*, okay?" Olga said. She put her sunglasses back on and stared straight ahead into the road, feeling her irritation beginning to bubble up just as she'd calmed it.

In fact, she had been shaking with rage following her fight with Dick. She could barely walk down the driveway after he pulled away. The adrenaline had caused her muscles to spasm. She had to stop a couple of times to simply calm herself enough to proceed and, during one of these brief pauses, she was shocked to find water trickling down her face. They had been involuntary, the tears.

Which is why she didn't admit to them. Also, they were tears of anger, as she thought over and over again, who the fuck did Dick, who had never actually earned, outright, a single thing in his entire life, think he was to speak to her that way? Every single thing she had done with her life she had figured out for herself. Going to an Ivy League college. Every internship. Her first job. Her second job Reggie King had helped her get, but how many other bitches did Reggie meet and then never talk to again? Her business was all her, too. She designed the logo. She built her fucking first website. Her first clients? No one brought those people to her door, she sought them out. She closed the fucking deals. She got her own shot at TV. She pitched her own press. No one had fucking helped her get to where she was, and here this corny motherfucker who can't tie his own shoes without calling for his assistant was telling her that she acted like a fucking maid? Because she was trying to be a decent human being? Because she has actual fucking skills and knows how to get shit done?

"What the fuck are we listening to, Prieto?" she blurted out, the music suddenly piercing her thoughts. "I can't do three hours with your golden oldies of freestyle, dude...."

"What? You don't like Lisette Melendez?" He turned the dial louder. "Where's your pride, sis? Freestyle is one of the great Puerto Rican art forms. Did you know that—"

"—freestyle music is where Marc Anthony got his start? Yes. You tell me every time we listen to this shit."

"Come on, you don't like this one?" Her brother pushed to another track, raised the volume, and began singing "Dreamboy/Dreamgirl" at the top of his lungs, which Olga could not help but laugh at.

"This should be your next campaign video! Congressman Acevedo: Reppin' the Old School, Reppin' YOU!"

They both cracked up, and her brother lowered the volume and changed the music to an old Brand Nubian tune.

"Sis, you did me a real solid with Reggie today, so as a thank-you, I'm gonna put on some music more to your liking."

"I should be pissed you didn't tell me he was gonna be there. What the fuck?"

"I couldn't take the chance you wouldn't show."

"Did you know he was gonna come at you like that?" Olga asked.

"Suspected ... after that op-ed, I'd have been shocked if he didn't. Look, it's his right to ask, but as you can see, no one in that Hamptons crowd gives a shit

about P.R."

"Well, I don't know about all that. Richard has crazy money invested in stores down there and just today he was telling me Nick Selby apparently—"

"Hold up. Were you hanging out with Nick Selby?"

"For like, ten minutes at the party, it was more that Dick told me—"

"Olga, stay away from him. Him and his brother. Please. They're into some fucked-up shit."

"Really? Nick made it sound like you guys were friends."

She watched her brother's hands stiffen around the steering wheel.

"Half of New York thinks we're friends, Olga. It's not always a two-way street. He's a bad dude."

"Well, he seems exactly the same as the rest of those developers, as far as I could tell. As I suspected, he thinks his fucking mall is the greatest gift to Sunset Park since the public pool—"

"Jesus! Olga! Enough with this pendejo, okay? How much clearer do I need to be?"

But he wasn't being clear at all, Olga thought to herself. Literally hundreds of shady developers, lobbyists, bankers, and financiers tried to curry favor with her brother in any given week. Why did her brother find this particular guy so unsavory? It wasn't just his words; his whole body had tensed. She heard Reggie's parting words in her ears. From under her sunglasses she eyed her brother as she very gently asked, "Prieto, why did you cancel the PROMESA board hearing?"

"It's just what I said to Reggie—it's ceremonial, we have no real authority. What's the point of wasting everyone's time just for them to pay us lip service? The president appointed these people and we can't fire them. Puerto Rico got screwed with this whole thing, but what choice did we really have, right? They had this massive debt. We couldn't let them default, for any number of infrastructure reasons; if they defaulted, they would have to shut the power company and we literally wouldn't be able to keep the lights on for the people there. PROMESA, and this oversight board, was the only structure the Dems and R's could agree on.

"Of course, the people on the island, and people like you and me, and I mean, I guess Reggie, since he's all down with la raza now—we know that this mess is the result of fucked-up colonial policies that leave them victims to the mainland's whims. But, to the rest of America? Puerto Ricans look like they just can't handle the little bit of government we've been given. So, to me, I didn't

feel like it helped our cause to let this figurehead get in front of my committee just to make us look like we can't manage our bills without help. And, as you know, optics are what win the day, right?"

Her brother's demeanor had been relaxed through his whole reply. His white knuckles from moments earlier gone from the steering wheel. He was thoughtful and his argument lucid. But she noticed he never once broke his eyes from the road as he delivered his soliloquy.

"So, listen. Mabel said after the wedding she and Julio are moving out?" Olga asked, changing topics. She had another item on her agenda with her brother, and this seemed a good time.

"Ya. You know Mabel. She's been paying, what? Like four hundred dollars a month for the past five years. Taking trips with all the scrilla she's saving, buying every Coach bag she can get her hands on, and now that she's gonna be married, she's too good for the place. Says she and Julio can't be in some shitty rental in Sunset Park."

"That bitch has never even paid market rent!" Olga laughed. "Let me guess. They're moving to Long Island?"

"You know it! Bay Shore. 'Es classy, Prieto. Lots of little bars y lounges, not like here.'"

"Ah, well, she's nothing if not predictable, right?"

The siblings belly laughed.

"Anyway," Olga continued, "I guess that means the apartment is available again."

"Why?" Prieto asked. "You wanna move back? Because I was figuring Tony was gonna ask for it."

"Me?" Olga asked, slightly wistful at the idea. "No. I'm fine where I am, but I saw a friend of mine today, he's in a bit of a hard way. I'd like to do him the solid and let him take the place to get on his feet for a year or so."

"Oh yeah?" Prieto asked. "What friend did you see today? Because I know Reggie's not looking for a two-bedroom walk-up in Sunset."

"Do you remember my friend Jan? You met him at my birthday thing last year?"

"Um, I don't know. I meet so many people. Polish?"

"Yeah. That's him. Well, not to be morbid, but he died. Anyway, he had this long-term boyfriend, this guy named Christian—"

"What the fuck? That guy died?"

"Jan? Yes. See, you do remember him," Olga noted. "It was really shocking.

So, and I should have thought of this, but basically Christian has been trying to cover—"

"Wait, Olga. This guy died. Out of nowhere?"

Olga glanced at her brother from the corner of her eye. He was agitated.

"Jesus," she said. "Calm down. You only met him for five minutes."

"He's a young guy, Olga. My age." He was speaking quickly. "All of a sudden he's just dead? Yeah, it's a little shocking. It doesn't happen for no reason."

"Well, that's true." For a second she paused. This had clearly touched a nerve. "So, ugh. It's so sad. Not to make this story worse, but he'd tested HIV positive and I guess—"

"He died of fucking AIDS?" Prieto banged the steering wheel.

"Prieto! Why are you so hyper? Let me finish the fucking story!"

"He was just ... he was just so young, Olga."

Olga eyed her brother, trying to size up this response that had taken her by surprise.

"Super funny guy," Prieto offered as he looked out to the road. It was dusk now, the night sky going pink into mauve, the streetlamps on the LIE illuminated against it. "Just such a sharp sense of humor. I cannot believe he died of fucking AIDS."

"¡Coño!" Olga said. "I know you're traumatized from Papi and shit, but you're an elected official. Educate yourself. Not sure if you heard, Prieto, nobody dies of AIDS anymore. At least not in America. You just get stuck taking a shit-ton of meds that might leave you broke and not feeling amazing, but you can literally end up undetectable. Let me finish my story before you start fucking rumors."

Prieto paused. "So then how did he die? If he didn't die of AIDS?"

"He killed himself," Olga said. Her brother banged the wheel again. "He hung himself in his fucking closet when he found out. Can you believe it?"

Prieto stared at the road ahead, silent.

Here, Olga saw a long-closed window and decided now was as good a time as any to attempt to pry it open.

"It's crazy because even though he lived with another man for almost two decades, he was still in the closet. Can you believe it? When I went to his funeral, no one in his family 'knew' he was gay."

"Why do you say it like that?" Prieto said. "With your hands like that. They didn't 'know."

"Because, Prieto," and she turned her full body towards her brother now, and with frankness said, "everyone always knows, all right? They just never say anything. They might all want to go along with the story forever, if given the chance, but if told the truth, they would never be surprised. Don't you think?"

Her brother glanced at her. There was silence for a long moment. The window would stay closed, and so she moved on.

"Anyway, you're acting so crazy, you made me forget the point of even telling you about this."

"When did it happen?"

"Five, six weeks ago?" Olga continued quickly so as not to get derailed from her objective. "His boyfriend Christian realizes, after the funeral and the celebration of life and the dust of the whole thing settles, that the only way the math on his life—the apartment, the jobs he has, his Obamacare, all of it—the only way it works is if there are two incomes in the house and now he's down to one. So, he calls Jan's old boss to see if he can pick up a couple of shifts, but the guy is a performance queen—I mean, he's done some light bookkeeping and reception work—but he was not cut out for that waiter life. They gave him a chance and I can tell you it was a first and last because he was working the party today and did a face-plant while carrying a tray of caipirinhas."

Olga looked at her brother, who seemed lost in his thoughts. She figured she would make the suggestion now, while he seemed distracted, to see how it landed.

"Anyway, he was so distraught, I felt like I had to try to help and the easiest way to do so was finding him a cheaper place to live, so I offered him up the second-floor apartment as soon as Mabel gets out of there. We can give it a fresh coat of paint, ya?"

There was a pause and Olga was about to move on to another topic, patting herself on the back for how smooth this had been, when Prieto turned off the music.

"Olga, that is so not cool. We always said that was our family apartment."

"Yes, for when our family is in need, Prieto, and, God bless, we're all good right now. Tony might want the place, but he'll still want it next year. Lord knows he's not getting a spot on his own between now and then. There's no way Christian will want to live all the way out in Sunset for more than a year and—"

"And my daughter lives in that house, Olga. And he's a stranger."

Olga felt her throat get tight.

"He's a stranger to you. And it's a separate fucking apartment, Prieto, with

its own doors and its own locks. He has his own life and while I love Lourdes dearly, I don't think hanging with a twelve-year-old is his schtick, you know?"

There was a thick silence. Her desire to do a good deed was now situated in opposition to her brother's fears. Olga could feel her anger quickening, the vexation overtaking her rational mind. She tried to calm herself before she played the card they both knew she held in her back pocket.

* * *

THOUGH OLGA NORMALLY delighted in advantages, this was one that made her uncomfortable: the knowledge that the house, the epicenter of the Ortiz clan, had not been left, as one would have thought, to all the children, or even all the grandchildren, or even to just the two grandchildren who had lived in the little limestone on Fifty-third Street for their whole lives. Instead, Abuelita had decided that the best way to keep the house, and thus the family, intact was to leave it in the hands of just one person, and that person was Olga.

Their Tía Lola had been the executor of the will, a wise decision on Abuelita's part. She, of everyone, not only didn't need anything Abuelita had, but was also of similar temperament and therefore understood her mother's thinking. Additionally, Lola was savvy enough in Ortiz family politics to know when a white lie was appropriate. Upon evaluating the will, she pulled Olga and Prieto aside simultaneously and reasoned that, if they wanted peace in the house and the family, they would need to keep this conversation private. She explained that this was the kind of thing that could tear other siblings apart, but that she, and Abuelita, expected more of them. It was clear to Lola that of everyone, Olga, being single, would have the greatest likelihood of needing the home. In other words, she was the least likely to sell. Prieto, who was married to Sarita at the time, nodded politely. Olga, terrified that this burden might draw a wedge between them, relinquished it. Prieto, she had said, I may own it, but the house is yours and upstairs is for whatever the family needs. This, her aunt had said to her later, was exactly why Abuelita had given it to her in the first place. Tía Lola told the family that the house now belonged to "the Estate," which made everyone feel just fancy enough to not ask too many questions. Richie, the usual troublemaker, was too grief stricken to make waves, and neither Prieto nor Olga had ever spoken about the true ownership of the home again. Olga knew that bringing it up in anger would inflict the kind of wound not easily healed. She hoped her brother wouldn't get the better of her.

"OLGA, THE BOTTOM line is, I don't want some pato living in my house."

This comment, for Olga, confirmed more about her brother's sexuality than any full-throated confession ever could have done. And it was this comment that caused her to go blind with disgust, which quickly morphed into fury. Fury at his self-loathing, revulsion at his selfishness, and animus towards the weak character this conversation had laid bare to her. She forgot about the house. Her mouth flew open and she spit out, "Because you're afraid of what he'll do or what you'll want to do, hermano?"

For several minutes Prieto did nothing, eventually reaching over and turning the music back on, louder and louder until the thumping of the bassline left no room for thought. Outside, the LIE ran into Queens and curved in such a way that the entirety of Manhattan was before them, twinkling. Up for grabs.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR FRIENDS

Because her list of acquaintances, contacts, colleagues, and clients was so extensive, it took Olga a long time to realize that she didn't have any actual friends. At least not as defined by Webster's: bonds or mutual affection with individuals exclusive of one's relations. In fact, the only stranger with whom Olga had ever shared her intimate thoughts and feelings had been Reggie King. Beyond him, the closest people in Olga's life had been her grandmother, her cousin Mabel, and of course her brother. Olga was generally not an anxious person; her profession had worked much of that out of her system. But, in rare moments such as this one, when she and her brother found themselves with a cavernous gap between them, existential anxiety would grip her tightly. As they drove in silence, she had to fight her immediate impulse to reconcile quickly.

She tried to trace how this had happened—how she came to find herself awash in party invitations and drink dates but devoid of actual intimate relationships. It wasn't always this way. When she was younger, she and Mabel ran with a big group of kids from the neighborhood, in and out of everyone's houses, everyone up in one another's business. Like a big family. When her mother left, and her father was running the streets, Olga was aware that she was undoubtedly the subject of neighborhood gossip, but in her crew, she never heard about it. Once, they were kicking it on Mabel's block and some boy tried to make a crack about her dad and Mabel dressed him down so fast, so viciously, that nobody ever talked smack about Olga, Mabel, or anyone in the Ortiz/Acevedo clan ever again. At least not when they were around.

But when high school came, everybody went to one of the two local schools except for Olga, who had taken up photography and ended up at LaGuardia in Manhattan. The commute was long and she spent her afternoons in the dark room, so she missed all the after-school trips to the Fulton Mall or drinking forties on Shore Road. She knew, because Mabel told her, that their neighborhood friends thought she was stuck-up now. That she thought she was better than everybody else because she went to school in Manhattan. Olga only

sort of cared. Prieto was already up at college and Olga was too focused on how she could also get out. Her house was emptier than ever, yet she felt smothered by her short life.

LaGuardia was a public school, but Olga was surprised to find the student body quite different from her neighborhood schools in Sunset. She was shocked how many kids in the art program lived in Manhattan. Whose parents were not rich, but were professionals: public defenders, college professors, government officials. She felt too embarrassed to ever let anyone know what fuckups her parents were. It was easy enough to avoid since most socializing outside of school was spent going to raves or sneaking into the Limelight. Places where the music drowned out the need for intimate conversation.

* * *

OLGA HAD HOPED college would be a way to reinvent herself on her own terms. She had been unprepared for the culture shock. The place was implausibly white, and implausibly wealthy. Most students attempted to mask their wealth, which, for Olga, only made the revelations more jarring. Like when her hallmate, who wore sweaters with holes in them and once asked Olga to buy her falafel because she was "broke," casually mentioned that her father was taking her to Paris on the family jet for the weekend.

There were so few minority students that they clustered together and, in the face of such white cultural dominance, attempted to "out-'hood" each other by any means necessary. She couldn't tell if it was a performance for her benefit because in those days saying you were from Brooklyn had an edge to it—or if it was just generalized identity exploration, but here too, she met with a kind of duplicity. The girl who made a show of dating a member of the Crips turned out to have been a Jack and Jill kid whose parents owned ten McDonaldses. The guy who told a story about his best friend "doing a bid" for dealing—a story Olga immediately recognized as paraphrase of Nas's "One Love"—was an alumnus of Phillips Andover, a place Olga had never even heard of until she got to campus. When Olga asked him about it, he got in her face saying, "You don't know my life! I did Prep for Prep!" One weekend, Mabel, curious what it was like to go away to school, came up to visit. She loved the campus and the bookstore, and even came to a sociology lecture—the subject that day was infidelity—and was riveted. But when Olga took her to an off-campus house party the BSU was sponsoring she took one look around and declared, "These people are mad corny. Let's bounce." Olga felt validated. They ended up at a hip-hop club

downtown where Mabel commanded attention, as per usual, on the dance floor. It was ironic how close she and Mabel were during her college years, given the physical miles and the cost of long-distance calls, but for Olga, feeling lost amid all the posturing, Mabel's authenticity was a touchstone.

Her brother had loved his Greek experience so much that Olga briefly considered pledging—there was a chapter of his sister sorority on campus—but their first recruiting event was a screening of a film about the Young Lords and Olga decided she'd been indoctrinated enough in this area and bailed. After not finding her place with the students of color, Olga took to hanging out with the international kids. She found it ironic, then, that the minority students branded her a "sellout to the community" because of this. What she wanted to say, but didn't, was that she'd already sacrificed more for the "community" than they could possibly understand. She brushed it off. Olga liked the international students. They were the only other people who seemed to find the place as alien as she did. Olga found it refreshing that those who were rich were unapologetically so: driving luxury cars, putting up oil paintings in dorm rooms, hiring personal chefs to cook elaborate birthday dinners filled with wine and arguments about film and literature. This, Olga felt, was what you were supposed to do with money. The friendships were never particularly deep, but they helped to pass the time, and they expanded her world.

When college was over, Olga again struggled to find her way. She floated between Mabel's world and the Eurotrash dinner parties—now being held in Manhattan pied-à-terres—enjoying both, but never feeling like she fully belonged in either place. Mabel, having stayed in Brooklyn, had a vast network of friendships and club hookups from school and work that she afforded to her cousin. It helped Mabel too, Olga realized. Having a cousin who was "artsy" and "cool" offered her a differentiation point, though, in those days, Mabel's body was so banging that she differentiated herself well enough on her own.

She was, in fact, out with Mabel when she met Reggie King and for any number of reasons, Mabel was a fan. First, Mabel had always been a big freestyle head, so she was already an admirer of his work, but also Reggie's flash was very much Mabel's style. And Mabel's sense of humor was right up Reggie's alley. Plus, Mabel loved the VIP access that Olga's relationship granted her by extension; the night that they all met, Mabel ended up going home with one of the hype men from Mobb Deep. When Olga broke things off with Reggie, Mabel was furious. She was as mad as if she had been Reggie's cousin. Her anger irritated Olga, who felt she was encouraging her to stay with

Reggie to keep her own VIP status, which made Mabel curse her out, screaming about how a pendeja like Olga didn't deserve happiness. And although, with Abuelita's intervention, they eventually squashed their beef, it wasn't ever really the same after that.

There were moments of closeness, here and there. When Prieto married. When Lourdes was born. When their grandmother died. But generally speaking, when Olga lost Reggie, she also lost Mabel. She wished she could call her cousin now, but things had been too weird for too long at this point to trust her with such sensitive information about her brother. Days like today made her feel so lonely.

She picked up her phone and texted Matteo.

* * *

PRIETO DROPPED HER off at a bar where she said she was "meeting a friend."

"Olga," he said through the window, with a weary smile. "You don't have any friends."

"I know. It's why I hate when we fight."

"At the end of the day, it's your house."

She walked around to his side and leaned in. "At the end of the day, it's the family house, but I wouldn't have offered it if he didn't need it, Prieto."

He put his hand on the top of her head.

"I don't know who you've got more of, Abuelita or Mami," he said, and drove away.

STOOPS

Olga teetered into a bodega and picked up a six-pack of beer, desperate to get out of her uncomfortable heels. A white girl, she thought, would just walk barefoot the half block to Matteo's house. She had seen them, the girls, barefoot on the filthy sidewalks. Her grandmother would roll in her grave. He had wanted to meet at a bar, but she had texted that after the day she had she really didn't want to talk to anyone, not even a bartender. She realized, after she hit send, that implied that she didn't consider him "anyone," but she was too weary to overthink it.

He was waiting for her on the stoop, also with a six-pack, a small speaker by his side pumping out an old Spinners tune. She felt happy when she saw him in a way that was new to her. He was soothing. Like sweet fried plantains. They smiled at each other in silence as she walked up the brownstone steps to the top of the stoop, sat down, rested her back against the banister, and swung her feet up onto Matteo's lap. He unbuckled her sandals while she opened a bottle of beer, giving each foot a squeeze as he did so.

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"This is a good song," she said.
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"Ah, the best. But you know what?"

"What?"

"It sounds better on vinyl."

"Well, shit," she said, "tell me what doesn't?"

"Fair point."

A skinny old man in a muscle tank and basketball shorts pushed a reappropriated IKEA shopping cart piled high with his possessions—framed art, bags of clothes, a folding chair, an old-school boom box—up the street past them. He called out to Matteo.

"Yo! My man! You got something you can contribute to my battery fund? I've got no juice." He gestured to the boom box.

Matteo slid out from under her feet and bounded down the steps, slipping the guy a bill. He quickly resumed his position as her footrest.

"You think he'll really use the cash for batteries?" Olga asked. The man had reminded her of her father towards his end, and the melancholy of the car ride blanketed her again, thick as the summer air.

"Freddie? Yeah. He loves that friggin' boom box. He'll stand in front of the bodega all day with that shit blasting. He's harmless, but you know, the new blanquitos ... he creeps them out a little bit."

"Yeah. My dad, at one point, was kind of like that." Olga could feel Matteo's attention on her. She continued: "But he definitely wouldn't have used the money for batteries, as much as he loved music." She laughed, though the memory was not funny to her.

"Did I tell you my dad was a junkie when he died?" she asked, knowing fully well she had avoided the subject deftly to this point. "Basehead, too. A long fall from his Young Lords days."

"Overdose?" Matteo asked quietly.

"Nah. People didn't OD back then like now. AIDS, though, that was a different story. Death sentence. My Papi was a functioning addict for a long time. Kept a job, would still come and see us, like normal. But then, you know, the same old story. Starts missing shifts, loses his job, starts coming around high, then he's pawning shit, then he's stealing shit to pawn. But! In all that time, the only thing he'd never sell were his records! Anyway, one morning, Abuelita found all the albums in crates in the front yard of our house. His landlord heard he was sick and kicked him out. Papi carried out his records and the landlord burned everything else in the backyard. Magic Johnson had already played in the fucking Olympics with HIV, but this guy was afraid of a mattress. Coño. After that day, for a couple of months we couldn't find him. Then, we got a call from the hospital.

"This was ninety-four? The people still dying were mainly like Papi—junkies. Brown and Black addicts. Some gay men, trans girls. But by this time, they, too, were all Black and Brown. I don't know what it was like in the eighties, but the doctors and nurses treated them fine—shit, for lots of people, sadly, the hospitals were more stable than their home situations. But these people were lonely as fuck. No one was visiting these homies. The hospitals were like ghost towns. But we would go, religiously, and see Papi. My aunt Lola would bring him food, though he couldn't eat by then. My abuela would give him sponge baths. Even my uncles would come—which, honestly, I have to remind

myself often these days, since my Tío Richie's become one of these nutty Make America Great Again people, which I can't even get started on. Anyway, my brother never went. Not once. At first, I thought it was because of my mother. But then I began to think it was something else."

Olga could feel the weight of her words in the air, but felt a heaviness move off her chest a bit. She smiled at Matteo very faintly, felt her cheeks get flushed.

"What'd make you think your mom wouldn't want him to visit your dad?"

"I assumed she sent him a letter like the one she sent me. She sort of took a 'don't let his shit weigh you down' tack. But my brother and I? We think she was angry. Like legit pissed. The way she saw it, she'd fallen in love with a powerhouse activist who wanted to change the world with her, and then he goes and lets himself become another tragic Puerto Rican statistic."

"And how did you see it?" he asked as he rubbed her legs. She pretended not to hear.

"Prieto never came to the hospital and he'd tell my grandma and anybody who was listening that he was just trying to preserve his good memories of Papi. Which was Mami's advice, I knew. But, in the back of my mind I'd always wondered if he didn't go because he was afraid."

"Of AIDS?" Matteo asked.

"Of fucking everything," Olga said, her head shaking in disbelief. She sat up straighter. "We had a big fight today—"

"About his fundraiser?"

"No, about a favor I wanted to do for a friend. It's a long story..."

"You see me trying to go anywhere?" Matteo asked.

Olga sighed. "Okay. Have you ever been talking to somebody about, ostensibly, one small, specific thing, but the implications of what you're saying shifts the way you perceive everything that came before and after it?"

"Absolutely," Matteo offered flatly. "When the doctor told me my mother was dying. We were having a conversation, but in my mind, I was revisiting her taking me to school for the first time, trying to give me a haircut at home, going to look at colleges. Within seconds, I was also imagining her funeral and sitting shiva and how impossible that would be."

Olga sat up and rested her head on his shoulders, taking one of his hands in hers. They sat silent for a moment.

"I wasn't trying to bogart the conversation or anything, it's just that I knew what you meant. Please keep going."

Olga had never aired family business to a stranger before, but her only real-

life confidant was, in this moment, the person she could not talk to. She took a breath.

"See, my brother cares so much what other people think. He wants to be liked so badly by everyone. It's something about him that's irritated me since we were kids. I'd always thought my brother was probably gay. I thought it was stupid for him to not just say who he is, especially these days, but, like I said, he gives so many fucks about his image and well, he's kind of boxed himself into this persona. Today, we're driving home, right? And I ask him for this favor—we have a rental unit in our house, it's about to be vacant, and I want to offer it to a friend going through some shit. Anyway, in this one conversation, my brother basically confirms that yes, he is gay, and is completely closeted about it "

"Shit," Matteo interjected.

"That's not even what I'm really tripping on. See, at his heart, Prieto's an intensely compassionate person. The things he did for my father, the way he would care for him when he was just even dope sick, were ridiculous. But, he's like that about strangers, too. Every person with a sob story in the neighborhood goes to him because they know what a sucker he is. If someone's WIC gets screwed up, he'll buy them milk and eggs to hold them over. So, here's my friend—the boyfriend of my friend who killed himself. My brother's met him before, the poor guy is grieving, he's broke, he's in need of a cheap apartment. To help him costs my brother nothing. And I was like, damn, this is a first, my brother turning his back on a sob story."

"Because he didn't want a gay guy in his house?"

Olga nodded. "More or less. I let my temper get the best of me and I just outed him. It got ugly. But here's the thing, it struck me as out of character for Prieto, but somehow it also felt familiar. Suddenly, I remember being at the hospital with my father, feeling pissed at my brother for not showing up and seeing all the lonely people there, dying. And it was all so clear to me that my brother was afraid. Scared that if we saw him there, near all these gay guys, we'd recognize something about him in them. Which is irrational and crazy, I know, but I've always thought that's really why he never came."

"Not that crazy," Matteo offered. "How many Christian fundamentalist homophobes who won't even buy a wedding cake from someone gay end up being outed? Fear, self-loathing. All of it."

"Right. So, the question I'm now asking is, if my brother's need to protect this secret is so intense he'd turn his back on his own dying father, what else would he do? I'd always thought my brother's goodness defined him, but what if it's actually his fear? If protecting his image eclipses his impulse to do good? What would that mean about who my brother is?"

"What it would mean, Olga," and this Matteo said with a wry smile, "is that your brother is just like every other politician."

"Well ... fuck," Olga said, and swigged her beer.

BE KIND, REWIND

"I need to pee," Olga declared after a couple more beers. "Show me where your bathroom is."

Matteo straightened up. Olga started towards the front door and Matteo rushed to block her.

"Let's go out and eat," he offered. "There's a great Peruvian spot literally around the corner. You can use the bathroom there."

Olga looked at him quizzically for a moment. His eyes, round and brown, were glistening and wide and she saw in them his fear. The hoarding. He made it so easy to forget. It had been a long day and she collapsed her body against the doorframe.

"Matteo, I know, intellectually, that we should probably have a formal conversation about your ... issue, but the truth of the matter is, I'm too damn tired and need to pee too badly to do that right now. Please, just let me in."

Matteo looked straight at her, somewhat imploringly. He turned and rested his head on the door, slowly removing a set of keys from his pocket, then opening one side of the heavy oak and glass double doors.

"Wait here for a second," he said, with more force than she expected. He grabbed the six-pack and the speaker, walked inside, and Olga could see several lights flicker on, a warm glow emerging from the foyer. Olga closed her eyes, her stomach suddenly sinking in the way stomachs do when one dreads the arrival of bad news. She understood the fright in Matteo's eyes and felt it now, too. How long had it been since she felt so comfortable around someone she wasn't related to? When, if ever, had she spoken so openly about herself with anyone, let alone someone she was sleeping with? It should feel uncomfortable, even terrifying, but with Matteo, it felt like relief. In his presence she felt the coil of herself unwind, physically and mentally. The human equivalent of the wonderful rum they had sipped together at Sylvia's. Olga was not one to deprive

herself sensory pleasure—sex, food, drink, travel. Emotionally, however, she had long been malnourished. Time with Matteo felt wildly indulgent. Six-course-meal-at-Le-Bernardin indulgent. But now practicalities inserted themselves. Practicalities, even as mundane as relieving one's bladder, have a way of upending indulgences carried on for too long. A threshold stood between her belief that nothing this nice could ever last and her hope that maybe she was wrong.

"Okay," Matteo said, poking his head out the door. "Come on in."

The warm light, Olga realized, was the result of the four to five light fixtures Matteo had hanging over the space: one a crystal chandelier, the others a hodgepodge from various eras that he had clearly jury-rigged. The light reflected off a collection of mirrors and picture frames of various sizes, most empty, some not, that lined the entryway on one side and continued up the wall along a flight of steps to the second floor. To her other side, the walls opened into pocket doors, to what would normally be, in a house like this, the living room. Here, Matteo had arranged, as best as she could tell at her quick glance, a makeshift furniture museum. The walls were flanked, from floor to thirteen-foot-high ceiling, with distinct side chairs and dining chairs hung neatly on wall hooks, ranging in style from Victorian to Bauhaus. She stole a glance at two or three furniture vignettes featuring sofas and side tables but could hardly make out more before Matteo called out to her, directing her to a small half bath under the stairway. It was preserved from another era, an addition or redecoration from the late '70s, with its bright yellow porcelain sink and matching toilet. A light plaid wallpaper peeled slightly at the edges, she noticed as she peed. Here, the walls were surprisingly bare. A large stack of New Yorker magazines sat in a corner, though, Olga noted, hardly more than any normal subscriber had in their home. She flushed and washed her hands and made a note that the hand towels were clean. When she didn't find Matteo waiting outside the door, she took her chances and wandered across the hall to where, traditionally, a dining room would be. This, Matteo had repurposed into a music room, of sorts. The largest wall—the one that connected to the parlor space—was lined with shelf after shelf of records, even the fireplace repurposed for record storage. Against the windows, which she knew likely looked out into the backyard, was, of course, a record player, as well as any number of nearly extinct mechanisms for playing recorded music. An eight-track player, CD players, cassette decks, and, of course, speakers of various shapes and sizes. Olga had just turned to take in the rest of the room—rack storage for said eight-track tapes, CDs, and cassetteswhen Matteo appeared, two beers in hand. She startled.

"Well," he said, "since you haven't run out of here yet, I figured I should at least offer you a beverage."

"This is ... unreal. Is this what the rest of the house is like?"

"Um, kind of," he offered sheepishly. "I, um, like to keep the stuff categorized, I guess. This is ... music. Upstairs, I have a lamp room—lamps are hard for me to pass up, personally, and um, well, I know I said I don't keep papers and stuff, but that wasn't totally true. Downstairs is comics and magazines—but what I'd like to think of as good stuff, you know? I've got two decades' worth of *Rolling Stone* and every issue of *Vibe*."

His sheepishness began to recede as he started talking through the various rooms, his enthusiasm for their contents clearly shining through. Rather than find this repulsive, Olga was surprised that it endeared him to her. She wanted to know the size and shape of the hole that had been left in his heart that required so many objects to fill it. She found herself envious that he had identified something to pack it with.

"The TVs ... they're in my bedroom," he continued, "I mean, I don't watch a ton of TV, but I have a lot of them. Different models and stuff. They all work. I just keep them in there and sometimes the light can be soothing to sleep to, or to pop in an old movie. And then, I keep a Christmas room, but it's small..."

"I thought you were Jewish."

"Yeah, but who doesn't like Christmas, right? Like, if you're having a bad fucking day, what's better than sitting near a Christmas tree and listening to some carols? Actually, there are more records up there, because I don't mix the Christmas music."

They were standing a few feet apart. A silence fell between them.

"No one has been in this house in eight years besides me, Olga."

He offered the words to her, loaded as they were with meaning. And she accepted what he said with gentle care. Fear and affection bubbled warm in her chest. A sensation of intimacy innervated her body from the root of her sex to the roots of her hair. She wanted to tell him that she was honored that it was her. That she was happy he'd talked to her that sad day at the bar. That she thought the house was actually kind of fucking cool, even if it wasn't perhaps psychologically healthy. She wanted to say that she was sorry his mother had died, that she was sorry he had felt so lost. That she understood pain like that. That, for her, instead of filling her house, she had slowly stripped herself bare, until there was nothing. But she was too out of the practice of loving, in that

moment, to say those things.

"Thanks for letting me use your restroom," she said with a smile, frustrated with her own inadequacy, and desperately hopeful that he understood.

He closed the distance between them, kissed her cheek, and pulled away with a smile.

"Girl, do I have a record that's gonna blow your mind! Let me find this shit."

He quickly made his way to a spot on the many shelves of records and, with slight smugness, made a show of his find.

"That's right! Fania All Stars, San Juan seventy-three!"

"Shit!" she said, with genuine delight.

He laid the needle on the record and Olga immediately recognized the piano opening of "Mi Debilidad." Matteo cleared a coffee table from the center of the room and they began to dance.

"Tú siempre serás mi debilidad," he sang along to her.

"Ha! Do you even know what you're saying?"

"Mami, I'm very, very fluent in Spanish. Shit, I bet my Spanish is better than yours."

Olga smiled, knowing this was likely true. The song changed and she collapsed on the sofa. Matteo lay down next to her and she rested her head on his chest as the music washed over them.

"Papi loved this record. We used to have these amazing dance parties when I was little. It was just my family getting together, but I was a kid, so they felt like parties. My dad would put on music, maybe take out his congas. It was the best part of growing up, for real. Before it all changed."

"What happened to the records?"

"Why," she asked playfully, "growing your collection?"

He pinched her stomach, lightly. "Har, har. No, I just meant, he left them, but what did you do with them?"

Her hand had been tracing Matteo's stomach, but now she stopped.

"I broke them," she said, taking a breath. "After he left them, Abuelita put them in the basement. No one felt like playing music much in those days. But when he died, after the funeral, I missed him real bad. I kept thinking of all the times I'd see him in the streets, high, and would cross so he wouldn't see me. I felt so ashamed of that. And mad that I couldn't see him again. You asked how I felt about my dad being a junkie? I guess I felt pissed off about it, too. At him for using, at my mom for giving up on him. At my brother for enabling him.

"So I went downstairs to just listen and remember. And at first I was crying,

but then, I just felt ... rage. And I took the record off his record player—it was *Still Bill*—and I just threw it across the room."

"Damn, you did that to Bill."

"It felt so good to break something. I could never have hurt him or his feelings—he was too gentle—but it felt good to hurt these things he loved. And so, I just kept going and going. Just smashing them all. My grandmother heard me and she came down to try and stop me, but Tía Lola held her back. I think my grandmother was angry. Actually, I know she was. These were the only things my father never sold for drugs. And I fucking destroyed them.

"Records don't shatter, you know? They just end up in these big pieces. So after, I'm seeing all these pieces, remembering how he liked this song, or my mother loved that song. And I realized that I won't be able to visit those memories again, because I destroyed them. And I was even more pissed off now, but with myself. I cried until it hurt my insides and I pounded my fists on the basement floor until I bled. I guess eventually I tired myself out. I actually don't remember. I just know that I never really cried again. Not since. I had let out all my tears for a lifetime."

Matteo rolled on his side to face her, caressing her face. He was silent for a moment.

"You know what?" he offered softly. "I bet I've got a lot of what he had here. You tell me titles, and I'll pull them out for you. I have at least one other record player. We can take it all over to your place, and you can sit and remember whenever you want."

Olga pondered this for a second, warmth filling her insides.

"Okay." She sat up and smiled. "I'll tell you titles, but you know what? Let's leave them here. This is a nice room to listen to music in."

"Oh yeah?" Matteo asked.

She nodded. For the rest of the night, until day broke, she called out record titles and he found them on his shelves and played them for her. Some they listened to quietly, others would spark a story or memory too big not to share. Sometimes, they just danced.

"I have to tell you," Olga offered up during *Earth*, *Wind and Fire*, "you really are a good dancer!"

"Do I lie?" he offered up with a laugh.

For a moment she imagined what it would be like to spend a whole night dancing with him. To show up to a family affair with a real date. To have someone to sit with that she might actually want to talk to without biting their head off. Someone who might actually make her laugh. She wondered.

"Listen," she said as the song wound down, "do you, you know, have a suit?"

"Oomf! That hurts," he said, putting his hand over his heart. "I'm a pack rat, not an animal, girl. As a matter of fact, I own many suits! And they're not some Men's Warehouse joints, either. Zegna's my shit, for your information. Sometimes, I wear one for closings..."

"Sorry! My bad! Of course you own a suit. You worked on Wall Street, for fuck's sake." She inhaled. "I was just wondering because, ugh, well, I've talked about my cousin Mabel?"

"The one you don't like."

"Is it that I don't like her?" Olga asked, to herself as much as to Matteo. "She pushes my buttons, you know? So, sometimes I avoid her, and sometimes I like fucking with her. Typical family shit. But we grew up together. Like, really grew up together. And now she's getting married."

"Do you like him?" Matteo asked.

Olga thought about this. She had never considered whether she liked Julio before, he just was. "He's fine. Lazy. But she's happy, so, I'm happy for her. More than anything, we haven't had a party in a while, my family. We see each other all the time, and it's always a little crazy, people get a little loud, but we don't just do this—like we just did—anymore. I've been acting whatever about it, but I'm excited for Mabel's wedding."

"And? I need a suit because..."

"¡Coño! You're gonna make me ask you? Like, all formal?"

"Yes." He grinned, seeming to take a bit of pleasure in it.

"Matteo, will you come to my cousin Mabel's wedding with me next weekend?"

"Por supuesto, mami."

JANUARY 1994

Mijo,

I was sad to hear that you moved back to Abuelita's to finish school. It was a nice thing to do, I suppose, to be there for your sister. But I don't believe in making ourselves sacrificial lambs for our families. Of making ourselves smaller. I'm glad you've found things to keep you engaged, ways to give back, but this move, I fear, sets a dangerous precedent.

When I met your Papi, he was just twenty-one, the same as you now. He was guapo, like you, with such a young face, I couldn't believe he'd already been to war. I was only seventeen, and though I was against Vietnam, he'd enlisted and I found that brave. I had passion about inequity and oppression, but your father was already putting these things into practice. I remember, the night we met, we went walking in Sunset Park. He was studying education at Brooklyn College and had such big ambitions. To him, history books had been wiped clean of our existences and he wanted to change that. He wanted to change curriculums. To get more Black and Brown teachers in our classrooms. To change the way Black and Brown kids saw their educators; how they saw themselves. His vision was at once practical and expansive. I was excited and in awe and we were together from that day forward. And because of his dreams I started to have my own. Of us. Side by side. Changing the world.

But, Prieto, I was young and naïve and completely swept up in your father's energy. Unable to see the trouble laid out right before me. Vietnam offered your Papi a chance to escape his station in life, but it also tethered him to a terrible demon. Like many others he returned a heroin addict. He hid his problems well. It was months before I discovered it and by then I was so in love, the idea of us parting? Well, it physically pained me. He thought I could heal him and I thought I could, too. Thought that if I believed in him enough, he could overcome this and live out all those great ambitions he had for himself.

When he found the Lords I was so grateful. They helped get him clean and keep him clean. They provided him the camaraderie and discipline that your father had loved about the army. The times then were so exciting. For us. For

our people. For the world. We were working hard and making a difference. Taking over hospitals, marching at the UN. We were calling attention to public health issues, to colonialism, and most importantly, we were educating and waking up our community. This, I thought, was what life with Johnny Acevedo was going to be about.

Eventually though, the movement collapsed—was ripped apart, really. By the time you were born, I had left the Lords, feeling they had lost their way. Frustrated with what this great organization had become. Your father didn't agree. They wanted members to take factory jobs—to work directly with the proletariat—and he did. Went down to Bush Terminal and got a job in a plastics factory there. And I watched his world get a little smaller. Suddenly we had two children and his world got smaller still. People with big visions, Prieto, aren't meant to shrink themselves.

Your father didn't discover drugs then, he just revisited habits I had thought were long gone. A familiar way to expand his interior world once he decided to narrow his physical one. He'd been clean for years, but to me, when he gave up on his dreams, he lost his discipline. Started partying. Started with the crack, then back to dope. He lost the strength to say no to temptations. And now, because of this weakness, he is being eaten by this disease.

For years while this went on, I sacrificed my own goals and priorities to try and salvage his. In truth, I should have left right away. I didn't fully comprehend, back then, that the only person who can chart your course is you. No individual can save another, certainly not anyone who doesn't want to be saved. So, yes, it's nice that you are there, close to home, for your Papi and your sister—but this sacrifice of yours will not change anything. Your Papi is an addict and has AIDS. He is not rich; he is not white; he is not Magic Johnson. No cure is going to find its way to him, certainly not in time.

When I hear about all that you are doing in Sunset Park—for the community, for Puerto Rican people, for working people—I'm reminded of the best of your father. That spirit of wanting to lift everyone up. You must be careful not to let anyone, including your family—even your own dying father—distract you from your bigger ambitions for yourself. You are a person of great potential, already on your path. Don't make yourself smaller for anybody.

Prieto, your real Papi died several years ago. What is left now is just a body dying of this pato disease. Don't make his shame your shame. Put a wall up between you and his last days, if for no other reason than to protect yourself. To preserve your own dreams. Keep the best of him close to your heart. Remember

the lessons you learned when he led by example, and leave these days, these last years of his life, in a trash can. Set it on fire so you can't visit it again.

You must remember, mijo, even people who were once your sails can become your anchors.

Pa'lante, Mami

SEPTEMBER 2017

SHORE ROAD

As day broke and illuminated the bedroom, the ceiling fan spinning above him offered Prieto a resting place for his eyes—a marked improvement from the hours prior where he stared, aimlessly, into the dark. No shadow could claim his attention, so instead his eyes flitted here and there, mirroring his mind and leaving him exhausted. Now he lay, naked and flat on his back, counting the rotations of the fan, feeling his dark olive skin begin to goose pimple in the cool morning air. He instinctively rested his hand on his dick thinking masturbating might calm his agitated nerves, but his mind immediately went from Jan to disease to his daughter. What the fuck would he tell her? His penis remained a soft sack of skin, and his body, instead of feeling release, was, once again, pumping fear and anger.

Where, he thought to himself, could he possibly go to get an HIV test without anyone recognizing him? He could hit up the Attending Physicians office, under the guise of a physical, but what if the result was positive? Who could he trust there not to leak? He didn't even have a doctor in New York. And even if he did, how could he trust that they—or any doctor—wouldn't be approached by one of the Selby brothers' goons? One more thing in their arsenal.

To fucking have AIDS, he thought, would be the most fucking miserable, hijo de puta, piece-of-fucking-shit legacy he could imagine. After all he had endured in his life, all he had accomplished, all he had withstood, to be marked with the same stain that his fucking junkie father had ended up with was simply too much. Logically, he knew that his sister was right. People lived long lives with HIV now. But he felt fear anyway. And shame. He loved his father, but his end was hardly something Prieto had been proud of. And now, here he was, on the edge of the same.

He thought of Jan.

"Fuck you, Jan, you fuck!" he said out loud, to no one. The apartment was empty, Lourdes with his ex-wife, Mabel and her fat fucking fiancé sleeping upstairs. "Do you realize I don't need this shit?"

Jan had been intensely sexy. Olga had always been surrounded by sissies, from grade school when she would stand up for the girly boys who would get picked on by the hard kids in the schoolyard. He had never allowed himself to notice these boys, not even as they aged and became men, often handsome. It was territory much too risky, too dangerous to enter, but somehow Jan had lured him in. They'd met at Olga's birthday party. Jan had been there with his boyfriend, but the way Jan started flirting with him, Prieto knew they must have an agreement. At first, Prieto had thought he was fucking with him when he started asking him what Prieto was doing for his queer constituents. Prieto had given some sort of pat response about having supported same-sex marriage legislation, and then Jan very pointedly asked, "But what about all those men out there living double lives? What's the street slang for that?" He had raised his eyebrows mischievously and Prieto knew he'd been seen. It scared him, but thrilled him, too, and as clandestinely as possible, they exchanged information and met up the next day. They had laid in bed for a long time afterward talking; Jan was funny as shit and bright. Prieto had imagined what it would be like for this to be real life—to go to a bar and meet someone and get to know them and just be. Together. To have someone like that in his life every day.

He smirked now, thinking of the machinations he'd gone through over the years to keep his secret when his fucking bitch of a sister had known the whole time.

He decided to go for a drive.

* * *

In his car, the sound of his loudening stereo pierced the early morning quiet. A dick move on a Sunday, he knew, but in this moment, for once, he didn't care. As he drove over to Fourth Avenue, Prieto thought how at no point in his life could he recall anyone in his family ever explicitly saying anything bad about gay people. Maybe the occasional observation about the way a neighbor's son walked or speculation about a certain distant cousin who was still a bachelor. If they had an inkling, they certainly didn't try to shame him into a closet. Not explicitly. No, he kept himself there not because he was told his feelings were wrong, but because he understood that they were not exactly right. That was made clear to him in ways big and small for as long as he could remember. His

grandmother couldn't talk about how handsome he was without immediately predicting how he would surely "drive the girls crazy" when he grew up. He was only in the first grade when his aunts and uncles started asking if he had any "little girlfriends" at school. Even his mother, the ardent feminist, couldn't help but try and push the daughters of her activist friends on him. So, while no one said that "being gay is bad," what he certainly heard loud and clear was that liking girls was good. Affirmation by female affection was a way to prove himself to his family, a way to live up to their ideal of who he was.

He hated disappointing people. For reasons more complex than his sexuality. He was only ten or so years old when his mother began traveling—to conferences, protests, to give lectures. His father had by now moved out, leaving Abuelita as their primary caregiver. He felt grateful for the sense of security she provided but also guilty that he and his sister were a burden on a woman whose life had already been hard. So, he strove to make her as happy as possible. To prove to her that he was worth the sacrifice. By doing well in school, by keeping an eye on his sister, by keeping an eye on his father. The more he did, the more she idolized him, bragging about what a strong young man he was becoming to anyone who would listen. The more she bragged—to neighbors, to family—the more he felt obliged to never disappoint her or anyone else.

Of course, the rational part of him that looked back on it, the part that was now a father himself, recognized that disappointments—large or small—don't eradicate that kind of love. What could Lourdes tell him about herself that would ever make him love her less? Nothing. He wondered if she knew that.

* * *

HE STOPPED AT the bagel store on Sixty-ninth Street, surprised that he was hungry. The girl working behind the counter recognized him from the news, asked for a selfie, and tried to give him his bagel and coffee for nothing. Her hairstyle and dress were obviously different, but he was struck by how similar she was in mannerisms and speech to the kinds of girls he'd grown up with. The kinds who used to flirt openly with him in his junior high schoolyard, whom he'd pretend to like back knowing full well they were not the ones who gave him that butterfly feeling he sometimes got. He always was sure to have the name of a girl in his class ready on the tip of his tongue for when his homeboys asked who he thought was hot. He strung the girls in high school along just far enough to guarantee them always calling the house, so that Abuelita's prophecies would seem true.

If he'd harbored any fantasies to be more open and honest about himself, they were tamped down by two things: Tía Lola and, more dramatically, the disease.

As Prieto became aware of his own sexuality and his subsequent efforts to avoid suspicion and detection, he began to reappraise his aunt. Even at a young age he sensed that they, his family, were only getting a part of her. That a chunk of her was hidden. As he grew older and heard people throw the word "lesbian" around—derisively and otherwise—he saw aspects of his aunt in the women they described. He recognized then, clearly, that whatever she kept concealed from their family, it was because she felt she was compelled to. He understood the sentiment and it reaffirmed his own instincts. He wondered now if she had sensed his truth as well.

But that was mere behavioral modeling. More than anything, for years, really, what had made the idea of calling himself gay or queer or bi or any of these things impossible was the disease. He had just developed his first crush—on a boy named Anthony who lived on the block—when suddenly all everyone was talking about was AIDS. But it wasn't just called AIDS, it was the gay disease. They were dying, they were dying alone, and people seemed to feel they deserved it. When famous people started dying, he remembered his uncles and aunts talking about it: "Can you believe so-and-so was gay all this time?" Completely ordinary people were dying and he would hear the gossip: "Who knew he played both sides...?" He remembered how, when word got out about his father's diagnosis, he went out of his way to tell people his father had been a junkie. As if somehow that was better than them thinking he was gay?

The disease made had him feel frightened and ashamed, all at once. And yet, also reckless.

The night he realized his father had AIDS, the first night he allowed himself to go to the Piers and meet someone, it was Prieto who was willing to consent to unprotected sex. It didn't get that far, not that night. But, over the years, on certain occasions, despite his fears or maybe because of them, he took risks that defied logic. It was on one of these such nights that he met up with Jan.

* * *

HE PARKED HIS car on Shore Road, grabbed the bagel and the coffee, and made his way across the pedestrian overpass to the waterfront. He remembered for a moment crossing this same bridge one night with his friend Diego. It was that summer he realized Papi was going to die. The summer before he started college. He and Diego had smoked some weed down by the water and were crossing back to head home, play fighting each other. He didn't know if it was the weed or what, but he felt the feeling behind their play shift, and in a brief moment he felt so free, he leaned in and kissed Diego and Diego kissed him back. When he pulled away and opened his eyes, he could see the cars on the Belt Parkway below, their headlights shining through the bridge's chain-linked enclosure and into his eyes. How quickly his euphoria turned to terror that someone might have seen what they had done. He and Diego never spoke about that kiss again. Prieto wondered what had happened to him.

The promenade was empty now save a few joggers and bright-eyed fishermen. Staten Island was still concealed by a bit of mist coming off the Narrows. Looking at the water often took his mind off things, but he now found himself reaching for his phone. He needed to know where he stood. He went to look for clinics out of state—maybe somewhere en route back to D.C.—when he had an idea. One he knew immediately would resolve his dilemma and possibly produce some pretty good political theater, which he hadn't had very much of lately. He would sponsor a men's wellness event in his district—center it around men of color and HIV, blood pressure, and diabetes. He'd make a big fuss of getting himself tested and checked. Talk about how it's not about being gay or straight, it's about knowing your status. Yes, he might still get bad news, but now it would come with a wave of public sympathy. He was contemplating his worst-case-scenario public statement when a text message came in from Alex.

Hurricane Irma hit. Damage light, but power out in P.R.; should probably release statement/tweet? Pics from Cuba not looking good. Send prayers?

He scanned the articles Alex had linked to and typed a reply.

Pls. fix grammar—Praying for the people of Cuba; grateful P.R. spared worst, but as 70% of the island sits in darkness, Irma reveals how government fails Borinquen again and again. Privatization not the answer.

The mention of the islands turned his mind to his mother and his mother's mother. He thought about what his sister had said. How everyone always knows. If that was true, he wondered why none of them had ever told him that it was okay. Okay to be who he was. He wanted to call his sister and ask her. He couldn't bring himself to pick up the phone.

They used to come here a lot, he and Olga, at one time. When she was younger, he'd take her and Mabel over to Ceasar's Bay Bazaar, where he'd thumb through freestyle mixes while she and Mabel flirted with the guy who ran the Sergio Tacchini kiosk. Afterwards, they'd always get ice cream and sit by

the water, boy watching the skateboarders for a bit before he took them home. After Papi died, they came out here together—him and Olga—with two forties of Heineken—and told each other every good thing they remembered about their father so the other would have their own memories and then some. Olga was only sixteen and got so drunk Prieto had to carry her back to the car.

He felt exposed by her. Angry with her for exposing him. But, more than anything, he was angry that she had known all this time and just let him suffer in this secret alone.

He took a sip from the coffee as he looked out onto the placid water. The mist had lifted.

CHAMPAGNE DREAMS

On Monday morning Olga awoke and found herself not only still at Matteo's house, but reluctant to leave. He brought her coffee in bed as they watched reports of Hurricane Irma's wake: flooded streets in Cuba, ports destroyed in the Virgin Islands. In Puerto Rico, damage was minimal, but its frail power system buckled quickly, the island now left in the dark. It might take weeks to restore power, the news said.

"How long do you think they'd let Rhode Island or Virginia sit in the dark?" Matteo asked rhetorically.

Outside, the weather was as gloomy as the news, but Olga felt more buoyant than she had in ages. The first night she'd slept over, she awoke with a panic attack, in disbelief that she'd revealed so much of herself, of her life, to the person lying next to her. She wanted to leave as quickly as possible and, in the gentlest way, Matteo wouldn't allow it. He made omelets and coffee and got the paper from the stoop, and they read the *Times* on one of the sofas in the living room. Later that morning, when they had sex, she recognized it as a completely new, terrifying but exhilarating experience: physical intimacy with someone she actually decided to let in. To know. In contrast, she recognized that sleeping with Dick had never been about feelings, or even pleasure, but rather a repetitive attempt to use sex to try and prove that she was, in fact, worthy. She had not realized the weight this had been on her, one she was relieved to be rid of. By Monday morning, she was so content she lost track of time and found herself running late to start her day.

* * *

ALTHOUGH MABEL'S WEDDING was less than a week away, Olga had not only failed to have her bridesmaid's dress altered, she had yet to even claim it from the Midtown bridal salon Mabel had ordered the dresses from. This morning,

they'd explained, was the last possible chance she could come in and be properly fitted. Before that, however, she was due to the office for her quarterly champagne exchange with Igor. By the time she hurried down the Chelsea street her office was located on, he was already impatiently waiting outside of the building with two guys she had not seen before.

"Who are they?" she asked.

"These," Igor said, "are my OTBs—off-the-boats. Just came from Ukraine a few weeks ago. Know almost no English but will do any kind of work I need. Very helpful for stuff like this."

Olga eyed them. They were beefier than his last set of hands, but somewhat typical of the Russian-Ukrainian wannabe gangsters she was used to Igor bringing around. Tight black T-shirts, suit slacks, pointy leather oxfords that refused to acknowledge the manual labor that was being asked of them, as though their footwear saw a future when they would not be pushing hand trucks full of stolen champagne, but rather sitting at a café off Brighton 6, calling the shots. Or, at the very least, knowing what the shots were.

Olga had met Igor seven or so years before, when her services had been retained to produce the elaborate nuptials of a Russian oligarch's daughter. She had a limited understanding of how the family made their money in Russia—the vague term "energy" was tossed around quite a bit—but stateside, it didn't take Olga long to observe that they had clearly diversified. Family meetings around the wedding were continually interrupted by "business associates" ranging from restaurateurs to home health aide empresarios, often bearing gifts. Though they kept an apartment at the Four Seasons, when in New York they mainly held court in an externally forgettable, but internally lavish Russian restaurant off Coney Island Avenue. Every meeting was an occasion that involved copious amounts of salmon, caviar, pelmeni, and vodka and equally copious amounts of family. Igor, who served as a chief of staff of sorts, was always there. Though shrewd during the contract negotiation, the family was warm and gracious once the planning was actually under way. They spared no expense for what they wanted, treated workers fairly, tipped generously, and had a strong sense of their own style. Above all, they wanted people to have a good time. Olga hadn't enjoyed her job as much before or after them.

She'd landed that gig during her reality TV years, which meant the period when she was busier trying to be famous than rich. Which meant she was running her business honestly, transparently, and with little profit. The oligarch was charmed with the way she sagaciously negotiated his contracts and bemused

by how hard she protected money he was happy to spend. He warmly abused her for what he called "her miserable sense of business." After the wedding, Igor came by the office to drop off her tip—\$9,000 in cash, a new Chanel watch, and ten cases of Veuve Clicquot champagne.

"The boss said to enjoy this however you want, but if he were you, he'd keep the watch, invest the cash, and sell the champagne to one of your WASP clients."

Olga decided that was exactly what she was going to do—though in truth some of the cash was tucked into Lourdes's college savings account. She was unsurprised by but keenly aware of the sum the champagne earned her. She'd been able to present it as discounted product to the client, when for her it was all profit. Her wheels began to churn. This seemed a harmless way to earn a few extra dollars and her clients all loved good wine and champagne. Olga began to overorder, just a bit at first, and then more and more, when placing her clients' champagne orders. Then, when she had amassed enough inventory to cover a whole party, she would offer the product to her clients at a discount.

A couple of years later, when the oligarch's daughter was having her baby shower, Olga planned it gladly, free of charge. She was grateful for the new revenue stream they had opened up for her. Igor suggested more ways that they could work together, as the family restaurants sometimes found themselves with extra product—caviar, vodka, expensive whiskeys—but sometimes found themselves short on other extravagances, like hard-to-find wines. Though Olga was mildly apprehensive about forging an ongoing alliance with the Russian mob, the opportunity seemed too good to refuse. In this way, their exchanges began. Olga would tag onto her clients' liquor orders a few extra cases of champagne, but also an additional case of Stag's Leap Cask 23 here, a case of Penfold's 2013 Grange there. In turn, Igor would deliver below-cost cases of Russian vodkas and Johnnie Walker Blue Label, which Olga could then, of course, resell. Once every couple of months they would exchange product and cash, as the relationship proved symbiotic for all parties.

Had she stopped to think about it from a purely catechistic perspective, the wine enterprise was clearly a form of theft. Morally and possibly criminally wrong. But Olga did not stop to think of it this way, instead viewing this as a present of unquantifiable value that the oligarch and Igor had given to her. Prior to meeting them, Olga was eking out a living, believing, mistakenly, that if she provided quality services the money would eventually work out. They gave her a new lens through which to see her day-to-day operations: apply big-business

* * *

"YOU KNOW," IGOR said to her today, "there are a lot of people in my line of work making weddings, birthday parties, all of the stuff you do, Olga. They have cash, not so much to burn, but to ... well, clean up. Simon thinks, why not kill two birds with one stone by working with a nice girl like you, who understands how the world works? Do you get what I'm saying?"

Though a lover of risk and cash in equal measure, Olga's gut instincts told her that this was a bridge too far for both. Exchanging product was one thing; cleaning people's money could quickly turn friends into enemies. She did not want to become the oligarch's enemy.

"Igor, please tell Simon I appreciate him thinking of me, truly, but things are looking up for me these days, and, well, cash is tricky. The IRS and all."

"What do I know of the IRS?" he said, looking at her with mild disdain, as though he had sized her up as admirable and now needed to reassess not only her, but his own judgment. "If you change your mind, you know where I am."

And with that, Igor and his two OTBs, hand trucks loaded with several cases of Cakebread, headed out the door, passing Meegan who was on her way in.

"Who were those guys, Olga?" Meegan asked as she placed her bag down.

Olga sighed. It had been a long weekend and she was too tired for Meegan this morning.

"Russian mobsters coming to buy hot goods to resell on the black market in Moscow, Meegan."

Olga turned to her computer. There was a moment of silence and Meegan started to laugh.

"What's so funny?" Olga asked.

"You said that about those guys as though it could be true!"

Something about her failed attempt at honesty gave Olga the giggles and soon both women were wiping tears from their faces. The moment softened Olga towards Meegan, at least momentarily.

"Did you have a good time at the party?" she asked.

Meegan hesitated.

"At first, I guess." Meegan sighed. "But then Trip ended up in a pack of his sweaty coworkers doing shots off an ice sculpture, and I got stuck making conversation with all the other girlfriends."

Olga smirked, more with familiarity than malice.

"'It's not the life I chose, it's the life that chose me," she said.

"What?" Meegan asked, earnestly.

"Rap lyric. But the point is, in my opinion, when it comes to men and relationships? We're all born with our lives set on certain tracks. On your track, unless you go out of your way to buck convention, you will encounter Trip after Trip, always ending up outside of a shot circle with the other girlfriends, who eventually will become wives and then moms. Making small talk, or as you called it, 'conversation.'"

"What a remarkably cynical assessment," Meegan offered while collapsing onto the office sofa.

"Let it marinate for a minute, see if it rings true, and tell me later. Or, in a few years." Olga smiled. She hadn't meant it cynically at all, in fact.

"Well, so, what about your 'set track' then?" Meegan said with a sly smile. "It clearly has Mr. Eikenborn on it."

Olga looked at Meegan for a moment, her face purposefully blank, before she coolly turned back to her email without saying a word. She was only faintly aware of Meegan rising from the sofa and noisily slamming cabinets while she made coffee before opening her laptop with a loud huff.

"So," Meegan pronounced, "I've worked here for over a year and I have to ask. Why the fuck do you do this? This job, I mean. You don't have a single, actual romantic bone in your body. You seem to have little respect for marriage, and from what I can garner, only passing regards for the feelings of a man who seems as vulnerable as Mr. Eikenborn."

Olga stopped for a second to take in her prey. She could easily eviscerate Meegan by telling her that she had watched too much TV as a little girl and that marriage has, historically, never been about romance. She could destroy her intellectual argument by explaining that respecting marriage and planning weddings had nothing to do with each other, and that she pitied her for not grasping the difference. She could ruin her sense of optimism by explaining that Dick was just Trip, but old, the vodka luge antics replaced by circles of self-congratulation for growing their inherited wealth. That she had contorted herself for years to get onto a "track" to meet these very men, only to make that horrid discovery. But before she could answer, she felt her tongue slacken in her mouth, softened by the initial question, and the naïve girl who'd asked it. Meegan, who from Olga's vantage point had struggled for nothing but to maintain her rose-colored glasses, was asking the question that Olga had not dared to query herself: why the fuck was she doing this work?

She had been a talented photographer. Perhaps not good enough to be a working artist, but surely she could have become a gallerist or a curatorial assistant. What would have happened had she not been so afraid of making her student loan payments? If she'd been a bit more courageous and self-assured? Instead, she took a job with a nice paycheck in a communications department at an ad agency. Not even making the ads. No, she did promotions for the ads, which, even without her mother's reminders, was so meta it felt useless. But it paid well. Eventually, after she met Reggie, she tried her hand at real public relations. It was then, when one of their celebrity clients was getting married and appreciated her ability to manage events well, that she was asked to do her first wedding.

After her grandmother died, without that unconditional love, Olga did not know who would ever love her again or what would make her feel worthy of being loved. Weddings, Olga felt back then, could do this. Making people's dreams come true, Olga reasoned, would provide countless opportunities to be adored, to be valued, to feel important. She reflected now, with Meegan before her, what a wide-eyed assessment that had been. Weddings, she quickly discovered, were about everything except the health of a couple's relationship. They were social performances, the purpose of which varied from family to family. And they were competitive. Clients wanted to appear more tasteful, more unique, more extravagant, than the hosts of all the other weddings they had been to before. Olga's success at work, therefore, was not evaluated against how many of her clients' dreams she could bring to life, but on scores of emotional calculations far beyond her control. It was the ultimate in conditional love. She had grown, she realized, to resent the constant cycle.

"I'm not avoiding your question, Meegan," Olga replied, "but I'm curious why *you* think someone should be in this line of work?"

Meegan beamed. Olga rarely offered the opportunity to expound on personal opinions.

"Well, I guess the biggest reason is that this world is so fast and crowded. We all do a hundred things a day, and post photos of it all, too. But weddings? They still make you take a breath and take things in. People don't forget them. No one ever says, 'Tim and Tina's wedding? I don't remember that one!' They always remember. So, in this time when memories are so hard to keep because our lives are so cramped and disposable, weddings stick. And we help create the memories that stick for these people. And that feels really special. And really important."

Olga glanced at the clock. The bridal shop would be opening soon. On another day she might have reminded Meegan that Muslims were being banned in their country and children being shot down in schools, and maybe that ought to take up a bit more mental space than a dramatic centerpiece. Or pointed out that many people, like her cousin Mabel, threw weddings all the time with no professional help whatsoever, at pennies on the dollar of their clients' budgets, and that those parties were just as memorable. But today, perhaps softened a bit by the events of the weekend, Olga was touched by her earnestness. Why poison Meegan's happiness with her own dissatisfaction?

Olga closed her laptop, gathered her purse, and looked Meegan in the eyes.

"Meegan, you're in this for all the right reasons. You'll go far."

Meegan smiled and went to lean in to give Olga a hug, and Olga bolted for the door.

In the elevator, she rested her head against the cool metal and thought, What the fuck am I doing with my life?

LOS PAÑUELOS NEGROS

Though it had been merely overcast when she had gotten to the office—a space meticulously designed to conceal the fact that there were few windows—as Olga stepped out of the elevator and into the lobby, she could see the downpour. Of course, she had no umbrella, nor the will to go back upstairs and see Meegan's earnest face again, so she stood for a moment calculating how fucked up her blowout would get if she made a sprint towards Sixth Avenue, where she was certain the Sudanese guy who sold umbrellas would be set up. They should put you on TV, she'd told him, a few weeks back when she saw him doing brisk trade after a sunny day turned like a race car and the skies had opened up. He said he'd learned to smell for rain where he was from and Olga quipped that her only learned olfactory instinct was which subway cars to avoid. She thought about the subway ride up to the bridal salon. It should be just a quick shot on the 2/3 uptown, but now, with the rain, who knew how or when she would get there. New York had a shocking way of spiraling into chaos whenever met with precipitation, as though the entirety of its infrastructure was actually made of sugar, and the water triggered dissolution. She could call a car, but not only would that take longer, it would cost a fortune. For her bridesmaids' gowns, Mabel had selected an ensemble look; Olga felt confident she'd been purposefully assigned the ugliest of the style variations and at \$450 before alterations, Olga refused to sink another penny into this frock. Resolving to stick with her original plan, Olga placed her purse over her head in a symbolic attempt to preserve her hair, and charged out the door as fast as she could, immediately running full force into a mountain of a man holding an oversized umbrella.

Underneath his fitted black suit his body was pure muscle, and Olga rebounded off in such a way, he needed to use his one free arm to steady her. In her confusion, she looked up, ready to apologize, but he began speaking before she could open her mouth.

"Ms. Acevedo?"

"Yes," she said, surprised.

"Sorry to startle you, but Mr. Reyes would like a word with you."

"Reggie?" she asked, equally surprised by the use of his legal name as she was his impromptu appearance.

"Yes, ma'am. He's waiting in the car, just up the street. So, if you don't mind following me..."

The mountainous man's name turned out to be Clyde. Olga learned a remarkable amount about him on their relatively short walk. He'd been a linebacker at Howard, Reggie's alma mater, before getting sidelined with an injury and losing his scholarship. He was working Reggie's security detail to earn tuition money, though he was enjoying it so much, he wasn't sure he would go back. By the time the driver opened the door to Reggie's military-grade luxury SUV, Olga felt deeply invested in his future.

"Clyde, you've got to go back to school, okay?" she said as she slid into the rear of the vehicle.

From under the umbrella, Clyde smiled. "I'll definitely think about it, Ms. Acevedo."

The driver closed the door for her, and Olga turned her attention to Reggie. She wasn't certain what he could possibly want but was fairly sure he had more to say about her brother, especially with the Hurricane Irma damage in P.R. Still, it was unlike him to use her, or anyone, as a go-between. Reggie's style was more combative: to call someone out on social media or just roll up to her brother's congressional office with a camera crew in tow. What on earth could he want from her?

"Clyde's sweet," she said as she turned to him. She was surprised to find him not on his phone but sitting fully upright, his attention focused on her.

"He's a good kid."

"You have to pay for him to go back to school; his tuition is like, five dollars for you."

Reggie laughed.

"You act like a bitch all the time, but you have this heart of gold, Olga. Of course I'm gonna pay his tuition, but it's not a bad thing to let him work for it a bit, is it?"

Olga shrugged. "How come only Brown and Black people have to learn to work for everything? Why can't we get some stuff just handed to us once in a while?"

"Fair point," he conceded.

There was a silence.

"So," Olga offered, with suspicion, "what's up with the stakeout ... Mr. Reyes?"

Reggie chuckled. "Well, Ms. Acevedo, as it happens, I'm using my government name in personal settings these days. Considering changing it professionally, too."

"Bad for your brand," Olga offered.

"But good for my people—our people—to see that a Black man, an Afro-Latino man, did all this." Reggie gestured around at the car, which—only now did Olga notice—was intensely lavish: vast space, mother-of-pearl inlays, and a leather interior she could not quite place the texture of. She fingered the seats.

"If you're wondering, it's whale dicks."

"That's fucking nasty, Reggie," Olga said as she jumped off her seat.

Reggie belly laughed, hard.

"Nah, I'm kidding. I'm kidding. The original Dartz had them though! No joke. Sheiks were into it. Had diamonds and rubies in the gauges, too. That sounded over the top, even to me, but God do I love this fucking truck! Bulletproof. All of it, windows, sides. Safer than Limo One."

"It's very subtle," Olga offered with a smile.

"Just like me, mami, just like me! Anyway, all I'm saying is, when I started using 'King,' I was thinking of my own self. How do I advance my own shit? Now, my focus is on advancing my people—Puerto Ricans, Latinos generally, and of course Black people. You can't be it if you can't see it. So, I want people to see that while this clown in D.C. is trying to round us up and ice us out, a man named Reyes could buy and sell this motherfucker."

Olga looked out the window and realized that, even in the rain, people—mainly teens—had stopped to take pictures of the monstrosity. She remembered seeing photos of Reggie and his kids hopping out of this same truck on one of the hip-hop gossip accounts. These kids probably saw it, too. Now they were scrambling in the rain just to get a picture of his car. Not even him. He was a mogul, and he looked like them. Reggie hadn't had anyone to look up to. His pomposity had not changed; his ego was, if anything, larger than ever. But she was moved by his sincerity.

"I'm here for all of this," Olga pronounced. "But I also need to get on with my fucking day, Reggie, so do you want to tell me what's so important that I get to see you twice in one week? In fact, better yet, take me uptown while you do." Reggie lowered the divider and instructed the driver to get going, and the tank-sized vehicle began to pull out of its oversized parking space. When Clyde disappeared from view, he began to speak again.

"Olga, first I want to say, I come with good news. It's the only reason I snuck up on you like this."

Olga tried to imagine what good news Reggie could possibly have for her, of all people.

"You're renewing your vows and are going to hire me to plan the whole thing?"

Reggie laughed.

"You're hilarious. First of all, no, we aren't. Second of all, if we were, I'd never hire you because it would be too awkward."

"If you're paying money, nothing is awkward about it, Reggie. I'm a professional."

"Listen," Reggie said, his tone becoming more serious. "The thing is, before I can tell you the good news, I need a guarantee of your secrecy here. Because the information I'm about to share with you could really fuck up people's lives, mine included, okay?"

Olga stared at him with intense curiosity. Her stomach fluttered. She took in the scene outside the car.

"We're going the wrong way," she said. "I need to go uptown."

"Olga, you need to go home, so we are driving you there—"

"Reggie? What the fuck?" Olga interrupted, her hands rising unconsciously to illustrate her anger. Reggie gently clasped them in his own.

"And once you get there, you're going to stay home for the rest of the day, and then tomorrow, you're going to go to work, like everything is normal."

"Everything *is* normal, Reggie," Olga said, though, already for the past few days, life had been anything but.

"Did your brother tell you he'd gone to see your aunt Karen a few weeks back?"

Adrenaline inundated Olga. She was trying to reconcile Reggie and her aunt Karen and her brother in her mind in a way that would make sense.

"What? No. We haven't seen Aunt Karen in years."

"You haven't." Reggie scoffed. "But you should ask him about it and see what he says."

Olga took this in. Why would Prieto go to see her? And why wouldn't he mention it to Olga?

"How do you even fucking know this?"

"Karen told me, and when I heard, I figured he would be too much of a pussy to tell you."

"Why is my aunt talking to you? How does she even know you?"

"I'll get into it, but I need you first to promise me that this conversation won't go beyond this car."

"I can't promise that without knowing what we're talking about."

"That's the only way to promise. It stays between me and you. And I will talk to you about this anytime you want, day or night, that I promise you. But you must swear on your grandmother's grave not to discuss this with your family, and especially not your brother."

Olga paused. Her hands still in Reggie's grasp, she noticed now they were trembling. She nodded.

"Olga, your mother sent me here to talk with you today."

Her mouth dropped open.

"How—"

She started to form a question, but Reggie put a finger over her lips, his body fully turned towards her now in the back of the truck.

"Your mother is a very important part of a group of patriots aiming to claim dignity again for Borikén, and all of us—"

Olga's full body was now shaking. She shook off Reggie's grasp.

"I don't give a fuck about Borikén right now Reggie! Where the fuck is my mother and why the fuck do you know where she is, when me and my fucking brother don't?"

"I'm trying to tell you, Olga—"

"I need you to tell me without the fucking political rhetoric, okay?"

Reggie put his hands on her arms, to try and stop her body from shaking, but she had lost control over herself. She felt sick from the pit of her stomach. She wanted to cry, but no tears would come. Did she feel despair? Betrayal? She certainly felt rejection. Her mother, so far from her, such a great and powerful Oz, yet fully realized to ... Reggie? Reggie whom she had despised. Whom she had advised Olga herself to avoid. It made no sense.

"Tranquila, tranquila," he began to whisper. Her grandmother would always calm her that way, in the nights following her mother's departure, when she would wake up crying. She would come in and lie next to her, stroking her hair, whispering the same words. Had she ever told Reggie that? She found herself responding to his command, her body slowly quieting itself. When her

shaking stopped, Reggie took his hands off her shoulders. Though it was not quite 10 A.M., he leaned forward and pulled from a cabinet two heavy crystal tumblers and filled them each with a heavy pour of rum. He handed her one, and, locking his dark eyes with hers, clinked her glass.

"¡Salud! This will make us both feel better."

She took a sip, but he took a swallow.

"A few weeks after you ended things with us, I got a package in the mail to my home. It had no return address—"

"My mother."

"Yes. It was not a terribly long letter, but I was shocked to get it. You had told me small bits about her, but honestly, that she had tracked me down weirded me out. Still, the letter, it was very poignant to me. No one had spoken to me that way before. She started by telling me that she didn't feel I was appropriate for you, because you were a brilliant mind who had been raised for liberation, while I, like so many Puerto Ricans before me, was an anchor for our people. My mind had been colonized. She went on to articulate what she thought someone like me, who clearly had the ability to visualize futures for themselves that seem impossible, could do if they could look beyond the White Man's goals. She didn't say anything else about it, but she enclosed three books. One was a collection of essays by Hostos, a biography of Che Guevara, and a book of poems with Julia de Burgos and Pedro Pietri.

"A few weeks later, I got another letter. She was curious what I thought about the books, and she invited me to write to her. She gave me a name and address of a person—I don't remember who or where, because it would always change—but she had people willing to receive mail for her. She instructed me not to use a return address, and to mark the envelope with a small black triangle, so that this person would know the letter was for her."

"And so, you wrote to her?" Olga asked, flatly.

"I wrote to her. I had been really moved by her letter, by the essays, and mostly by the poems. I read *Puerto Rican Obituary* at least a hundred times and I was embarrassed to see myself in it. I hated the way we lived when I was a kid, piled into a fucked-up apartment in the Bronx, cleaning up after people, the only things to show for it some scratch-off tickets, everyone dreaming of going back to some island I'd barely known. I wanted the American dream. I wanted the house on Long Island, I wanted to be on the all-white block. I didn't realize I was rejecting myself, my own heritage.

"I wrote her all this and she sent me more books and the letters and things

continued for a while—for years, actually—"

"So you became pen pals? You and my mother."

"At first. Then, after that whole thing happened and I began to publicly claim my heritage more, she sent me a note. She felt it was time for me to go beyond general education and become more proactive. She told me to reach out to Karen."

"My aunt Karen?"

"Yes. So, this is how I know Karen. I went to pay her a visit and it was actually Karen who told me about the Pañuelos Negros. Who invited me to join." He went to take another sip of his rum, but Olga stopped him before he started talking again.

"What the fuck is that? Black bandanas?" She shook her head but did not raise her voice.

"Well, you said you didn't want me to get political in talking about this."

"I just wanted you to talk to me like a fucking person, whose life this affects, not like you're trying to recruit me into a revolution."

He looked at her and shrugged.

"Lo mismo, ¿no?"

"Reggie, just fucking tell me what this thing is."

"The media wants everyone, especially people on the island, to think that an independent Puerto Rico is a fringe fantasy that only radicals subscribe to. That the real force is behind the centrists who want statehood."

Olga was at the end of her patience but promised herself not to interrupt until Reggie was done.

"And with good reason. In the eighties and nineties the government, in cooperation with complicit Puerto Rican sellouts on the island, systemically stymied a strong and growing independence movement. They imprisoned all of the leadership, branded them terrorist organizations, drove people underground. Those they couldn't imprison they drove into hiding in the mountains of the island. But, as you know, Olga, the wealthy and powerful are lazy, and think that if you can't see something, it doesn't exist. Back in oh-five, the Feds finally managed to assassinate Filiberto Ojeda Ríos, the most visible revolutionary that Borikén had known in modern times. He'd evaded their capture for nearly fifteen years, in small towns, in the mountains, sometimes in the bigger cities. With his assassination, every leader of every public movement for independence was either dead or in jail. Or so the government thought. And with no visible resistance, they were able to further pillage and sell off our island to the highest

bidder.

"This was the White Man's fatal flaw. They murdered Ojeda Ríos, thinking that the idea of the revolution lived within *one man*, without ever stopping to consider *how* he had evaded them for so long. Do you understand what I mean?"

"The people," Olga said. "The people helped him hide."

"The jibaros. The regular country people, for years, shrugged their shoulders when agents would come around asking about this man. 'No sé, no sé,' they would say. They adored him, they took pride in his ability to evade the law, because they knew this was foreign law that was looking for him. They understood that he was standing up for them, even if they couldn't articulate it. It didn't have to do with him and his personality, it had to do with an idea."

Reggie's argument had become abstracted again; she was on the verge of losing patience.

"The people who followed Ojeda Ríos were devastated by his loss and all of Puerto Rico was mourning. We were too blind with grief and anger to see that the revolutionary spirit had already taken root on the island. But not your mother. Your mother saw the opportunity there, and despite putting herself at risk of the law, she made her way back to Puerto Rico to help her people. Revolution, in the past, was meant to be armed. Acts of war and protest claimed by an organization—FALN, the Boricua Popular Army. Your mother, however, understood that such public organization only put a target on our backs and that revolution in the digital age could look different. This is how the Pañuelos Negros were born.

"Our name comes from the bandanas we wear whenever we might be out in public. We don't even really want to know who our own membership is. Perhaps your mother is the only one who knows every member of our movement."

"So, if you aren't violent, what do you do?"

"I didn't say we aren't violent, Olga. I just said that revolution is different now."

He paused.

"You mother reorganized all of the supporters of every other independence group—those both above and below ground. She quietly began recruiting people like me to her cause—strong people with influence who had not turned their attention to what was happening to our gente. She went after the students—the angry and the disaffected, the brilliant chemists, engineers, and computer programmers forced to leave the island because there was no work for them at home anymore. Quietly, over the past decade, your mother has assembled a

decentralized organization all over the diaspora, hungry for revolution, just waiting for the right moment to rise and topple a hundred and nineteen years of American colonial rule and take back our land."

Olga took a sip of her rum and then found herself giggling. The giggle became a laugh and the laugh overtook her until she was doubled over in her seat. Reggie did not join her.

"Reggie, wow." She finally calmed herself enough to talk. "I know you aren't making this up, but wow, has my mother got your number if she's convinced you that somehow she has amassed an underground revolutionary army gearing up for independence. The rational businessman in you has got to know how fucking nuts this sounds! If there are so many people interested in a free Puerto Rico, why the fuck did these homies not vote for independence in this last election? When was the plebiscite? May? Where were these 'revolutionaries' at the polls?"

"Olga, revolution cannot happen on the terms of the oppressor. The very idea of the plebiscite is flawed."

"So, then when is the time for revolution, Reggie? Tell me. Because the last I saw the whole island was in the dark."

Reggie smiled at her. "Exactly, Olga. Our network of Pañuelos Negros is broad, their commitment deep, but as with everything in our history, nothing happens without the jíbaro. The Yanqui is currently doing the work that we, the leaders of revolution, could never do quite as effectively. They are letting the jíbaro know that they are seen as a piece of trash, dispensable. Between PROMESA's austerity and PREPA leaving everyone sitting in the dark, the island is finally recognizing what the Yanqui thinks of them. The Yanqui has counted on us being asleep for years, but their neglect and exploitation is slowly waking up all of Borikén, and when they rise from their nap, we will be there."

They had pulled up outside of Olga's building. The rain was coming down in sheets over the car. Olga looked at Reggie and a smirk took over her face.

"Why now? Since I was thirteen, I've gotten nothing but some fucking self-righteous letters. Literally, nothing but one-way conversations. She never sent *me* an address to write to her. Never felt, for all these years, that I needed to know all this. So, why does she send you now?"

"Olga, you need to understand, revolution—"

"Requires sacrifice? Oh Reggie, I know. What I don't know is, why now?"

"Because your mother needs you."

Olga felt a pull in her chest at his words. She should feel indignation at this.

Rage, even. That this woman who was a stranger to her, who didn't know the difference between missives and mothering, would have the audacity to approach her for the first time in decades with a need. To ask for something. To present herself to Olga in this way. She should feel this way, but she did not. Instead, she felt a long dormant affection bubble up clearly in her chest: the idea of having a value to her mother warming her insides.

"What does she need?" Olga asked.

"She'll let you know," Reggie said. "If she wanted me to know now, she would have told me."

Olga shook her head. "I can't keep this from my brother."

Reggie hesitated. "If your mother wanted Prieto involved, she would have sent me to see him instead."

This irked her. "Reggie, I know my mom is like your best friend in arms right now, but please don't forget that when she bounced, it was my brother who helped take care of me. He deserves to know."

"I wouldn't suggest you break your mother's confidence."

A surge of anger pulsed through Olga's body. She went to let herself out of the car, but the lock was on.

"Unlock the fucking door, I want to get out of here."

"Olga, let Clyde walk you, it's pouring out!" Reggie went to lower the divider to ask Clyde for help, but Olga was too quick and had unlocked the door and ran out into the rain, the curls of her hair released from the straight by the steady stream of water.

FINAL PAYMENTS

Since Abuelita died, Mother's Day was one of nearly unbearable torment for Olga. Normally, days, weeks, and sometimes even months would pass where, barring receiving one of her letters, Olga could, more or less, lock her mother, and her absence, inside a deeply buried mental safe. One where the hurt and pain she caused could not contaminate the other aspects of Olga's life. Mother's Day, however, was an unavoidable reminder, and without Abuelita to shed affection upon, the "holiday" left her with idle, nervous thoughts run rampant, infecting her perceptions of all other matters of her life. Assuming Prieto felt the same way, they had, on a few early occasions, convened, but somehow being with her brother made her feel all the more motherless. Their orphan state emphasized by the other's presence. Instead, she began, on that day each year, to isolate and drink until she could not possibly think cogent thoughts about this woman she barely knew, nor feel shame for having been left by her. This is what Olga did immediately after she left Reggie King and the next day that followed, feigning to Meegan that she was "working from home" while actually blackout drunk in front of her TV. It wasn't until the Wednesday before Mabel's wedding, when Tía Lola called, repeatedly, that Olga was forced to snap out of it.

"So, listen," Lola began, not bothering with formalities, "Mabel got herself into a bit of a situation with the catering hall..." Her voice trailed off, but Olga already could tell where this is going.

"How much does she need?"

"If me, you, and your brother each kick in three, she should be good."

"¡Coño! She's short nine thousand? What hap—"

"Ay, ten, mija. Pero my brother JoJo, God bless, had some cash he was going to give her as a wedding gift. So, can you come with me later to take it?"

"Take what?"

"The cash! That's the whole issue. The last payment is due in cash, and Julio

was supposed to take care of it since he mainly gets paid in cash, pero"—and here her aunt dropped her voice—"I guess he got fired two months ago and never said anything. Mabel just found out last night. The venue called looking for their money and so she confronted him about it."

Olga sighed. What a prize my cousin won, she thought to herself. She looked at her watch.

"I'll go to the bank. Come get me when you get out of work."

Olga knew that in New York, even a budget catering hall wedding like her cousin was having could set a couple back forty, fifty, sixty thousand dollars. Olga also knew, of course, that the venue couldn't possibly be the last payment Mabel had to make. Hair and makeup, the DJ, and who knew who else was owed their final balance on the wedding day. To say nothing of tips, which they all expected (and deserved). She knew Mabel had paid for her honeymoon, plus first, last, and security on her new apartment in Bay Shore, plus all the deposits on all the vendors. And yes, while her cousin did have a decent job at Con Ed, she also had a spending problem and, Olga knew, wasted too much time at the slots when she'd go to the casinos to see freestyle shows. Which was, by matter of fact, where Mabel had met Julio in the first place. He was working as a bouncer for these nostalgia showcases in Atlantic City; one-hit wonders of the dance genre would perform for the people who loved them. Mabel was, by all accounts, an excellent dancer who commanded attention on the dance floor. So, when Julio came out to get Timmy T to cede the stage for Judy Torres, he spotted Mabel immediately. According to Mabel, they locked eyes from across the room and it was over. It was also over for Julio and that particular gig. Timmy T went into his third reprisal of "One More Try" and Judy, known to be a bit of a diva, complained to the promoter that he had eaten into her stage time. The job went poof, but a relationship blossomed.

He made Mabel very happy. Obnoxiously so, in fact. But Olga was hardly the only one who noticed that it was always Mabel who paid the bills for the romantic getaways that Julio planned. Her sister Isabel, Fat Tony, Prieto, Tía Lola, they all got in their little comments. It didn't escape their attention either that his proposal, with a ring Olga was almost certain was a CZ, came right after Mabel's promotion, which included better benefits and a pension plan. If Mabel noticed, she was too scared to give the thoughts any oxygen, but Olga knew her cousin was no dummy. She also knew that Mabel would rather die than let the rest of the family find out about this latest predicament, and that the money for the venue would not be enough to get her through the day she had planned for

herself. Olga withdrew an additional \$3,000, which she handed to her Tía Lola when she got in the car later that afternoon.

"Querida, you're all sugar."

Olga shrugged. "Nobody's all anything, Tía."

She felt her aunt's eyes on her. She had been intrigued at the prospect of time with her tía, her mind brimming over with thoughts and questions about their family that she'd never considered raising before.

"Pero," her aunt continued, "it's nice, Olga, to be there for your family. We're all each other has."

Olga sensed an opening and decided to test the water.

"The way you were there for my parents?"

Her aunt put a hand over her heart and grimaced for a second.

"Well, yes, mija. It was hard what happened to Johnny. We were all happy to help. I'm sure things like a wedding make you miss him. I know I do...."

No one in her family ever talked about her mother's disappearance. (Abandonment, Matteo had called it, an expression that made Olga wince.) Yes, they would pray for her mother, occasionally tell stories about her, exclaim over some trait Olga or her brother had obviously inherited from her—ranging from noses to hand gestures to attitude problems—but the circumstances surrounding her leaving and the fallout of that act were never discussed. Noting this now vexed her and, in her irritation, she found the courage to continue.

"But, what about my mom? Papi was sick, but she just kind of left. Abuelita took up most of the work, but you got stuck holding the bag, too, Tía. Clothes, school trips, money for textbooks, art supplies."

They were on the highway now and her aunt was silent for a second.

"Olga, listen," she said gently. "When I was born, there were very few choices for women. You liked boys, you got married. Then you could leave the house. Then you had babies. It's hard to understand, I think, because things have changed so fast. But, when I was younger, it wasn't possible to live the life I needed to live and also be a mother. At least not with our family and our ways. Even your parents, as anti-establishment as they were, had a church wedding. So, while I knew I didn't want to be a man's wife, that didn't mean I didn't want to be a mother. When your Mami left, honestly, for me, I thought I hit the jackpot. I could cook for you and your brother, take you places, hug and kiss you when you needed it. Pero, also still get to be me. Live how I wanted to live. So, that's all to say, I never feel I got stuck holding a bag, because I felt blessed by God to have a chance to be so needed."

Since her talk with Reggie King, Olga had found that tears, which had for so long evaded her, now came in endless cycles. She pulled her sunglasses from her purse and put them on, taking a deep breath as she did so. She was overwhelmed with love and gratitude for her aunt, but also sadness for her. And anger. At herself, at her family, for making her feel she had to live this way. If she looked at her aunt, she would not be able to hold back her tears, so she placed her hand on her shoulder.

"Titi, why didn't you ever tell us?"

"What would it have changed about my life, mija? I've never really hid myself, never pretended to be anyone else. No offense, but you young people think just because you don't know something, it's a secret. The women who I wanted to know, knew. Trust." And here she laughed. "My generation isn't like you kids. You want everyone to talk all about every bit of themselves all the time. On the Facebook. So stupid."

Olga laughed. "Tía, I'm forty years old. I'm hardly young."

"You're not old, either!" Her tía smiled, cautiously. There was a pause. The oldies station was on, which Olga realized was playing music from when she was a teenager, Jade singing about not walking away.

"You know, mija, like I said, things are very different now. It's not too late for you to have a baby, you know."

"Tía, I don't think that's in my cards. All I do is work—"

"So, get a different job. You're smart. You're on TV. You know people. Olga, you don't even need a man anymore—it's amazing!"

They both giggled.

"Titi, can I ask you something?" Olga asked, an earnestness coming through her voice. "Do you think I'd be a good parent?"

"Absolutely. I know what good ones look like and what bad ones look like. My father, even when he was around, that hijo de puta, didn't care about anything but drinking and chasing skirts. But my mother, my mother would have died for us. Your father, in my opinion, yes, ended up with all his problems with drugs, but my God, did he love being a father! Get out of here! Making you and your brother feel good and loved. Teaching you about the world. Spending time with family."

"And my mother?" Olga asked.

"My sister? Look, she loved you both—wherever she is, she loves you both—don't get me wrong. But from day one, the world was about her and her agenda. Selfish.

"I remember when my mother was buying the house from Mr. Olsen, all the trouble your mother caused. See, Mr. Olsen loved our Mami and he loved us bought us Christmas presents, let us hunt for Easter eggs in his backyard. But he was no fan of Puerto Ricans, generally. He felt they were pushing people like him out of his neighborhood. Obviously, Mami raised us to be polite, to show respect. But anything we did—hold the door, bring in the mail—he'd always make a big fuss and say, 'If only all Puerto Ricans were like your family!' This drove my sister crazy. She would come into our apartment going on and on about how he hates us, how it was an insult disguised as a compliment. And then one day, your mother just went off. 'Who the fuck did he think he was?' and 'Do you know we descended from the Taino?' All that kind of shit. I never knew how Mami smoothed it over.... The crazy part is, she wasn't wrong, mija. Mr. Olsen was prejudiced. But my mother saw something to gain that was good for her family in the long run. Your mother? She needed to prove a point. And she was never happy unless the rest of us agreed with her. She never grew out of that. Even when you and your brother were little, if you didn't parrot her, she found flaws. No room for you to be your own people. In my opinion, that doesn't make for good mothering."

Olga was shocked at Tía Lola's candor. The floodgates were suddenly wide open. Tía Lola continued: "You have to understand, Olga, I don't know how you remember things, but the last few years, she'd barely been around. Traveling constantly. When she left, we thought she was going to Panamá, to give a speech. We were expecting her back! Days go by, two, three, finally a week, then two. We were going crazy with worry. Then, finally, the letter came. To your father. Saying she wasn't coming back. No address, nothing. My brother Richie wanted to call the FBI, to track her down and bring her back. Mothers can't do this kind of thing, he kept saying. But fathers can? I asked. Eventually my mother went to find La Karen. She knew Karen would know how to reach her. I don't know if my mother ever spoke to Blanca or not, but when she came home she said that maybe this was for the best, Blanca didn't have the mothering gene.

"Which is my point, Olga. You have that gene in you. You care for people. You see them. You see their flaws, but you can accept them as they are."

* * *

SHE THOUGHT OF Matteo. He had been calling her for the past two days and she had been too drunk and sad and confused to pick up. Unsure how to explain her

state without explaining what she now knew. She'd left him hanging for almost three days. It was wrong and she felt badly. She took out her phone and texted him to apologize, letting him know she would explain herself, though she wasn't completely sure how.

"¿Y quién es that you're texting?" Tía Lola asked. She was a low-key bochinchera. "Maybe someone to make a baby with? You make a nice living, you don't need them to stick around, eh? Cheaper than science!"

"Titi! You're so crazy!"

The phone rang. Matteo was calling her.

"Hey!" she said, relieved all was still well.

"Hey." He was stern and her face fell. "Listen, I'm calling you because I didn't want to do this over text, but really, what the fuck?" He wasn't raising his voice, but there was a tightness in it. She lowered the volume so her aunt would be less likely to hear.

"I know." A panic welled up in her chest. She wasn't used to being the confronted. "Like I said, I am really sorry. Some stuff came up and I got overwhelmed and shouldn't have just disappeared like that."

"I texted you. I called you. You couldn't reply? Not even to just say you were okay? Because at first I was worried."

"Oh," she said. It hadn't occurred to her that he would be worried. It had been so long since she had tried to have anything resembling a real relationship, accountability had not occurred to her.

"But then after the second day went by, I decided I had been wrong about you and that you were just a dick."

She started to feel mad, or maybe it was frustrated. "I'm not a dick. I just have some crazy stuff happening. I told you I had that fight..." She censored herself, lest she have to then explain herself to her tía, who was feigning disinterest. Poorly.

"Look. I told you when I let you into my house that no one had been there for eight years. Do you know how that feels to open up to somebody and then have them ghost you?"

"I didn't ghost you." She paused. "I never thought we weren't going to talk again."

There was a moment of silence.

"You know, Olga, you're not the only one with abandonment issues. You know that, right? My pops bounced, too. I'd have thought you of all people would understand how fucked up it feels. To be waiting by the phone."

Olga felt sick. She did know. Too well. She just hadn't thought about it like that. She suddenly wanted to cry.

"Matteo. I don't know what to say. I didn't call you because I didn't even know where to start. Not because I'm not interested in you. And I promise when I see you, I'll explain as much as I can."

She waited for him to say something. He was on the street. She could hear traffic and his breathing.

"Olga, I really dig you. You obviously know that. I haven't been trying to hide it. But I don't know that I have this in me."

"What?" she said, genuinely shocked.

"I don't know if I can mentally handle a hurt like that. You have to understand. I thought that I could try, but this just got me thinking...."

"But what about Saturday?" The high pitch of her voice surprised her. Even Tía Lola couldn't pretend to not be listening anymore, lowering the volume of the radio.

"Mabel's wedding," Matteo said, with a bit of a sigh. "Look. Olga, I'm not the kind of guy to show up and meet a girl's family if I'm not trying to be serious. But how can I take you seriously if you treat me like I'm disposable?"

Her stomach became a lead ball dropping down into the car seat. She felt sick and dumb for thinking that this would be no big deal. That she could just say sorry and he'd just shrug it off. This was more than about losing a date for the wedding. She felt scared of losing this chance. At something. With a real someone. She was so angry with herself.

"I'll never do this to you again," she blurted out. "I'm just very, very out of practice here. Please, have patience with me. I can do this. I take you seriously."

There was quiet on his end, and in the moment Olga composed herself, her tactical brain taking over.

"Look, Matteo," she continued, gently. "You're a grown man. You know yourself. And you're right, this was bullshit. But, on the other side, if this is something real, should one fuck-up spell total doom? Don't commit one way or the other right now. Don't decide during this call. I'll text you the information and if you believe I can do better—that I will do better—you come. Okay?"

"Okay," he eventually replied, and they both waited a second before they hung up.

A heaviness filled the car. Olga stared straight ahead and raised the volume on the radio, but her aunt quickly leaned forward and lowered it again.

"¿Y quién es?" she asked, knowing her niece well enough to avoid eye

contact while she pried.

"This guy. I ... I like him. And I was going to bring him to the wedding, but I think I fucked up."

Her aunt raised her eyebrows and patted Olga's knee. "Okay ... well, nena, we all mess up sometimes. I'm sure he'll give you another chance. You can be very persuasive."

Olga sighed. They were on the Belt Parkway now and the sight of the bay was soothing. She lowered the window to inhale the saline breeze and hoped her aunt was right.

THE ROLLS

A gaggle of girls in coordinated but nonidentical turquoise dresses filed out of a white Escalade SUV stretch limousine and up the stairs to the main Cathedral of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, bringing a cacophony of laughter, gossip, and jitters with them. Olga herself hung back, nervously searching down Fifth Avenue for the classic white Rolls-Royce that would be bringing the bride, Mabel, and her parents. The drive from their house on Fifty-third Street to the church was short, almost impossible to fuck up, really. Yet Olga held her breath until she saw the vehicle approach.

The car was Tío Richie's. Ever entrepreneurial, he had a number of side hustles, including renting vintage cars out for weddings and film shoots. He'd made a big fuss about loaning Mabel the Rolls for the day as her wedding present—a pretty cheap gift in the first place, Olga felt—but then the driver, who didn't have a working cell phone and had never driven in Brooklyn before, showed up late to pick up Tío JoJo. When JoJo called Mabel to say he was running late, Tía ChaCha, who'd been getting ready with all the girls on Fifty-third Street, was all too happy to launch into a diatribe about how this was typical half-assed Richie shit and how Mabel would've been better off paying for this herself. This, of course, set Mabel off. She asked what did ChaCha know about paying for weddings since she'd never done anything but go to City Hall? ChaCha, not one to take things lying down, then commented that maybe Mabel wouldn't be so stressed if Julio carried his very large weight and Mabel didn't feel like she needed to be so extra.

Since she was a kid, before Mabel would start to cry, she'd begin to sweat. First across the bridge of her nose, then around her temples. So when Olga looked over and saw her cousin's baby hairs begin to glisten with moisture, she knew the waterworks were on the way. She intervened before her cousin completely wrecked her edges, suggesting Tía ChaCha take the programs over to

the church; a walk might do her good.

"Olga, ven acá." As ChaCha left, Mabel called her cousin over to where the hairdresser was just fixing her tiara and veil onto her updo. She looked ahead into the mirror and made eye contact with her cousin. "Thank you. Por todo."

Olga knew she meant it. For more than just getting ChaCha out of the room. They never spoke about the money, but Mabel pulled the cash to pay for hair and makeup out of Olga's bank envelope. She felt a deep closeness with her cousin then that she hadn't felt in years. Since they were girls, even. Before society's apparatus began to sort and place them onto different life paths. One deemed clever, the other coarse; one anointed pretty, the other told to keep out of the sun. Over and over again, Olga realized, they'd been told these things in different ways, by teachers and at home—implicitly one a little better than the other—and eventually, they had come to believe and resent it. As she looked at her cousin in the mirror, she could feel Abuelita's warmth on them, happy. Olga wanted this moment to last. She wanted to hug her cousin, kiss her perfectly airbrushed, made-up face, but she could see the beads of sweat forming on Mabel's forehead again.

"¡Ay, Mabel! You're gonna jack up your whole face if you don't stop!" Mabel laughed, pressing her undereyes with her fingers to stop the tears.

Though the early part of the day had been smooth and lively, full of laughter, music, chisme, and mimosas, the family was, admittedly, on edge, the week's events having compounded the heightened emotions wedding days always elicit. Both Tía ChaCha and Mabel's mother still had family in P.R. living without power from Hurricane Irma. Maybe an hour before JoJo called about the trouble with the driver, everyone's phones had buzzed with news alerts. A new storm was approaching, this one named Maria, Puerto Rico again in nature's crosshairs. ChaCha had tried in vain to reach her mother in Ponce while Mabel's mom knelt to pray. Olga, thanks to Reggie's assurances that her mother was safer and more secure than 99 percent of people on the island, was relieved of worry. At least regarding the storm. For most of the day, her mind had been preoccupied by Matteo.

She had no idea how to go about making up with a guy. It wasn't that she'd never fought with Reggie, or even Dick. She just had never wanted or needed to do the work to make it right. Eventually, they would come around. This time, though, she wasn't so sure. She had sent him all the details for the ceremony, and he had simply messaged back that he got it. In a panic, she sent him a dozen roses. He texted her thanks. She called and left lengthy voicemails saying she

hoped he'd give her a second chance. She got nothing back. She was unsure if he'd decided to come and was making her sweat it out—give her a taste of her own medicine—or if he'd simply decided she wasn't worth the trouble. She tried to keep herself busy being helpful so as not to drown in the anxiety of wondering which of the two it was.

Mabel's morning was burdened by more material concerns. Olga watched as she repeatedly checked the bank envelope thick with cash, mentally making calculations. Tía Lola told her to stop worrying, it would just ruin the pictures, reminding her that she could always dip into the gift envelopes if need be. This seemed to do the trick. Mabel stood up, downed a mimosa, and proclaimed herself ready to get married.

* * *

In the Limo, the other bridesmaids—cousins and a couple of girls from Con Edison—snapped selfies and posted to Instagram. Olga, her niece on her lap, thought of how this was yet another family milestone her own mother would miss. She pondered if she herself ever married, or equally unlikely, had a baby, would those be events of enough import to call her mother home? Then Olga remembered that Prieto, her mother's favorite, had lived these very moments without her presence or support. Her question was answered. It was dumb, irrational even, that despite her awareness of this neglect, a small part of Olga anxiously wondered if and when her mother might reach out to her again.

* * *

MABEL'S LIMOUSINE FINALLY approached. Olga wanted this day to be perfect for her. She helped her tío and tía out of the car and when Mabel emerged in her Vera Wang for David's Bridal strapless princess gown, Olga carried the detachable train as they walked up the stairs. While Mabel waited for her grand entrance, the one she had been waiting to make for most of her adult life, Olga fluffed and placed the train against the marble floors of the vestibule. She pulled her cousin's veil over her face and told her that she looked beautiful, which she did. Then Olga adjusted her own ill-fitting turquoise bridesmaid dress—she never did get it altered—and headed down the aisle.

On her way, she spotted Matteo, positioned in an aisle seat on the bride's side, looking handsome in a black suit, which fit him like a glove. He'd gotten a shape-up and shaved. The sight of him electrified her. Filled her with relief and

joy. For the first time in a long time she was excited. To dance with him. To introduce him to people. To gossip with over who was drinking too much and who was talking about whom in the bathrooms. To have been given a second chance.

He spotted her, and, improbably, took out an old-school disposable camera. She grinned, widely, in his direction and the flash went off.

REPORT TO THE DANCE FLOOR

"Hold up!" Matteo exclaimed as they entered the reception room. "Your cousin got Fatman Scoop to DJ her wedding?"

"That guy?" Olga answered. "Nah. That guy's a Fatman Scoop impersonator. He just kind of looks like him and will hype up the crowd, you know? It was an add-on the DJ offered. They had a Funkmaster Flex option, too, which, personally, I would have picked since Fatman Scoop wasn't even a DJ, but whatever, Mabel was into it."

The bride and groom were off taking photos and guests had barely begun to find their seats in the reception room, but already a small group had claimed spots on the dance floor.

What's your zodiac sign? What's your zodiac sign? the Fatman Scoop lookalike asked from the small stage.

"Virgo!" Tía ChaCha kept calling out, swerving her hips to the music.

"I always liked Fatman Scoop," Matteo offered, "he had something for everyone. Long hair, short hair, hundred-dollar bill, ten-dollar bill. Very inclusive."

"Funny, that's exactly what Mabel said! She got conga players, too, for later."

Fauxman Scoop was asking for an *Ooo-oo* and a *What? What?* And Tía ChaCha was all too eager to comply. She was in a skintight spaghetti strap, gold sequin dress with sky-high stiletto heels, and Olga could see her Tío Richie over by the bar, leering at her while he sipped his rum and Coke. As she directed Matteo's attention to her uncle and the drama potentially about to unfold, Prieto made his way to their table and took a seat next to Olga.

"This is about to be a hot mess!" he said. "I personally got her two drinks at the cocktail hour, and the night is young."

Olga smiled faintly. She'd been avoiding her brother's calls and texts all week and, fortunately, had been busy enough with the chaos of the day to have avoided a real interaction with him. Now though, they were seated at the same

table for the rest of the night and she was not quite sure how to behave. She was still unpacking their fight the weekend prior, unsure how to reconcile the cracks in her brother's character that the argument had revealed. Yet, this all took a back seat to the guilt that gripped her for withholding what she'd learned about their mother. When she got out of Reggie's car, a part of Olga had thought, Fuck you guys. Keep this a secret from my brother? This is my family. Not only did her brother deserve to know, he was the only other person who could understand all that she was feeling. The anger, the betrayal, the confusion, and frankly, the yearning for this phantom presence. Yet, something kept her from calling him: a palpable sense of fear.

She was anxious, given his public role, that sharing this kind of information with Prieto might put him in some sort of compromised state. Of lesser concern was fear *of* her brother himself. Although Reggie clearly had reservations about Prieto's trustworthiness that it seems her mother shared, Olga ultimately believed that whatever secrets and lies Prieto kept, her brother's heart was incapable of inflicting intentional harm. Except perhaps upon himself. No, Olga's largest and most pronounced fear was the Pañuelos Negros themselves, and by extension, her mother. In the past, liberation groups like FALN were not afraid to employ violence in their quest for independence for the island. What Reggie described, these Pañuelos Negros, didn't strike her as much different. If he or her mother caught wind that Olga breached their trust, she had to admit that she was uncertain where their loyalties would lie. If, somehow, her brother now found himself on their bad side, Olga certainly did not want to feel responsible for pushing him further over the edge.

All of this pressed on her now as her brother tried to make small talk. When Olga didn't immediately answer, Prieto continued.

"Hey man," he said, as he leaned over to offer his hand out to Matteo. "Sorry we didn't get to meet earlier. Prieto Acevedo, Olga's brother."

"Hey, yeah, man! I wouldn't be a self-respecting New York 1 watcher if I didn't know who you were! I'm—"

Just then Matteo was interrupted by Fauxman Scoop, who blasted an air horn as the dated ballroom went dark. Seconds later, LED lights bathed the guests in turquoise blue. "Despacito" boomed from the speakers as the double doors opened and a trail of waiters and waitresses clad in black polyester vests and clip-on bow ties entered the room, assembling themselves in two facing lines, each holding what appeared to be a massive sparkler.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, Fauxman Scoop declared, I want everyone

on their feet because it's the moment you've all been waiting for. Let's get your napkins in the air, and wave 'em like you just don't care! You've known them as Mabel and Julio, but now I present them to you for the first time as husband and wife....

Just as Luis Fonsi began the song's first refrain, the waiters lit their sparklers, more or less simultaneously, and raised them into the air, forming a flaming archway through which, Olga realized, the newlyweds intended to walk.

Mr. and Mrs. Julio Colón! Put 'em up! Put 'em up!

Mabel and Julio, beaming and holding hands, now danced into the room, a follow spot on them, squeezing their rather corpulent selves through the human archway. Julio bumped his hip on one of the more petite waitresses, nearly knocking her over.

"This looks dangerous," Prieto muttered.

"I've never seen this done indoors before," Olga replied.

Around them, the rest of the guests did not share their concerns, as everyone, including Matteo, was spinning their napkins—their beautiful, hemstitched, linen napkins—in the air, either cheering the couple on or singing along with the song. The waiters cleared the dance floor, and suddenly Mabel and Julio were swarmed by their bridal party, Lourdes, and Tía Lola, who got into formation behind the newlyweds, and began to re-create, with remarkable precision, the exact choreography from the "Despacito" video.

Prieto, who like everyone else had been singing along, turned to his sister. "Hold up. You're a bridesmaid. Why aren't you up there? Too good for choreography?"

"No! Dude, Mabel kicked me out! I missed too many practices. She gave my spot to Lola."

The chill between the siblings melted a bit as they laughed at their cousin's strict quality control efforts.

Aright now, who out here is ready to get loud?

This seemed to Olga a stupid question since the answer was clearly everyone. Nevertheless, she was amused as the crowd all cheered in response and, after dropping another air horn, "Let's Get Loud" commenced. This was a crowd-pleaser at even the most uptight of WASP affairs, Olga knew, but here, in this setting, it whipped up near pandemonium. Guests of all ages pushed aside sateen-slip-covered banquet chairs as they swarmed the dance floor.

Though it was, indeed, loud in the room, Matteo picked up where he left off, leaning over Olga and offering his hand out to Prieto.

"Matteo Jones, Olga's bae."

Prieto smiled and raised his eyebrows, looking over to see how his sister would react, but she could only blush and swig at her glass of wine.

"Name it and claim it, man!" Prieto laughed, obviously amused at Olga's discomfort. "Don't mind my sister. She hasn't brought anyone to meet our family since the Bush administration."

At this time, we're gonna ask everyone to find their seats for the first course.

"For the record," Olga chimed in, "it was Bush two, not one, okay?"

"Right, right. Bush two. Anyway, you must be doing something right that she decided to show you the full circus."

A waiter passed and took their drink orders just as Tía Lola and Tía Ana made their way to the table.

"Before anyone gets any ideas, that centerpiece is mine!" Lola proclaimed.

Tía Ana collapsed onto a banquet chair.

"¡Ay! I can't keep up with your Tío Richie, kids! He still can dance like he's thirty years old!" She grabbed the waiter, ordered a cocktail, and went mindlessly to place her napkin on her lap when she stopped suddenly to appraise the piece of fabric. "¡Qué elegante, Olga!" she said as she raised her eyebrows. "You always know the right touch."

As Olga's smile broadened to a cat's grin, her aunt's face fell. Olga followed her gaze to the dance floor, which had been cleared of all bodies save two: Tío Richie and Tía ChaCha, who were engaged in a salsa to an old La India song. This was nothing new at family affairs. The former spouses argued at the drop of a dime, but on the dance floor, they couldn't stay away from each other, much to Tía Ana's horror. Olga could see her aunt moving to fetch her husband, which she knew would devolve into a scene.

"Titi, no. The song's almost over, you know they don't mean anything by it." "Do I, Olga?" Ana replied, her voice tight. "I'm tired of this shit. If he likes the way she dances so much, he can go back to her!" She started to rise.

"¡Ana, siéntate!" Lola said quietly as she grabbed her sister-in-law's forearm.

Matteo, who had been quietly looking on, whispered excuse me and got up from the table. Everyone's eyes followed him as he casually walked onto the dance floor and asked to cut in. Richie demurred, leaving his ex-wife to dance with Matteo while he found his seat next to his current wife. He kissed her cheek as he sat down and, from the smile on Ana's face, everyone exhaled knowing the storm clouds had passed, at least for now.

"That was smooth," Prieto declared.

"And," Titi Lola chimed in. "¡Mira! He's a good dancer."

She was right. On the dance floor, Matteo effortlessly guided ChaCha into a cross body lead with a double inside turn, followed by a copa.

"You know what they say about good dancers...." Lola giggled mischievously. "I told you it would be fine, nena."

"So, what's wrong with him, hermana?" Prieto asked.

Olga sighed. "So, so many things. Which, I think, is why he might be perfect."

For the rest of the night—a blur of golden-era hip-hop, freestyle, salsa classics, Motown, and disco—Olga barely had a chance to dance with her date, such was the demand for his skills among the tías and primas. Not just in her family, but Julio's, too.

This one's for the lovers out there! Can I get all my lovers up here right now?

Olga was at the bar chattering with one of the other bridesmaids and could see Matteo looking for her from the dance floor, where he tried to pry himself away from Mabel's sister, Isabel. They made eye contact just as Luther began to sing "Here and Now" and Olga walked over to join him.

"Damn, girl, I've been waiting for my chance to slow dance with you all night!"

"Well, you can't help it if you're a hot property!" Olga laughed.

"Everyone's really cool. Making me feel very glad I came."

"So," she asked with a bit of trepidation, "we're good, then? Beef squashed?"

"You didn't hear me say I was your bae back there?" he asked.

Olga laughed. "Yes. And it made me happy. And relieved I didn't run you off."

"The flowers were a nice touch. Besides, how could I run from all this?" He gestured towards her, which made them both laugh since not even Matteo could not pretend that this bridesmaid's dress was a good look for her.

"Well, I mean, I know what's *under* that dress, right?"

She giggled and as the song faded into "Off the Wall," Prieto approached them.

"Hey sis, can I talk to you for a minute?" Prieto asked. Olga had been wondering when this would happen. Mabel had already made her way to the dance floor—this was one of her favorite songs—and was all too eager for her

chance to dance with Matteo, practically pulling him from Olga anyway.

"Sure," she said. They each grabbed a drink from the bar and made their way through the mirrored lobby of the catering hall, out to the parking lot, which overlooked Sheepshead Bay. They sat on the front steps of the venue, out of earshot of the valets. The carpark was brightly lit and she could, for the first time, see how bad her brother looked. His eyes dark with exhaustion, the emotion drained from his face. She understood immediately that his cheer had been put on for the day. A show for everyone else.

"Prieto. What's wrong?"

Her brother buried his face in his hands.

"Olga. Fuck. I don't even know where to start. I know you're still heated with me about last weekend—but fuck. Fuck. I have this whole other problem and I don't know who to talk to because I can't fucking talk to anyone about this."

Any sense of misgiving she'd had towards Prieto was now pushed away by the sense of contrition she'd been feeling since their fight. Truthfully speaking, after her conversation with Tía Lola she reassessed and regretted the harshness with which she'd judged her brother's personal choices. She thought about Jan's sister at the funeral. At the end of the day, however much her brother wanted to reveal about his sexuality was his choice, and she'd support that.

"Look," she said, "about the other day. The truth is, it doesn't matter who you—"

"Olga, I'm worried I've got AIDS." He buried his face back in his hands again, and she could see him shuddering.

"Prieto. What happened?" Though it immediately became clear to her. His reaction to Jan's death had been strange. Disproportionate. She just couldn't imagine when they would have gotten together.

Her brother looked at her.

"It was just one time. After your birthday party."

"No rubber?" she asked.

Prieto shook his head no.

"Ay, bendito, I'm certainly not one to judge, because I've taken my chances, but for a guy trying to stay in the closet..."

"Please, don't."

"Sorry. I'm sorry." She put her hand on her brother's knee and patted it. "Have you taken a test yet?"

He shook his head again.

"I'm scared. Of a leak. I don't know who I trust."

"Okay," Olga replied quietly, her wheels turning.

"I, uh, had an idea though. Like, do a public health day in Sunset. A 'know your status' kind of thing, and—"

"Prieto, get the fuck out of here! You can't do something like this in public! That is one of the craziest ideas I've ever heard."

"Well, ¡coño! What should I do then?"

She was silent for a moment.

"I'll ask my gyno to do it. She's an old client, she'll do me the solid."

He sighed and put his arm around her, drawing her close and kissing her head.

"But we have to take care of it this week, you hear me?"

"Yes." He paused. "Fuck."

In that moment all Olga wanted to do was to quell what she knew must be her brother's fears. To be there for him, completely. To do so, she realized, she must first clear the fog of doubt that Reggie had cast over him.

"Prieto," Olga said gently. "I've got to ask you something. When was the last time you saw Auntie Karen?"

He looked her in the eyes for a moment without saying anything.

"How do you know about that?"

Olga wasn't quite sure how to answer, how much to reveal. Before she could though, Prieto continued: "Mami's been pissed at me since the PROMESA vote. She'd been lobbying hard for me to vote the other way. I figured she'd be upset, but"—his voice began to break with emotion—"I haven't heard from her in over a year. So, you know, then I, uh, canceled that hearing—the one Reggie'd been all up in arms about. After, I, uh, got this box in the mail. Anyway, it was obviously from Mami. If not directly, indirectly, you know?"

"Wait? No. What was in the box?"

Prieto scoffed and shook his head. "Worms. She sent me a fucking box of worms. Sometimes I wonder if maybe she's just fucking crazy...."

He let out a slightly bitter laugh, but his sister could not join him because a chill had come over her. The sense of fear that had been lingering in the back of her mind about Los Pañuelos returned, now a concretely formed thing. Lombriz. She knew, as well as her brother did, what the worms meant. Somehow, this information framed everything else—Reggie's presence at the fundraiser, the timing of her mother's approach, the demand for her secrecy—far more ominously.

"Anyway," Prieto continued, "I wasn't as freaked out as I was frustrated. I don't know, maybe I wanted a way to make it up to Mami.... It's all so fucking twisted. So I went to see Karen just to see if I could fucking communicate with her somehow."

"And?" Olga asked, cautiously.

"Karen wouldn't even see me. Mami's next-level angry."

Her brother had tears welling now and Olga put her hand on her brother's back and rubbed it the way Abuelita used to do. She felt a sense of relief. Prieto had proven Reggie wrong. She'd asked him about Karen and he'd told her. Because why wouldn't he? After all that they had been through together. Just the two of them. Now, she resolved to be there for her brother in this moment, fully. Her brother who helped raise her, who bought her prom dress, moved her in and out of every college dorm she'd lived in, who took her, at twenty-five, to have an abortion and asked no questions at all. Her brother who was, she knew, her only real friend. Olga deeply resented her mother for injecting this wedge of secrecy between them. She wanted to tell him everything that she knew, in the hopes that together they could make some sense of it, and, perhaps selfishly, to unburden herself a bit. A lump formed in her throat. Instead, she said, "Mami's gonna be fine. She'll get over it. We'll think of some grand gesture to make it right. So, don't worry about that. Let's just get you this test, okay?"

It was a lie, she knew. But she needed this lie right now. To protect her brother from fear: of disease, of losing their mother's love, of perhaps something more nefarious. To protect herself as well. From what exactly, she did not know. What she felt though, in her gut, was that for now, the less he knew, the better.

There was more she wanted to say, but they were interrupted by the sounds of laughter coming out of the reception hall. Tío Richie, Mabel, Julio, Fat Tony, Matteo, Titi Lola, Tío JoJo, and Titi ChaCha emerged, drinks and cigars in hand, lighting up before they could even get outside. ChaCha had her arm around Tío Richie's ample waist and Prieto swatted his sister's arm as they knew the parking lot fight that would ensue whenever Ana noticed that they both were missing from the ballroom. Olga raised an eyebrow at Matteo, who just shrugged at her with a smile. She was walking over to him when Mabel grabbed her arm and pulled her to the side. She'd been dancing all night and Olga was impressed with how well the airbrushed makeup had stayed.

"You brought those napkins, didn't you?" Mabel asked.

Olga wasn't going to lie, but at the same time, after their exchange this morning, she didn't feel the sense of joy she had thought this moment would

provide her. Olga sighed. "I did, Mabel. Pero..."

But it was too late.

"Listen, puta, I'm no dummy. I know you. You did this to try and show off to la familia, but guess what? All you did was play yourself! My mother-in-law was so impressed by those fucking napkins! And since she has no idea who the fuck you are, she figured it was me. She was all 'What great taste you have, Mabel! They don't even leave any lint. This is real European style, Mabel.' You know she's Italian and thinks she's fucking better than everybody."

Olga sighed, regretful that she'd already fucked up their truce. "Mabel, I really want to start on a new—"

"Prima, listen, we're all good. But in the spirit of a clean slate, I just needed you to know that I saw what you were trying to do and let you know that it backfired, okay? You wanted to make me look like a chump and instead I looked like a champ!"

The cousins stared at each other in silence for a moment, and Mabel took a puff from her cigar.

"So," she continued, "we'll call it water under the bridge now. Pero, Olga—" She gestured her cousin to come towards her, and whispered, "What I really want to know about is your new man. I mean, I'm a married woman now, but a girl can't help but notice..."

The doors to the hall opened and they could hear Fauxman Scoop call from inside,

Aiiight, Imma need all my single ladies and all my single fellas to report to the dance floor. Report to the dance floor!

Olga reached for Matteo's arm.

"That's us; let's go."

SWALLOW

The Wednesday after the wedding Olga awoke with a start from a dream. She was a little girl again, holding her father's hand as they exited the subway. He was taking her to the circus—not the cheesy one at Madison Square Garden that Prieto liked, the good one. The one behind Lincoln Center. They exited the train and walked past the fountain and when she could see the red-and-white-striped tent lit up before them, she squealed and looked up at her father with delight. Inside the tent was an old-fashioned arena, the crowd seated on bleachers around the bright blue ring, a big white star radiating from its center. Olga and her father found their seats and the tent went dark for a moment before a single spotlight shone on one side of the ring, revealing, in a gilded cage, a lion. The lion swiped at the bars and roared, vexed at its captive predicament. On the other side, a second spotlight. A woman dressed in a red tailcoat and top hat, black leotard, and knee-high boots, one of which was resting casually on a small black stool, stood illuminated. In one hand she held a whip. Her other rested with ease on her hip. She grinned at the crowd and the gold of her hoop earring caught the light, making her appear to glow. It was her mother.

"If anyone can tame a lion, Olguita, it would be your Mami!" her father whispered to her. Olga beamed and her mother cracked the whip on the ground as she approached the lion, who roared in irritation, pacing before she opened its cage. The crowd held its collective breath as she commanded the majestic beast towards the impossibly small stool. The lion bared its teeth. Olga's mother cracked her whip again, repeating her command. The big cat hung its head for a moment before he galloped to the stool, assuming an awkward perch. The crowd cheered. Someone handed her mother a torch, which she brandished before the crowd, and the lion met it with a swipe of his large claws before leaning away from the flame. With a flourish, Olga's mother set a metal ring on fire and the crowd again gasped. She cracked her whip. The lion sat still as a statue, the

crowd silent. Waiting. Then, in one movement it leapt from the stool, bounded onto the floor, and jumped through the ring, unscathed. The crowd went wild people jumped up, including her father—popcorn spilling in the excitement. Her mother commanded the lion back to the stool, approaching the beast with swagger. She winked and offered her hand to the lion, gesturing for it to give its paw. The lion complied, bowing its regal head bashfully. The audience laughed. Now her mother smiled coyly at the crowd, as if to say, watch this. She raised her whip in the air, dancing it over the lion's head, snapping the fingers of her free hand to the beat of the background music. Slowly the lion rose on its hind legs and, the crowd realized with delight, began moving to Olga's mother's beat. The crowd joined in, clapping as the lion danced. Her mother sliced her hand through the air. Stop. And they did. An ooooh of wonder emanated from the crowd. She motioned for the lion to wave. He complied, the audience breaking into a coo of *aaaahs*. Her mother then began to bow, tipping her hat and turning to address every corner of the audience. Then, just as her show was coming to a close, Olga's mother snapped her whip one last time, gently, and beckoned the lion to give her a kiss.

It swallowed her whole in one bite.

* * *

OLGA BOLTED UPRIGHT, her mother's name on her tongue. She checked her phone. It was just before five in the morning. Maria had made landfall in Puerto Rico. She slipped out of bed, careful not to wake Matteo, and scrolled social media as she made her coffee. People, either unable to believe their own eyes or certain that later they would be doubted, were posting videos of the storm's fury. In one, a woman in Utuado screamed as Maria ripped the roof off her home, in the background the wind knocking the crowns off her royal palms. In another, a family in Humacao cowered together in a bathtub while Maria, with the ferocity of a vengeful lover, pounded their glass patio door determined to make her way in, indifferent to the shattered glass eventually left in her wake. The locations varied—a hotel ballroom in San Juan, a flooded street in Guayama—but the constant of them all? The trembling of the hands wielding the cameras, the physical manifestation of fear across the entirety of the island. The star of the spectacle was the wind, which roared like a menacing vacuum, sucking away leaves, trees, homes, cars, lives. Then Maria ripped down the cell towers, so the videos stopped, but Olga knew the terror had not.

OLGA HAD ONLY been to Puerto Rico once, for a long weekend back when she was dating Reggie King. Reggie was, in fact, born there, but left when he was two. As a kid he'd gone back to his grandmother's a couple of times in the summer, when his mom's hands felt too full. But he'd not been back as an adult and, as he'd kept emphasizing, had not been back rich. He was only a little rich in those days, but it clearly meant something to him to return with his shit in a Louis Vuitton roller instead of a shopping bag, staying in a suite at the Ritz in San Juan instead of a concrete three-room in the campo. While Olga took pleasure in watching him enjoy this, she also couldn't help but see that, though this was "home," they didn't exactly fit in. What Olga had thought of as looking "New York," she realized, down there, just looked "American." Her Spanish was wack at its best, so every time they sat down to eat or get a drink the waitstaff would hear one word out of her mouth and switch to English. Reggie loved this, of course, because he delighted in making a big show of speaking Spanish—surprising them that he was one of them and not an African American —and they'd switch right back. She shouldn't have been surprised to hear that he'd built a house there, because even at the time, he'd enjoyed the trip much more than she did.

What Olga had loved, though, was the music. Everywhere. Salsa, plena, and bomba. They went to a street performance and the circle must have had thirty drummers. The first dancer was a dude so big, Reggie joked that he could have been the reincarnation of the late, great Biggie Smalls. Women, complexions ranging from the inside of an almond to the outside of a coffee bean, each more beautiful than the next, danced in these fantastic white skirts. Teasing the drummers with their fabric and hips. Delighting in their own existence. She felt the beat of the bomba in her chest, bigger than that of her own heart. As big as the whole island.

It occurred to her now that during that trip she and her mother were likely mere miles from each other. Together on that tiny island. Would her mother have known she was there? She felt about her mother much as she felt about Puerto Rico itself: mysterious and unknown entities. Her only certainty about either was that they, somehow, were both a part of Olga.

* * *

The more time Olga had to recontextualize Reggie King with the information

her brother had given her, the more uneasy she felt. Still, he was her only conduit to information. She texted him a series of question marks. Reggie sent a *nada por ahora* in reply. This grated her. Not the lack of answers, but that she was reliant on him in the first place. Discovering that her mother had given Reggie a way to reach her—something her own children had been desperate for —had quietly crushed her. It saddened her that the most important woman in her life was effectively a stranger. To her, but not to everyone.

By the time Matteo woke, Olga was parked on her sofa, transfixed by the news. Though the storm had barely begun its cross-island journey, on all the morning shows they heard Gayle King and Matt Lauer and Pat Kiernan and even Rosanna Scotto all saying the same things—Puerto Rico was "likely destroyed," the phrase feeling like a shot in the heart each time she heard it. A strange sense of dread welled up in her chest.

For so many years their mother existed as a floating entity, whose only location was inside the many envelopes that arrived from destinations unknown. Now, Olga was able to firmly fix her in a place. To imagine her with surroundings, as a real person in a physical body. A body that had inevitably aged. A body that could be washed away by floodwaters or hit by a falling tree or ... It was a new sensation to not only have her mother such an active part of her thoughts, but a subject of her concern.

"Are you okay?" Matteo asked.

"I don't know," she said flatly. "My mother is there."

"What?" Matteo said, surprised. "I thought you—"

"It's ... it's pretty new information. Well, to me at least."

After their reconciliation at the wedding, Matteo hadn't pressed too hard on why she had gone dark in those days before. He took her affirmation that it would not be a repeated mistake at face value. In the moment, Olga had been filled with relief. But now, overwhelm consumed her and she needed, she recognized, help unpacking all that had transpired. She danced carefully around the details.

"One of my mother's ... associates came to see me last week. At my office."

"Okay. Is that normal?"

"Anything but. Apparently my mother needed my help."

"Is she okay? Like, physically?"

Olga laughed. "I mean, I don't know about mentally, but yeah, she doesn't need a kidney or anything like that, if that's what you mean."

"So, she bounces for, like, decades and then shows up looking for a favor? I

hope you told her to fuck off."

Even though Matteo reflected back a thought Olga herself had had, she still felt annoyed.

"It's still my mother," she said defensively, "I'm not going to just tell her to fuck off if she comes looking for my help specifically. I'm going to at least hear her out."

Matteo walked over to where she was sitting on the sofa and leaned down to kiss her on the head.

"Listen, Olga," he whispered in her ear, "it's your mom, I get it, it's complicated. I just get upset when I think about you going out of your way at all for a woman who never did the same for you."

There was a silence between them.

"What does your brother think?"

"I haven't had a chance to tell him," she replied defensively. "Besides, it doesn't even matter. They didn't say what she wanted and whatever it was, it's probably irrelevant now."

* * *

TO OTHER PEOPLE, Olga imagined her brother seemed lucky.

People often mistook fame for fortune, not understanding that even those with some renown are vulnerable to miseries. Olga felt Prieto had been born under a difficult star. Too early to feel entitled to be himself in society. Too affected by their parents' influence to ever be avaricious. He had a child to care for and protect. Enemies that she knew of and others she knew she could barely imagine. She remembered her brother's blood test was that morning. If her instincts were right and the results were positive, her brother's constitution worried her. She could see no way for him to keep his life intact without bold honesty, and she wasn't sure he had the courage that would require.

They met in the waiting room of her gynecologist's office. CNN played on a TV in the corner of the room, alerting anyone paying attention that the lights were out again in Puerto Rico, though anyone paying attention knew that had been inevitable.

"This will be worse than Katrina," Prieto said.

She nodded. "Louisiana's a state."

The hurricane had only amplified Olga's discomfort at withholding their mother's whereabouts, yet she couldn't bring herself to add to her brother's already full plate of troubles. She had nothing to offer but worry, and he had

enough of that already. No sooner was Prieto's blood drawn than his phone rang. It was the governor's office. They were trying to negotiate a trip down as soon as Friday, to bring supplies, assess the damage, and see what state-level relief they could provide. They wanted Prieto on the plane, and he was eager to help. He was then engulfed in triage—with his staff, with his colleagues, with his contacts. She could hear him: sourcing water, medicine, batteries, flashlights, radios. Their preparations made her anxious. They were looking for things she couldn't believe FEMA hadn't put in place. It disturbed her that people might be dependent on an ad-hoc goods drive being run on Prieto's cell phone from her OBGYN's office.

* * *

THAT NIGHT, BACK at her house, the news showed an aerial of the island in darkness and predicted it would be months—maybe years—before they had power again. By the light of the next day, more videos emerged: collapsed roads, flooded homes, mudslides. Tears came to her eyes. She could not stop watching. She remembered doing this after 9/11, too. Her grandmother told her to go out, get away from the news, but she couldn't. The bodies jumping from the building then, the people moated by floodwater now. This could only get worse.

Olga's breakup with Dick had only one true lingering effect—she'd lost any and all enthusiasm for her career, recognizing, she supposed, that his comment would not have stung so acutely had she not, in some part, agreed with him. Maria served as the perfect excuse to ditch work and wallow in televised misery. For the next few days, while her brother was servicing the actual people, Olga was on her sofa, observing, in slow motion, all the ways in which the island was now truly fucked. There was no power, there was no water, the sun was back out and people were hot. Sick people didn't have medicine. Food was spoiling. People would go hungry. People would panic.

In all of the hours of footage that Olga viewed, she could count the number of times she saw a soldier or federal officer. Where were they? Online, the president was busying himself with the patriotism of professional athletes and rallying crowds around a pedophile. It took his political opponent to remind him, on social media no less, that there was an entire Navy vessel intended for supporting crises like this, if only he would deploy it. Towns were trapped within themselves—roads cut off by downed trees or power lines, or the roads themselves simply having disappeared. Buckling under the weight of floodwaters after so many decades of neglect by the government. Yet how did

Olga know this? The news crews, with their helicopters, managed to get into each nook and cranny of the island, which somehow FEMA hadn't managed to do. As one day turned into two into three and four, in each town you would hear the same refrain: We need help, where is the help? We are American.

"They're going to let them die," she finally said to Matteo on Saturday evening, three days after Maria left. "It's impressive."

"What is?"

"They've figured out how to commit genocide without getting their hands dirty."

"Babe," Matteo said cautiously. "We have got to get you out of this apartment."

Earlier that day he had, in fact, gotten her out of the apartment and it hadn't gone very well. Matteo convinced her to walk to the Atlantic Center to buy supplies to send down, but when she looked at the needs list and found herself filling their wagon with diapers, baby wipes, and formula, she burst into tears in the middle of the store. The phantom cries of babies waiting for formula and clean diapers were ringing in her ears, knowing that no one in charge cared if and when they received them.

"White babies would have had diapers yesterday!" she cried.

"It's okay, it's okay," Matteo said, trying to console her.

"She's right though," a Black woman pushing a cart past them offered. "The government's never in a hurry to help anybody like us, so it's on us to help each other."

Olga noticed her cart was also filled with the random needs of disaster victims.

"¿Puertorriqueña?" Olga asked.

"Girl, I don't need to be Puerto Rican to want to help out. That's the problem right now. People think they're only responsible for people exactly like them. I don't feel that way. They left my people to die after Katrina. It's the same. Like I said, it's on us to help each other." And the woman, and her cart, kept it moving.

* * *

On Sunday, she found herself hunkered down at Matteo's, planted firmly on the couch. Matteo hadn't convinced her to go out so much as to switch locations, and they were now, at Olga's insistence, watching the news at Matteo's.

"Look at that," he said. "These homies are like, 'Fuck the government, we're gonna take this shit into our own hands.'"

On the TV screen, Olga saw them, the men and women with machetes, hacking away at the fallen trees and clearing their own roads. She could see that a few of them—the ones organizing the others—wore black bandanas over their faces. All you could see were their eyes. On another channel, a group had gathered around a single small solar lamp—a woman with a hot burner salvaged rice and beans and managed to cook for the entire neighborhood. Then another clip: in a town plaza, among the still fallen branches, a bomba circle had formed, and, taking a break from waiting for gas and waiting for water, people had stopped to dance. In her chest she felt a pride well up, a pride connected to an ancient something programmed to survive. For the first time in days, she felt something other than a deep, endless well of sadness.

* * *

HER PHONE BUZZED. It was Reggie.

"¡Pa'lante!"

And she knew her mother had stared Maria down.

ALWAYS KEEP GOING

The Friday after Maria passed, the New York gubernatorial delegation made their way to San Juan. As their plane began its descent, Prieto glanced out the window and gasped. The island, normally a slab of lush malachite floating in a clear aquamarine sea, was now a brown scab in a gray shadowy abyss. The trees were stripped raw, the foliage victim of Maria's rage. He felt his heart rip a bit, imagining nature's arduous journey to restore color to the island. It was only when he landed that he understood the practical implications of the island's lost verdure. Without the shades of the palms and cool green of the hibiscus plants, the sun burned the earth and the people trying to salvage themselves under its rays.

* * *

The first time Prieto had gone to Puerto Rico was for the national convention of his fraternity back when he was an undergrad. It was the mid-'90s and an infusion of capital from mainland businesses had caused San Juan and the environs to boom. There was a banquet for the three hundred or so brothers who had gathered from cities up and down the East Coast. They were greeted by scions of local industry: pharmaceutical company heads talking about job creation by and for Puerto Ricans, hoteliers discussing the ability of tourism to unify the diaspora. The keynote was the newly installed governor, the same man whose son was governor now. He gave a sweeping speech about the next phase of Borinquen and how privatization of the island's municipalities would pave the path to Puerto Rican statehood.

Prieto remembered lapping it up at the time—giving the guy a standing ovation and waiting, eagerly, to shake his hand and take a photo afterwards. He had no idea that in three short years President Clinton would end the tax incentives that had brought those companies there in the first place, and that

along with the tax breaks would go the jobs. He didn't yet understand that American companies weren't motivated to create meaningful work for anyone anymore, least of all Puerto Ricans. Since then, each time Prieto returned to the island—and over his years as a New York public servant, his trips were many—he noticed that San Juan was a little less shiny, the sense of possibility less ebullient, than what he'd seen that first trip.

On that first trip, Prieto had wandered off from the convention group and made his way to an address in La Perla, right on the water in Viejo San Juan. His Spanish, clumsy back then, helped him make his way through the narrow streets. On arriving, he could hear a mom yelling at her kid about cleaning up after themselves. He knocked, unsure if his language skills were good enough to explain what had brought him here: that his father, Juan Acevedo, had once lived at this house before he left for Nueva York. He'd brought a photo of his pop—in his military uniform—just to see if that might spark a memory or recollection and if he might still have family around. It didn't. But the woman, Magdalena, was so touched by this poor Nuyorican so interested in meeting his family that she wouldn't let him go without feeding him and introducing him to her children and neighbors. After they ate, she took him to meet every Acevedo that she knew in the area, just in case his father's name and story meant anything to them.

He thought of her now as he glimpsed La Perla through the window of his military escort vehicle.

"Can we stop here for a second?"

"Congressman, I'm sorry, but we can't take you there. La Perla is a mess and we've got to get you back for the helicopter tour."

"We'll be fine," he offered firmly.

They could not make it into the barrio by car, their path blocked by a downed phone line. While the National Guardsmen assessed the road, Prieto jumped out, winding his way down a sloping footpath covered with leaves and debris towards Magdalena's, and his father's, onetime home. Had she been home during the storm, she surely couldn't be there now. The roof was torn off, the windows blown in, and half the second floor had collapsed onto itself. Down the street he saw an old man wearing the apron of a bodeguero coming out of his building with a broom. Given the state of the street—fallen branches, scattered leaves, shattered car windows, rubble from buildings—the broom seemed a laughable tool. Nevertheless, the man began to sweep. From the top of the steps, one of the National Guardsmen was beckoning Prieto back to the car, so he

called out to the man in Spanish—

"Does Magdalena still live here?"

"Yes, but her sons took her to the mountains before the storm. To the Pañuelos Negros."

Prieto was unsure what that meant. The National Guardsmen were approaching now, calling his name.

"If she comes back, tell her that Prieto came to check on her."

The man nodded and put a thumb in the air.

"Pa'lante," Prieto called out.

"Siempre pa'lante," the man called back.

Keep going. Always keep going.

* * *

Two days prior, Prieto did not think that anything—not even a catastrophic Category 5 hurricane—would ever take his mind off his HIV test. From the moment he allowed his sister to schedule the appointment, it was his near singular obsession. He was haunted by the idea of leaving Lourdes without her father, inflicting a pain on her life that he knew all too well. He knew dwelling on death was irrational, but found himself unable to pull his mind back from wandering these dark alleys. The night before he'd been unable to sleep. He was high-strung when he arrived at the doctor's office. He felt like the nurse gave him a screw face when he got up to follow Olga into the exam room. His heart had been racing, confident that this was a terrible idea.

At first, it certainly seemed that way. His sister had told him that the doctor was cool with her plan, that it was a simple favor. But it became apparent that Olga hadn't told anybody shit. First, the nurse tried to take Olga's blood, which made his sister insist on seeing the doctor personally, which then, understandably, made the nurse feel insulted.

Prieto could hear her muttering to the other nurses about how the doctor probably hadn't drawn blood since med school, but Olga wasn't paying attention and, at the end of the day, it wasn't Olga's arm that was about to be poked.

"I can't believe they already lost power," she said while she scrolled her phone.

"Honestly? Most of the island didn't have power back from Irma...."

"What's going to happen?"

"They were already fucked, now they will be fucked in the dark."

"Jesus, Prieto! Way to be a Debbie Downer over here!"

He pinched his eyes as he appraised his sister. Did she think, moments before having to get a fucking AIDS test, he was going to muster the energy to play Mr. Optimist? He was tired of this role. Before he could reply, the doctor walked in. Prieto watched as she absorbed his presence and realized that she had no idea of the favor they were about to ask. While it had occurred to him that perhaps this scheme of Olga's violated some sort of ethical code, it suddenly dawned on him that Dr. Gallagher might be the type of person to be affronted by the request. He and his sister could very well be thrown out in a matter of moments and he'd be back where he started.

"Congressman Acevedo!" Dr. Gallagher exclaimed. Her expression transitioned into a smile. "It's a real pleasure—a surprise, but a pleasure. Olga, I don't think I'd made the connection that you and our fine congressman were related!"

Olga winked at her brother from her perch on the exam table. Puta. He knew this favor was for him, but he fucking hated the way she always managed to get her way. Prieto shook the doctor's hand.

"Well, Marilyn, you know, I don't like to go around bragging, but believe me, I'm very proud of my brother!"

Dr. Gallagher now paused. Prieto could tell she was a smart woman, beyond just the medical books. "So," she began, "and don't get me wrong, I'm a political junkie, so it's a delight to meet you, but it's … uncommon to have a brother accompany his sister to her gynecologist."

Olga replied before he could think of an explanation.

"Well, Marilyn, as I mentioned in my email ... some stuff has come up recently that made me think it would be good to do a full HIV/STD screen."

He found himself relieved, but irked, that Olga always had an answer for everything.

"Okay," Dr. Gallagher answered, slowly, knowing there was more.

"It's just that it's not me that needs the screening—"

There was a pause. Prieto looked down at his shoes and the vinyl beige marbled tiles.

"It's me," Prieto said, raising his hand up. "I, um, engaged in some risky behavior with someone I now know contracted an STD and I just want to, *confidentially*, get myself checked out. I don't really have a personal physician that I trust."

"What kind of STD? Do you know?" Marilyn asked.

He swallowed. "HIV."

"You know, Congressman, they have home tests that you can send in the mail, completely confidential. Totally anonymous."

"Marilyn?" Olga now interjected. "Would you let your brother take a correspondence course AIDS test?"

Marilyn shook her head no. There was a silence; Prieto wondered if her sense of rules and regulations was as gray as his sister's.

"November sixth. Seven P.M. The Bowery Hotel. Be there."

"Excuse me?" Prieto asked.

"My husband and I are cochairing a gala for a charter school network we support. We need a high-wattage keynote."

Damn, Prieto thought, everyone really does have a price. Three attempts to get blood later, Dr. Gallagher finally found the vein.

"Now, Olga, the lab will reach out by phone in a few days—"

"Wait!" Prieto interrupted. "I, uh, I'd read about these rapid HIV tests. You know, where they tell you right away. I was kind of hoping we could do one of those?"

"Congressman," Dr. Gallagher offered, "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but my office isn't equipped to do the rapid test. That might be an oversight on our part; it's just that HIV testing ... my patient demographic is mainly concerned about weight loss and fertility specialists. I'll have to send the results out to the lab."

Prieto sighed and the doctor continued.

"Olga, don't ignore random calls, because they won't leave a message and they don't send me the results. It's truly confidential."

He was seated on a chair, keeping his focus on the tiles, one hand on his head, the other putting pressure on the site where blood was drawn, trying not to hyperventilate.

"Congressman," the doctor said as she squatted down so that they were eye level. Like Lourdes's pediatrician would do. "Probably, you're worrying more than you need to. But I just want to remind you, there are a lot of resources out there now and people with HIV live very long, robust lives. Especially, if you don't mind me being so frank, people with some access and connections. Don't spend too much time sulking, okay?"

He wanted to tell her that he wouldn't, that he appreciated her favor, even if he was fundamentally opposed to charter schools, but he found his throat too tight to speak past. She patted his shoulder and just as he thought he might actually break down, his phone began to ring. It was the governor. IT DIDN'T TAKE a crisis management expert to understand that the federal government had chosen to put their heads in the sand when it came to preparing for Maria's arrival. Excuses abounded: FEMA was too overwhelmed with recovery from Irma and Harvey to preemptively assist P.R. The Navy was worried about the comfort ships weathering the storm in the Port of San Juan. But for Prieto, the ultimate tell that this was a case of willful neglect was the failure to fully deploy the National Guard in advance of the storm. Always the first line of defense in a disaster, out of eight thousand guardsmen, they called in five hundred. On an island already suffering a blackout. It was clear that Puerto Rico was being left to dangle in the wind. This was a familiar place for the United States to leave the island, but somehow, it felt more ominous this time. Prieto was unable to shake his recollection of the Selby brothers' recent interest in the goings-on down there.

Prieto had been on the ground for disasters before—September 11, Superstorm Sandy—but he was unprepared for the destruction and disorder that met them in San Juan. They had divided the governor's envoy into three small groups, each being helicoptered to a different area of the island to survey and deliver critical drinking water and supplies: formula, insulin, battery-operated respirators. Prieto found himself in Maunabo, a town that, after years of corporate chemical dumping, the EPA had named a Superfund site. On a good day their water was at risk of contamination. The people there spoke of Maria like a monster, barely fighting back tears while they waited for jugs of water. With the power out and the cell towers destroyed, their anxiety had only heightened from being cut off from the outside world. His entourage had been the first officials anyone in the town had seen and they felt relief at being "found." Feeling the heat and his own thirst, Prieto assessed their supplies.

"Is this all the water we have?" he asked one of the congressional aides in his group.

"They are saying FEMA should make it out in a day or so?"

"These people need water now. Give out everything we have here; we'll go back for more. We can't have people dying of thirst. It's still fucking America."

"Honestly? If this was a foreign country, we'd likely be doing more," the aide replied.

In the distance, Prieto heard a commotion. On the outskirts of their long distribution line, people were chattering and, family by family, peeling off, heading in the opposite direction. He followed. Down a side street sat a pickup

truck. Two men stood on the flatbed with AK-47s in their hands. Two others were distributing gallon jugs of water to the growing crowd. All four of their faces were covered by black bandanas. One of the gunmen noticed him and called for the others' attention. Prieto stopped, and gave a head nod in their direction. They raised their rifles, and even as Prieto turned, slowly, to walk away, he could feel their aim on his back.

* * *

THE ENVOY WAS only meant to stay for a few hours before heading back to New York, but when their tour was over, Prieto felt unable to leave. It was hard to imagine going back, sleeping in the comfort of his home, with AC and drinkable water, refrigerated food, access to phone service and internet, knowing that a short flight away, there were Americans who looked just like him, with none of those things. Unlike when Sandy took out power in New York, or when Houston was flooded after Harvey, or when fires burned the houses of Sonoma to the ground, these people had no one to go to. They had no real voice as far as the government was concerned. They paid taxes, served in U.S. wars, yet there was no one with actual power whose job was to fight for them. No one to represent them and demand action. On a good day, Prieto didn't trust this administration not to fuck anyone who wasn't a part of their "base." He could only imagine the cruel neglect they would subject upon an entire island of disenfranchised Brown and Black people. It was playing out before his very eyes. He wanted to stay to help, yes, but also so that no one could deny what he saw. No one could "spin" it and say the footage was worse than the situation. He needed to bear witness.

For the next two days Prieto embedded himself with a U.S.-based news crew who'd been sent down to cover the storm. Prieto trusted them over the government to give him unfiltered access to what was really happening. The first day, Saturday—three days after the storm—they made their way over to Toa Baja, where search and rescue for people trapped in flooded houses was still going on. Sam, the reporter, and his cameraman, Jeff, documented the people stranded on roofs, the homes subsumed with water. Prieto waded through flooded streets helping to put the sick and elderly on floatation devices, wading them to barely functioning hospitals. He was struck that, rather than express fear, those whom they rescued met them with gratitude. Gratitude that they survived. Gratitude that it had not been worse. Gratitude that their brethren had not forsaken them.

The irony, Prieto realized, was that for Borinquen, surviving the storm was

just the beginning. Each hour seemed to bring new reverberations of Maria's impact. Landslides in the mountains were taking down what remained of homes that had survived. Even if you could get your car around the blocked and collapsed roads, there was a gas shortage. Even if you could find gas, because of the power loss, the only way to buy it was if you had cash. On Saturday afternoon, back in San Juan, they'd spotted a line that snaked around a block and discovered it led to an ATM being powered by one of the island's few working generators. Sam and his cameraman were talking to the waiting people being desiccated by the sun. Prieto's eye was drawn to a man sitting on the curb. He was skinny and his long gray hair was offset by his dark complexion. His head was resting in his hands. Prieto could see his shoulders shaking with sobs. He walked and sat down next to him.

"Sir," Prieto said, touching his shoulder as he introduced himself. When the man realized he was with an elected official, he moved to smooth his hair and placed his POW*MIA cap back on his head.

"¿Estuviste en Vietnam?" Prieto asked.

"Ya, eso es verdad. Two tours for my country."

"My dad, too."

The man looked at him and blinked. "My granddaughter is pregnant. We ran out of water. I'm out of cash. I just ... I just..."

The man buried his head in his hands.

Prieto took out his billfold and gave him \$60. The man took it and crossed himself, giving Prieto a bendición, and rose to go and find the next line to wait in.

* * *

THAT NIGHT, HUDDLED around a few solar-powered lanterns in the Telemundo parking lot, Prieto sat with Sam and some other journalists, trying to make sense of all that they'd seen. They passed around a bottle of rum.

"You know what I can't get over?" Prieto said. "That no one is expecting any help to come."

A local journalist named Mercedes replied, "What evidence did we have that it would be anything but? That was clear before this storm happened."

"Do you ever feel bad?" Prieto asked.

"About what?" Jeff replied.

"You're able to get all over the island, but all you're doing is holding your camera. Do you ever feel bad you're not physically helping?"

"That's hilarious, dude," Sam said, with attitude.

"I didn't mean any offense," Prieto said. He hadn't. He really was wondering what it felt like to document and not intervene. For his part, Prieto felt, weirdly, better than he had in months, if only because he knew he was really, directly helping people.

"No offense, Prieto," Jeff said, "but if we weren't here, do you think anyone would be thinking of these people and this place?"

There was a moment of silence. Even the coquis had gone quiet, just the hum of the local AM radio station reporting check-ins from the various municipalities. Satellite phones had been set up in some of the island's larger urban centers, but cell service was still out. Radio was their only source of any inkling of news from other parts of the island. So they all listened. Intently.

"Wait," Prieto said, "what did they just say?" His Spanish was good, but the newscaster spoke fast.

"Fuck," Sam offered. "They're saying that there's been a prison break in Guaynabo?"

"No," Mercedes offered, "they are saying it was a breakout—a group came and liberated the prisoners."

"Shit," Sam said. "If it's bad out here, can you imagine how fucked people in jail here are?"

Prieto thought back to the thirty days he'd spent locked up in MDC for protesting the military occupation of Vieques. Yes. He could begin to imagine about how fucked those inmates were.

"The thing is," Mercedes said, "I'm from around there. That's not really a jail. It's like, for kids, you know? What do they call them in English?"

"Juvie hall," Sam offered.

"Some group comes in and frees up all the persecuted bad children?" Jeff offered. "No real mystery. Pañuelos Negros."

"Hold up," Prieto cut in, "do you mean the dudes in the black bandanas? Is this, like, a thing? I heard about them in La Perla and I saw them Friday when we were up in Maunabo giving out water."

"Well," Mercedes said, "it's all more lore than fact but..." And she proceeded to tell him about this group of rebels who some say were descendants of the Macheteros of the generation prior, under new leadership. There were rumors that they intended to be the Zapatistas of Puerto Rico, to go to war with the government, create a state within a state, but it was all speculation. All accounts placed them in the mountains, on a self-sustaining farm rumored to

have its own supply of power, food, and young recruits from all over the island.

Prieto slept on a cot in the Telemundo newsroom that night, thinking of Los Pañuelos Negros. As soon as Mercedes began to talk about it, Prieto knew his mother was involved. The timing, the objective, it all lined up with what he'd seen in her FBI file. He needed proof and, above all, he needed to find her. Giving out water was one thing; doing so with rifles was another. Liberating prisons—juvenile or otherwise—landed yet somewhere else on the spectrum. When finally he drifted off to sleep, he dreamt of worms. He woke up dripping in sweat.

* * *

PRIETO CONTEMPLATED SKIPPING his flight home. He felt, for the second time in his life, that fate had put him in the right place at the right time to create positive change. That part of his destiny was tied to protecting this island—his island—from exploitation. He just didn't know exactly what shape that would take. In the end, however, what drew Prieto away from San Juan was a middle school talent show. When he remembered it, his first thought was, But I'm doing important stuff here! Then he thought of his mother. How many things she'd deemed more important than her role as a parent. How secondary he'd always known he and his sister were to whatever the cause at hand was. Many things in Prieto's life were, especially lately, out of his control. However, the kind of father that he chose to be to Lourdes, that was not one of them. He made his way to the airport.

As he rode home from JFK he ruminated on his existence the past few years; he felt as if he'd lost the beat to a song that he'd written. The larger his public life had gotten, the more abstracted his personal existence had become. The higher the stakes, the more the positive returns of his career diminished. He'd felt himself a matryoshka doll, the real him buried and obfuscated underneath levels of commitments and compromises. Only with his daughter did he feel his core self engaged. Until these past few days. A sense of utility had blossomed while in Puerto Rico that had evaded him for years. He understood that on the island, that ravaged strip of land, was the map back to the person he had lost sight of.

* * *

IT WAS MONDAY afternoon, September 25, 2017, when his car pulled up in front

of his house. He saw his sister sitting out on the stoop, her face awash in worry. He knew immediately that he had tested positive.

GOOD MORNING, LATER

It crossed Olga's mind that perhaps she was having a nervous breakdown. The past few weeks had worn her to raw nerve as she endured a torrent of facts, eroding her armor and unlodging carefully confined emotions. She could tell by the way that the nurse on the phone confirmed her patient number that Prieto's results were positive. The woman began walking her through options for follow-up resources, but Olga just hung up on her. She wasn't retaining any information. Her brother had been out of touch, without phone service, since he left for P.R. on Friday, but she had seen some clips of him on the news—knee high in mud, passing out water in the sun—reminding her of why she'd put her brother on his pedestal so long ago.

There wasn't a good way to tell him. As soon as he saw her face he would know. So, rather than shock him, she figured she would sit outside, so he could see her first and decide how he wanted to react. She wanted to give him that moment. Anticipating the worst, she asked Lourdes's mother to keep her for an extra night so they could have some space. Despite knowing that this was a completely treatable, livable illness, the well-worn sense of disquietude she'd experienced when her father got sick materialized again now. She knew her brother would bear these old angsts as well.

When his car pulled up, Prieto sat in it for a minute. Then he got out and put his hands up—like he was under arrest—and just kept saying, "It's okay, it's okay. I'm okay, I'm okay." Which just made Olga lose it. Which she realized was the opposite of the point.

Once they were inside, they sat in the kitchen, at the same table they'd sat at their whole lives. She remembered him lanky and lean, when he took up so much less space in the world. Now he made the table look miniature. So solid, he looked. So healthy.

"Mira," her brother said once they were inside, "had I gotten this news

before I went down to Puerto Rico, I'm not gonna lie, I think I would have been a fucking mess. And don't get me wrong, I'm fucking scared. I'm so fucking scared...." He began to cry. "It's hard to not think about Papi, you know?"

They'd had dinner with their father countless times at this same table. This table where he'd played his records and charmed their whole family. Where he would teach them his history lessons. Where they'd sat together and cried after he died.

"I know," she said, her eyes brimming.

"I couldn't bring myself to go see him, Olga. When he was dying. I was just so ashamed." Now he was sobbing. "Do you think this is his revenge?"

"Papi's revenge?" she asked. Her brother nodded.

The question was so out of character for her brother, and her father, that Olga started to laugh.

"Wait? You think Papi, who literally let insects out of the house instead of killing them, has become a dark and vengeful ghost? Blighting his own son—whom he worshiped—with disease? Now, maybe that's some shit our mother would do, but Papi? Come on! That don't even sound like him, Prieto!"

She couldn't stop laughing and once she said it aloud, her brother found the humor in it, too, and soon enough both were giggling.

"I was thinking of how sad Papi's end made me. Mami told me to walk away from it, to try to forget the person he'd become—"

"Yeah," Olga said, "she told me that shit, too."

"And I tried, but you can't forget, right? You shouldn't forget—it was part of his life. Anyway, I was thinking about Lourdes and how if this shit did kill me, I wanted to go out strong. So her memory of me would be as good if not better than the father she's had up till now.

"This trip made me realize how much I have to do with myself. For my daughter, for our family. But also, right now, for our people, Olga. I decided when I was down there that no matter how the test came back, I was gonna buck up and keep going. Better than before. I'm fired up. They are going to let Puerto Rico wither away, unless we fight."

His words watered a seed of worry already planted in Olga's mind.

"Prieto, we've got to talk. About Mami. Karen reached out while you were away. Mami is in P.R. She's safe, but she's there."

Prieto did not even look surprised. "I know."

"You do?"

"Well, I should say, I didn't know, I suspected. There's a group down on the

island I'd heard some rumors about. Liberation radicals. Sort of had her written all over it."

There was a pause before he asked, a little desperately, "Did she say anything about me? Karen, I mean."

"No," Olga lied again, this seeming easier than involving him in the truth. "It was a very quick conversation."

They stayed up for hours, drinking together, remembering their father, talking about Prieto's next steps for his medical health, his trip to Puerto Rico. Finally, when they were both a little drunk, Olga confronted the elephant in the room.

"When are you gonna tell Lourdes?" This was, essentially, the same as asking when he was going to go public, because they couldn't ask Lourdes to not tell her mother and, Olga knew, once this was out beyond the two of them, and maybe Titi Lola, it was just a matter of time before it came out.

"I, uh, haven't decided yet."

"I've thought a lot about this and if you want a chance at keeping your seat, you have to come clean about everything, right away. You will garner a lot of sympathy, and then you'll have till the mid-term to be able to establish yourself as more than the guy who'd been in the closet with HIV."

Her brother was quiet for a moment.

"But what if it doesn't go that way?" he asked. "What if it becomes a controversy and I need to step down? I can't leave my seat. Not right now. Not with this president and not with what I saw down in P.R. I've got to get back down there. I can't have this as a distraction."

* * *

HER BROTHER'S DIAGNOSIS shook her core. The rational part of her knew he'd live a long, wonderful life. But she was feeling far from rational and she couldn't stop imagining the worst. A life without her brother felt unbearable. Rootless. Recognizing this, though, only made Olga more aware of how rudderless her existence already was. Her brother, who even now, in the face of this illness, was directed by a larger purpose: his fight for others. It provided him a beacon, a way to redirect himself. Olga felt she had been paddling for years in no discernable direction except away from her fear of not being enough.

As a child, when people found out that Olga had been "left," she could see how quickly she was recast as a victim in their eyes. She felt their pity and it made her feel broken. Damaged. Her grandmother astutely observed that any foible or stumble at school would be attributed, with an air of inevitability, as the ramifications of her being "parentless." Any success Olga found would be attributed, with an air of disbelief, to her "resilience." Very early on, Olga and her grandmother calculated that, if given the choice between the two, Olga's easiest path was to be a success.

This strategy worked well initially: do well in school, excel at a talent, look pretty, make people laugh, solve problems for yourself, don't trouble anyone, when possible be helpful. Success, then, looked as simple as escape: from the chaos her parents had left in their wake, towards "opportunity." After high school, though, with her grandmother ill-equipped to guide her through the new terrain of the Ivy League, the goal began to be less clear, her toolbox less adequate. As a result, Olga fumbled in the dark, trying to adhere to a path that led to a fuzzy destination known simply as "success." In college, she became convinced that meant affirmation by institutional powers. After college, celebrity and its proximity were what she thought she should be striving for. Only in adulthood did she ascertain that no, it was money that would inoculate her from feeling less than.

Her parents, of course, had always viewed success as a White Man's construction. Her mother used her letters to continually remind Olga of this, to emphasize the futility of her pursuits. Her mother, though, didn't know what it was to be deemed the thing less important. Less important than drugs, less important than a cause. Her mother didn't understand what it required to shake that label—"less"—to prove it wrong to the world. A world that, despite how her parents liked to see things, valued the way you looked, the kinds of clothes you wore, the places you went to school, the people you could access and influence. Even her brother, rooted as he was in his place of good, understood all of this. Olga formed her ambitions in reaction to her mother's absence, but she surely calcified them in rebellion to the very values that led her mother to abandon them in the first place. Grounding her identity in the realm of the material seemed to her the perfect revenge.

Until one day it didn't.

After *Spice It Up* and the Great Recession, Olga began to notice that her clients were growing steadily richer while the people doing the work were getting compensated in exactly the same way. Even the rich people appeared less content than before. Simply existing seemed an immense burden to them. Their wealth bought them homes that were "exhausting" to deal with, vacations that were "overwhelming" to plan for. What was required to please them, to make

them feel joy on their most joyful day, became increasingly impossible to achieve. Olga raised her prices, inflated her bills, increased her markups. But the money didn't make any of it feel better. She began, gradually at first, to find not only her actual day-to-day work tedious and stupid, but also the entire project of her life. Around this time Olga noticed that her mother's notes no longer filled her, even for a moment, with smug satisfaction.

She began to wonder if the only person she was enacting revenge on was herself.

Sometimes, like now, a feeling of unease would come over her and last for days, a strange kind of melancholy with no starting point or definitive end. A therapist she was forced to see at the fancy college told her this feeling was likely a longing for her mother, a suggestion Olga had rebuffed by storming out of the room. But over the years, Olga revisited this conceit, quietly wondering what her life would be like had her mother deemed her worthy of her time and affections. What would she, Olga, have done with all the energy she'd spent convincing anyone and everyone else that despite this lack, she wasn't broken? So, although Olga very well knew that her mother's affections were fickle, when Reggie said that she needed her, Olga could hardly stop herself from wondering, what if the therapist was right? What would happen if she could alleviate that longing? What sense of peace and purpose might she find for herself if given the chance to earn her mother's admiration?

* * *

GIVEN HER STATE, Olga knew better than to say yes to the producer from *Good Morning*, *Later* suggesting she come in to do a live segment. She'd been waiting for the lab to contact her with her brother's test results when they called. She hadn't recognized the number and had reflexively picked up.

"The news has been so depressing lately," the producer said, "we were thinking it would be great to do a nice, happy wedding segment. Weddings make people feel good. And, *Good Morning* is about the news, but at *Good Morning*, *Later*, we're about making our viewers feel good, you know?"

"Right," Olga said. "What's the angle?" There was always an angle with these things—beat the heat, holiday weddings, June brides, do's and don'ts.

"Well, Tammy's recently engaged, so we were thinking we could do a 'kickstart your planning' thing with her. Sound good?"

It did not sound good. But it was easier to acquiesce than to explain why, so she just said yes.

"Okay, great. Someone on my team will get back to you with a call time and to run through your demo items, but we're looking forward to seeing you on Wednesday morning."

* * *

"THE IDEA OF going into a TV studio to get my hair pressed out and a mask of makeup happiness applied to my face feels beyond unappealing right now," Olga called out to Matteo, who was finishing dinner in the kitchen while she stared at the ceiling in his music room. It was Tuesday night. *Good Morning, Later* shot in just a few hours.

Matteo had made pasta and he brought a bowl to her now.

"Why didn't you ask ME-Gahn to do it for you?"

"Oh my God, I wish I could. I wish I could just give her the whole fucking business and never look back."

"So, why don't you?" he asked.

"Because," Olga started, not sure of where to go with it. "Because I guess I don't know how I would support myself? I don't know what else I am even qualified to do."

"You?" Matteo asked, genuinely incredulous. "You, girl, could do anything. You could easily go back to P.R."

"Pero, Matteo, I wanna live in America!" she joked. "No, seriously, if I'm not going to do this, I'd like to do something meaningful."

"Well," Matteo said, "if your brother decides to run for reelection, you could run his campaign?" Olga had told Matteo about her brother. She knew she'd broken the circle, but she trusted him. She really did. And besides, after watching her cry for so many days, she was worried he was going to 5150 her if she didn't at least attempt to explain herself.

"Matteo"—she threw a throw pillow at him—"I said I wanted to do something meaningful!"

They both laughed.

"It's funny, when I was going away to college and my mother was all up in arms about losing me to the bourgeoisie, I couldn't see any downside then, because I'd touched the holy grail. The Ivy League."

"Society's finish line!" Matteo chimed in.

"That's the rub! It felt like a finish line *to me*, because I knew what it took to get there and survive it. But to everybody else? The kids whose parents and grandparents had gone there before them? This was just their starting line. To

something bigger. Something I couldn't even imagine. I feel like I've spent all of this time since then trying to figure out where I was supposed to be headed. What thing could I achieve that would make me feel ... enough?"

Matteo put his bowl down and looked at her with all his attention.

"Olga," Matteo said, "if you did nothing for the rest of your life of any note, you'd be more than enough."

She felt unsure of how to receive such kindness, and unsure if she actually believed it to be true.

"Did I ever tell you that I was named after Olga Garriga? Brooklyn native, Puerto Rican nationalist, and political prisoner arrested for protesting Ley fiftythree."

"Is that right?" Matteo asked.

"Yeah, my dad picked it. Wanted to make me 'ambitious.' But my mother worried that I would take after the Olga from *Puerto Rican Obituary*. That Olga was ashamed of her identity and died dreaming of money and being anything other than herself."

Matteo raised his eyebrows. "Piñero?"

"Close. Pedro Pietri."

Matteo got up and went to a section of his record collection. "Damn. I gotta admit I'm light on spoken word."

"It's okay. I mean, I know it by heart."

"So," Matteo said, cuddling her now, "recite it for me."

And so she did. In its entirety. And Matteo gave her a standing ovation.

"Brava!"

Olga curtsied.

"But, ma, you realize the solution to Olga's dilemma is in the poem?"

"Wait," Olga asked, "how do you mean?"

"I mean, it's a tale for you to learn from. It's about not chasing an external ideal, not trying to fit someone else's vision for you and instead building with the community of people who simply accept you as you are."

"Somehow, I don't think that's what my mother got out of it."

* * *

OLGA WAS IN the greenroom waiting to be called in for her segment, hoping it would be over quickly. Monitors silently played the broadcast from the studio just down the hall. Olga could see that the anchors of *Good Morning*, two slightly more serious versions of the hosts of *Good Morning*, *Later*, were just

wrapping up. The camera was focused on Nina, the perfectly coiffed female cohost.

Olga read the closed captioning. We leave you this morning with some of the absolutely heartbreaking images out of Puerto Rico, where exactly one week ago today, Hurricane Maria made landfall and completely decimated the island.

On the screen was a slideshow of anguish. Aerial shots of flattened homes, people wading through filthy water to gas stations, snaking lines of people waiting for food, shipping containers languishing in a port, doctors evacuating sick babies onto a helicopter, nurses working in hospital wards dark without power. The final image: children lapping up brown rainwater that they had collected in a pool.

Just devasting, Nina. The camera had cut now to John, her cohost, looking solemn. If you want to know how you can help the people of Puerto Rico, please visit goodmorning.com/maria. He paused for a split second, just long enough to replace his serious expression with a wide grin. And now, let's toss it over to America's favorite loony ladies of the morning!

The camera cut to Tammy and Toni, already cutting it up.

Thank you, John! Tammy said with a broad smile, the words on the screen slightly trailing the movement of her lips. Well, I don't know about you, Toni, but boy am I excited for our show today!

Without sound, Olga thought, this show was a grotesque pantomime.

You're just excited because we are talking EVERYTHING WEDDING today! I hope we don't have a Bridezilla on our hands!

Me? Tammy reacted with exaggeration. Never!

* * *

IT WAS ALMOST over. Olga had already walked the highly enthusiastic Tammy through a Getting Going Checklist to help begin her wedding planning journey ("Because it is a journey, Tammy," Olga had ad-libbed. "You and Glenn will get to know one another in completely new ways!") They had talked through the importance of a budget ("That's never been your favorite word, Tammy," Toni had quipped) and how to make your guest list ("I'm just worried about hurting people's feelings," Tammy lamented). Then, they got to the last topic, questions to ask when looking at possible venues.

"Well, you want to be sure you understand their capacity. You'd be surprised how many people book a venue they fall in love with and don't realize they simply won't fit." "Oh my goodness! Can you imagine? What a nightmare!" Toni offered.

"I know," Olga continued. "And, of course, if there's an outdoor component, you should inquire about your contingency plan in the event of inclement weather."

"Oh yes." Tammy nodded. "Especially these days! All of these horrible storms!"

"Just terrible, Tammy," Toni agreed. "These poor people down in Puerto Rico! Can you imagine?"

Olga nodded, a tight smile of concern crossing her face—concern that they would try and tie this segment about nothing to a humanitarian crisis. Only Tammy, Olga thought, could get this segment back on the fluffy track where it belonged.

"Oh my!" Tammy suddenly exclaimed. She paused. "Olga, I just remembered. You are of Puerto Rican heritage, aren't you?"

"Yes," Olga said with a solemn nod. Internally, she screamed, Fuck. Fuck! Tammy!

"And is your family over there okay?" Tammy asked, gently resting her hand on Olga's shoulder. "The images look just awful."

"Well, Tammy," Olga began, and as soon as she opened her mouth she knew that she was not going to give them the *Good Morning, Later* version of this conversation that they wanted. She wasn't even going to give them the *Good Morning* version of this conversation, "the images look awful, because it is awful. This morning, right before I came on, I saw pictures of American children lapping up rainwater because their water supply has been contaminated by the dumping of toxic waste by U.S. corporations all over the island—"

"Yes, Olga," Toni tried to cut in, "it really is hard to—"

"No, Toni, Tammy asked me how my family is, so I want to tell her. My cousin can't locate her sick grandmother because they have no cell service and in the unlikely event that she got to a hospital, she's still probably dead because the hospitals don't have enough fuel to operate the generators. But she won't be the only one. When this is over, mark my words, thousands will be dead, because this is just the beginning, and I want to be really clear here—"

Tammy tried to cut in, but Olga swatted her away before a word could get out of her mouth. She could see that the red light of the camera was still on. The producers were going to let her keep going. Fuck it, she thought.

"These deaths will be blood on this president's hands, this administration's hands. They can try and blame the Puerto Rican debt; they can blame their

lackey—the governor down there—but he's just a figurehead. At the end of the day, this was not an earthquake, it was a hurricane. A hurricane that the government knew was coming for a whole week and did nothing to prepare for. What we are witnessing is the systemic destruction of the Puerto Rican people at the hands of the government, to benefit the ultra-rich and private corporate interests."

Toni awkwardly laughed. "Oh my, Olga, that sounds a bit conspiratorial, no?"

"If it does, Toni, it's just because you aren't informed. It's not your fault. Our schools whitewash history. So, let me explain. Puerto Ricans are Americans, but they have no elected representation in Congress or the Senate, and because they also aren't a state, their governor has no authority to do things other governors can do, like call in the National Guard. Only the president can do that. Only the president can call in FEMA. Fifty percent of the island didn't have power *before* Maria, but somehow the government didn't think to call in the USS *Comfort* until this weekend? They knew before the storm that the island's infrastructure was fragile, that they would lose communications, yet they only sent two Black Hawk helicopters? My brother—a U.S. congressman—traveled with the governor of New York to Puerto Rico two days—two days—after Maria hit. And the federal government just sent someone on Monday?

"Listen, private interest has been trying to gain control of Puerto Rico—the land, the agencies—for ages. The government has always been their coconspirators. As I speak, this administration still hasn't lifted the Jones Act! People are suffering—starving for food—but still being penalized with taxes on produce and other goods just for living on an island the U.S. government stole from them in the first place! That's criminal! It shouldn't be law. They are going to starve the Puerto Rican people of resources and support and, because there is a cap to what people can take—no power, no clean water, no schools, no jobs—they will effectively smoke people off the island, and then, that's when the vultures will sweep in. They are already circling."

Olga stopped and noticed that Tammy was rapidly rotating through variations of a smile: a mask of sympathy, puzzlement, and possibly even a grimace of fear flitting across her face as she attempted to find the proper expression in the lexicon of morning TV responses. Toni had her hand to her earpiece.

"Well, Olga," Toni said, "it's very clear how passionate you are about Maria recovery. We are going to need to cut to break, but before we go, any final

words for the president? He is an avid news watcher!"

Olga was a little surprised they would let her speak again.

"Yes. Yes, I do." She paused to think of exactly what she wanted to do with this opportunity. "Mr. President, I hope that the ghosts of every Puerto Rican who died at your hands in this catastrophe haunt your dreams each night, dancing an all-night salsa party in your twisted mind."

* * *

SHE HAD JUST hailed a cab home when Matteo reached her.

"Now that's what I call going full Kanye!" Matteo said.

"On a positive," Olga said, "I don't need to figure out how to get out of the wedding business."

"It was so hot."

She laughed. "It was semi-psychotic. You just think it's hot because you like me."

"Because I love you."

And she knew then that she loved him, too.

THE GANG'S ALL HERE

Despite the fact that the ten Eikenborn & Sons retail locations on Puerto Rico had suffered millions of dollars in damages, Dick found himself with a full and happy heart as his plane began its descent onto a private airstrip near San Juan. He glanced at his daughter, Victoria, who sat across from him, craning her neck to take in the aerial view.

"Holy shit," she said, "it's like a giant came and just stomped it all to pieces."

Dick now looked out the window as well. She was right. The stores had opened two days before and many workers hadn't made it to their shifts. He now had a sense of why. The once green island now a patchwork quilt of electric blue. FEMA tarps where roofs once were.

"Worried about the damage, Dad?"

Dick didn't mean to smile, but he did. This was the first modicum of interest or concern that Victoria had shown in him since he and her mother had separated. She'd been working at an NGO focused on women's health and when she heard, through her brothers, that her father would be coming down, she asked to tag along. It's not every day we get to see third-world conditions in a first-world country, she had said.

"Hmm," Dick replied now. "A bit. More on an operations level. Insurance will take care of the rest. I'm a little worried about you, though. Those volunteer tents won't have AC, I hope you realize that."

She rolled her eyes at him.

"I work in humanitarian relief, Daddy. I can live without creature comforts for a few days."

"Well, that makes one of us!" he said. "If Nick hadn't assured me his house is fully up and running, there's no way I'd be staying the whole weekend."

"How?" Victoria asked.

"He's got his own solar grid. Apparently, the property sustained some damage, but generally speaking, it's all cosmetic. He says he's barely missed a beat."

* * *

ONCE THEY LANDED, Dick arranged for Victoria to be safely dropped at the FEMA headquarters to shadow some workers, while he boarded a helicopter to tour his facilities. With most of the local employees unable to make their way to work, due to lack of gas, blocked roads, or their own tragedies, Dick's head of retail had begun flying in managers and assistant managers from across the mainland as soon as the airports reopened. Several locations had sustained significant flood damage, rendering much of the equipment and lumber in questionable condition for sale. There had been a thought to simply give the "irregular" supplies away, but their general counsel determined that too much of a liability, so they were restocking these locations. Of course, in order to collect insurance on the damaged goods they would need to be destroyed, but the communications team decided that had to wait, for fear of bad press. No matter. This had hardly been the first storm weathered by Eikenborn & Sons.

In fact, this season had been so bad they had set up an emergency command center in Austin to service the Gulf Coast, and Dick's inclination was, given the trajectory of the climate, they should make it permanent. If there was one thing Dick knew, storms like this one hurt his bottom line in the short run but were money in the bank long-term. His New Orleans stores were never more profitable as in the years immediately following Katrina. Already, gross receipts from their Texas locations after Harvey were higher than ever. So, this was bad now, but ultimately, it was a logistical hassle that they would push through. Indeed, at the stores that were fully operational, already long lines of people were seeking generators, solar-powered lights, batteries. They would build bigger and better. If the local market could sustain it, this could be an opportunity for Eikenborn Green Solutions. A massive opportunity. At least this was what Nick Selby had said.

Nick had been planning this retreat for a few weeks now, describing it as a "casual beachfront gathering of various parties with vested interest in the future and possibility of Puerto Rico." It was first delayed by Irma and of course, with Maria as catastrophic as it was, no one imagined that it was still happening. Dick was certainly surprised when he got a text from Nick saying it was indeed still on. The house was great, the beach was not, but this gathering was more

important now than ever. Also, Nick wondered, could Dick bring down some steaks from Peter Luger's if he managed to get them to Teterboro before Dick went wheels up?

And so, after touring his eponymous stores, ten days after Maria made landfall, Dick Eikenborn's helicopter landed on the lawn of Nick Selby's Puerto Rican estate, with his weekend bag and a cooler full of porterhouses on dry ice. Trees were knocked down and the shrubbery bare, but he was startled by how much less affected this piece of paradise seemed from what he'd seen on the rest of the island.

"Dick!" Nick cried out over the chopper propellers, "I see we've got you *and* the steaks. Good man!" He slapped his back. A guy from the staff grabbed the cooler and the bag from Dick and they all made their way into the house.

Outside it had been humid and overcast, but inside it was cool and dry. The Rolling Stones played on the sound system. Dick marveled at how intact it all seemed.

"Shatter-resistant glass," Nick offered, seeming to read Dick's mind. "That and the solar grid. Best investments. Scotch? Rum?"

"Rum!" Dick said. He hadn't been drinking much lately. Training for a tri. But he figured he'd take the weekend off.

"How've you been?" Nick asked. "I haven't seen you since your spicy little girlfriend was organizing the busboys at the Blumenthal party."

Dick didn't mean to get a pouty look on his face, but it was reflexive.

"We broke up, actually."

"It's for the best, Richard."

"Why do you say that?" Dick asked sincerely. Because he was very much wanting to get back together. He'd made a few overtures—had Charmaine send flowers to her office, sent a book of love poems—but received no response. He got the sense it was better to not press. She would come back in her own due time, Charmaine had assured him.

"Well," Nick now offered, "let's just say she doesn't necessarily come from the best ... stock."

Dick rolled his eyes. "I'm very aware of who her brother is. I haven't been able to put my TV on anywhere but Fox without seeing his face this past week."

Nick laughed. "Dick, her brother's a team player, I assure you. But, all will be revealed soon enough."

* * *

A COUPLE OF hours and a few rums later, Dick found himself finishing up dinner with an intriguing lineup of, as Nick called them, "stakeholders in the New Puerto Rico." There was an undersecretary of energy who asked to be called only by the name Manny; there were two members of the PROMESA board; an executive named Linda from one of the major airlines—which one was never established; a man named Pedro from PREPA, the failed power company; a woman named Carmen from the water company; and then the straight money people: Dieter, representing cryptocurrency miners; Dennis representing the financial interests buying up and getting repaid for the bonds on debt the government had sold them; a man named Kirk who said he represented a global Ayn Rand society, whatever that meant; and of course Nick's older brother, Arthur.

"Okay, gentlemen and ladies," Nick offered, "this is a time of gravity. But also, for us free-market enthusiasts, a time of great opportunity. I've asked you here this weekend because this island has long been a passion of mine, and I know Dieter's as well. So, first, I want to make a toast to Act Twenty and, for me personally, for Act Twenty-two, which has made me a bona fide puertorriqueño! Who wouldn't want to claim an identity that allows them to pay zero taxes on capital gains, interests, or dividends? Puerto Rico represents a chance to live the American dream as it was intended: the freedom to reach our full potential without having to support a welfare state. This island is an opportunity in microcosm, to live out an idea that we'd previously thought fantasy: a chance to create a stateless society where we can step out from the thumb of rule by statute and allow free markets and contracts to create social order.

"So, what I see here right now, in the aftermath of this tragedy, is boundless opportunity. My brother and I have a plan for this island—a plan that will make all of you, and the constituencies you represent, very rich. Or, I should say, *richer*! Well, maybe except for you, Manny! This will make you and the governor rich, but not the actual people who voted for you!" He paused. Manny laughed. "You're a sport, Manny!

"To the uninitiated, it could seem like we have competitive interests, but I assure you, if we focus on the larger goals, long term, all of us here will benefit. Further, I want to be clear, our plans have the full, absolute support of the current U.S. administration. Puerto Rico is effectively our playground as long as we don't contest them awarding the contract for PREPA to rebuild the power grid. That's apparently a nonnegotiable. It's been promised to the nephew of a

major donor, but it's literally just a shell corp, Pedro, so I doubt you'll have to even deal with them much."

"Hold on for a second, Nick," Dick chimed in. "No offense, Pedro, but PREPA barely seemed to be doing the job before Maria. Why would we let them oversee their own rebuild and with a shell firm at that? To me, this seems like the perfect time for privately owned solar energy."

"Richard, you are wise beyond words!" Nick said as he slugged from his wineglass. "Yes, no offense, but Pedro, you and Manny have done just absolutely abysmal work here. The whole place is in the dark with no hope of fixing it anytime soon. But Richard, the truth is *their* customers are not *your* customers. I am your future customer. Kirk, Dieter, and Linda are your future customers, and, if my plan plays out, within five years, this island will be flooded with people like us. The hotels, the private estates, all of it, could be yours, Dick, to supply with solar power. Possibly working with PREPA. Right, Manny?"

Manny nodded over his half-masticated Luger's steak.

"But Nick," Dick offered, "shouldn't the people here have an option other than PREPA? I'm seeing a big play to be made here to market solar to the population at large. I have the factories; I have the teams. It's environmentally sound."

"Richard, Manny and his friends are prepared to work with you to make it worth your while to limit your work to private estates such as mine. Isn't that right, Manny?"

Manny again nodded. Richard noticed how little he'd actually heard Manny's voice during the dinner or afterwards.

"Solar could be a major win for Puerto Rico, Nick. Could get them out from under a lot of this muck, it seems like."

"Dick, what I think you maybe haven't had a chance to absorb is that for Manny, this is a short-term play, but for you this is a long game. You see, everyone, FEMA? Reconstruction? Well, it's going to be a long haul, if you know what I mean. Those who can't stick it out will leave. Quickly. And there will be more Puerto Rico for the rest of us."

This, seemingly, made Linda from the airline uncomfortable. "It's not our fault that we're the only people who run direct to Atlanta and New York! I fought for those routes for these people! I wasn't trying to destroy anyone!"

"Linda," Arthur cut in, "Linda, calm down. You aren't doing anything wrong. It's not your fault people are leaving. You're just a bystander here to

keep tabs on what's happening. You've already put in the work, okay?"

Linda anxiously sipped her wine.

"What I was trying to express," Nick continued, "was that there will be people with family on the mainland. Who knows when schools here will reopen? When grocery stores will get restocked? We didn't get these steaks locally, let me say that. I mean, if you had another option, wouldn't you go? Lots of land will be freed up. By my estimation, given the demographics of the island, lots of coastal land will be freed up. And people with less options will stay and people like us will find a very grateful labor force. And so—"

Arthur interjected, "By doing very little we can do very much to advance our interests."

Dick laughed out loud. "Gentlemen, I'm sure you have friends at the highest level of this administration—"

"Richard, I'm loath to call those people friends, they're more like thugs, but we do have an understanding."

Everyone chortled.

"But," Dick continued, "my point is that all of this is subject to congressional oversight. Of FEMA, of PROMESA. This stuff doesn't live in a vacuum. And I know for a fact that there are certain members of Congress—"

"One whose sister you used to fuck," Nick offered.

"Oh Nicholas! How crude!" Arthur exclaimed.

Dick rolled his eyes. "The point is, Acevedo isn't going to roll over and allow anything to be slow walked without bringing fifty news crews along while he investigates and calls a session and does whatever stunts he's known for. This is *his* signature issue."

"Richard," Arthur replied, "we have a few bits of leverage over Congressman Acevedo that we think will prove to be persuasive."

"I hope," said one of the PROMESA officials, "it's something more than him being gay, because a few local reporters spent some time with him and said it's more or less an open secret."

Arthur looked to Nick with concern, which Nick relished with a smile.

"Everyone, I assure you, Acevedo is no issue."

"Well," Dick countered, "I want to go on the record as saying that I'm not yet convinced."

"Richard." Nick sighed. "Nearly everyone of consequence is on payroll and our leverage over Congressman Acevedo is far more personal than his sexuality. Elisa, will you please show our guest in? I suspect he will convince Richard here to get on board." Nick gestured to one of the housekeepers.

A well-dressed gentleman walked in, a large manila file under his arm.

"Agent Bonilla," Nick offered, "can I get you a rum? Everyone, Agent Bonilla has some very interesting information to share with you all about Congressman Acevedo's roots. Very intriguing information, indeed."

PUT IT IN THE BAG

In just a matter of hours, a business that Olga had built for nearly twelve years collapsed in the wake of what some on social media had called an "Epic AM Meltdown." It was, aside from meeting Matteo, the best thing that had happened to Olga in years.

The Good Morning, Later clip had gone viral, something she'd imagined possible the second the producers allowed her rant to continue. Going "off script" was only permissible if, of course, it would lead to clicks. In the immediate aftermath, as she walked off set and made her way home, she felt buzzed and a bit nauseous, like she'd quickly drunk a bottle of champagne. But, after an hour or so, she felt remarkably good. Like she'd come to the end of a Scooby-Doo episode and pulled off her own mask, revealing that all this time she'd been playing the part of Happy-Go-Lucky Party Planner when in reality she was the terrifying Educated Woman of Color. Her clients were polite enough to wait until the afternoon to begin their awkward calls to say that they didn't want to fire the business, per se, but that they were worried that Olga might "call too much attention to herself" at their affair, or that her presence might "upset" some of their more conservative guests. One former mother of the bride went so far as to compose a lengthy email saying how "betrayed" she felt by Olga's "little speech," that Olga had "bitten the hand that fed her" by "villainizing the rich" when they were "just living the American dream," which she was "sorry Puerto Ricans have not tried to take more advantage of." Olga wrote back to say that she always knew she was one of the 53 percent of white ladies who had put this moron in the White House, so she hoped the ghosts of dead Puerto Ricans danced in her head at night, too. But, other than that one incident, Olga had taken a very conciliatory tack.

Meegan was at first distraught, then unnerved, and then, ultimately, excited by how this moment could be her windfall.

"Here's what I'm offering," Olga said, in an effort to calm Meegan's hysteria at the upset calls that had been coming into the office. "For all our clients already under contract, you take them over and you'll get the rest of the money they owe us. My business name is mud, so start your own LLC. You can keep all the photos for your portfolio and any leads that might still come in. It's time for you to hang your own shingle anyway."

"What will it cost me?" Meegan said, with skepticism.

Truthfully Olga wanted to just walk away from the whole thing and not think of it again. The ability to shed this entire persona felt, in the moment, priceless. But she couldn't be stupid. Her monthly expenses were high, her savings pathetic. She needed to buy time to figure herself out.

"Let's call it twenty percent off of anything you book for the next year."

"Wow!" Meegan said cheerfully. "You know, Olga, you've been such an amazing mentor to me. I've learned so much. Often, before I make decisions, I ask myself, 'How would Olga handle this?"

"That's sweet."

"And true. Even now I'm asking myself that and thinking, wow! If someone with pretty dubious bookkeeping practices and a stockroom full of possibly stolen liquor, caviar, and linen napkins asked Olga for twenty percent off the top of her receipts for a year, what would Olga say? She would probably tell them to fuck off and then call Page Six. That's definitely what Olga would do. Am I right?"

Olga laughed. She'd underestimated Meegan. She almost felt she owed her protégé an apology. Almost.

She sighed into the phone. "I've taught you well, then, Grasshopper. Okay. How about this? Take over the office lease, pay my health insurance for a year, and we'll just call it a wash? In fact, I'll thank you for taking this off my hands and not totally pissing these families off."

"That," Meegan said, the joy of conquest in her voice, "sounds reasonable."

"Then it's a deal. I'll call my lawyer to make sure it's all aboveboard."

"Wait!" Meegan said just as Olga was about to hang up, "what about Laurel?"

Laurel Blumenthal had just requested a contract two days prior, but as Olga now informed Meegan, she had been the very first call Olga had received to inform her that she was sorry, but "it just wasn't going to work out." Olga had been surprised, given what a champion of liberal causes Laurel had claimed to be. "Olga, I want you to know that I am fully with you *in spirit*," Laurel had said over the phone, "but *in practice* you just are a little left of center for Carl's taste and, at the end of the day..."

Olga told her not to worry, she completely understood. Laurel assured her that, to prove how much she was with her *in spirit*, she and Carl were stocking Bethenny Frankel's plane with supplies to bring down. Olga thanked her for her generosity. She meant it.

* * *

HAPPY AS SHE was, Olga still had some highly practical problems on her plate, mainly, her lack of income. There was, of course, a simple solution available: give up the lease on her Fort Greene apartment and move back to Fifty-third Street, where she could live off her paltry savings, rent free, while she figured it out. But she had promised Christian, had gone to the mat with Prieto about it, had gotten Matteo to help her paint, and replaced the cabinets in the kitchen for him and everything. Her word should mean something, no?

Besides, no one in her family knew that her business had dissolved; her role was to be there for solutions, not to show up with problems. With the exception of her Tío Richie—who felt that she, and the rest of the Libs, needed to be more respectful of the president—her family thought that her outburst, and its virality, had been by turns "dope," "fierce," and, as her brother said, "absolutely necessary to cut through the noise of disaster platitudes." Her cousins, aunts, and uncles saw the clip appear on *The Shade Room*, tweeted by Don Lemon, discussed on *The Breakfast Club*, and replayed with subtitles on *¡Despierta América!* and couldn't see a downside. They didn't see that there was a separate, shadow media universe where she'd been positioned as a villain, a traitor, a radical. She knew, with the exception of her brother, that none of them could ever conceive that truth telling could have negative consequences. They also didn't understand how precarious her financial ecosystem was, how her personality and personal views only had room to exist so long as they were in service of her clients' ideas and ideals.

The only one who did seem to understand the fiscal implications of the incident, despite being mildly amused as it played out in real time, was Matteo, whose occupation also involved the whims and desires of others.

"You're the main story on Fox News!" he said that night at Olga's place.

"Get out of here!" she said, walking to get closer to the TV.

And there it was: the host of one of the opinion shows playing her clip.

Talking about how unhinged she was. How irresponsible it was of *Good Morning, Later* to air her crazy conspiracy theories. How, upon basic research, they discovered she'd made her living working with exactly the kinds of families she was now implicating in some kind of "plot" to destroy an island of people who had driven up their own debt, had proven unable to govern themselves, and were fully at the mercy of our American benevolence to rebuild their island. Then, he said that if Olga didn't like the way they did things in America she should go back to Puerto Rico.

"Puerto Rico is America, you fucking dummies! And I'm from fucking Brooklyn! Jesus!" she screamed at the TV.

Matteo shut it off and turned towards her.

"Well, no looking back now. You're officially a part of the radical left!" He laughed. "In seriousness, though, Olga, you good with money?"

"Why moneybags," she joked, "you gonna float me?"

"I mean, I would if you need it. Even if it's just some breathing room."

Olga was unsure why Matteo felt so confident about either his own finances or her ability to regroup. She had a bit of cash she could live off. For a bit of time. She'd gone her entire adult life without relying on anyone for fiscal help, let alone a man, and this was one of the few things she was personally proud of. She would land on her feet.

"You don't even know how much I appreciate you," she said, crawling next to him on the sofa, "but, no thank you. I'm gonna be good."

* * *

Two weeks later she found herself in a small restaurant in Brighton Beach underneath the elevated B train having borscht with Igor.

"It's better with the cream," Igor said, gesturing towards a small bowl of sour cream that had been laid out on the plastic tablecloth. Above his head a small television screen played RU. The restaurant was completely tiled, with silver-backed chairs. A casual, family-style establishment.

Olga complied and put a dollop into her bright red soup.

"So, what do they need exactly?" Olga asked. They had been making chitchat for the past fifteen minutes and while she liked Igor, she wanted to get the show on the road. Recognizing herself unsuited for a nine-to-five job, she weighed her options and, with much trepidation, picked up the phone to let Igor know that she'd finally "come around." She'd love to help their friends with their problems.

"They need you to make them a little party, for the daughter's first birthday. Somewhere nice, like the Plaza or something. You know, Eloise."

"Okay, and?"

"You make it look like it cost, let's say, half a million."

Olga laughed. "For a kid's party?"

Igor rolled his eyes at her.

"Make it look that way on paper," he said flatly. "And nice enough that if someone saw the pictures, they might believe it."

Olga nodded. "And how much am I really supposed to be spending?"

"Let's say our friends would like to get about four hundred thousand back."

"And if they don't? What happens to me?"

Igor laughed. "Olga? Are we not friends? Why do you worry so much? We've never had problems with you delivering your end of the bargain before."

"We," Olga said, "meaning, you and I, are friends. But I don't know who these other people are, and they don't know me—"

Igor interrupted her. "Of course, you would get your normal fee for this kind of thing, in cash. Plus, you know, a bonus."

He pulled a gym bag from the empty seat next to his and handed it to her. She pulled it up on her lap and unzipped it just enough to peek inside. There was cash and a velvet box.

"It's fifteen thousand and a nice necklace that I figured you could keep ... or sell. Your choice, but the boss thought it would look nice on you." He smiled. "You know, if you go back on TV."

Olga eyed him cautiously. "You saw that, too?"

Igor laughed. "But of course! I have the Twitter!"

Olga giggled slightly.

"You know, Olga, my people really like your president. He is, what we call, a useful idiot. So, on that, we'll agree to disagree."

MAY 2016

Prieto,

Borikén, the original name of the island from which you and I descend, means Land of the Noble Lord. This name was given by the Taíno, the native people. For centuries, the Taíno lived in small, organized communities, until 1508, when a man named Ponce de León arrived. In short order, he robbed and cheated the Taíno of their soil and freedom, leaving them subjects and slaves to the Spanish. After the Spanish pillaged the island of its metals and ores, they claimed land that previously belonged to no one and stole African bodies to work it. In time, these acts of horror led to the birth of the Puerto Rican people as we know them today—a mix of Taíno, Spanish, and African blood. Our nation born, some might say, from the pain of colonialism. I, however, choose to see our people as birthed from the Land of the Noble Lord.

I believe this because for nearly as long as Puerto Rico has existed as a place oppressed, we have fought to break free. The year 1527 saw our first slave rebellion. In 1848, our first outright revolt. And of course, in 1868, el Grito de Lares. Each rebellion undermined the same way. Puerto Rican traitors. Weakminded individuals, full of self-loathing. Who didn't believe in the power of their Taíno blood, the strength of their African ancestors. Individuals who could only hear the voice of the colonizer, whispering to them that without a white master nation, we, Borikén, would fail.

In 1898, after four hundred years of Spanish dominion, Puerto Rico had its first free election as an independent nation. We did not know that as we took this step towards self-determination, one of our own—a true lombriz named Dr. Julio Henna—was meeting with U.S. senators, convincing them of the treasure to be had if they annexed Puerto Rico. Their nation—America—was restless after the collapse of slavery. White supremacists were desperate for new Brown bodies to dominate; the capitalists salivated for new lands to exploit. And so began their destruction of Puerto Rico.

The next year, 1899, nature assisted. A great hurricane came to the island, killing thousands, leaving a quarter of the population homeless and wiping out

all the coffee crops the jíbaros had been growing. With our people bankrupt and hungry, the gringos came and stole whatever was left. The Americans took farmland, they taxed crop exports, and, in the greatest blow, they took over our schools and our language. They forced on us a second-class citizenship, one where we could be drafted into their wars, segregated by their racism, but not allowed a voice in our own governance.

But we never stopped rebelling. Some refused to become citizens, refused to fill out their census forms, refused to identify as one race when we were always made of many. We insisted on our language, insisted on flying our old flag. We rebelled in ways big and small. Boricuas like Pedro Albizu Campos began to organize our people. We began to rise up, but just as quickly, traitorous snakes would sell us out, telling the police of our plans and actions, getting Nationalists assassinated in the streets.

Elected officials are the favorite henchmen of this puppet American democracy. In 1937, months after ordering the massacre of Independendistas in Ponce, a Boricua governor legalized the sterilization of our women. If they couldn't kill us off in the streets, they would stop our growth in the womb. In 1948, lombriz officials passed la Ley de la Mordaza: on the world stage America bragged about freedom of speech, while in Puerto Rico, we "citizens" were imprisoned for flying our flags, singing patriotic songs, speaking aloud the belief that we, the children of Borikén, could exist independent of an American master. Governors like Luis Muñoz Marín, or Pedro Rosselló, or this current pendejo, García Padilla. They distract us with rhetoric, pocketing money with one hand and tightening our chains with the other.

Prieto, this boot has been pressing down on Puerto Rico's neck for far too long, held in place by politicians of our own kind. I had taken pride in the fact that you, my son, were different. That you were trying to lift the boot off. That you were "our champion" on the mainland. Now, I no longer feel so sure.

For months, I've been writing to make what should seem the obvious case as to why you cannot support PROMESA. Yet, I see nothing in public from you but silence. You've yet to indicate how you will vote. No op-eds, no official statements against this garbage legislation. Is this indecision? Or is it treachery?

This will be my final plea. This bill you will vote on, PROMESA? It's not a promise, but a death sentence for our people. The last bit of pressure that will finally break our necks. It's designed to worsen our people's lives while stuffing the bankers' coffers. It forces puertorriqueños to foot a bill run up by gringos

and our complicit compatriots. Anything this American government feels we owe them was paid for, in full, by the land and crops and lives that their imperialism has already stolen from us.

And so, I will wait. To see if you will be my son of the Noble Land or just a son of a bitch.

Pa'lante, Mami

OCTOBER 2017

IN THE MOUNTAINS

Though blindfolded by a band of fabric gone damp with his own sweat, Prieto could tell from the pitch of the road that they were heading into the mountains; the weight of his own body pushed against the back of the hot car seat. The drive was slow. They stopped frequently to, by the sound of it, clear blockages from the roads. Periodically one of the Pañuelos Negros would cock their pistol, pressing it to the back of Prieto or Mercedes's heads, reminding them not to touch their blindfolds. The first time this happened, Mercedes grabbed the fingers of Prieto's hand and he squeezed them in return. By the third time, they kept their hands bound to each other for comfort.

* * *

PRIETO HADN'T PLANNED on returning to Puerto Rico quite so soon, but when Mercedes reached out to say she was pursuing a news story of concern to him, he booked himself on the first flight his schedule would allow. He'd been surprised to hear from her. They had struck up a friendship, but given the difficulty making calls from the island—even with the solar-powered cellular balloons Google had deployed—he knew it must be of import.

They arranged to meet for a beer at a bar in Condado, and as Prieto made his way to the café, he took in the surreal state of the capital. This was his third trip since the storm hit nearly five weeks prior and the chaos of recovery had developed a rhythm of its own. He left his hotel air-conditioning—now powered via industrial-sized generators—and walked through the sun-baked streets where, unaided by FEMA or anyone else, residents had taken up the arduous task of cleaning the streets: removing stagnant water, gathering rubble, chopping wooden debris. Traffic lights still didn't function, but a self-regulated system had developed that somehow kept order. There were still lines—for food, for water, for a patch of sky where your phone might get service—but an air of

determination had somehow wedged its way into the despair. He passed a park, where a small crowd gathered around a group of pleneros, and smirked as he absorbed the lyrics of the song they were singing:

With his red hair he came to mock us, go back to the White House, leave us in peace.

The café itself was crowded. People sipped cocktails, a salsa band played, and operations were in full swing, while at the building next to them, a work crew was making repairs to a roof. Across the street a group of men—civilians, not PREPA employees—aimed to repair a fractured utility pole while news crews filmed coverage in the foreground.

"Isn't it crazy," Mercedes offered, when she arrived, "how fast people can move when money is on the line?"

Prieto raised an eyebrow at her.

"The pace of recovery here is like nowhere else on the island, completely driven by the real estate developers repackaging this area. Haven't you noticed how many gringos are here?"

Prieto had in fact noticed. The area was marked by several high-rises that looked as luxurious as anything he'd seen built in New Brooklyn and had suspected they were interrelated.

"The Puertopians. They've been coming for the tax breaks. Certainly no one wants to keep them waiting too long for their air-conditioning," she said with a sarcastic laugh.

They ordered drinks and Prieto marveled at how together Mercedes seemed, despite the stress of documenting a disaster that she herself had been experiencing.

"Does this ever get you down?"

"Of course, but living here was Kafkaesque before Maria, so?" She shrugged her shoulders and raised her glass. "So, we have to keep laughing, drinking, dancing when we can, right?"

Prieto toasted her, and she continued: "Besides, here in San Juan, me and my family are fortunate. En el campo ... people are washing their clothes in streams, rationing water. I talked to one woman living completely without a roof; every time it rains, she wades through water. It's surreal. More than anything they are fleeing, but you know that."

Prieto did indeed know that; an exodus of over two hundred thousand had

already relocated to Florida, New York, Massachusetts. Who could blame them? Especially the college students, the people with school-age children. The lights were out, the schools were closed, and there was no way to know when they would open again.

"So, now," Mercedes said as she leaned in, "why you're here. I was really intrigued by what you saw that day in Maunabo—"

"About the Pan—"

"Yes," she cut in, and he understood what should and shouldn't be said. "As I've been traveling around the island reporting, I've been making some inquiries, in a more serious way. From what I've come to understand, this compound that they've built—"

"Wait, it's real? Last time we spoke you said it was lore."

"The last time we spoke, I hadn't spent as much time in the mountains. I hadn't seen the graffiti."

Mercedes took out her phone and scrolled through some photos before handing it to him. Prieto lost his breath. The image was a black spray-painted stencil of a woman's face, a beret on her head, her face concealed by a large bandana, but it took him just a second to recognize the eyes, even as rendered in a crude stencil. He had just seen them the day before he left, on Olga. His sister, who'd inherited them from their mother.

"What is this?" Prieto asked.

"Well, it's their mark. They have been leaving it in all the rural towns where they've delivered supplies. Mainly water, but also rice, beans, dry goods that, with the water, the people can use to sustain themselves. They've managed to get to many places FEMA seems to have struggled to reach."

"But who is this?" he said with more insistence than he'd intended, gesturing to the woman's face on the stencil.

"I don't know exactly, but I've made contact with one member who says she is their leader. Which, I must say, is pretty fucking badass in a machista culture like ours." Mercedes paused to sip her drink. "So, about a week after I managed to convince this ... member to speak with me, I get a letter at the paper's office, no return address, and it didn't come by post, offering to bring me to their compound to hear what they are about and bring word to the people down the mountain."

"Really now?" Prieto said, trying to mask the nervous energy that had begun to bubble up in him.

"There were a number of conditions laid out. I would have to agree to be

blindfolded, to have my phone confiscated for the journey, to only use one of their devices should I feel the need to record, and, most unusually, to bring you."

"Me? Specifically?"

"Most specifically." She now pulled the letter from her purse and read, "And, of course, we hope you will arrange to bring your friend, the Honorable Pedro Acevedo, known once as the people's champion on the mainland." She showed it to him. He knew the handwriting immediately; the word "once" triple underlined. His mother. So subtle.

"Hmm," Prieto offered.

"So, will you do it?"

His mother, the enigma of his life, was luring him in, but he was unsure if it was a trap or something else. His nervous energy, he realized now, was not that of excitement, but that of dread.

"Yes. Of course. When do we go?"

Two days later they found themselves in the parking lot of Mercedes's office a few hours before dawn, a challenging feat given the curfew still in effect. Indeed, it was a police detail that initially approached them in the empty carpark. They had worked out a story should this sort of thing happen, but as the vehicle drew near, they saw that both of the passengers' faces were shielded by black bandanas, guns drawn in their direction. The story was unnecessary. They raised their hands in surrender.

* * *

By the time they reached their destination and were told they could remove their blindfolds, the sun was high in the sky. From the police car, they'd been transferred to a helicopter. After the helicopter, an SUV. He had no clue how long the journey had taken. Mercedes, as his proxy, had agreed to all of the Pañuelos' conditions for the meeting while offering only one of their own—that they would be back in the parking lot no more than twenty-three hours after their departure. They had only the Pañuelos' word that they would adhere to that concession, and Prieto was now starkly aware of how insecure their footing was.

It was only after they were instructed to get out of the truck that worry gave way to wonder. There, not even a hundred yards ahead of them, surrounded by bare ceiba trees and bald shrubbery, was a large, two-story structure, painted jungle green, with big, open windows through which they could see oversized ceiling fans, blades twirling. Electricity. In the midst of the forest. For a moment, Prieto assumed it was a generator, until he noticed the solar panels on the roof

and, in the distance, a large wind turbine, all of which somehow survived the storm.

A young man named Tirso approached the vehicle. He wore a Brooks Brothers shirt with the sleeves rolled up and no bandana. As he greeted them by name, he offered what he assured them was fresh filtered water and cool wet towels. Their welcome rivaled an arrival to Fantasy Island, minus the three armed Pañuelos standing behind them. Tirso informed them that he would be taking them on a brief tour of the compound before taking them to meet, as he phrased it, "Leadership."

"She doesn't like that term, as we are intended to be a decentralized organization, but, for practical purposes, labels can be helpful, no?" he asked. They nodded before being frisked one more time and the guns, finally, put away.

The building they had seen on their first approach was, on their tour, merely a pass-through. Beyond it lay the courtyard of a much larger compound, all formed in a clearing of the now storm-ravaged forest. The edifices of the series of small buildings were each emblazoned with murals: Pedro Albizu Campos, Che, Zapata, Ojeda Ríos, and, to his disbelief, his own mother. Everywhere people were at work: some repairing damaged roofs, others carting water.

"In the main building," Tirso explained, "we have our classroom—for the children of our membership as well as for cultural studies and, as needed, learning opportunities for members who've been previously disenfranchised from their right to a proper education, either by economic or systemic discriminatory practices."

"Like being locked up in a juvenile detention facility?" Prieto offered.

"Some, yes," Tirso offered with a smile; the smile never faltered. He continued: "The main building also holds our administrative offices and some dormitory space. Across the courtyard is our medical building, which currently is being used to package supplies for distribution around the island—insulin, birth control, asthma inhalers, and other basic medical needs suddenly in short supply due to Maria. To the right is our commissary and dry goods storage—again, it is servicing the compound, but it's also being put to use as a staging area to distribute rice, beans, and other foods to more remote villages rendered isolated by the storm. Our greenhouse—which you can see to the right—sustained significant damage, as did the outdoor gardens just beyond it, but we managed to salvage and preserve what we could quickly, and we're already beginning to replant. Most significantly, just past the medical building is our water collection and purification system. We have been water and energy

independent on the compound for the past five years. Our water reserves are so plentiful, they've enabled us to bottle and distribute our own supply of water to many of the neighboring towns—"

"That FEMA hasn't reached," Mercedes interjected.

"That FEMA has not tried to reach," Tirso corrected, smile still beaming. "But the people see that we, fellow puertorriqueños, are reaching them, with water from our island, filtered by a system designed by engineers educated on our island. They see that most of our problems can be resolved with the cooperation of the people of Puerto Rico, without the help of the United States."

"And the problems you can't solve here?" Mercedes asked.

"Well, that's just a matter of time," Tirso offered.

Tirso had a polish about him that felt familiar to Prieto, but out of place for a radical militant compound. It stunk of spin rooms and lobbyists.

"And how long," Prieto asked, "have you been here?"

"Me?" Tirso laughed. "A little less than a year. Your m—Leadership had been in touch with me for quite some time, inviting me down, but honestly, it wasn't until after the election that I realized I could no longer use my talents to support a system that had no regard for me or anyone like me."

"Can I ask what you were doing before?"

"Running Spanish media crisis communications for Facebook."

A young kid ran up to them from the compound's main building, handing Tirso a note.

"Leadership is ready to see you now, Mercedes."

Prieto's stomach and heart fell, and he was startled by his conflicted emotions. Mercedes locked eyes with him. He could sense her surprise as well.

"And me?" he offered, attempting to seem nonchalant.

"They've asked just for her, right now. But I was told you can explore. We are proud of what we've done here; nothing to hide, really."

And with that, they walked away.

Prieto wandered the expansive courtyard of his mother's compound, finding himself both impressed and disturbed at the scale of it. There were easily forty to fifty people that he could see, all busy at work, and God only knows how many he couldn't see.

This couldn't have all been here during the Ojeda Ríos days. The FBI would have shut it down. Burned it down. No, his mother had built this. All of this, hiding in plain sight. But from where had the money come? Who was funding all of this? He wandered into the medical building—a simple concrete structure

maybe big enough to hold half a dozen sickbeds and a couple of exam rooms, but now filled with folding tables where a dozen Pañuelos had formed assembly lines, boxing up packages of medicines for distribution. At work, in the privacy of their compound, they wore the black of the Pañuelos, but their bandanas were down. They were mainly kids—teens, college students—boys and girls, both. Bad Bunny was blasting, and they rapped along: "*Tú no metes cabra, saramambiche*." You ain't shit, son of a bitch. They barely acknowledged his presence in the room.

Prieto gave them a head nod as he made his way towards one of the tables piled high with boxes of insulin, all marked with the same giant S logo. He pulled out a vial stamped *Sanareis*. Where did he know that name from? He wandered back outside, curious to check out the water filtration system. His mother was clever, tapping into the youth. The University of Puerto Rico had long produced some of the country's best engineers, only to lose them to the mainland. Somehow, with this manic dream of hers, she'd figured out how to lure some of them up here.

The flora around the compound had been severely damaged, but he could see how, in normal circumstances, the jungle would have obscured much of the infrastructure that had been created around the compound. But nothing, he thought, would have ever masked the massive wind turbine he found himself approaching now; he was dwarfed by it. The base had a small staircase leading up to a portal door, for maintenance, he imagined. Above the door, a manufacturer's label of sorts. He climbed the stairs to read it: *Podremos*. Fucking Reggie King. This was the company he was a partner in. The fucking insulin, too. That's why it had seemed familiar. He saw a small garage in the distance, painted the same dark green as the main house; he'd have missed it were the trees not stripped bare. As he made his way over, he thought of the oped. Replayed Reggie's interrogation from his Hamptons fundraiser. How much had his mother been a part of all that show? How the fuck did they link up in the first place? When Reggie had been dating Olga, their mother had sent Prieto countless letters attempting to enlist him in the cause of breaking them up; now he seemed to be, at least in part, financing her commune? Or was it a cult?

He pulled at the garage door, which rolled up easily, the bright sun illuminating a small arsenal. But before Prieto could take in the full scope of weaponry it contained, he heard what had suddenly become the familiar sound of a Glock cocking. He put his hands up before he could turn around.

* * *

A FEW MINUTES later he was back at the big house, his armed escort right behind him, smiling Tirso waiting to greet him, another bottle of water in hand.

"Yo, man," Prieto called out as he walked towards him, "I thought you said you had no secrets here?"

"We don't! All those weapons were legally purchased. We're U.S. citizens. We are protected by the Second Amendment. But, obviously, we keep it guarded as we do have minors on property. That's only being responsible, isn't it, Congressman?"

Prieto decided that he hated Tirso.

"So, um, when do I get to meet with 'Leadership'?" he asked.

"Actually, now." And so, Prieto followed Tirso into the main building, down a corridor and to a closed wooden door, goose bumps forming on his arms, despite the oppressive heat.

THE CALL

For nearly two weeks, Olga had been trying to give Chef José Andrés \$9,999 to help with the makeshift kitchens he had set up to feed Puerto Rico in Maria's aftermath. If videos of the hurricane's devastation had been her tragedy porn, their antidote were the clips of the dynamic chef making meals for thousands under impossible conditions. She searched social media for them, each one eliciting cathartic tears. The issue with the gift was, of course, that it was in the form of a duffel bag of cash, adding a layer of logistical difficulty to her philanthropic inclination. She tried to send it down with her brother on his last trip, but when he realized that she didn't want him to pass along a check, but actual cash, he balked.

"Why do you have this much cash?" he asked.

"My client's in a cash-based business and pays me accordingly."

"¡Loca! Just deposit it and make an online donation like everybody else!"

She didn't bother making an excuse, instead resorting to guilt. "Why do you have to make everything so difficult? I do so much for you; why can't you do this for me?"

"I don't even think this is legal! He won't be able to accept this."

"I purposefully made it under ten K to keep it aboveboard. If you get it to him, he'll figure out how to put it to use. He's a hospitality person; we figure shit out."

Still, he refused. She had thought about going down herself but felt paralyzed to book a ticket. Though she knew it was important work, helpful work, something about swooping in and handing out supplies like she had seen all the white relief workers do on TV made her grimace. Not the labor of it—she was not a person afraid of hard work—but the feeling of it. It made her feel American in the worst possible way: dropping in and out of your own comfort, doing work of limited skill, then patting yourself on the back for it. Or worse,

feeling pity for a people to whom she was connected. Furthermore, she had not heard from her mother, directly or otherwise, since the encounter with Reggie, and Olga felt somehow that the island was her mother's place. She should not go without an invitation.

For related reasons, Olga had been steering clear of Reggie King. However, she recognized now that he could easily resolve her charitable dilemma. Since the storm, Reggie had been going back and forth on his own plane—with supplies, with the media, with musical artists—and, as she suspected, he listened to her objective with little question or concern, saying only that he would send Clyde to get the bag. This disappointed Olga only in that she was sorry to hear Clyde had not yet gone back to school. So, when she heard the knock on her door, she quickly ran through her planned script to gently scold him.

But it was not Clyde. It was her aunt Karen, flanked by two escorts, their faces covered by black bandanas. The sight pulled the breath from Olga's mouth. Before she could say a word, they had pushed past her and were, as Karen explained, doing a sweep for "bugs." Her brother had told her wild things about her mother that Reggie only amplified and colored in, yet these stories failed to prepare her for the terrifying and surreal sensation of the Pañuelos Negros invading her apartment. Of seeing that it was all true. Of knowing that if they were here it was only because her mother had sent them.

"Okay," Aunt Karen declared when the place was deemed secure, "if we are all clear, you can wait downstairs now, okay?"

Karen had spent most of her life in front of a classroom, and her professorial delivery reared its head even in moments such as now. Her casual demeanor made Olga herself relax, take her aunt in. Olga had not seen her in nearly a decade, since shortly after her grandmother died. Karen had aged, but not nearly as much as Olga would have thought. She had always found her aunt beautiful, and she was still so now. Olga imagined that Karen and her mother must have been quite the pair when they were young.

"Olga," her aunt offered with warmth, "you are glowing. Are you in love?"

Olga's mother had never believed in witchcraft, but her grandmother had, and she had always felt—with some degree of fear and reservation—that La Karen, as she called her, had a bruja's touch. Olga felt herself blushing but unable to speak.

"You reveal yourself, girl!" Karen sighed with a smile as she made her way to the sofa. Olga felt her eyeing the apartment. Judging. Taking in the accoutrements of bourgeoisie that Olga had, at one point, been so proud of having accrued, and now felt embarrassed of. Olga and Prieto had grown up with Karen in their lives, but the relationship belonged, first and foremost, to their mother, who had, according to their grandmother, worshiped at Karen's altar when they were in high school. Karen: the first person their mother had ever connected with utterly independent of her siblings or her family or her neighborhood. Theirs had been a closeness that nothing rivaled—not their mother's relationship with her children, and certainly not with their father. Olga's mother had once said that in her life only Karen had never disappointed her; only Karen lived a life as big as she was. To Olga, this was as close to having her mother near as she might ever get.

"So, sit your butt down," Karen commanded. How did she feel so comfortable bossing Olga around in her own house? Karen pulled a flip phone out of her tote bag. "Your mama's gonna call us"—she checked her watch — "soon."

Olga's heart began racing, at a pace that scared her. Karen pulled her down to the sofa and patted her hand.

"I know," she said, "it's been a while, but it's still just your mama. Time means nothing when it comes to our mothers."

But Olga couldn't breathe. The tears welled but wouldn't come. She couldn't remember her mother's voice. She couldn't even imagine it. And then, she didn't need to. The phone rang and Karen answered.

* * *

"WE ARE HERE," Karen said. "Both of us." She put it on speaker.

"¿Querida? ¿Querida, mi Olga? Are you there?" her mother said.

"¿Mami?" Olga asked, the word quivering in her mouth. She was thirteen, or younger, again, her mother's voice rewinding time, and pain, and hurt, and bitterness. "¡Mami! It's you!"

"Sí, Olga. It's me! Mija, someone showed me the clip of you on the news! I was so proud. Finally, you've found your voice."

The tears had come now, but Olga smiled through them. Pride was a feeling her mother had always reserved for Prieto; she bathed in it now.

"Something just came over me, Mami," she said.

"What came over you was the truth. There comes for each of us a moment when we can't turn our backs to abuses of power, and this was your moment. It's still your moment, Olga. Here in Puerto Rico we are on the cusp of the liberation that has evaded our people for over a hundred years, and I believe that you, mija, can help deliver us the key to unlock this door."

"Me?" Olga said with disbelief.

"Claro, mija. Olga, you see the news; how the government has had us on our knees—before Maria, even—begging for power, like citizens of a third-world country? We have long known our need to get out from under the thumb of this corrupt government and PREPA. Slowly, we have been accumulating solar and wind energy sources, but we can no longer afford to move slowly."

"Mami, this makes sense, but why not talk to Prieto—"

"Ay, Olga," her mother said, not even attempting to conceal her disgust. "If I wanted the help of a bureaucratic lombriz, I'd sit around waiting for Ricky to do something."

Olga was taken aback. Wounded on her brother's behalf. Prieto had said their mother was angry, had told her about the box of worms, yet the vitriol with which their mother spoke of her son still shocked her.

"Mami, I know you're upset about the PROMESA stuff, but—"

"Olguita, we can't waste time on Prieto," her mother said, impatience in her voice. "If it was just his PROMESA vote, I'd think him weak willed, but no, it's much, much worse. He's been lining his pockets voting against his own people! The worst kind of traitor—"

"Mami," Olga pleaded, "there's got to have been a mis—"

"Nena, please," she offered firmly. "Enough. We don't need Prieto. We really just need you."

Olga was quiet for a moment, straining to absorb this deluge of emotions and information. Her mother continued.

"Olguita," she said, the coo back in her voice, "what I need now is the kind of intervention that can only come from the private sector. Where they can move outside the confines of government. What I need now is someone to commit to selling us—the people of Puerto Rico—large numbers of solar panels, and to commit to getting them to us quickly. I'm not looking for a handout now, mind you. We have money—we have some very generous patrons to our cause—but, for the volume of panels that we are looking for, we need someone willing to ... bargain. And, of course, not ask too many questions."

"And you think I know someone like this?" Olga asked, dumbfounded.

"Por supuesto. I think you know them well. I saw a picture of you two together in the Style Section, mija, at one of those fancy Hamptons parties you are always going to."

A chill ran down Olga's spine before she intellectually understood why.

"Did you know your novio, Richard, is one of the largest producers and distributors of solar panels in the United States?"

Anxiety flooded Olga; she was unsure how to disrupt her mother's plans with the inconvenient realities of her love life.

"I, um, didn't know that, Mami. I didn't ask too much about his work. Pero, Mami, I cut things off with Dick—"

"¿Y? So?" her mother interjected. "People reconcile, no?"

"I..." Olga felt, instinctively, that she should not mention Matteo; that to do so would only expose him—their relationship—to her mother's verbal assault. She knew that, in service of the revolution, her personal happiness—anyone's, really—was of little concern. She didn't need her mother to confirm that. Her mother, seeming to sense her hesitation, pounced.

"Your whole life, Olga, you've been able to charm your way in and out of anything you've wanted. Wrap people around your finger! I've always admired that about you. I have no doubts you can do it again now with this Richard. It's a chance to put your talents and connections in the service of something important for a change. Wouldn't you like the chance to do that? For your Mami? For your gente?"

Her pulse quickened. In Olga's heart there was a pin-sized hole of infinite depth that made every day slightly more painful than it needed to be. She thought of it, this hole, as a birth defect. The space where, in a normal heart, a mother's love was meant to be. Olga felt before her a chance to finally heal this aching wound. Tears welled again in her eyes and she sniffled in the silence before she finally spoke.

"I ... I can try."

"Bueno." Her mother concluded: "Señor Reyes will reach out with details. Pa'lante, mija."

And with that she hung up, though her energy hovered in the room for much longer.

* * *

KAREN'S GAZE FELT warm against the chill the call had left her with. Neither woman spoke for a long time.

"I take it this Richard is not the person giving you the glow?" Karen eventually asked.

Olga shook her head no.

"You don't have to help her, you know. At the end of the day, this is your

life."

Olga was surprised that Karen, her mother's ride-or-die, was saying this.

"But she's my mother. How do you turn down your mother?" Olga asked, not quite rhetorically.

"Olga, I love your mother as much, if not more, than my actual sibling, but there's a reason that I never had kids. Mothering and birthing a child are not the same. Children don't ask to be born. They don't owe anybody anything. This is one area your mother and I never saw eye to eye on, frankly. I'm down for her cause—no American can be truly free while we still have colonies. If your rights are less because you're born in one place, not another, how meaningful are those rights in the first place? But, and this is a big but, that's why you should talk to this Richard dude, not because you owe your mother anything. If you've got a good thing going on and this business opens a whole can of worms ... Well, all I'm saying is, it's okay to choose yourself. This is, I assure you, what I'd do. And it's certainly what your mother would do."

Olga thought about Matteo. How for the first time, really ever, she had been consciously imagining a future with someone. How good it had felt to begin to really let someone in. How she felt the constriction in her chest that she'd held for years begin to release. How different the whole thing had been from whatever it was she'd had with Dick, which she'd let drag on for far too long. Dick. She sighed. The world felt so heavy again.

"Did you hear her say that she was proud of me?" Olga asked.

"I did. It was a bold thing you did. Radical, as we used to say in the old days."

It had felt good, that approval, something she'd previously thought only her brother could earn.

"Karen?" Olga asked. "My brother. I think she's—"

Karen sucked her teeth. "Olga, your brother is a sorry-ass sellout. Hell, I'm ... 'furious' is not the word. And PROMESA is just the tip of the damn iceberg. When he canceled the hearing this summer, well, that raised some eyebrows with your mother and some of her ... supporters. They did some digging; he's been on the take from the Selby brothers for years."

"What?" Olga asked, incredulous. "What do you mean? For money?"

"What else could it be? They have a big stake in the debt down in P.R., have been buying up land. But it goes back longer than that. They looked at his votes from when he was on the City Council. Every fucked-up thing that's happened to this city over the past fifteen, twenty years—the luxury developments

displacing normal, working people, the retail and grocery stores only the 1 percent can afford to patronize, all of it—if the Selbys had a hand in it, which they almost always did, your brother voted to pave the way for them."

Olga did not want to believe it, but her aunt's words sparked a recollection. How upset her brother had been when Olga had mentioned Nick Selby. How vigorously he protested the notion that he and the Selbys were friends. A wave of nausea overtook her.

She looked out her windows at her beloved Fort Greene, the landscape now spiked with luxury high-rises, many of which the Selbys built after the City Council had voted to rezone the area for the stadium. She thought about Bush Terminal, the bars creeping up Fifth Avenue. She thought about the small businesses lost after the recession, after Sandy, their retail corpses replaced by hotels and big box stores. The creep of wealth and whiteness that had slowly, steadily been frog boiling her hometown, pushing out and scattering families like her own.

"The most painful wounds," Papi used to say, "are those inflicted by our own kind." He was, she realized now, absolutely right.

* * *

BY THE TIME Olga met Matteo for dinner that evening she was quite drunk. After her aunt had gone, Olga poured herself a large glass of vodka and did not stop drinking until she could stop her body from shaking. She could not bring herself to tell him about the visit, she could not imagine articulating her mother's request. He could see that she was upset and tried to comfort her, to dig into whatever ill was plaguing her. His niceness and kindness enraged her. She bit into him every chance she could, gnawing on anything and everything that came out of his mouth as viciously as possible. When he walked her home and said perhaps they should spend the night apart, she was pleased. She was alone. As she deserved to be.

TODOPODEROSA

He hadn't thought that he would cry, but as soon as he saw her, the tears blinded him. Thick, wet, large drops. He could hardly step closer; words choked in his throat. It was just that he couldn't believe how small she was. No more than five-foot-one or -two, thin as a wisp. When he'd seen her last, he'd been just shy of seventeen. He was scrawny and knock-kneed, just starting his last big growth spurt. He remembered hugging her good-bye before the trip from which she never returned. He had just passed her in height, and when he'd wrapped his skinny arms around her slight shoulders, she'd commented on how tall he was getting. Over the years, she had grown to a presence bigger than any physical body, looming large over the choices he made with his life each step of the way. Now, he stood before her, forty-five and broad-shouldered, easily half a foot taller than the last time he saw her, and he was shocked by the power of such a tiny wight.

* * *

THE ROOM WAS clearly her office. There was a desk, but she had been sitting on an armchair in a corner of the room. The shutters to the room were drawn. Slats of light came through and the ceiling fan cut them into shadows. Blanca gave him a moment to collect himself, her face oddly expressionless. When enough time passed, she broke into a smile.

"Okay, mijo, it's okay," she said calmly. "Come. Sit with your mother."

His ears took in her words, but his body was unable to process them, his legs laden down by the weight of the years that had passed since he'd seen her last. Sound faded, everything replaced by the pulsing of his heart pumping blood, rapid and hot, through his body. His heartbeat echoed into his brain, his head, his eyes, throbbed from it. A brain, a head, eyes, blood, a body. All of it sprung from this stranger before him. That a short cord connected them once, that her

body once nourished his, felt a shocking notion.

"Prieto. Siéntate," she now commanded.

He registered the impatience in her voice and felt a familiar, childish fear. He somehow willed himself to move. Slowly he crossed the room, his eyes transfixed by her countenance. Just the finest of lines drawn around her mouth and eyes betrayed her age. Up close, his fear melted away by the familiarity of her face; he saw a resemblance to Lourdes he'd never been able to see before and couldn't contain his emotions.

"¡Dios mío, Mami! I had never realized how much Lourdes has of you in her face! Damn! Wait until you see her; I have pictures from Mabel's wedding and she's so tall right—"

He moved to take out his phone, forgetting that the Pañuelos had confiscated it hours earlier.

"Prieto," his mother said, gesturing for him to stop, "we have other things we need to discuss. Things more important than genetic inheritance."

"Don't you want to see your granddaughter?" he asked, but as soon as he said it, he knew that she didn't.

"I want you to know," his mother said, "that in the end, you did us a favor with your PROMESA vote. The media rarely talks about it, but this austerity has caused an outrage. Students have been taking to the streets. I've recruited more brilliant puertorriqueños to our movement this year than in any other single year. PROMESA highlighted the neocolonialism that this pendejo governor and his father before him have tried to gloss over while they line their pockets with the Yanquis' money."

It was hard to comprehend that, after almost thirty years apart, she wanted to talk about PROMESA, and yet Prieto didn't know what else he had expected her to say.

"Did you really try to assassinate the governor?" he blurted out, hoping he could at least use this time with her to parse fact from fiction about these missing years.

"Many years ago, yes," she answered flatly, "and I would try it again now if I didn't think the timing was wrong."

"Is that what the guns are for?"

"I'm sure Tirso gave you a much more political answer, but in short, yes. The guns are for the day that we are truly ready for liberation."

"And when will that be?"

"When half the island—and most importantly, the jíbaros—are running like

we are, independent of the government for power and clean water."

"And this is what you need me for? To help with this ... sustainable energy project?"

She laughed, but her eyes, he saw, were cold. "No, Prieto, no. Your sister is helping with that—"

"Olga?" he asked with concern. He could not imagine how she could possibly help. "Does this involve Reggie?"

"Ay, bendito, now you care? After you stabbed me in the heart by being the worst of our kind—"

"What are you talking about?" He was angry now, frustrated by the singular lens of her worldview. "I just don't want my sister doing something crazy—"

"Is this what you think of what's happening here? We are saving our people: giving them water, food, medication. We are liberating them from one hundred and nineteen years of oppression. We are the revolution. But this, this here is what you think is crazy?"

She sighed before she continued: "I'm giving your sister a chance to finally put some purpose to an otherwise wasted life. I thought you would understand that. But, then again, I never thought you'd sell out your own community just to get your hands on some developer money."

She was standing now, hovering over him. He looked her in the eyes.

"Mami, I never took a dime from the Selbys. That, I want you to know. But they did blackmail me; I did make votes—many votes—that advanced their interests, all to the harm of Sunset Park, to the harm of Brooklyn. But no one asked me to vote a particular way on PROMESA. That was the best choice on the table. The Selbys are interested in Puerto Rico, they like PROMESA, for obvious reasons ... but more importantly—"

"So you admit it."

"Don't you even care what they were blackmailing me about?"

"Please tell me it's about something more interesting than you fucking boys."

Prieto stared at her, dumbstruck.

"It's no secret, Prieto. I've known since you were six years old. A mother always knows."

His entire body tensed itself as if bracing for a blow, but it had already landed. His pulse quickened and he could feel his hurt morphing into rage. Not towards her, but with himself. For having kept himself, and his life, in a box that he thought she would find pleasing for so long. He wanted to see what could

puncture her. What, if anything, could elicit an emotion.

"I have HIV, Mami."

"Weak, like your father," she said, shaking her head. "I had always worried that you got this from him...."

"Got what? Being gay? Disease? What the fuck are you talking about?"

She looked impatient with him. "No, Prieto, your weakness of character. Your inability to sublimate your personal satisfactions in order to live your full potential."

He was consumed with a desire to shake her. To rattle her until something resembling a mother came out.

"Your full potential'! Spare me the hypocrisy, Mami. Me. My sister. Fuck, even Tirso out there. The only 'potential' you care about is that which potentially benefits your agenda. You and Nick Selby are cut from the same fucking cloth. Everything you've built you've done by exploiting the needs of those around you." He found himself so frustrated, he got the courage to ask what he never thought he could. "All these years away from us. You don't even care about us as people. Why did you even have us?"

This question stopped Blanca in her tracks. Her posture slackened and she sat back down and looked him in the eye.

"Because your father wanted a family so badly, and at the time, I was very in love."

"And then?"

"And then I realized love, that kind of love, would not change the world."

Her words cut through his anger. He sighed and with his breath he released something he hadn't realized he'd been holding in: a fantasy. Some mythic, emotional reunion with a version of his mother that had lived, tucked deep in his imagination.

"I knew no one would understand," she continued. "But to be honest, no one's ever really understood. My whole life I felt my skin was too small for what I knew was possible for me. I spent years fighting my way off of this narrow path laid out for me—as a woman, as a Boricua. And yet, despite all my efforts, there I was. In exactly the life I'd been so desperate to avoid. I felt I was choking in Brooklyn, choking trying to compress myself into that life. I knew what everyone would think. What kind of woman leaves her family? But to me, what I did was an act of love. For what I believed I could do here, in Puerto Rico, but also for myself."

She was softer now, her voice gone quiet. A quiet covered them for a

moment.

"Why did you want to see me?" he asked.

"To tell you to leave us alone; this island isn't yours, we don't need your help."

"Who are you to say this isn't mine? This is as much my homeland as it is yours."

"Ay, but it isn't. It's barely my island, but what I didn't give to you and your sister, I've given to mi orgullo. To this place. What we're doing here? We're creating a model for what will ultimately liberate Puerto Rico."

"Communism," Prieto stated.

"Hardly," she scoffed. "I greatly admired Ojeda Ríos, but I quickly saw that he didn't have enough strategy. In Cuba, for all my idealization of Castro as a younger woman, I found too much ego. Too much hierarchy. No, it was when I traveled to the Zapatistas that I found our answer: a society led by community need. Unbeholden or dependent upon government, completely without hierarchy ___"

"But they still have a leader. You are still a leader."

"I provide creative direction. But *this* is what will finally liberate Puerto Rico."

"Anarchy."

"Agency." With that she raised her voice and shouted. "¡Oye! Entren!" And two Pañuelos armed with AK-47s walked into the room and stood at the entrance.

"Prieto, this is why you need to leave us alone. Only Puerto Ricans can unshackle themselves. Just as PROMESA helped our cause, so will Maria. Don't fight for aid for us; stop bringing the cameras down with you. Stop being a hero. ..."

"But without public pressure, the government won't act, and people will die."

"¡Coño! Don't you know that they're already dead? Let the people see what the government really thinks of them. Let them be reminded that they were considered worthless. And they will see that it was their own people who saved them. Their own people who created power, who grew food, even provided water. And you"—and now she looked at him—"you should worry about your own backyard. Because it looks like a hell of a mess from where I'm standing."

He stared at her.

"Mercedes is already on her way back to San Juan. These men are going to

take you directly to the airport."

"Wait. So, you're telling me to go home?"

"Yes, mijo. And do not come back. That's a command and not a request. That is the best thing for you, personally, and for Puerto Rico. ¿Entiendes?"

As she moved in to embrace him, he recoiled. It occurred to him that she'd not even tried to hug him when he first arrived. After all those years.

"Don't touch me," he said as he pushed her away and walked out the door.

CONTROL

Although Charmaine had assured him repeatedly that Olga would come around, Dick was still surprised—and delighted—when she texted saying she had a business proposition for him and wondered if he might want to discuss it over dinner. She'd suggested that they meet at a restaurant downtown, but he wanted to make himself clear; he had missed her, he appreciated this second chance. So, he insisted that she come to his apartment where he would, personally, make her dinner. She didn't reply immediately, which made him feel, for a moment, insecure regarding her intentions. But just as he had talked himself around it—what business proposition could she possibly have for him?—she wrote back saying that sounded sweet, but certainly too much trouble. To which he replied that she was worth it.

Dick had been ruminating on Olga, the individual, not just as his preferred physical companion, more than ever. First, of course, because of her television rant, which Nick and the boys from Exeter were all too excited to share on their group chat. But also because of all he'd learned from Agent Bonilla. While he was sure Olga didn't know most of it, just the broad strokes—being raised and then abandoned by a radical lunatic, losing her father to such a terrifying disease—it obviously had to have impacted her. Yet she had thrived. Had climbed into the same rooms with men such as himself who had been born with what some might think of as a bit of a leg up. It shone on her a new light of admiration. Indeed, he even gave her odious brother a moment of reconsideration. Such a remarkable rise. It made him feel oddly patriotic; the American dream, still possible.

He decided that, given this new information, if he had another chance with her, he would make it a point to look past foibles that led to incidents like the one at the party; it was akin to blaming a cat for having claws. The same could be said of her outburst on that morning show. At first, he'd been offended. Olga had made plenty of money off his family; her late fees alone were just short of highway robbery. Capitalism and the "elite" had serviced her well as far as Dick could tell. But he recast the episode after reviewing Bonilla's file. Given the tree she'd fallen from, he was frankly happy she wasn't more extreme. Besides, they had been in love; Dick of all people knew that while Olga might harbor feelings of resentment for the wealthy on an intellectual level, she did still see, and appreciate, people as individuals.

* * *

DICK MADE A beef Bolognese; it was his favorite thing to cook, having worked on this recipe since his college days. He made a playlist for the occasion, which now streamed through his Sonos. He'd given the housekeeper the night off. In his mind, he hoped they might do the dishes together. He wanted Olga to see that he was relatable.

She arrived exactly at 7 P.M. and brought a bottle of wine, which he found a sweet gesture, as she of all people knew that he had more than enough wine to get them through a hundred dinners. He was a bit surprised at her appearance. Normally when they got together, she was clad in high heels and some sort of dress, but today she arrived in jeans, sneakers, and a V-neck sweater that only hinted at her ample cleavage. She wore just the faintest touch of makeup on her face.

"No work today?" he asked.

She let out a bit of a laugh. "You could say that I had the day off, yes."

She was simply very pretty, he realized, as he took her in, kissing her cheek. He decided it was a good sign that she was so casual, it meant she still felt comfortable with him.

They made small talk through dinner—which she complimented heartily—and though it was slightly awkward in moments, he found her warm towards him. They both drank more wine than usual, he noticed, and wondered if she was as nervous as he was. After dinner, as he had hoped, they went back to the kitchen and she laughed at him doing the dishes.

"Better be careful, Dick. Don't want anyone mistaking you for the help," she quipped. She was leaning on the counter of the island next to him and he took her joke about their fight as an opening, wrapping his soapy hands around her waist.

"I'd work as a busboy if it meant I could spend every day with you," he said as he leaned down to kiss her neck. But she pulled away from him.

"We should talk, don't you think?" she said. He shut off the water. She was right. They should clear the air.

"Of course, Cherry. I've been thinking that, too. I ... I want to apologize for my behavior at the party that day. I drank too much and was far too harsh, and ___"

"It's fine, Richard," she said. "I think in some strange way it was good for me to hear that. It's motivated me to do some soul searching about what I'm doing with myself ... professionally."

"Really, Cherry!?" he said with a bit of excitement. He hadn't been expecting gratitude: a bonus. "Do I get rewarded for my inadvertent good deed?"

She laughed. "Let's not get ahead of ourselves. As I mentioned, I come with a business proposition."

His heart dropped a bit—just a bit—considering for a second that perhaps this was legitimate and that she didn't come here to get back together. Then he realized this was likely just her way of breaking the ice.

"Do you want to embark on a new career with Eikenborn and Sons?" he asked, with a smile.

"Well, no, not exactly, but it does involve your business."

"Really, now? This is intriguing." He leaned in towards her, his hands resting on the counter, framing her body between his arms.

"There is a party in Puerto Rico, a group, really, interested in purchasing about two million dollars' worth of solar panels."

"Okay," he said, "I'm listening. For private estates?"

"No," she said. "I'm not at liberty to discuss the plans, but the condition of the purchase is that they need the panels ASAP."

"Are they trying to resell these?" he asked, stroking her hair. "Because I'm not about to consider supplying a competitor. I could stand to make a killing with solar down there."

"No, that's definitely not the intention," she said. He noticed the smile had fallen slightly from her face.

"Who is this buyer, Cherry?" he asked. He had taken one hand and placed it on her waist. She had not pulled it away.

"A philanthropist who would like to remain anonymous."

He nuzzled her neck now, and felt her stiffen slightly. "Ah, a do-gooder! That's nice. We need more do-gooders in the world." He moved his hand towards her waist and undid the button of her jeans. She grabbed his wrist.

"So," she said, "will you do it? Because if so, I can introduce you to their

representative."

"Can you now, Cherry?" he said, with a bit of a laugh as he bit her ear. He was mildly curious who this philanthropist was. If they had this kind of capital to expend on a charitable act, surely he'd have met them before. Unless they were foreign? An interesting possibility. Either way, this was pennies compared to what he could stand to make with Nick Selby by *not* providing solar panels to Puerto Rico, something he did not think he should share with Olga. He was fairly confident this would ruin his seduction. And besides, he hadn't given Nick his commitment yet anyway.

She suddenly pulled away from him, but had not let go of his wrist.

"Richard," she said, "I'm being serious. These are real potential buyers."

"Ah, plural," he said as he attempted to re-catch her in his arms.

She pulled away again.

"Dick," she said quietly. She took a breath. "Richard, I'm seeing someone."

"What?" Barely two months had passed since they stopped seeing each other. He decided that she must be trying some sort of joke. He laughed. She didn't.

"It's serious, I think," Olga said now. She was not joking.

Heat rose in his neck; he was unsure if it was anger or humiliation.

"Then what the fuck are you doing here?" he asked.

"I ... I shouldn't have suggested dinner, I realize ... I'm sorry if you—"

"You aren't fucking sorry, Olga," he said. It was anger. He could feel it. "You're a manipulative cunt and you knew what I would think you wanted when you reached out to me."

He saw the words hit her like a slap and he liked it. He had forgotten how tricky she was. How many times had she done this to him? He had lost count. She always twisted his actions and desires into a version that best suited her, until finally he would forget what he had wanted in the first place. She had done this when he left his wife. She had done this to him in the Hamptons. He could see it very clearly now. Somehow always pulling each situation out of his hands and assuming control of it all.

"How long have you been fucking this other guy?" he asked. He was very close to her now, but she didn't move away. "Have you been fucking this other guy the whole time?"

She was leaning away from him now and he could see a touch of fear in her eyes.

"Richard," she said flatly, "does it really matter?"

Of course it fucking mattered. He leered at her in silence. Everything had a different cast: the casual attire, the lack of makeup. She wasn't comfortable with him, she was indifferent. He was filled with such rage when he realized he had slapped her. He had not hit a woman in years. She stepped back from him in shock, but only backed herself against the counter.

"Richard, you're right. I knew what you might think when I texted you. And I even thought I might be able to go through the motions—"

"Go through the fucking motions?"

"I just meant, I didn't intend to come across as a tease. But when I got here ___"

"When you got here, what? I disgusted you? You changed your mind?"

"No!" she said, and he could see now that she was scared. She realized she had lost control of the situation and this gave him a strange pleasure.

"So, what? You were going to come here and 'go through the motions' with me, like some kind of whore, and then what? You thought I'd just sell your friend whatever they wanted because of you and your magic pussy? And then what? You were going to go back to fuck this other guy?"

He was screaming now, he realized. He wanted to lower his voice, but he couldn't.

"I don't know!" she said. "I'm sorry! I'll go! I'll just go!"

She was always making him chase her. Always.

He grabbed her and spun her around, pinning her face down against the counter. Now, she would see what it felt like to be the one without control.

* * *

LATER, AFTER SHE had gone, he still found himself boiling. He picked up his phone.

"Nick? Dick Eikenborn here. I've thought about it. Count me in on the Puerto Rico deal.... I'll stay out of the market until you give me the green light. At the terms discussed, of course.... But, and this could be nothing, there's someone trying to bulk purchase solar for down there.... I don't know who. But I heard about it through the Acevedo girl.... Yes. Of course, that one. Anyway, do with that information what you will. I don't fucking care."

TRUTH AND A SLICE

After seeing his mother, Prieto was left to grapple with the reality of who she was and not the versions that had lived in his mind for the past twenty-seven years. She was not a hero nor an impotent kook. She was some sort of mad genius—for that compound had surely required genius. And she had felt herself meant for a different life. Stuck in too-small skin. So she freed herself. Shed her old life. For Prieto, this truth blew through him like a bullet. Fast and clear. Not a fatal wound, but the kind that forces a reappraisal of life. He, too, knew the sensation of too-small skin. Knew what it felt like to experience thousands of tiny deaths, year in and out, as he watched the life he wanted escape him while feeling trapped in the life he had. But instead of empathy or sympathy for his mother, he felt regret. And rage. And despair. Despair that a large part of what had kept him here—inside his own too-small skin—was to please the woman who had left him behind in order to shed her own. Yes, it hurt to know his mother had never wanted to be a mother at all, but an equal weight of his sadness came from the deprivation of life he'd inflicted upon himself in this futile quest for her love.

On the plane home, as he watched his island disappear into the distance, the tears came easily. He ran through all of the compromises of both his values and desires he'd made over the years. All of these shameful actions and choices, he now had to acknowledge, were made to present to the world a person, a life, that his mother would be proud of. Whom his mother would love. Somewhere, deep down though, he had always known she had no such capacity. He and his sister had been pining for a mother who'd never wanted to be a parent to begin with. But Prieto had. His daughter was a gift in his life his younger self never thought he'd be able to have. She gave him purpose and filled him with love.

When his plane landed, his intention had been to go directly to Olga's. To tell her everything. About the visit, about the Selbys, all of it. When she didn't

answer his calls, he didn't want the courage he'd mustered to go to waste and decided that that day was as good as any to finally talk to Lourdes.

* * *

SHE DIDN'T LIKE getting picked up from school anymore. She was big now and wanted to walk home with her friends, but he figured if he tried to lure her in with a slice from L & B, she might look past him "embarrassing her" by showing up. The drive there was uneventful, mainly peppered with recaps of the latest season of *The Voice*.

"So, Lourdes, what's up at school?" he asked once they were seated. "Are people, like, crushing on other people yet? Or are y'all too young for that?"

"I mean, I don't like anybody, if that's what you're asking."

He felt relieved but also guilty that he couldn't find a more creative way into this topic without giving her the third degree. Where was his sister? She'd have known how to do this.

"Nah, nah. I mean, you're young. There's time. I'm just curious.... You know when I was your age, everybody made a big fuss over what girl liked what boy and vice versa and if you didn't like anybody after, I don't know, seventh, eighth grade, everybody called you gay, you know?"

"So?"

"So, what? What do you mean so?"

"So, they'd call you gay. So what? Tomás is into boys. He told us last year."

"Sonya's kid? That little boy told you last year—when he was ten years old —that he was gay?"

"Queer, Papi. But, yeah, he told us he likes boys."

"And he's the only one?"

"I mean, probably not, but like, it's not a big deal. People like who they like."

"That's true," Prieto said.

"I feel bad for them, though."

"Who? Tomás?"

"No. The little kids when you were young. That were gay. That they would get made fun of. It's stupid."

This was his window. He knew. He took a sip of his Coke.

"You know, Lourdes, when I was little I wasn't as cool as you. My sister, she was more like you. Didn't care what anybody thought about nothing. Lots of confidence. Me? I was worried about getting picked on. Always wanted to fit in.

Make people like me. It's probably not my best trait."

"I mean, we all have our flaws. That's what Mami always says."

"True. But my point is, I was too afraid of getting made fun of to let people know who I really was, if you know what I mean." He paused here. This was not the time to punk out. "Or, more clearly, I wanted to tell you that I'm gay."

Her eyes got a little wide.

"Does Mami know?"

"No. I wanted to tell you first. But, I'll tell her. She might be a little angry. Because the truth is, I knew I was gay when we got married, but I really wanted ... well, you."

"You know guys can get married now, right?" she asked.

"Yes, mija. I was a city councilman when that law passed here. But you probably don't remember."

"So, is that it?" she asked, as if he hadn't just done the hardest thing in his life.

"Well, the truth is, not really. Recently, I found out that I am HIV-positive. But I promise you, I am totally healthy."

"Like Oliver on *How to Get Away with Murder*?"

"Excuse me? Why are you watching that show?"

"I watched it with Tía Lola one night and now it's on Netflix. Anyway, he has HIV and he's fine."

She took a bite of her pizza as he wondered why he felt so stupid.

"Do you have a boyfriend?" she asked. "Oliver does."

"No. I don't. Would you mind if I did?"

"No. As long as they were cool. Like, Matteo is cool."

"Matteo is cool. I'll make sure if I get a boyfriend, they're cool like that. Do you have other questions? Because I'm happy to answer them."

"Are you going to tell the people on New York 1?"

"At some point, I'm going to tell everybody."

* * *

One of the primary perks of being a congressman was that you could get a meeting with pretty much anyone you wanted. Yet Reggie—who really had always been a prick, Prieto now thought to himself—would not even return his calls. He had been trying to reach him since his trip to the compound, both to get some answers and to tell him to keep his sister out of this shit. This took on a new degree of urgency for Prieto as the days went by and his sister failed to

return his text messages or phone calls, until finally she sent a message telling him to fuck off and leave her alone. He knew Reggie was somehow in the mix and he was determined to talk to him.

After the second week of being dodged and ignored via text, through assistants, DMs, and tweets, Prieto felt forced to play hardball. He called his buddy Bonilla with the FBI and asked him to pay a visit with his partner to Reggie's office; Prieto thought he might have some information on the juvenile detention center break after Maria.

"Really now? What gives you that idea?" Bonilla asked.

"Did you see that article I sent you?"

"The Independistas distributing water in the mountain towns?"

"Yeah well, there's a lot of chatter down in P.R. that they were behind that prison break and King's name keeps coming up."

"Interesting."

This information, Prieto knew, carried the risk of leading the FBI directly to his mother, a step that Prieto had seriously considered since his trip. He'd left not only stripped of his ideal mother, but somehow also stripped of his motherland. When Blanca told him he had no place there, he'd felt ashamed. But why? He felt Puerto Rico in his veins, and yet a part of him heard what she said as true. How was him, even being of Puerto Rican descent, telling the islanders how to govern themselves any different from any other mainland American butting in? Benevolent colonialism is still colonialism. Still, he refused to let her take this place—his cultural inheritance—away from him. His first trip to the island, back when he was in college, had been life affirming. Just as he felt his world—his family—was washing away, he found a place that made him feel rooted. Anchored. He was a part of a larger something. A part of a people. He would go back. He would not let people forget. He would not let the people suffer from government neglect.

Despite all that he knew, he found it hard to believe that she would harm her own son.

Yet even as he thought this, he was unsure. Her threat to him was barely veiled. And so, he considered telling Bonilla everything.

But, remembering the fate of Ojeda Ríos gave him pause. He could not, in a serious way, compromise his mother without talking to Olga first. Ultimately, for now, it was strictly a ploy to get to Reggie. Prieto knew he'd play dumb; Reggie was far too street smart to get spooked by a visit from a cop. But it would be a nuisance. One that Prieto would offer to make go away on the condition he

* * *

IT IRKED PRIETO, as he sat in the reception area of Reggie's lavish office suite in Tribeca, that Reggie King had more personal security than he, an elected official, did. A massive bodyguard stood outside the closed office door of Reggie's tenth-floor private office suite, meanwhile Prieto, who walked the streets like a regular Joe, was getting death threats to his Twitter account right as he sat there, all for just doing his job. But, no matter. There was nothing Reggie could dish out that Prieto couldn't take, and he wasn't leaving until he gave Reggie a piece of his own damn mind. He felt strong. Invincible. Somehow the meeting with his mother had unleashed a burden from him, one he had not even known was strapped to his back. There was nothing for him to be ashamed of anymore. No more secrets for him to keep.

Prieto was struck by how, despite having long since expanded his empire beyond music, Reggie's office still retained the air of an early aughts record label. His assistants—there were three of them—looked like the girls from Danity Kane, but old. Prieto suspected they'd been with Reggie for a while.

"Mr. Acevedo?" the one who looked like Aubrey O'Day said.

"Congressman," he corrected. Why did he fucking care?

"Excuse me?" she asked, confused. "Mr. Reyes will see you now."

Reyes now, Prieto thought to himself. She led him into Reggie's office and shut the door behind her. Reggie was on a call. Of course.

"All right, son. It all sounds good, but I gotta bounce, some bitch just walked into my office that I've got to deal with."

"Go fuck yourself," Prieto muttered under his breath.

Reggie hung up the call.

"You've got to admit, calling the fucking Feds is a pretty bitch move, even for you."

"You left me no choice. What the fuck did you say to my sister?"

"Me?" Reggie leaned back in his chair. Prieto realized it was made out of ostrich skin. What a prick. "I've said a lot of things to your sister. But I feel like you've got something specific you want to know."

"She's not talking to me, and I need to speak to her, so I want to know what the fuck you and my mother said to her about me."

"Look, I don't like to get into the family business—because that's what this is—but I will tell you this: she spoke to your mother, and from what I

understand, so have you. So, connect the dots."

Fuck, he thought to himself. He needed to get to her. He needed to explain himself. He needed to tell her about their mother. Tell her to let it go; that they would never be or do enough. Tell her that she had to listen to him, and she had to try and understand why he did what he did. Because in the end, they were all each other had. Their mother was a figment of their imagination.

"When was the last time you spoke to Olga?" he asked Reggie.

Reggie leaned forward now. "Two weeks ago. She was given a mission and she failed."

"What kind of 'mission'? I swear to God if you asked Olga to do anything illegal—"

"Man, I didn't ask her for shit; I was just a middleman. The request came directly from Leadership and, as missions go, this was tame."

"Do you fucking hear yourself? You sound as batshit as my mother—"

"Your mother is a revolutionary. If her plans sound crazy to you, it's only because—"

"My mind is still colonized?" Prieto offered. He noted the surprise Reggie registered upon him saying this. "Yeah, son, I don't know how long my mom's been whispering in your ear, but I've been hearing this shit my whole life, so ... I don't think you're about to 'drop any knowledge' on me, you know?"

Reggie cleared his throat. "I need to know that you're gonna call your friend at the FBI off. Please tell me you aren't such a sellout you'd sacrifice the good work that we're doing for our people just because you don't feel loved by your mommy."

"Oh, fuck you." Prieto sighed. "My mommy is a fugitive who attempted to assassinate an elected official. And she said herself to me that she'd think nothing of trying again. She's a fugitive who has somehow amassed a giant cache of weapons on a compound littered with evidence of your entanglements in her efforts."

Reggie raised his eyebrows. Clearly something Prieto said caught him by surprise.

"Man," Prieto continued, "I've got to ask, what are you doing here? You have so much going on. Legit shit. Have you really thought this through? What happens on the day revolution actually comes? Because my mom is out for blood and I'm not sure you're that kind of dude. Not really. You just play him on TV. You're hitching your wagon to my mother, and my mother does not give a fuck about you or all you stand to lose."

Reggie started to say something, but Prieto cut him off.

"Save it for a friend. All I'm saying is, you say you're all about making an impact. Ask yourself what you'll be able to do if you end up dead or in jail."

He stood up and started to walk out the door.

"I'll tell Bonilla to back off, but you better stay the fuck away from my sister."

"NECESITAS UNA LIMPIA"

Olga wasn't sure why it surprised her when Matteo came by her place. Did she really think she could just disappear and he wouldn't notice? She wasn't really thinking, she supposed. She was drinking to stop from thinking. Not just a little, not just at night. As soon she opened her eyes, she poured vodka into her coffee cup—the big one with the mascot that now, she decided, served only as a reminder of her deficiencies—without even the premise of orange juice. She would drink until she could sleep and then wake up and drink until she slept again. The liquor store delivered. She rarely ate, and if she did, she got that delivered, too.

She wanted to stay in her apartment until she died. Or until she felt the waves of humiliation pass her. She felt confident that death would come first.

Her intention was not to hurt Matteo. Anything but. She knew it hurt him when she didn't pick up his calls, did not reply to his texts. She had promised to not do this again. Knew it could be perceived as cruel, after all these weeks—no, months, she realized—to go completely dark. But she loved him too much to lie and she could not bear to tell him the truth, and for once, she could not pretend nothing was wrong.

She hadn't, she kept thinking—in those moments when she couldn't stop herself from thinking—ever really said the word "no." Had she?

Dick had been right. She knew what he was expecting when she reached out to him. She didn't correct his assumption because she wanted something from him. When he invited her to his house instead of the restaurant, she knew he assumed they were going to sleep together. She went there almost convinced she could will herself to sleep with him if that was what it took. She had just changed her mind. But the intent was there, wasn't it? The intent to betray Matteo's trust. To fuck up the first real thing she'd had a chance at in ages, to poison the first joyful feeling she'd felt in years. She disgusted herself.

She cataloged all the times she had fucked Dick in that exact same location, in the exact same position, as well as their variants—different homes, bathrooms instead of kitchen, bent over, belly up. She recollected all the occasions she had been mentally absent during the act, her acquiescence driven less by physical desire than desire to shut him up, to get to sleep, to get back to work. She remembered all the times Dick had pulled her ponytail or slapped her ass or spoken about her cunt, and how she had enjoyed it then. Why had this instance hollowed her out in such a gutting way? What variant made this instance feel like poison in her mind and body? Humiliation. Humiliation wielded violently.

* * *

The first time Matteo came by the apartment he was angry. In a way that surprised and also scared her, though everything was scaring her just then. He was banging on the door and screaming her name. He said he knew she was in there. That the doorman told him she hadn't left the house in days. That she had promised she wasn't going to do this to him again. Her neighbors came out to tell him to keep it down and he told them to fuck off. Then, later, she could hear him knock on their doors to apologize. The second time he came (she'd begun to lose track of how many days she'd been in the apartment by this time) he rang the bell and simply left flowers with a note apologizing for whatever thing he didn't realize he'd done. Telling her that whatever was wrong, they could work through it.

The third time he came, he had just called out her name and started to play her songs. "A House Is Not a Home." "I'm Not in Love." "Sometimes It Snows in April." The sounds of the recordings coming through the door. She cried and cried and she was pretty sure that he could hear her. When she could hear him crying, too, she could barely take it and scribbled him a note and slipped it under the door.

I'm sorry, it said. *I told you I'm a terrible person*. "Olga," he called through the door. "Nothing can be this terrible." She didn't know how long he sat out there after that.

* * *

HE WASN'T THE only person she was ignoring, of course. Her brother. Mabel. Her aunt. Igor. Fucking Igor. She missed an appointment with him and he got pissed and she was terrified. She begged forgiveness and from then on he was the only

person whose calls she returned. She wanted to die but not, she realized, get killed.

She didn't hear a peep from Reggie, or Karen, or her mother. She had fucked up. Had been given a chance to do something important and hadn't come through. Still, it stung to be deemed so immediately useless. To feel so disposable. To know that the love she had hoped would fill the hole in her heart was conditional. To know her birth defect would remain unrepaired.

After, immediately after—in the car ride home, in fact—she texted Reggie to say it hadn't worked out. He replied right away that he'd let Leadership know. She couldn't bring herself to actually say what happened, but she wrote more: *Things got ugly, he was very angry, I can never see him again.* Reggie never wrote back. If she was being honest, she had hoped he might ask or guess. Had hoped her mother would want to be sure she was all right.

* * *

SHE HAD BEEN so stupid. She thought she was so clever, but she had been truly stupid.

* * *

This wasn't the first time something like this had happened to her. She was old. These things happened. The first time she was younger. In college. She'd fallen asleep at a party and woke up with some guy humping her. He came on her leg. For some reason it gave her night terrors and her roommate complained to their resident counselor and the resident counselor confronted her, and that was how she ended up in the school psychiatrist's office. When they told her she was likely grappling with abandonment issues.

She had come home for a long weekend or maybe it was spring break, she couldn't remember. Her grandmother had taken one look at her and said, "Necesitas una limpia," then took her to some bruja she knew who lived on the other side of the park. The woman had wrapped her naked body in a white bedsheet and lit velas all around her. She prayed over Olga's body and made her lie there until all the candles burned out, and then she cut Olga's shroud open with scissors and bathed her in Agua de Florida and rose water while she swatted her back with eucalyptus leaves. When it was over, Olga had never felt cleaner or more loved or more at peace. The night terrors stopped.

That woman must be dead by now, she thought.

ONE DAY SHE was still in bed when she heard the key turn in the lock. For a second—a split second—she wondered if it were her mother coming to check in on her. Then she realized her mother didn't have a key.

"Hello?" Olga called out from her bedroom. She felt scared, but also desperate to be rescued.

"Olga, honey?" It was her Tía Lola. "Olga, Matteo came by the house today; he's worried about you. We, um, we're worried, too. No one has heard from you and you missed Richie's birthday dinner."

"Oh," she said. "I'm sorry."

She could hear Mabel's voice whispering to their aunt.

"Mabel?" she called out. "Mabel, come lay down with me?"

Mabel came and climbed onto the bed and started to comb Olga's hair with her fingers. When they were girls, in junior high, they would fall asleep like this sometimes, lying in bed, listening to music, Mabel combing Olga's hair with her hands. They lay there quiet for many minutes. Olga couldn't remember another occasion when Mabel had gone so long without speaking.

She could hear her aunt cry out to Dios when she entered her kitchen. Olga could only imagine how it looked. She heard her cleaning up, bottles being taken to recycling, glasses into dishwasher. Laundry started. Water into pot. Chopping. Chopping. Her aunt began to hum to herself and broke the silence of the apartment.

"Olga," Mabel said very gently, "whatever Matteo did, you should give him another chance. He's a good guy."

"I know," Olga said, staring up at her ceiling. "He didn't do anything."

Mabel didn't say anything.

"I fucked up."

"Ay." Mabel sucked her teeth. "You fucked somebody?"

Olga nodded, and felt the tears begin to flow again.

"Okay, okay," Mabel said. "Pero, why so sad? He obviously doesn't know yet. So, you fucked up. You either tell him and ask him to forgive you, or put it past you, keep the secret, and try again. Why throw the whole thing away?"

"You don't understand," Olga said.

"You're right, I don't," Mabel said. "Why do you always have to make your life harder? I've watched you do this before, you know."

Olga knew she was talking about Reggie.

"Mabel, this is different."

"I know this is different. You're happier this time. You're a vieja now; you take twenty more years to find another dude, and no one will want your dried-up ass. I can't let you fuck up again. I won't be able to forgive you. Or myself. So, tell me what's really fucking going on here so we can figure out how you fix this."

Mabel had minored in psychology in college and Olga wished now that she had followed that pursuit. If there were more shrinks like Mabel maybe she would have tried going to one. Olga thought of the years she had been single after Reggie—not lonely, per se, but not exactly happy. She thought about the calm Matteo brought her, how joyful their time together was, how at ease with her own self he made her feel. She covered her face with her hands.

"Mabel, what if I don't deserve to be happy?"

"Olga," Mabel whispered in her ear, "unless you kicked a puppy or have a body buried someplace that I don't know about, you deserve to be fucking happy. Okay?"

She couldn't talk about this and actually look at anyone—not Mabel or anyone—so she kept her face covered and told her what happened with Dick. Mabel never stopped stroking her hair.

"I'm sorry." She paused. "You didn't do anything wrong, you know. You can't punish yourself, mujer."

"But what do I do?" Olga asked.

"You tell him what happened to you. You let him listen. You let him tell you he still loves you, because he will."

* * *

OLGA TOOK A very long shower. She washed her hair and, to her own surprise, put on mascara and lip gloss, just to bring some life back to her face. She felt lighter for having told Mabel. It wasn't Mabel's words that made the difference as much as it was, she realized, that speaking what happened aloud had begun, ever so slightly, to deflate the balloon of humiliation that had been taking up so much space inside her. When she came out of the bathroom, she could smell her aunt's cooking and felt an appetite, a desire, return to her again. She felt excited to eat and a smile broke out on her face for the first time in many, many days. But, on entering the kitchen, she was surprised to see Lola and Mabel sitting at her kitchen counter with such serious expressions on their faces. In front of them, a pile of her mother's letters.

BASTA YA

It had been Tía Lola's idea to gather the letters from her mother, in chronological order, and read them, all together, out loud.

She had found them on Olga's desk; Olga had taken them out and reread some of them while she had grappled with her fateful decision to visit Dick and, well, she'd not given them another thought. Mabel had been disturbed by what she described as "psychological abuse." Lola latched onto the notes about Reggie.

"I always knew your mother talked you into breaking up with him; my mother wouldn't say, but I knew it was her."

Olga just shrugged. She felt exposed knowing other people could hear the voice that had been whispering in her ear for so very long.

"This is wack, Olga," Mabel exclaimed. "Wack. You realize that, don't you?"

Again, Olga just shrugged. "I never thought of it as good or bad; it's just always been."

"When was the last time you heard from her?" her aunt asked. "Is this the last time?" She held up the last letter.

Olga felt like a child in that moment, too overwhelmed to worry about what she should or shouldn't say. She told them about the visit from Karen, about the phone call. This led to more questions. Why did she call now? What did she want? Which led to more disclosures: Reggie, the Pañuelos Negros, the solar panels. She watched the shock form on their faces.

"So," Mabel asked, "if I'm following this, you went to see your ex on behalf of your mother?"

"Yes, but she didn't know we were broken up." She didn't realize it was a lie until it was already out of her mouth. "And she didn't know about Matteo—"

"Good! Because she would have probably told you to break up with him and

go with this other motherfucker, because God forbid you have any joy..."

"You don't know that, Mabel!" Olga pleaded, even though she, herself, knew that's exactly what would have happened. That this was why she didn't tell her mother about Matteo in the first place.

"Why do you defend her!? ¡Coño! She left you! She never called until she needed something—and then that something is fucking batshit crazy. You made a whole life without her and she's literally been telling you that you aren't shit for years, but you defend her!"

"Ay, Mabel," Lola interjected, "calm down. You're frustrated, I get it. But there's no reason to take it out on Olga."

"¡No, Tía! This is too much. This woman hasn't done dick for them, and my cousins twist themselves into knots to please her?"

"Do you know if she's been writing to your brother, too?" Lola asked.

When Olga didn't immediately answer, her tía just pulled out her phone and called Prieto directly. She went into the other room, and when she came back, she announced her plan.

"Your brother is coming back from D.C. on the first flight tomorrow; we're gonna put all these letters together and air this shit out. Enough with the secrets!"

"I don't want to see him," Olga replied. "He's a fucking piece of shit."

"Why do you say that?" Mabel said, cutting her off. "Because of something your mother told you? Or one of her brainwashed friends?"

Fact stymied Olga from answering; it was her mother's brainwashed friends who told her about her brother. That didn't change the truth of what they had said; the heartbreak of it. From the day she went into Manhattan to begin high school she'd been navigating worlds that felt foreign to her: her language, her values, her way of seeing people and the world always requiring explanation and context. Only in Brooklyn did she feel at home. Yet year after year she watched this place—as she knew it, as it had been for generations—erode away. Corroded by the very people who, just years before, turned their noses at crossing the bridge. How could she explain to Mabel that each new development, each elegant restaurant and pop-up shop made Olga feel that she herself was disappearing? That she had counted on her brother to be their defender—of Brooklyn, of their culture, of their family—and that he had sold them all out ... for cash?

"He's been taking bribes for votes," Olga said. "Money from developers. The ones who did Bush Terminal."

Mabel and Lola seemed taken aback by this, and Olga wondered if it was the money or who the money was from that they were more disturbed by. Certainly, for Olga, it was the money. She'd always envied Prieto's disinterest in the material, a virtue that cast his character as superior to her own—one that concurrently loved and loathed money and the things it could buy. But, at the end of the day, Matteo was right, and Prieto was just like every other politician.

"Well then," Lola said, after a pause, "we're gonna ask about that shit, too! ¡Basta ya!"

* * *

IN THE END, Tía Lola decided against inviting their entire family for this exercise, out of concern that people clam up and figuring that if she included Mabel, all the salient details would make the rounds to everyone else within a week anyway. So, Prieto, Lola, Olga, and Mabel gathered around the dining room table at Fifty-third Street with all of the letters their mother had ever sent. Not just to Prieto and Olga, but the ones she'd sent to Papi and Abuelita, too. Letters Olga had never before considered, but whose existence seemed so obvious when her tía laid the small stack of them on the table, and Mabel placed them all in chronological order.

It was a brutal exercise, wrestling with objective reality. To see how their mother had manipulated their lives and their feelings. To see how she attempted to subtly poison the way they saw their aunts and uncles, their cousins, their father, and even, in some instances, their grandmother. All the people who had loved them in her absence. All the people, Olga thought, who loved them without condition. But most of all, to see how their mother tried, year after year, to sow discord and resentments between them.

The letter that hurt the most, though, was one neither of them had seen before. The one their mother had written to their father when she left, the one in which she lamented the lead weight he had become. The one that accused him of having tricked her into thinking their life would be extraordinary only to turn them into "a stereotype of a Puerto Rican family that the younger you would have despised." Their father had loved them so much, their father who was dope sick and a crackhead, yes, but who still had feelings. Whom she still had no trouble kicking, even when he was down. Their father, who was the reason they existed.

They cried for Papi that night, the two siblings.

When Olga first heard that Prieto had seen their mother in the flesh, had

touched her, jealousy consumed her. Another occasion on which he felt the warmth of her sun. But, by the end of the night, depleted but clear headed, she vowed to never think of it again. Their grandmother had been right: she never had the mothering gene.

"The best thing we can do," Olga said, "is to bury her, like we should have long ago, and move on."

PRESSER

"I want to start by thanking you all for coming out here today—to my 'hood. To one of our city's most beautiful parks, Sunset Park. And, most importantly, I want to thank my family—many of whom took the day off from work, which, y'all know, means I've got something important to talk about.

"I am here today primarily as a representative of the people of the United States, of New York, and, most specifically and most proudly, of Sunset Park, Brooklyn. The spot in Brooklyn where you can catch the best view of the city for a quarter of the rent. But I am also here as a man—a Latino man—" Prieto paused here for a breath.

Olga felt Tía Lola pinch her and she realized that she'd been whispering Prieto's remarks under her breath; she had worked on this introduction with him for so long that she had it memorized. Despite hours of practice and his tremendous anxiety, she was amazed at how the words emanated from his mouth so naturally. It was fine, she thought, that he steady himself here now.

"—and as an HIV-positive gay man." The reporters, many of whom had known and covered her brother for years, audibly reacted.

"I, uh, know I'm supposed to use the new vernacular, and all." Here he adlibbed a bit. "My daughter told me I'm supposed to say 'queer,' but I hope the kids will cut me some slack since I'm forty-five and, let's just say, this was hard." The crowd, and their family, twenty deep, assembled on the top of a hill in the park, chuckled. "For many years I kept my sexual orientation a secret, out of fear. Fear of disappointing my family, fear of falling short of expectations of my culture, fear of rejection from my constituents.

"The keeping of this secret prevented me from having closer ties with my daughter, my sister, my community. It kept me from earnestly pursuing love. So, when I was recently diagnosed with HIV, I realized I could not keep my orientation or my status secret any longer. There was too much at risk.

"Now, I know I've been on the scene here in New York since before y'all had websites, but here is something that very few people know: in 1994 we lost my father, Johnny Acevedo, to AIDS. He was an IV drug user and he was one of forty-one thousand people who died in America that year of HIV/AIDS, more than half of whom were Black or, as my daughter also tells me I should say, Latinx. Today, although the number of people who perish from this disease is thankfully low, Black and Latinx people—especially men like me—account for nearly seventy percent of the HIV-positive population in the United States, and that number is on the rise. I didn't think that I could properly address this issue from my place in the closet.

"Nor did I want a secret such as this looming over me as we head into this absolutely critical twenty-eighteen mid-term election, a year when I will be running again, and, with the support of party leadership, helping to flip some seats!"

At this, as practiced, Olga and the family cheered and a number of the reporters started to ask questions: about his health, if he thought this might affect his chances at reelection, but he kept going. This concluded the portion that Olga had written with him, the rest was platform and policy, which, though she had a vague notion of what he'd planned to say, she'd left to him. She could see that now, with the worst of it over, he was relaxing into his element.

"I promise I'll answer your questions in a moment, but I just need to let you all know why I'm finna to keep this seat! When we won the popular vote but lost the election in twenty-sixteen, more than three million American voices were silenced, but none more so than those of the poor and working class in our cities, and especially people of color. Families who, like my own, help to make their urban centers run, only to find their efforts to get by crushed by gentrification. We see it here in New York, here in Sunset Park, but this is afflicting people across this country. San Francisco, Chicago, all around Hawaii, and, of course, in Puerto Rico. In my next term I plan to roll out legislation that will, at the federal level, combat rising housing costs, hyper-development, and real estate tax breaks that allow people to buy into our cities while giving nothing to our schools, hospitals, or transportation."

At this, the crowd cheered. The subways were abysmal, though since her brother always drove, he had no idea.

"I want to close lending loopholes that allow landlords to benefit from empty storefronts, which incentivize high rent and deincentivize small and mid-sized business. And, of course, I will continue to push back on the cronyism that is hobbling recovery in Puerto Rico. The island is in darkness while the president's friends and family reap billions in contracts. So, this is, you can say, my official reelection kickoff announcement. And now I'm happy to take your questions, of which I suspect you'll have many!"

Was he dating anyone? (No, but he had a crush on someone. Which was news to Olga.) Had he been on PrEP? (No, and while he had no sound excuse, given the blessing of his congressional health insurance, everyone should recognize the cost barrier often presented to low-income people when it came to drugs like PrEP.) How was his health? (Fantastic! He wanted to fight for everyone to have healthcare as good as he got.) Was it hard to tell his family? (Yes, but as you could see, they were fully supportive, most especially his daughter and his sister.) Did he have any thoughts about Reggie Reyes's announcement that he was opening a solar panel production facility in P.R. in the coming year? (Sounds like jobs and green energy. What's not to like?) What were his views on the recent scandal involving several of his congressional colleagues receiving kickbacks from the Selby brothers? (He would let his colleagues speak for themselves, but the Selby scandal is just indicative of the unruly power and influence that private and corporate wealth have wielded in our government since Citizens United.)

* * *

AFTER PRIETO HAD told Lourdes and his ex-wife and the family, he was chomping at the bit to do this presser. He'd been nervous, of course, but excited to be done with this chapter of his life. Olga, however, knew it wasn't quite that simple. After so many years with Prieto in their back pocket, she didn't think the Selbys would let him go that easily.

"I've got nothing to hide anymore, hermana! ¡Nada!" he said with joy.

Pendejo, she thought to herself. She was surprised he hadn't been blackmailed by more people.

"Really, Prieto? Because the last time I checked your mother was a fugitive plotting the rebellion of an American colony, and the only reason that hasn't derailed your career thus far is because our electoral system is so wack, you've been uncontested in every election you've run in."

"You always gotta be a wet rag."

"I'm trying to be pragmatic. Gay. AIDS. Drug-using dad. Fine. News gets out that your mom is a nutjob anarchist, it starts to feel like too much. Who else knows about Mami?"

"My man Bonilla at the FBI is the one who showed me her file. If he knew about the Pañuelos, he'd have told me. Besides, he's a friend. He's one of us."

"Alejandro García Padilla is one of us, too. Doesn't mean he didn't sell us out. We should assume the Selbys know everything that Bonilla knows." He looked dejected, but Olga pressed on. "Remember when you were on City Council? How everyone was on their payroll?"

"Of course."

"Do you think it's the same way in Congress?"

* * *

AND SO IT was that question that Olga brought to a journalist she was friendly with at *New York* magazine over a delightful lunch at DUMBO House. Olga's treat, of course. The young woman, Olga knew, was bored with churning out Lifestyle content and eager to cut her teeth on something more relevant. The City Council story broke in a matter of days; the paper trail tying Selby money to the councilmembers had been hidden in plain sight since 9/11. Almost immediately the New York AG opened an investigation into both Nick and Arthur Selby, as well as several current and former city councilmen and women. (The national story—the one that would eventually entangle nearly twenty congressmen on both sides of the aisle from New York, New Jersey, Georgia, California, and Florida—was slower to percolate, with new bits coming up week by week.) And while Olga and her brother knew the Selbys' influence was hardly crushed, the so-called Selby scandal seemed enough of a distraction to get Prieto out of their crosshairs. At least for now.

* * *

WHEN THE PRESSER was over, after her brother had answered all the questions, shaken all the hands of any constituents who had shown up, and seen all their family off to start their days, it was Olga and her brother left at the top of the hill in Sunset Park, on a brisk and clear November day. He was beaming.

"Papi'd be proud," she said as they made their way over to a park bench.

"Remember when we were real little and he'd take us here? We'd come to the pool and then he'd make us just sit here, quiet, and look at the water?"

"Of course. He told us to tell the Statue of Liberty our dreams."

"Yeah. I know we were supposed to be dreaming of, you know, world liberation and shit, but you know what I used to think about? Finding somebody

to love as much as Papi and Mami loved each other then." "You know what's funny?" Olga asked. "Me, too."

"ADESTE, FIDELES"

When it was dark and Olga saw a light go on in Matteo's window, she crossed the street and pulled his spare key out from under his neighbor's doormat. When he first revealed this hiding place to her—the night of Mabel's wedding, when he was too drunk to figure out which key was his—she could tell he'd thought himself quite clever, and remembering his self-satisfaction made her laugh. She had not seen his face in nearly a month and the prospect both unnerved and excited her.

She had known Mabel was right. This was too important to throw away. She had to push past her fear and tell him what happened. But the full truth wasn't immediately ready. It was Mabel who convinced her to at least send him a message. To at least let him know that it wasn't him. To stop, in the active sense, torturing him. ("Pero, every day you don't follow up, that's mad hurtful. You know that, right?" And she did. Of course she did.) Still, it took her time to reach out. To push past the part of her who felt, on some level, that deprivation of love was something she deserved.

I know I broke my promise and I hate not keeping my word, but something kind of bad happened to me..., she had eventually written. She couldn't deal with him asking her if she was all right. It was simply too much kindness. So, she added. I'm physically fine, but ... well, "I'm sorry" isn't good enough to account for me disappearing like that. This is not how you deserve to be treated.

He started and stopped typing a number of times before he eventually sent his reply.

I know. I don't. But. I've been too worried about you to be pissed, frankly. A pause.

You are right, though. Sorry isn't enough.

It was the truth, she knew, but it still stung to see it written as fact.

Tell me what you need and I'll do it, she had replied.

For ten or fifteen minutes, for much of which Olga held her breath, Matteo was silent.

I'm willing to talk. Are you? he finally wrote.

She thought of his eyes and the Coca-Cola brown color of them and she felt very sad all over again. She knew, intellectually, that what happened with Dick was not cheating. That factually, she had been raped, though she despised that word because that meant that she was a victim of something else now. She felt, though, a sense of shame that paralyzed and terrified her. She could barely breathe from the space it occupied in her. She was scared. Not only by the scale of it, but by the revelation that this feeling did not start with the rape, it had been there long before. The rape had merely laid it bare, rendering her unable to mask it with a substitute emotion. If Matteo heard the truth, if he discovered the depth of her defects for himself, then it would really be over. At least now, in the inbetween, she had a spark of hope.

Can I have more time? she asked.

If he gave her more time, she decided, she wouldn't try to gild or varnish herself. She wouldn't try to charm her way out of his ire.

Por supuesto, mami.

It took her two more weeks. When she finally got up the courage, this day, a rush of adrenaline hit her so hard that she headed straight to his house. But as she approached, she grew paranoid that he'd had a change of heart and wouldn't let her in, which she knew was irrational. Still, she staked out his house and decided to use the spare key. At the last minute, as the key was in the door, she worried that he might think she was an intruder and wondered if he had a gun. She doubted it, but still wasn't sure. If he shot me, she thought, he might not ever forgive himself. So, she rang the bell and turned the key and bellowed his name all at once.

"Matteo?" she called out.

"Olga?" She could hear him upstairs, scrambling to his feet. He leaned over the banister and smiled, faintly. Her heart stopped for a moment and she felt nervous but ... happy? "How did you..."

"The spare key," she said. "Sorry about the racket ... I didn't want you to think I was a burglar and shoot me."

He laughed. "I don't have a gun and there hasn't been a burglary on this block since Giuliani was mayor."

"What are you doing up there?"

"I'm in the Christmas room."

It was mid-November, Olga realized, nearly Thanksgiving. "It's almost appropriate."

"Yeah, I've been spending a lot of time up here lately."

"Can I come up?"

"That would be nice," he said bashfully.

* * *

THEY WERE LYING in silence on the floor of the Christmas room, the tree lights twinkling, listening to Nat King Cole. Next to each other, but not touching, when Olga blurted out, "I've been working for the Russian mob. I've been laundering money for them since the TV show, when all the business dried up."

The night that they went through the letters, the night that every secret anyone had ever harbored came out—including how, as they had suspected, Mabel had been paying all of Julio's bills for years now—Olga promised her family that if and when she tried to make things work with Matteo she would do so under the premise of total transparency. In her large cache of secrets, talking about the Russian mob seemed, to her, an ice breaker.

"Wait. What?" Matteo asked. "Olga, did they threaten you? Is that what's been going on?"

Igor could be testy, and she knew she couldn't—shouldn't—keep working with them, but what they were capable of seemed to pale in comparison to what she'd been going through.

"No, but I am trying something new—with you, my family. Everybody. I am not keeping anyone's secrets anymore. So hear me out and you can decide if you want to give me another chance. So that you'll understand why I vanished like I did."

Olga wanted Matteo to say that he would give her another chance regardless of what she said. But he didn't say that. He just said, "Okay." Which was terrifying, because it implied that what she was going to say mattered. That he could hear it all and tell her to fuck off. But it also meant that he could hear her out, and if he still loved her, she could trust it. Olga wanted to trust it.

* * *

So, she told him everything, including stuff she thought she'd forgotten and tried to forget. She told him about *Spice It Up*. She told him how she had been fleecing her clients for years. She told him about her past relationship with

Reggie. She told him about her abortion. She told him about her mother's letters, about the Pañuelos Negros and the compound, about her brother's trip to Puerto Rico and their mother rejecting him, her disinterest in Lourdes. She told him about the Selby brothers and how they had been blackmailing Prieto, about the visit from Aunt Karen, about talking to her mother on the phone.

She told him how they had put all their letters in order, how hearing them out loud, in front of other people, in front of each other, had made them feel: like dolls in a rich kid's toy chest—occasionally played with, largely neglected, sometimes abused. How impossible their mother had made it to tell her who they really were and how she had made it impossible because she found their inner selves insignificant. How much that hurt. How much, she and her brother realized, they had internalized this, becoming these people who needed to be seen in order to exist. How, particularly since Abuelita had died, Olga had been full of rage and haunted by this sense of lack so strong, it blinded her to all the love she still had around her; how it had made it very hard to love herself.

Finally, long after all the Christmas records on the stack had played and they had been listening to the turn of the table for longer than either of them noticed, Olga told him about Dick. All of it. And then she told him about the incident in college. And the very bad online date. And the drunk groomsman who trapped her in a stairwell at work that one time.

And she felt the balloon in her chest—the one that had been taking up so much space, pressing everything out of its proper place, pinching lungs so they could not get enough breath, pushing on her heart so that it altered its natural beating rhythm—deflate. Not completely, but nearly. Each story, each sentence she put out into the world allowed her insides to resume their proper place, reclaiming the space as its own. And when she was done, for a moment, she lay there, appreciating the freedom to fully breathe and relearning the beat of her own heart.

* * *

Matteo took her hand and after a long minute finally spoke.

"I don't know really what the right thing to say is."

"I don't know that there is one right thing to say," she replied.

"Then, I guess I'm afraid to say the one wrong thing. Except, I guess, to say that it's okay. Not what happened to you, but—fuck, see? So easy to say wrong things.... I guess, thank you. For telling me. For ... trusting me."

Olga let his words wash over her and they felt good. Warm. Yet still not

enough. Not obvious enough for her to know she was safe. Not enough to know she was still loved. She was frightened to ask for what she needed now, but felt no other choice.

"And me? Do you still like me? After all of this?"

He rolled towards her now. "What? Girl, are you crazy?" He went to put his arm around her and stopped himself. "Actually. Wait. Is this okay?"

"Coño." She laughed. "Don't be that guy. Don't make me that girl."

"What girl?" he asked, confused.

"The girl who is going to break." She pulled his arm over her. "I'm still me; you just know a lot more now. And you are cool with it," she said, more to herself than him.

"Well," he said, "most of it." Before her heart could fully sink, he quickly began again. "Olga, I want to do this with you. For real. But I told you what I needed, and that was for you to not disappear. I trusted you and you broke that trust, and I know it wasn't intentional. It's your very fucked-up coping mechanism. But I think for this to work, we can't accept that as a way to deal with things. You need a new coping mechanism. And to go to therapy."

"Matteo, no. I don't believe in—"

"—hold up, let me talk for a second. We"—he made a point of saying —"need therapy not because you are broken, or because I'm broken, but because it's a lot to manage. I need to learn to live without ... all of this stuff, and you need to learn how to not shut me out when you're going through shit. Because that hurts, girl. Both of us. Bad."

She put her face close to his. "I'm really sorry."

"I know you are." And he kissed her softly. "But, there's another thing. Olga, you can't be washing money for these Russian cats. It's all blinis and vodka shots until you end up dead in Little Odessa, and I love you too much to risk that happening. If you need money until you figure out what you want to do next, please let me help you."

Olga laughed a bit. "Matteo, listen, I absolutely will stop, I promise, but I think when you offer to help you're misunderstanding how much money I'm making off this right now."

Matteo sat up and took her hands and took a deep breath.

"Okay. Listen. Now I guess I have to tell you something. It's, uh, not a secret or anything, I just never had a reason to tell you ... but, I'm, like ... rich? Not, you know, Selby brothers rich, I'm not there, but, I, uh, I own a lot of properties."

"What?" Olga asked, sitting up now.

"When I left the banking job, and sold the loft, I had a lot of cash. And when my mom passed, I was so sad and lost and all I had, I felt like, was here—this place. The neighborhood, the borough, the people I'd gotten to know. So, you know the bodega on the corner? Well, the owner of the building wanted to sell, and Sammy—who owns the bodega—was sure if they sold, they'd kick him out and knock the building down for one of those shitty new constructions like you live in. And, well, I just didn't want to lose the spot. I like getting my coffee there, seeing Sammy, seeing the boom-box dude, shooting the shit. So, I offered the owner all cash, and..."

"Sylvia's!" Olga exclaimed. A light dawning on her now.

"Yes ... and, well, frankly, a lot of spots. Lots of old spots. Here, Williamsburg, your 'hood. I mean, that's why I was in Noir that night in the first place. This Irish pub I dig over on the other side of the park ... a bunch of spots, and they all have apartments upstairs and I just kept everybody's rent the same and, frankly, it's a lot of fucking money. Every month. And I get to keep going to these places I love, and they get to keep their stores and their apartments. Ninety percent of my real estate work is filling up my own apartments, though, honestly, most of my tenants don't leave. And, Olga, it's so much money I frankly don't get these other cats. How much money does one person need? But I guess that's the quintessential American question, right?"

But Olga was too busy beaming at him to engage in a philosophical debate about capitalism. She felt something that she remembered was desire begin to tingle in her.

"Matteo Jones, why didn't you tell me that you were a superhero?"

"Because of the money?" he asked. "I'm happy to—"

"No! Not the money. Are you kidding?" she asked genuinely. "Because you're saving me—all of us—from being washed away. You've put down little anchors, even if it's just a few. Even if we're just little dinghies floating in this big sea. I didn't think I could love you more."

"Oh yeah?" Matteo asked with a smile.

"Or, frankly, find you hotter."

"Oh yeah?"

"Have you ever fucked in the Christmas room?"

"Girl," he said as he crawled closer, "what we're doing is making love."

SEPTEMBER 23, 2025

SOL LIBRE

Olga had just walked out of the bodega and onto Fourth Avenue when she heard her phone ring. She'd lingered, drinking her coffee and gossiping with Sammy for longer than she intended and was now running late, so when she saw that it was her brother, she hit ignore.

She was genuinely delighted when he had met Marcus, truly happy when they fell in love, and ecstatic when they got engaged, but if she had to talk to him one more time about his fucking wedding plans, she was going to shoot herself. She was happy to put on her old hat and lend a hand, but he was worse than the worst of her brides, or grooms for that matter, fixating all of his attention—and calls—on micromanaging the music selections. He and Marcus had picked a song with "meaning" for everything: the usuals, like walking down the aisle and first dance, but also the ridiculous, such as pairing songs with food courses like one would do with a wine. Each time Prieto would send another request to the DJ, he would call his sister so that she could assure him that yes, that was a good selection and yes, she would stay on top of the DJ. Which she had zero intention of doing because at the end of the day, he'd be having too good a time to remember what song was playing in the background when he was served his braised short ribs.

Milagros had a cold and the pre-K teacher told Mabel she had to keep her home, but since the gallery was usually pretty quiet on weekdays and on Mabel's way to work, Olga offered to watch her so Mabel wouldn't have to miss a day of work.

"If only Julio wasn't a piece of shit," Mabel lamented, "then I wouldn't have to bother you."

It wasn't a bother, and frankly, Olga was happier to babysit than to have Mabel involve Julio too much in Milagros's day-to-day life. They weren't married for more than three years before Mabel realized he was spending money faster than she could make it, but never managed to keep a job for long enough to actually bring anything in. Then Mabel got pregnant, right as the coronavirus pandemic began. Stuck in a house with Julio for nearly a year, she quickly discovered that she didn't have the energy for two babies and, just before Milagros was born, she moved out of the apartment in Bay Shore and back to Fifty-third Street. Christian had, as Olga suspected, missed Manhattan living and, having gotten on his feet, used this opportunity to find a place uptown in one of Matteo's newer buildings. Olga had encouraged him to start investing in other vanishing neighborhoods and he'd found a music store and a Chino-Latino restaurant that he wanted to be sure "we can take our kid to if we want."

He had said that when they were still trying, of course. Before Olga decided that the process—the nightly injections in alternating ass cheeks, the daily "monitoring" visits requiring early morning schleps uptown, the constant false hope—was too exhausting. She felt, she told her therapist, that she had only recently become content with her life and herself and didn't want to become fixated on chasing another imagined love. For Matteo's part, he assured her, he was relieved. Not that he didn't love kids, but he was happy not to have to share her with a baby. To Olga, that felt very honest, and put her mind at ease knowing that she hadn't disappointed him. Slowly, they had been getting rid of furniture, replaced all the old TVs with one flat-screen (Olga liked to watch the news in bed), and had recently sold his collection of *Vibe* magazines to a twenty-four-year-old cryptocurrency miner who was obsessed with golden-era hip-hop. Olga decided that she didn't mind if the thing he still wanted to hoard was her time.

The gallery was in Gowanus, in a corner building of Matteo's that used to house a tire shop but was vacated when the owner died. Olga had been inspired by Matteo's Brooklyn salvation project. She remembered her earliest days in Fort Greene, filled with these fabulous Black and Latino artists, and wondered where they had gone. Then she remembered why she herself had abandoned her art and had the idea to start a nonprofit gallery. The proceeds from each sale split between the artist and a foundation that helped artists of color with emergency expenses. She had gotten the gallery a fair amount of publicity and, on the weekends and at their annual benefit, many of her former clients and other New Brooklyn residents came. Olga enjoyed using her old skills to steer them towards the pricier works. She had named it Comunidad.

As she approached the gallery now, she saw that her brother was once again calling.

"Prieto, I can't with the wedding right now," she started into the phone.

"No, Olga." His voice sounded urgent and a nervous sensation fluttered in her chest. "I got a call this morning ... I mean, at this point, it's on the news."

"I was running out to help Mabel with Milagros. Is everything okay?" "She did it."

"Who?" she said. But then she knew. "Fuck." She was fumbling with her key in the lock. She ran over to her computer to check out the news for herself.

"Early this morning a bomb went off in La Fortaleza; it didn't do too much damage, so I think they were trying to keep it quiet but ... well, fuck, just look."

They had not heard from their mother since just after Maria. They had, after much torment and a commitment to therapy, come to the familial decision to mourn her like the dead, so speaking of her now was like being grabbed by a ghost. Of course, she had lingered in the back of their minds. Her brother had served two more terms before deciding to run for governor of New York, and though he did plenty for the people of Puerto Rico, he never did go back.

They had both, of course, seen the headlines: after Maria, as their mother predicted, the awakening among the people that had begun after PROMESA only became louder, more organized and intense. Estimates on Maria's death toll ranged in the thousands; one team of scientists put the count at 4,645. Outraged and grief-stricken, people stopped looking to the central government and strengthened the organization of their smaller municipalities. Just as they had been organized in the beginning, when the land was Borikén.

Then, two funny things happened.

The first seemed innocuous enough, though not to Olga. Two years after Maria, in the summer of 2019, a mysterious hack unearthed a trove of private messages between the governor and his cabinet. Journalists had been steadily unraveling the web of corruption that had lined these politicians' pockets—both before and after Maria—but these texts were different. They revealed the disdain, disregard, and disrespect that the governor, and by turn his government, had for the people. They mocked their own citizens while patting each other on their backs and laughing en route to the bank with their FEMA money. People demanded Ricky's resignation. In his obstinance, he ignored their calls until the people—millions of people—flooded the streets, day after day. He was eventually forced from office, and though he was merely one piece of a vastly corrupt puzzle, his ouster signaled a shift. The people saw and remembered their power.

Olga watched the protests in Puerto Rico that summer, her heart swollen with pride. On the news, on the covers of all the papers, on social media, Olga

saw them, Los Pañuelos Negros, mixed among the people, getting tear-gassed, getting goaded by the police. She knew her brother had seen it, too. After their mother met with Mercedes, the Pañuelos, their demands for Puerto Rico, and their vision of liberation did receive periodic press coverage. Unlike her predecessors, however, their mother insisted on complete anonymity. Still, rumors swirled. The Pañuelos and their mark had begun to generate a folklore of its own. That they had been behind the hack; that they had amassed hundreds of thousands of followers around the island. That they were backed by wealthy Boricuas from the diaspora.

The second thing that occurred happened so quietly, when Olga saw it in passing, she almost missed it. For more than two years much of the island sat in darkness as PREPA and the government failed to rebuild the power grid and contracts were issued to inept consultants and shell companies owned by the U.S. president and other administration officials. Residents and municipalities, tired of waiting for PREPA to come and charge them extortionary amounts of money for an unreliable utility, slowly began to pool their money for their own solar panels. Building, in effect, their own solar grids. Two years after Maria, the island was ravaged by earthquakes and within seconds, the entire island was again in darkness. The people, realizing that their infrastructure was still as fragile as their citizenship, were exhausted of being held hostage to this ineptitude. The public recognized what Olga's mother had seen several years before and began, en masse, to organize themselves towards solar. The climate was ripe: Reggie Reyes had successfully opened a mid-sized solar production facility, which in turn led Dick to make a push with Eikenborn Green Solutions. Solar suddenly became accessible. PREPA, seeing their client base take matters into their own hands, began to panic and, with the cooperation of the Puerto Rican legislature and private industry, passed a Solar Tax, ensuring they made money even on power that nature provided. A municipality, aided by a mainland-born lawyer of Puerto Rican descent, filed a lawsuit protesting the tax, which slowly wound its way to the Supreme Court. In the ensuing years Sol Libre became a rallying cry as the issue of taxing the utilization of a resource God had provided to everyone seemed to touch a raw nerve. Songs—trap, bomba, salsa—were written about Sol Libre. Logos were created. Chants were uttered. Adding to the fury was that the Puertopians had installed their solar grids years before. They had been living with power. They would be exempt from the tax.

An injunction was placed on the tax while the Supreme Court decided if and

when to take up the case and, motivated by a window of opportunity and a gesture of political defiance, solar energy was adopted by large swaths of the island. Families on the mainland were pooling together money for their relatives —their houses, their buildings, their towns—to obtain solar panels. Puertorriqueños across the diaspora were crowdsourcing to fund solar energy for the villages and cities they had descended from. Quite recently, *The Washington Post* had reported that the campaigns had gotten nearly 50 percent of the island's households operating completely on solar. Olga had texted the story to Prieto, but they never discussed it.

* * *

Online, Olga could not believe her eyes. The streets were flooded in a sea of black, the masses flowing through the streets like a slick of oil, the only color emanating from their flags. They carried the black banderas of the austerity protest, yes, but also the flag of Puerto Rico before 1898. And, here and there, the flag Olga now knew to be the mark of the Pañuelos. Her face, but older.

"Are you there?" Prieto asked.

"Yes."

"Did you get the news alert?"

"If I'm on the phone with you, how could I see the alert?"

"Why do you have to be such a fucking smart-ass? Oye ... they bombed the airport."

She gasped and hit refresh on her browser. And she saw it now. Chaos.

"Luis Muñoz Marín...," she said.

"The traitor." Parroting the way their parents would talk about the Yanqui lapdog.

"Oh my God," Olga gasped. "So many people..."

"Yeah...," Prieto said.

But then Mabel was at the door, struggling with the stroller, and Milagros was fussing and Olga needed to go.

"I've gotta help Mabel. I'll call you later."

"Wait, Olga. Do we just let her do this?"

There was a pause and she had to let go of the phone. In truth, she didn't know.

* * *

FOR THE REST of the day, bombs and unrest in Puerto Rico took over her newsfeed. In the streets of San Juan, the people had taken over government buildings, removing the U.S. flags from any and every flagpole they could reach, while the Pañuelos systemically bombed the airports, military outposts, and ports, cutting the island off, at least for a moment. Pigs' heads were mounted on stakes outside the Fortaleza, police cars set on fire. This, Olga could tell, was it. This was what revolution looked like. What she'd sacrificed so many parts of herself for.

She'd been hearing about it her whole life and now, finally, she was seeing it with her own eyes. Her mother had told her that when this day came, Olga would be proud. This was true, but the pride that welled was not related to her mother. This, she could see, was bigger than one woman. Her mother had anticipated the cause and the effect, but it was not her mother who had ushered in this metamorphosis, this force. No, this was a sea change, an awakening to over a century of abused power, the last drop of water in the glass. This would continue tomorrow, and the day after tomorrow, and the day after that, regardless of what or where her mother was. This was by, of, and for the people.

* * *

AFTER MABEL PICKED up Milagros, Olga walked from the gallery over to the Fulton Mall. She stopped at the ATM, picked up a nice bottle of wine, and then made her way into one of the last gold fronts/collectible sneaker/unlocked cell phone spots that still existed in Brooklyn. She liked bringing Matteo little gifts, so she bought him a money clip, paid cash for a phone, and stopped to sit at a café table at one of the new ped malls they had put up. She looked up Bonilla's number on her own phone and dialed it on the new one.

"Hello?" she said. "Yes, I'd like to report an anonymous tip.... It's regarding the bombings of the airports in Puerto Rico.... Yes, I can hold...."

But as she waited, a voice whispered in her head. It took Olga a second to recognize it as her own.

What do you think happens next? She goes quietly? Nah. It'll be guns blazing and she'll be a hero and for the rest of your life you'll have to see her fucking face on murals and T-shirts and have people talk about what a martyr this puta was, and do you really need that shit?

No, she decided. She did not.

She hung up, dropped the new phone into the nearest gutter, and got on the R train so she wouldn't be late for dinner. It was a glorious fall day. Matteo was

going to grill.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Thanks begin with my two most devoted readers: Mayra Castillo, my mother-sister-friend, and Yelena Gitlin Nesbit, whom I met in a Brooklyn public library when we were eleven years old and to whom I first confessed, while picking through the racks of Neiman Marcus Last Call, that I would, at forty, like to try writing. She told me that this was what I was meant to do.

My prayers were answered for the perfect team: Mollie Glick, who had a vision for my writing career before one existed, and Megan Lynch, whose love and care for this book—and for big, weird novels—moved me so. Thank you for being such champions of both Olga and me. Thanks to Dana Spector, my savvy lodestar, and to André Des Rochers, who reminded me to always bet on me. And to the passionate Flatiron team that so lovingly cared for this book: Kukuwa Ashun, Malati Chavali, Nancy Trypuc, Katherine Turro, Marlena Bittner, Claire McLaughlin, Keith Hayes, Erin Gordon, Nadxieli Nieto, Dominique Jenkins, and Lauren Peters-Collaer.

I am in creative debt to the art of Alynda Segarra and the critical journalism of Naomi Klein. This novel crystallized during a morning Q train commute as I read *The Battle for Paradise* while listening to Hurray for the Riff Raff's *Navigator*. "Rican Beach" came on, and suddenly I was near tears and it all clicked and Olga was born.

To the people of Borikén, whose resilience is the root of this novel, thank you. Thank you to Centro, the Center for Puerto Rican Studies at Hunter College, for being an invaluable resource not only for this book, but for the entire diaspora. And to Iris Morales, whose film, ¡Pa'lante, Siempre Pa'Lante!, and book *Through the Eyes of Rebel Women* were invaluable resources.

This is in no small part a love letter to Brooklyn, my hometown, and its people. Shout-out to my teachers at P.S. 48, P.S. 105, I.S. 227, and the late Gail Katz and Saul Bruckner. To John Faciano, Georgia Scurletis, Sheila Hanley, Scott Martin, and the inspiring teachers at Edward R. Murrow High School: You made me a better reader, writer, and thinker. And my Murrow crew, who've

always had my back: Alex Rosado, Tascha Van Auken, Jace Van Auken, and the entire Joyce family, especially Rebecca and Josh.

To my Brooklyn fam: the incomparable and beloved Marcy Blum, Aja Baxter, "Cousin Danny" Lubrano, Indira Goris, Destin Coleman, Yohance Bowden, Brandon and Iman Nelson, De'Ara Balenger, Pao Ramos, Walt Brown, Nya Parker Brown. And to Ian Niles, Kendra Ellis, and my heart, soul, third-line, and no-nonsense hype woman, Sharon Ingram: Be you in D.C., L.A., or anywhere in this world, your time in Brooklyn touched my life, and I love you.

I started this book in Fort Greene Park but finished it in Iowa City. Thanks to Lan Samantha Chang, the faculty at the Writers' Workshop, and the University of Iowa for the life-changing financial support that allowed me the time and space to complete this novel. Thank you to Disquiet International, *Ninth Letter*, and *Joyland* magazine for supporting my writing.

Eternal gratitude to the 2019 IWW Novel Workshop: Jeff Boyd, Belinda Tang, IfeOluwa Nihinlola, Aaron Huang, Elliot Duncan, Elaine Ray, David McDevitt, Marilyn Manalokas, and Jing "JJ" Jian. And to Alonzo Vereen and Abigail Carney, who talked me off many a revision ledge.

Alfonso Gomez-Rejon, the best film teacher a girl could ask for: Our work together brought so much depth and clarity to this project. Thank you for loving Olga so much.

The Bread Loaf Writers' Conference is a special place from which emerged my invaluable writing circle: Cleyvis Natera and T. J. Wells. On the mountain I found magic: Lizz Huerta and Mai Schwartz. Amazing readers, writers, and even better friends.

Many strong women have supported this midlife journey: Sofija Stefanovic, a writer of unbelievable generosity; Karen Rinaldi, an inspiration; Jennifer J. Raab and my colleagues at Hunter College, who encouraged this pivot; Melissa Martínez-Raga, whose perspective as a writer and an island-born Boricua made this book infinitely better; Jackie Furst, who put Humpty Dumpty back together again; and my magnificent aunt Linda (and my uncle Frank), who fueled my love of books and writers and writing—I love you.

Christina H. Paxson, Celeste Perri, Caryn Ganz, Margo Gallagher, Elyse Fox, Pam Brier, Heather Ortiz, Steven Colon, Carmen Vargas, Suyin So, Sarita Gonzalez, Kirsten Johnson, Michaela RedCherries, Marisa Tirado, Ruben Reyes, Natalee Dawson, Indya Finch, Maggie Mitchell, Vix Gutierrez, Hannah Friedland, Emily Upton-Davis, Jordan Helman, Tony Tompson, Camille DePasquale, Roxanne Fequire, Payton Turner, Abby Adesanya, Alex Norcia,

Quinn Murphy, and my godbabies, Rocco Van Auken and Vivi Baxter, who've all lent support and inspiration in ways big and small.

My grandparents, Alberto, Assunta, and Raquel, and all my ancestors, for holding me up.

And thanks, above all, to God.

Pop. We did it.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



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September 23, 2025

Sol Libre

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Cover design by Lauren Peters-Collaer

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Names: Gonzalez, Xochitl, author.

Title: Olga dies dreaming / Xochitl Gonzalez.

Description: First edition. | New York: Flatiron Books, 2022.

Identifiers: LCCN 2021034516 | 1ISBN 9781250786173 (hardcover)|ISBN 9781250853356 (international,

sold outside the U.S., subject to rights availability)|ISBN 9781250786197 (ebook)

Subjects: LCGFT: Domestic fiction.

Classification: LCC PS3607.O56264 O44 2022|DDC 813/.6—dc23

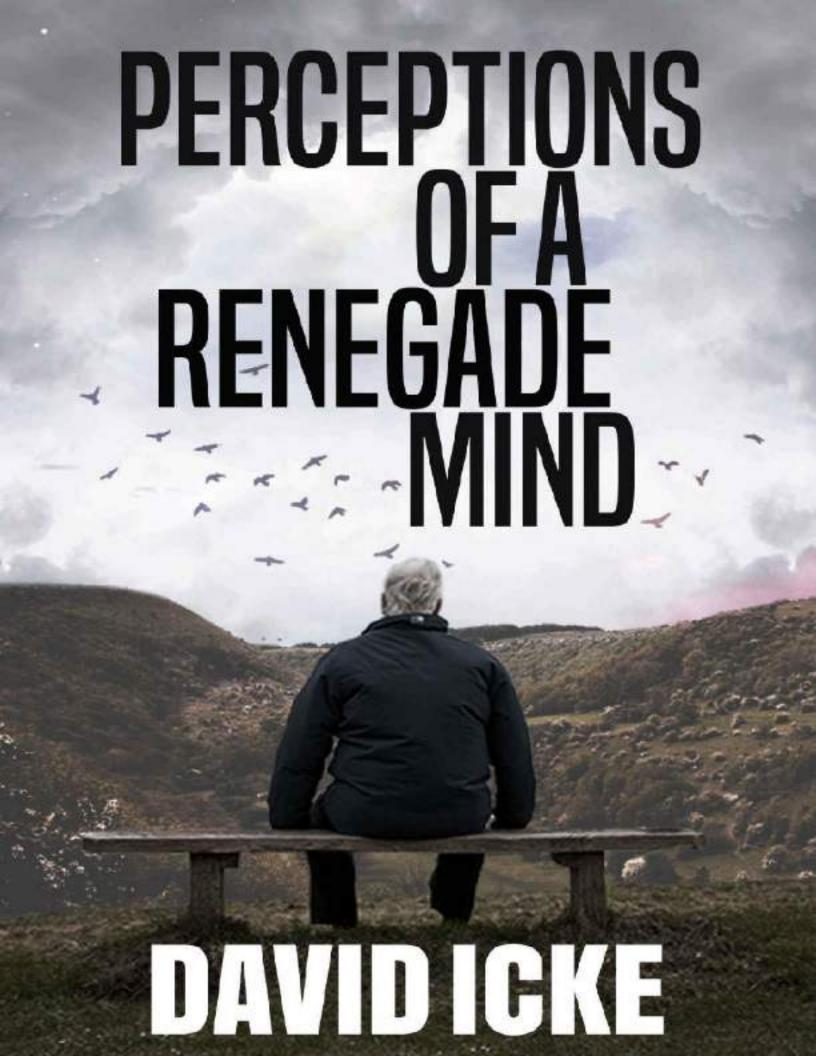
LC record available at https://lccn.loc.gov/2021034516

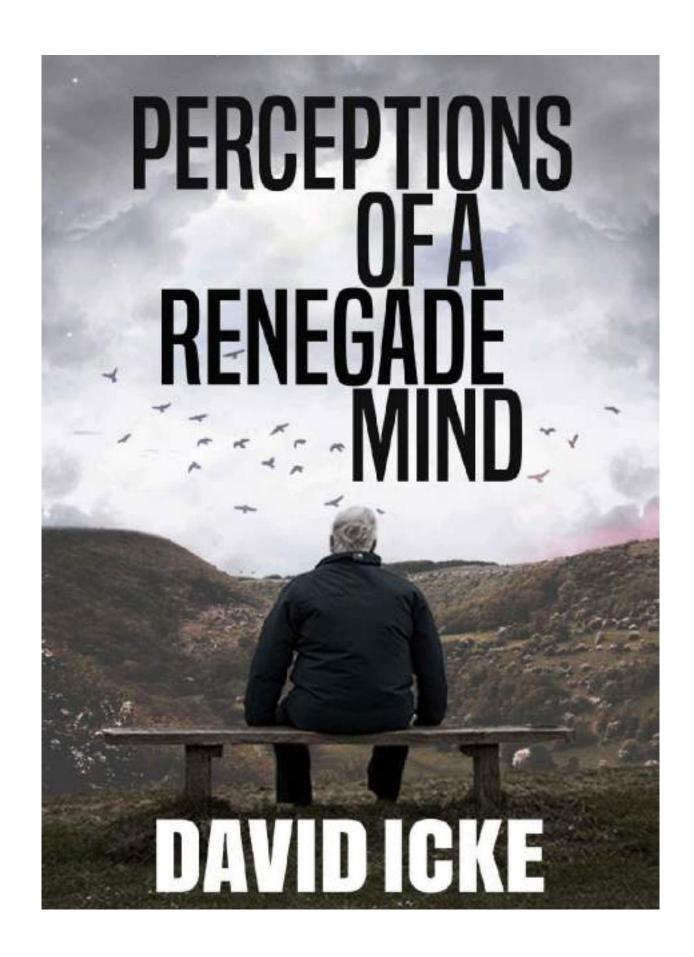
eISBN 9781250786197

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First U.S. Edition: 2022

First International Edition: 2022





PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND

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First published in July 2021.



New Enterprise House St Helens Street Derby DE1 3GY UK

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Cover Design: Gareth Icke Book Design: Neil Hague

British Library Cataloguing-in Publication Data

A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

eISBN 978-18384153-1-0

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Renegade:

Adjective

'Having rejected tradition: Unconventional.'

Merriam-Webster Dictionary

Acquiescence to tyranny is the death of the spirit

You may be 38 years old, as I happen to be. And one day, some great opportunity stands before you and calls you to stand up for some great principle, some great issue, some great cause. And you refuse to do it because you are afraid ... You refuse to do it because you want to live longer ... You're afraid that you will lose your job, or you are afraid that you will be criticised or that you will lose your popularity, or you're afraid that somebody will stab you, or shoot at you or bomb your house; so you refuse to take the stand.

Well, you may go on and live until you are 90, but you're just as dead at 38 as you would be at 90. And the cessation of breathing in your life is but the belated announcement of an earlier death of the spirit.

Martin Luther King

How the few control the many and always have — the many do whatever they're told

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Someone had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred

Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)

The mist is lifting slowly
I can see the way ahead
And I've left behind the empty streets
That once inspired my life
And the strength of the emotion
Is like thunder in the air
'Cos the promise that we made each other
Haunts me to the end

The secret of your beauty
And the mystery of your soul
I've been searching for in everyone I meet
And the times I've been mistaken
It's impossible to say
And the grass is growing
Underneath our feet

The words that I remember
From my childhood still are true
That there's none so blind
As those who will not see
And to those who lack the courage
And say it's dangerous to try
Well they just don't know
That love eternal will not be denied

I know you're out there somewhere Somewhere, somewhere I know you're out there somewhere Somewhere you can hear my voice
I know I'll find you somehow
Somehow, somehow
I know I'll find you somehow
And somehow I'll return again to you

The Moody Blues

Are you a gutless wonder - or a Renegade Mind?

Monuments put from pen to paper,
Turns me into a gutless wonder,
And if you tolerate this,
Then your children will be next.
Gravity keeps my head down,
Or is it maybe shame ...

Manic Street Preachers

Rise like lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number.
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep have fallen on you.
Ye are many – they are few.

Percy Shelley

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CHAPTER ONE

I'm thinking' — Oh, but are you?

Think for yourself and let others enjoy the privilege of doing so too Voltaire

French-born philosopher, mathematician and scientist René Descartes became famous for his statement in Latin in the 17th century which translates into English as: 'I think, therefore I am.'

On the face of it that is true. Thought reflects perception and perception leads to both behaviour and self-identity. In that sense 'we' are what we think. But who or what is doing the thinking and is thinking the only route to perception? Clearly, as we shall see, 'we' are not always the source of 'our' perception, indeed with regard to humanity as a whole this is rarely the case; and thinking is far from the only means of perception. Thought is the village idiot compared with other expressions of consciousness that we all have the potential to access and tap into. This has to be true when we *are* those other expressions of consciousness which are infinite in nature. We have forgotten this, or, more to the point, been manipulated to forget.

These are not just the esoteric musings of the navel. The whole foundation of human control and oppression is control of perception. Once perception is hijacked then so is behaviour which is dictated by perception. Collective perception becomes collective behaviour and collective behaviour is what we call human society. Perception is all and those behind human control know that which is

why perception is the target 24/7 of the psychopathic manipulators that I call the Global Cult. They know that if they dictate perception they will dictate behaviour and collectively dictate the nature of human society. They are further aware that perception is formed from information received and if they control the circulation of information they will to a vast extent direct human behaviour. Censorship of information and opinion has become globally Nazilike in recent years and never more blatantly than since the illusory 'virus pandemic' was triggered out of China in 2019 and across the world in 2020. Why have billions submitted to house arrest and accepted fascistic societies in a way they would have never believed possible? Those controlling the information spewing from government, mainstream media and Silicon Valley (all controlled by the same Global Cult networks) told them they were in danger from a 'deadly virus' and only by submitting to house arrest and conceding their most basic of freedoms could they and their families be protected. This monumental and provable lie became the perception of the billions and therefore the behaviour of the billions. In those few words you have the whole structure and modus operandi of human control. Fear is a perception – False Emotion Appearing Real – and fear is the currency of control. In short ... get them by the balls (or give them the impression that you have) and their hearts and minds will follow. Nothing grips the dangly bits and freezes the rear-end more comprehensively than fear.

World number 1

There are two 'worlds' in what appears to be one 'world' and the prime difference between them is knowledge. First we have the mass of human society in which the population is maintained in coldly-calculated ignorance through control of information and the 'education' (indoctrination) system. That's all you really need to control to enslave billions in a perceptual delusion in which what are perceived to be *their* thoughts and opinions are ever-repeated mantras that the system has been downloading all their lives through 'education', media, science, medicine, politics and academia

in which the personnel and advocates are themselves overwhelmingly the perceptual products of the same repetition. Teachers and academics in general are processed by the same programming machine as everyone else, but unlike the great majority they never leave the 'education' program. It gripped them as students and continues to grip them as programmers of subsequent generations of students. The programmed become the programmers – the programmed programmers. The same can largely be said for scientists, doctors and politicians and not least because as the American writer Upton Sinclair said: 'It is difficult to get a man to understand something when his salary depends upon his not understanding it.' If your career and income depend on thinking the way the system demands then you will – bar a few freeminded exceptions – concede your mind to the Perceptual Mainframe that I call the Postage Stamp Consensus. This is a tiny band of perceived knowledge and possibility 'taught' (downloaded) in the schools and universities, pounded out by the mainstream media and on which all government policy is founded. Try thinking, and especially speaking and acting, outside of the 'box' of consensus and see what that does for your career in the Mainstream Everything which bullies, harasses, intimidates and ridicules the population into compliance. Here we have the simple structure which enslaves most of humanity in a perceptual prison cell for an entire lifetime and I'll go deeper into this process shortly. Most of what humanity is taught as fact is nothing more than programmed belief. American science fiction author Frank Herbert was right when he said: 'Belief can be manipulated. Only knowledge is dangerous.' In the 'Covid' age belief is promoted and knowledge is censored. It was always so, but never to the extreme of today.

World number 2

A 'number 2' is slang for 'doing a poo' and how appropriate that is when this other 'world' is doing just that on humanity every minute of every day. World number 2 is a global network of secret societies and semi-secret groups dictating the direction of society via governments, corporations and authorities of every kind. I have spent more than 30 years uncovering and exposing this network that I call the Global Cult and knowing its agenda is what has made my books so accurate in predicting current and past events. Secret societies are secret for a reason. They want to keep their hoarded knowledge to themselves and their chosen initiates and to hide it from the population which they seek through ignorance to control and subdue. The whole foundation of the division between World 1 and World 2 is *knowledge*. What number 1 knows number 2 must not. Knowledge they have worked so hard to keep secret includes (a) the agenda to enslave humanity in a centrally-controlled global dictatorship, and (b) the nature of reality and life itself. The latter (b) must be suppressed to allow the former (a) to prevail as I shall be explaining. The way the Cult manipulates and interacts with the population can be likened to a spider's web. The 'spider' sits at the centre in the shadows and imposes its will through the web with each strand represented in World number 2 by a secret society, satanic or semi-secret group, and in World number 1 – the world of the seen – by governments, agencies of government, law enforcement, corporations, the banking system, media conglomerates and Silicon Valley (Fig 1 overleaf). The spider and the web connect and coordinate all these organisations to pursue the same global outcome while the population sees them as individual entities working randomly and independently. At the level of the web governments are the banking system are the corporations are the media are Silicon Valley are the World Health Organization working from their inner cores as one unit. Apparently unconnected countries, corporations, institutions, organisations and people are on the same team pursuing the same global outcome. Strands in the web immediately around the spider are the most secretive and exclusive secret societies and their membership is emphatically restricted to the Cult inner-circle emerging through the generations from particular bloodlines for reasons I will come to. At the core of the core you would get them in a single room. That's how many people are dictating the direction of human society and its transformation

through the 'Covid' hoax and other means. As the web expands out from the spider we meet the secret societies that many people will be aware of – the Freemasons, Knights Templar, Knights of Malta, Opus Dei, the inner sanctum of the Jesuit Order, and such like. Note how many are connected to the Church of Rome and there is a reason for that. The Roman Church was established as a revamp, a rebranding, of the relocated 'Church' of Babylon and the Cult imposing global tyranny today can be tracked back to Babylon and Sumer in what is now Iraq.



Figure 1: The global web through which the few control the many. (Image Neil Hague.)

Inner levels of the web operate in the unseen away from the public eye and then we have what I call the cusp organisations located at the point where the hidden meets the seen. They include a series of satellite organisations answering to a secret society founded in London in the late 19th century called the Round Table and among them are the Royal Institute of International Affairs (UK, founded in 1920); Council on Foreign Relations (US, 1921); Bilderberg Group (worldwide, 1954); Trilateral Commission (US/worldwide, 1972); and the Club of Rome (worldwide, 1968) which was created to exploit environmental concerns to justify the centralisation of global power to 'save the planet'. The Club of Rome instigated with others the human-caused climate change hoax which has led to all the 'green

new deals' demanding that very centralisation of control. Cusp organisations, which include endless 'think tanks' all over the world, are designed to coordinate a single global policy between political and business leaders, intelligence personnel, media organisations and anyone who can influence the direction of policy in their own sphere of operation. Major players and regular attenders will know what is happening – or some of it – while others come and go and are kept overwhelmingly in the dark about the big picture. I refer to these cusp groupings as semi-secret in that they can be publicly identified, but what goes on at the inner-core is kept very much 'in house' even from most of their members and participants through a fiercely-imposed system of compartmentalisation. Only let them know what they need to know to serve your interests and no more. The structure of secret societies serves as a perfect example of this principle. Most Freemasons never get higher than the bottom three levels of 'degree' (degree of knowledge) when there are 33 official degrees of the Scottish Rite. Initiates only qualify for the next higher 'compartment' or degree if those at that level choose to allow them. Knowledge can be carefully assigned only to those considered 'safe'. I went to my local Freemason's lodge a few years ago when they were having an 'open day' to show how cuddly they were and when I chatted to some of them I was astonished at how little the rank and file knew even about the most ubiquitous symbols they use. The mushroom technique – keep them in the dark and feed them bullshit – applies to most people in the web as well as the population as a whole. Sub-divisions of the web mirror in theme and structure transnational corporations which have a headquarters somewhere in the world dictating to all their subsidiaries in different countries. Subsidiaries operate in their methodology and branding to the same centrally-dictated plan and policy in pursuit of particular ends. The Cult web functions in the same way. Each country has its own web as a subsidiary of the global one. They consist of networks of secret societies, semi-secret groups and bloodline families and their job is to impose the will of the spider and the global web in their particular country. Subsidiary networks control and manipulate the national political system, finance, corporations, media, medicine, etc. to

ensure that they follow the globally-dictated Cult agenda. These networks were the means through which the 'Covid' hoax could be played out with almost every country responding in the same way.

The 'Yessir' pyramid

Compartmentalisation is the key to understanding how a tiny few can dictate the lives of billions when combined with a top-down sequence of imposition and acquiescence. The inner core of the Cult sits at the peak of the pyramidal hierarchy of human society (Fig 2 overleaf). It imposes its will – its agenda for the world – on the level immediately below which acquiesces to that imposition. This level then imposes the Cult will on the level below them which acquiesces and imposes on the next level. Very quickly we meet levels in the hierarchy that have no idea there even is a Cult, but the sequence of imposition and acquiescence continues down the pyramid in just the same way. 'I don't know why we are doing this but the order came from "on-high" and so we better just do it.' Alfred Lord Tennyson said of the cannon fodder levels in his poem The Charge of the Light Brigade: 'Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do and die.' The next line says that 'into the valley of death rode the six hundred' and they died because they obeyed without question what their perceived 'superiors' told them to do. In the same way the population capitulated to 'Covid'. The whole hierarchical pyramid functions like this to allow the very few to direct the enormous many. Eventually imposition-acquiescence-imposition-acquiescence comes down to the mass of the population at the foot of the pyramid. If they acquiesce to those levels of the hierarchy imposing on them (governments/law enforcement/doctors/media) a circuit is completed between the population and the handful of superpsychopaths in the Cult inner core at the top of the pyramid. Without a circuit-breaking refusal to obey, the sequence of imposition and acquiescence allows a staggeringly few people to impose their will upon the entirety of humankind. We are looking at the very sequence that has subjugated billions since the start of 2020. Our freedom has not been taken from us. Humanity has given it

away. Fascists do not impose fascism because there are not enough of them. Fascism is imposed by the population acquiescing to fascism. Put another way allowing their perceptions to be programmed to the extent that leads to the population giving their freedom away by giving their perceptions – their mind – away. If this circuit is not broken by humanity ceasing to cooperate with their own enslavement then nothing can change. For that to happen people have to critically think and see through the lies and window dressing and then summon the backbone to act upon what they see. The Cult spends its days working to stop either happening and its methodology is systematic and highly detailed, but it can be overcome and that is what this book is all about.

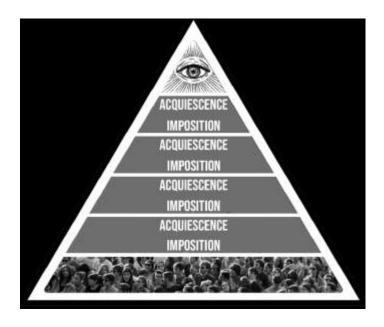


Figure 2: The simple sequence of imposition and compliance that allows a handful of people at the peak of the pyramid to dictate the lives of billions.

The Life Program

Okay, back to world number 1 or the world of the 'masses'. Observe the process of what we call 'life' and it is a perceptual download from cradle to grave. The Cult has created a global structure in which perception can be programmed and the program continually topped-up with what appears to be constant confirmation that the program is indeed true reality. The important word here is 'appears'.

This is the structure, the fly-trap, the Postage Stamp Consensus or Perceptual Mainframe, which represents that incredibly narrow band of perceived possibility delivered by the 'education' system, mainstream media, science and medicine. From the earliest age the download begins with parents who have themselves succumbed to the very programming their children are about to go through. Most parents don't do this out of malevolence and mostly it is quite the opposite. They do what they believe is best for their children and that is what the program has told them is best. Within three or four years comes the major transition from parental programming to fullblown state (Cult) programming in school, college and university where perceptually-programmed teachers and academics pass on their programming to the next generations. Teachers who resist are soon marginalised and their careers ended while children who resist are called a problem child for whom Ritalin may need to be prescribed. A few years after entering the 'world' children are under the control of authority figures representing the state telling them when they have to be there, when they can leave and when they can speak, eat, even go to the toilet. This is calculated preparation for a lifetime of obeying authority in all its forms. Reflex-action fear of authority is instilled by authority from the start. Children soon learn the carrot and stick consequences of obeying or defying authority which is underpinned daily for the rest of their life. Fortunately I daydreamed through this crap and never obeyed authority simply because it told me to. This approach to my alleged 'betters' continues to this day. There can be consequences of pursuing open-minded freedom in a world of closed-minded conformity. I spent a lot of time in school corridors after being ejected from the classroom for not taking some of it seriously and now I spend a lot of time being ejected from Facebook, YouTube and Twitter. But I can tell you that being true to yourself and not compromising your self-respect is far more exhilarating than bowing to authority for authority's sake. You don't have to be a sheep to the shepherd (authority) and the sheep dog (fear of not obeying authority).

The perceptual download continues throughout the formative years in school, college and university while script-reading 'teachers', 'academics' 'scientists', 'doctors' and 'journalists' insist that ongoing generations must be as programmed as they are. Accept the program or you will not pass your 'exams' which confirm your 'degree' of programming. It is tragic to think that many parents pressure their offspring to work hard at school to download the program and qualify for the next stage at college and university. The late, great, American comedian George Carlin said: 'Here's a bumper sticker I'd like to see: We are proud parents of a child who has resisted his teachers' attempts to break his spirit and bend him to the will of his corporate masters.' Well, the best of luck finding many of those, George. Then comes the moment to leave the formal programming years in academia and enter the 'adult' world of work. There you meet others in your chosen or prescribed arena who went through the same Postage Stamp Consensus program before you did. There is therefore overwhelming agreement between almost everyone on the basic foundations of Postage Stamp reality and the rejection, even contempt, of the few who have a mind of their own and are prepared to use it. This has two major effects. Firstly, the consensus confirms to the programmed that their download is really how things are. I mean, everyone knows that, right? Secondly, the arrogance and ignorance of Postage Stamp adherents ensure that anyone questioning the program will have unpleasant consequences for seeking their own truth and not picking their perceptions from the shelf marked: 'Things you must believe without question and if you don't you're a dangerous lunatic conspiracy theorist and a harebrained nutter'.

Every government, agency and corporation is founded on the same Postage Stamp prison cell and you can see why so many people believe the same thing while calling it their own 'opinion'. Fusion of governments and corporations in pursuit of the same agenda was the definition of fascism described by Italian dictator Benito Mussolini. The pressure to conform to perceptual norms downloaded for a lifetime is incessant and infiltrates society right

down to family groups that become censors and condemners of their own 'black sheep' for not, ironically, being sheep. We have seen an explosion of that in the 'Covid' era. Cult-owned global media unleashes its propaganda all day every day in support of the Postage Stamp and targets with abuse and ridicule anyone in the public eye who won't bend their mind to the will of the tyranny. Any response to this is denied (certainly in my case). They don't want to give a platform to expose official lies. Cult-owned-and-created Internet giants like Facebook, Google, YouTube and Twitter delete you for having an unapproved opinion. Facebook boasts that its AI censors delete 97-percent of 'hate speech' before anyone even reports it. Much of that 'hate speech' will simply be an opinion that Facebook and its masters don't want people to see. Such perceptual oppression is widely known as fascism. Even Facebook executive Benny Thomas, a 'CEO Global Planning Lead', said in comments secretly recorded by investigative journalism operation Project Veritas that Facebook is 'too powerful' and should be broken up:

I mean, no king in history has been the ruler of two billion people, but Mark Zuckerberg is ... And he's 36. That's too much for a 36-year-old ... You should not have power over two billion people. I just think that's wrong.

Thomas said Facebook-owned platforms like Instagram, Oculus, and WhatsApp needed to be separate companies. 'It's too much power when they're all one together'. That's the way the Cult likes it, however. We have an executive of a Cult organisation in Benny Thomas that doesn't know there is a Cult such is the compartmentalisation. Thomas said that Facebook and Google 'are no longer companies, they're countries'. Actually they are more powerful than countries on the basis that if you control information you control perception and control human society.

I love my oppressor

Another expression of this psychological trickery is for those who realise they are being pressured into compliance to eventually

convince themselves to believe the official narratives to protect their self-respect from accepting the truth that they have succumbed to meek and subservient compliance. Such people become some of the most vehement defenders of the system. You can see them everywhere screaming abuse at those who prefer to think for themselves and by doing so reminding the compliers of their own capitulation to conformity. 'You are talking dangerous nonsense you Covidiot!!' Are you trying to convince me or yourself? It is a potent form of Stockholm syndrome which is defined as: 'A psychological condition that occurs when a victim of abuse identifies and attaches, or bonds, positively with their abuser.' An example is hostages bonding and even 'falling in love' with their kidnappers. The syndrome has been observed in domestic violence, abused children, concentration camp inmates, prisoners of war and many and various Satanic cults. These are some traits of Stockholm syndrome listed at goodtherapy.org:

- Positive regard towards perpetrators of abuse or captor [see 'Covid'].
- Failure to cooperate with police and other government authorities when it comes to holding perpetrators of abuse or kidnapping accountable [or in the case of 'Covid' cooperating with the police to enforce and defend their captors' demands].
- Little or no effort to escape [see 'Covid'].
- Belief in the goodness of the perpetrators or kidnappers [see 'Covid'].
- Appeasement of captors. This is a manipulative strategy for maintaining one's safety. As victims get rewarded perhaps with less abuse or even with life itself their appeasing behaviours are reinforced [see 'Covid'].
- Learned helplessness. This can be akin to 'if you can't beat 'em, join 'em'. As the victims fail to escape the abuse or captivity, they may start giving up and soon realize it's just easier for everyone if they acquiesce all their power to their captors [see 'Covid'].

- Feelings of pity toward the abusers, believing they are actually
- victims themselves. Because of this, victims may go on a crusade or mission to 'save' [protect] their abuser [see the venom unleashed on those challenging the official 'Covid' narrative].
- Unwillingness to learn to detach from their perpetrators and heal. In essence, victims may tend to be less loyal to themselves than to their abuser [*definitely* see 'Covid'].

Ponder on those traits and compare them with the behaviour of great swathes of the global population who have defended governments and authorities which have spent every minute destroying their lives and livelihoods and those of their children and grandchildren since early 2020 with fascistic lockdowns, house arrest and employment deletion to 'protect' them from a 'deadly virus' that their abusers' perceptually created to bring about this very outcome. We are looking at mass Stockholm syndrome. All those that agree to concede their freedom will believe those perceptions are originating in their own independent 'mind' when in fact by conceding their reality to Stockholm syndrome they have by definition conceded any independence of mind. Listen to the 'opinions' of the acquiescing masses in this 'Covid' era and what gushes forth is the repetition of the official version of everything delivered unprocessed, unfiltered and unquestioned. The whole programming dynamic works this way. I must be free because I'm told that I am and so I think that I am.

You can see what I mean with the chapter theme of 'I'm thinking – Oh, but *are* you?' The great majority are not thinking, let alone for themselves. They are repeating what authority has told them to believe which allows them to be controlled. Weaving through this mentality is the fear that the 'conspiracy theorists' are right and this again explains the often hysterical abuse that ensues when you dare to contest the official narrative of anything. Denial is the mechanism of hiding from yourself what you don't want to be true. Telling people what they want to hear is easy, but it's an infinitely greater challenge to tell them what they would rather not be happening.

One is akin to pushing against an open door while the other is met with vehement resistance no matter what the scale of evidence. I don't want it to be true so I'll convince myself that it's not. Examples are everywhere from the denial that a partner is cheating despite all the signs to the reflex-action rejection of any idea that world events in which country after country act in exactly the same way are centrally coordinated. To accept the latter is to accept that a force of unspeakable evil is working to destroy your life and the lives of your children with nothing too horrific to achieve that end. Who the heck wants that to be true? But if we don't face reality the end is duly achieved and the consequences are far worse and ongoing than breaking through the walls of denial today with the courage to make a stand against tyranny.

Connect the dots – but how?

A crucial aspect of perceptual programming is to portray a world in which everything is random and almost nothing is connected to anything else. Randomness cannot be coordinated by its very nature and once you perceive events as random the idea they could be connected is waved away as the rantings of the tinfoil-hat brigade. You can't plan and coordinate random you idiot! No, you can't, but you can hide the coldly-calculated and long-planned behind the illusion of randomness. A foundation manifestation of the Renegade Mind is to scan reality for patterns that connect the apparently random and turn pixels and dots into pictures. This is the way I work and have done so for more than 30 years. You look for similarities in people, modus operandi and desired outcomes and slowly, then ever quicker, the picture forms. For instance: There would seem to be no connection between the 'Covid pandemic' hoax and the human-caused global-warming hoax and yet they are masks (appropriately) on the same face seeking the same outcome. Those pushing the global warming myth through the Club of Rome and other Cult agencies are driving the lies about 'Covid' – Bill Gates is an obvious one, but they are endless. Why would the same people be involved in both when they are clearly not connected? Oh, but they

are. Common themes with personnel are matched by common goals. The 'solutions' to both 'problems' are centralisation of global power to impose the will of the few on the many to 'save' humanity from 'Covid' and save the planet from an 'existential threat' (we need 'zero Covid' and 'zero carbon emissions'). These, in turn, connect with the 'dot' of globalisation which was coined to describe the centralisation of global power in every area of life through incessant political and corporate expansion, trading blocks and superstates like the European Union. If you are the few and you want to control the many you have to centralise power and decision-making. The more you centralise power the more power the few at the centre will have over the many; and the more that power is centralised the more power those at the centre have to centralise even quicker. The momentum of centralisation gets faster and faster which is exactly the process we have witnessed. In this way the hoaxed 'pandemic' and the fakery of human-caused global warming serve the interests of globalisation and the seizure of global power in the hands of the Cult inner-circle which is behind 'Covid', 'climate change' and globalisation. At this point random 'dots' become a clear and obvious picture or pattern.

Klaus Schwab, the classic Bond villain who founded the Cult's Gates-funded World Economic Forum, published a book in 2020, *The Great Reset*, in which he used the 'problem' of 'Covid' to justify a total transformation of human society to 'save' humanity from 'climate change'. Schwab said: 'The pandemic represents a rare but narrow window of opportunity to reflect, reimagine, and reset our world.' What he didn't mention is that the Cult he serves is behind both hoaxes as I show in my book *The Answer*. He and the Cult don't have to reimagine the world. They know precisely what they want and that's why they destroyed human society with 'Covid' to 'build back better' in their grand design. Their job is not to imagine, but to get humanity to imagine and agree with their plans while believing it's all random. It must be pure coincidence that 'The Great Reset' has long been the Cult's code name for the global imposition of fascism and replaced previous code-names of the 'New World

Order' used by Cult frontmen like Father George Bush and the 'New Order of the Ages' which emerged from Freemasonry and much older secret societies. New Order of the Ages appears on the reverse of the Great Seal of the United States as 'Novus ordo seclorum' underneath the Cult symbol used since way back of the pyramid and all seeing-eye (Fig 3). The pyramid is the hierarchy of human control headed by the illuminated eye that symbolises the force behind the Cult which I will expose in later chapters. The term 'Annuit Coeptis' translates as 'He favours our undertaking'. We are told the 'He' is the Christian god, but 'He' is not as I will be explaining.



Figure 3: The all-seeing eye of the Cult 'god' on the Freemason-designed Great Seal of the United States and also on the dollar bill.

Having you on

Two major Cult techniques of perceptual manipulation that relate to all this are what I have called since the 1990s Problem-Reaction-Solution (PRS) and the Totalitarian Tiptoe (TT). They can be uncovered by the inquiring mind with a simple question: Who benefits? The answer usually identifies the perpetrators of a given action or happening through the concept of 'he who most benefits from a crime is the one most likely to have committed it'. The Latin 'Cue bono?' – Who benefits? – is widely attributed to the Roman orator and statesman Marcus Tullius Cicero. No wonder it goes back so far when the concept has been relevant to human behaviour since

history was recorded. Problem-Reaction-Solution is the technique used to manipulate us every day by covertly creating a problem (or the illusion of one) and offering the solution to the problem (or the illusion of one). In the first phase you create the problem and blame someone or something else for why it has happened. This may relate to a financial collapse, terrorist attack, war, global warming or pandemic, anything in fact that will allow you to impose the 'solution' to change society in the way you desire at that time. The 'problem' doesn't have to be real. PRS is manipulation of perception and all you need is the population to believe the problem is real. Human-caused global warming and the 'Covid pandemic' only have to be *perceived* to be real for the population to accept the 'solutions' of authority. I refer to this technique as NO-Problem-Reaction-Solution. Billions did not meekly accept house arrest from early 2020 because there was a real deadly 'Covid pandemic' but because they perceived – believed – that to be the case. The antidote to Problem-Reaction-Solution is to ask who benefits from the proposed solution. Invariably it will be anyone who wants to justify more control through deletion of freedom and centralisation of power and decision-making.

The two world wars were Problem-Reaction-Solutions that transformed and realigned global society. Both were manipulated into being by the Cult as I have detailed in books since the mid-1990s. They dramatically centralised global power, especially World War Two, which led to the United Nations and other global bodies thanks to the overt and covert manipulations of the Rockefeller family and other Cult bloodlines like the Rothschilds. The UN is a stalking horse for full-blown world government that I will come to shortly. The land on which the UN building stands in New York was donated by the Rockefellers and the same Cult family was behind Big Pharma scalpel and drug 'medicine' and the creation of the World Health Organization as part of the UN. They have been stalwarts of the eugenics movement and funded Hitler's race-purity expert' Ernst Rudin. The human-caused global warming hoax has been orchestrated by the Club of Rome through the UN which is

manufacturing both the 'problem' through its Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change and imposing the 'solution' through its Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030 which demand the total centralisation of global power to 'save the world' from a climate hoax the United Nations is itself perpetrating. What a small world the Cult can be seen to be particularly among the inner circles. The bedfellow of Problem-Reaction-Solution is the Totalitarian Tiptoe which became the Totalitarian Sprint in 2020. The technique is fashioned to hide the carefully-coordinated behind the cover of apparently random events. You start the sequence at 'A' and you know you are heading for 'Z'. You don't want people to know that and each step on the journey is presented as a random happening while all the steps strung together lead in the same direction. The speed may have quickened dramatically in recent times, but you can still see the incremental approach of the Tiptoe in the case of 'Covid' as each new imposition takes us deeper into fascism. Tell people they have to do this or that to get back to 'normal', then this and this and this. With each new demand adding to the ones that went before the population's freedom is deleted until it disappears. The spider wraps its web around the flies more comprehensively with each new diktat. I'll highlight this in more detail when I get to the 'Covid' hoax and how it has been pulled off. Another prime example of the Totalitarian Tiptoe is how the Cult-created European Union went from a 'freetrade zone' to a centralised bureaucratic dictatorship through the Tiptoe of incremental centralisation of power until nations became mere administrative units for Cult-owned dark suits in Brussels.

The antidote to ignorance is knowledge which the Cult seeks vehemently to deny us, but despite the systematic censorship to that end the Renegade Mind can overcome this by vociferously seeking out the facts no matter the impediments put in the way. There is also a method of thinking and perceiving – *knowing* – that doesn't even need names, dates, place-type facts to identify the patterns that reveal the story. I'll get to that in the final chapter. All you need to know about the manipulation of human society and to what end is still out there – *at the time of writing* – in the form of books, videos

and websites for those that really want to breach the walls of programmed perception. To access this knowledge requires the abandonment of the mainstream media as a source of information in the awareness that this is owned and controlled by the Cult and therefore promotes mass perceptions that suit the Cult. Mainstream media lies all day, every day. That is its function and very reason for being. Where it does tell the truth, here and there, is only because the truth and the Cult agenda very occasionally coincide. If you look for fact and insight to the BBC, CNN and virtually all the rest of them you are asking to be conned and perceptually programmed.

Know the outcome and you'll see the journey

Events seem random when you have no idea where the world is being taken. Once you do the random becomes the carefully planned. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey is a phrase I have been using for a long time to give context to daily happenings that appear unconnected. Does a problem, or illusion of a problem, trigger a proposed 'solution' that further drives society in the direction of the outcome? Invariably the answer will be yes and the random – abracadabra – becomes the clearly coordinated. So what is this outcome that unlocks the door to a massively expanded understanding of daily events? I will summarise its major aspects – the fine detail is in my other books – and those new to this information will see that the world they thought they were living in is a very different place. The foundation of the Cult agenda is the incessant centralisation of power and all such centralisation is ultimately in pursuit of Cult control on a global level. I have described for a long time the planned world structure of top-down dictatorship as the Hunger Games Society. The term obviously comes from the movie series which portrayed a world in which a few living in military-protected hi-tech luxury were the overlords of a population condemned to abject poverty in isolated 'sectors' that were not allowed to interact. 'Covid' lockdowns and travel bans anyone? The 'Hunger Games' pyramid of structural control has the inner circle of the Cult at the top with pretty much the entire

population at the bottom under their control through dependency for survival on the Cult. The whole structure is planned to be protected and enforced by a military-police state (Fig 4).

Here you have the reason for the global lockdowns of the fake pandemic to coldly destroy independent incomes and livelihoods and make everyone dependent on the 'state' (the Cult that controls the 'states'). I have warned in my books for many years about the plan to introduce a 'guaranteed income' – a barely survivable pittance – designed to impose dependency when employment was destroyed by AI technology and now even more comprehensively at great speed by the 'Covid' scam. Once the pandemic was played and lockdown consequences began to delete independent income the authorities began to talk right on cue about the need for a guaranteed income and a 'Great Reset'. Guaranteed income will be presented as benevolent governments seeking to help a desperate people – desperate as a direct result of actions of the same governments. The truth is that such payments are a trap. You will only get them if you do exactly what the authorities demand including mass vaccination (genetic manipulation). We have seen this theme already in Australia where those dependent on government benefits have them reduced if parents don't agree to have their children vaccinated according to an insane healthdestroying government-dictated schedule. Calculated economic collapse applies to governments as well as people. The Cult wants rid of countries through the creation of a world state with countries broken up into regions ruled by a world government and super states like the European Union. Countries must be bankrupted, too, to this end and it's being achieved by the trillions in 'rescue packages' and furlough payments, trillions in lost taxation, and money-no-object spending on 'Covid' including constant allmedium advertising (programming) which has made the media dependent on government for much of its income. The day of reckoning is coming – as planned – for government spending and given that it has been made possible by printing money and not by production/taxation there is inflation on the way that has the

potential to wipe out monetary value. In that case there will be no need for the Cult to steal your money. It just won't be worth anything (see the German Weimar Republic before the Nazis took over). Many have been okay with lockdowns while getting a percentage of their income from so-called furlough payments without having to work. Those payments are dependent, however, on people having at least a theoretical job with a business considered non-essential and ordered to close. As these business go under because they are closed by lockdown after lockdown the furlough stops and it will for everyone eventually. Then what? The 'then what?' is precisely the idea.



Figure 4: The Hunger Games Society structure I have long warned was planned and now the 'Covid' hoax has made it possible. This is the real reason for lockdowns.

Hired hands

Between the Hunger Games Cult elite and the dependent population is planned to be a vicious military-police state (a fusion of the two into one force). This has been in the making for a long time with police looking ever more like the military and carrying weapons to match. The pandemic scam has seen this process accelerate so fast as

lockdown house arrest is brutally enforced by carefully recruited fascist minds and gormless system-servers. The police and military are planned to merge into a centrally-directed world army in a global structure headed by a world government which wouldn't be elected even by the election fixes now in place. The world army is not planned even to be human and instead wars would be fought, primarily against the population, using robot technology controlled by artificial intelligence. I have been warning about this for decades and now militaries around the world are being transformed by this very AI technology. The global regime that I describe is a particular form of fascism known as a technocracy in which decisions are not made by clueless and co-opted politicians but by unelected technocrats – scientists, engineers, technologists and bureaucrats. Cult-owned-and-controlled Silicon Valley giants are examples of technocracy and they already have far more power to direct world events than governments. They are with their censorship selecting governments. I know that some are calling the 'Great Reset' a Marxist communist takeover, but fascism and Marxism are different labels for the same tyranny. Tell those who lived in fascist Germany and Stalinist Russia that there was a difference in the way their freedom was deleted and their lives controlled. I could call it a fascist technocracy or a Marxist technocracy and they would be equally accurate. The Hunger Games society with its world government structure would oversee a world army, world central bank and single world cashless currency imposing its will on a microchipped population (Fig 5). Scan its different elements and see how the illusory pandemic is forcing society in this very direction at great speed. Leaders of 23 countries and the World Health Organization (WHO) backed the idea in March, 2021, of a global treaty for 'international cooperation' in 'health emergencies' and nations should 'come together as a global community for peaceful cooperation that extends beyond this crisis'. Cut the Orwellian bullshit and this means another step towards global government. The plan includes a cashless digital money system that I first warned about in 1993. Right at the start of 'Covid' the deeply corrupt Tedros

Adhanom Ghebreyesus, the crooked and merely gofer 'head' of the World Health Organization, said it was possible to catch the 'virus' by touching cash and it was better to use cashless means. The claim was ridiculous nonsense and like the whole 'Covid' mind-trick it was nothing to do with 'health' and everything to do with pushing every aspect of the Cult agenda. As a result of the Tedros lie the use of cash has plummeted. The Cult script involves a single world digital currency that would eventually be technologically embedded in the body. China is a massive global centre for the Cult and if you watch what is happening there you will know what is planned for everywhere. The Chinese government is developing a digital currency which would allow fines to be deducted immediately via AI for anyone caught on camera breaking its fantastic list of laws and the money is going to be programmable with an expiry date to ensure that no one can accrue wealth except the Cult and its operatives.



Figure 5: The structure of global control the Cult has been working towards for so long and this has been enormously advanced by the 'Covid' illusion.

Serfdom is so smart

The Cult plan is far wider, extreme, and more comprehensive than even most conspiracy researchers appreciate and I will come to the true depths of deceit and control in the chapters 'Who controls the Cult?' and 'Escaping Wetiko'. Even the world that we know is crazy enough. We are being deluged with ever more sophisticated and controlling technology under the heading of 'smart'. We have smart televisions, smart meters, smart cards, smart cars, smart driving, smart roads, smart pills, smart patches, smart watches, smart skin, smart borders, smart pavements, smart streets, smart cities, smart communities, smart environments, smart growth, smart planet ... smart everything around us. Smart technologies and methods of operation are designed to interlock to create a global Smart Grid connecting the entirety of human society including human minds to create a centrally-dictated 'hive' mind. 'Smart cities' is code for densely-occupied megacities of total surveillance and control through AI. Ever more destructive frequency communication systems like 5G have been rolled out without any official testing for health and psychological effects (colossal). 5G/6G/7G systems are needed to run the Smart Grid and each one becomes more destructive of body and mind. Deleting independent income is crucial to forcing people into these AI-policed prisons by ending private property ownership (except for the Cult elite). The Cult's Great Reset now openly foresees a global society in which no one will own any possessions and everything will be rented while the Cult would own literally everything under the guise of government and corporations. The aim has been to use the lockdowns to destroy sources of income on a mass scale and when the people are destitute and in unrepayable amounts of debt (problem) Cult assets come forward with the pledge to write-off debt in return for handing over all property and possessions (solution). Everything – literally everything including people – would be connected to the Internet via AI. I was warning years ago about the coming Internet of Things (IoT) in which all devices and technology from your car to your fridge would be plugged into the Internet and controlled by AI. Now we are already there with much more to come. The next stage is the Internet of Everything (IoE) which is planned to include the connection of AI to the human brain and body to replace the human mind with a centrally-controlled AI mind. Instead of perceptions

being manipulated through control of information and censorship those perceptions would come direct from the Cult through AI. What do you think? You think whatever AI decides that you think. In human terms there would be no individual 'think' any longer. Too incredible? The ravings of a lunatic? Not at all. Cult-owned crazies in Silicon Valley have been telling us the plan for years without explaining the real motivation and calculated implications. These include Google executive and 'futurist' Ray Kurzweil who highlights the year 2030 for when this would be underway. He said:

Our thinking ... will be a hybrid of biological and non-biological thinking ... humans will be able to extend their limitations and 'think in the cloud' ... We're going to put gateways to the cloud in our brains ... We're going to gradually merge and enhance ourselves ... In my view, that's the nature of being human – we transcend our limitations.

As the technology becomes vastly superior to what we are then the small proportion that is still human gets smaller and smaller and smaller until it's just utterly negligible.

The sales-pitch of Kurzweil and Cult-owned Silicon Valley is that this would make us 'super-human' when the real aim is to make us post-human and no longer 'human' in the sense that we have come to know. The entire global population would be connected to AI and become the centrally-controlled 'hive-mind' of externally-delivered perceptions. The Smart Grid being installed to impose the Cult's will on the world is being constructed to allow particular locations – even one location – to control the whole global system. From these prime control centres, which absolutely include China and Israel, anything connected to the Internet would be switched on or off and manipulated at will. Energy systems could be cut, communication via the Internet taken down, computer-controlled driverless autonomous vehicles driven off the road, medical devices switched off, the potential is limitless given how much AI and Internet connections now run human society. We have seen nothing yet if we allow this to continue. Autonomous vehicle makers are working with law enforcement to produce cars designed to automatically pull over if they detect a police or emergency vehicle flashing from up to 100 feet away. At a police stop the car would be unlocked and the

window rolled down automatically. Vehicles would only take you where the computer (the state) allowed. The end of petrol vehicles and speed limiters on all new cars in the UK and EU from 2022 are steps leading to electric computerised transport over which ultimately you have no control. The picture is far bigger even than the Cult global network or web and that will become clear when I get to the nature of the 'spider'. There is a connection between all these happenings and the instigation of DNA-manipulating 'vaccines' (which aren't 'vaccines') justified by the 'Covid' hoax. That connection is the unfolding plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic biological state and this is why synthetic biology is such a fast-emerging discipline of mainstream science. 'Covid vaccines' are infusing self-replicating synthetic genetic material into the cells to cumulatively take us on the Totalitarian Tiptoe from Human 1.0 to the synthetic biological Human 2.0 which will be physically and perceptually attached to the Smart Grid to one hundred percent control every thought, perception and deed. Humanity needs to wake up and fast.

This is the barest explanation of where the 'outcome' is planned to go but it's enough to see the journey happening all around us. Those new to this information will already see 'Covid' in a whole new context. I will add much more detail as we go along, but for the minutiae evidence see my mega-works, *The Answer*, *The Trigger* and *Everything You Need to Know But Have Never Been Told*.

Now – how does a Renegade Mind see the 'world'?

CHAPTER TWO

Renegade Perception

It is one thing to be clever and another to be wise George R.R. Martin

A simple definition of the difference between a programmed mind and a Renegade Mind would be that one sees only dots while the other connects them to see the picture. Reading reality with accuracy requires the observer to (a) know the planned outcome and (b) realise that everything, but *everything*, is connected.

The entirety of infinite reality is connected – that's its very nature – and with human society an expression of infinite reality the same must apply. Simple cause and effect is a connection. The effect is triggered by the cause and the effect then becomes the cause of another effect. Nothing happens in isolation because it *can't*. Life in whatever reality is simple choice and consequence. We make choices and these lead to consequences. If we don't like the consequences we can make different choices and get different consequences which lead to other choices and consequences. The choice and the consequence are not only connected they are indivisible. You can't have one without the other as an old song goes. A few cannot control the world unless those being controlled allow that to happen – cause and effect, choice and consequence. Control – who has it and who doesn't – is a two-way process, a symbiotic relationship, involving the controller and controlled. 'They took my freedom away!!' Well, yes, but you also gave it to them. Humanity is

subjected to mass control because humanity has acquiesced to that control. This is all cause and effect and literally a case of give and take. In the same way world events of every kind are connected and the Cult works incessantly to sell the illusion of the random and coincidental to maintain the essential (to them) perception of dots that hide the picture. Renegade Minds know this and constantly scan the world for patterns of connection. This is absolutely pivotal in understanding the happenings in the world and without that perspective clarity is impossible. First you know the planned outcome and then you identify the steps on the journey – the day-by-day apparently random which, when connected in relation to the outcome, no longer appear as individual events, but as the proverbial *chain* of events leading in the same direction. I'll give you some examples:

Political puppet show

We are told to believe that politics is 'adversarial' in that different parties with different beliefs engage in an endless tussle for power. There may have been some truth in that up to a point – and only a point – but today divisions between 'different' parties are rhetorical not ideological. Even the rhetorical is fusing into one-speak as the parties eject any remaining free thinkers while others succumb to the ever-gathering intimidation of anyone with the 'wrong' opinion. The Cult is not a new phenomenon and can be traced back thousands of years as my books have documented. Its intergenerational initiates have been manipulating events with increasing effect the more that global power has been centralised. In ancient times the Cult secured control through the system of monarchy in which 'special' bloodlines (of which more later) demanded the right to rule as kings and queens simply by birthright and by vanquishing others who claimed the same birthright. There came a time, however, when people had matured enough to see the unfairness of such tyranny and demanded a say in who governed them. Note the word – *governed* them. Not served them – *governed* them, hence government defined as 'the political direction and control exercised over the

actions of the members, citizens, or inhabitants of communities, societies, and states; direction of the affairs of a state, community, etc.' Governments exercise control over rather than serve just like the monarchies before them. Bizarrely there are still countries like the United Kingdom which are ruled by a monarch and a government that officially answers to the monarch. The UK head of state and that of Commonwealth countries such as Canada, Australia and New Zealand is 'selected' by who in a single family had unprotected sex with whom and in what order. Pinch me it can't be true. Ouch! Shit, it is. The demise of monarchies in most countries offered a potential vacuum in which some form of free and fair society could arise and the Cult had that base covered. Monarchies had served its interests but they couldn't continue in the face of such widespread opposition and, anyway, replacing a 'royal' dictatorship that people could see with a dictatorship 'of the people' hiding behind the concept of 'democracy' presented far greater manipulative possibilities and ways of hiding coordinated tyranny behind the illusion of 'freedom'.

Democracy is quite wrongly defined as government selected by the population. This is not the case at all. It is government selected by some of the population (and then only in theory). This 'some' doesn't even have to be the majority as we have seen so often in firstpast-the-post elections in which the so-called majority party wins fewer votes than the 'losing' parties combined. Democracy can give total power to a party in government from a minority of the votes cast. It's a sleight of hand to sell tyranny as freedom. Seventy-four million Trump-supporting Americans didn't vote for the 'Democratic' Party of Joe Biden in the distinctly dodgy election in 2020 and yet far from acknowledging the wishes and feelings of that great percentage of American society the Cult-owned Biden government set out from day one to destroy them and their right to a voice and opinion. Empty shell Biden and his Cult handlers said they were doing this to 'protect democracy'. Such is the level of lunacy and sickness to which politics has descended. Connect the dots and relate them to the desired outcome – a world government run by self-appointed technocrats and no longer even elected

politicians. While operating through its political agents in government the Cult is at the same time encouraging public distain for politicians by putting idiots and incompetents in theoretical power on the road to deleting them. The idea is to instil a public reaction that says of the technocrats: 'Well, they couldn't do any worse than the pathetic politicians.' It's all about controlling perception and Renegade Minds can see through that while programmed minds cannot when they are ignorant of both the planned outcome and the manipulation techniques employed to secure that end. This knowledge can be learned, however, and fast if people choose to get informed.

Politics may at first sight appear very difficult to control from a central point. I mean look at the 'different' parties and how would you be able to oversee them all and their constituent parts? In truth, it's very straightforward because of their structure. We are back to the pyramid of imposition and acquiescence. Organisations are structured in the same way as the system as a whole. Political parties are not open forums of free expression. They are hierarchies. I was a national spokesman for the British Green Party which claimed to be a different kind of politics in which influence and power was devolved; but I can tell you from direct experience – and it's far worse now – that Green parties are run as hierarchies like all the others however much they may try to hide that fact or kid themselves that it's not true. A very few at the top of all political parties are directing policy and personnel. They decide if you are elevated in the party or serve as a government minister and to do that you have to be a yes man or woman. Look at all the maverick political thinkers who never ascended the greasy pole. If you want to progress within the party or reach 'high-office' you need to fall into line and conform. Exceptions to this are rare indeed. Should you want to run for parliament or Congress you have to persuade the local or state level of the party to select you and for that you need to play the game as dictated by the hierarchy. If you secure election and wish to progress within the greater structure you need to go on conforming to what is acceptable to those running the hierarchy

from the peak of the pyramid. Political parties are perceptual gulags and the very fact that there are party 'Whips' appointed to 'whip' politicians into voting the way the hierarchy demands exposes the ridiculous idea that politicians are elected to serve the people they are supposed to represent. Cult operatives and manipulation has long seized control of major parties that have any chance of forming a government and at least most of those that haven't. A new party forms and the Cult goes to work to infiltrate and direct. This has reached such a level today that you see video compilations of 'leaders' of all parties whether Democrats, Republicans, Conservative, Labour and Green parroting the same Cult mantra of 'Build Back Better' and the 'Great Reset' which are straight off the Cult song-sheet to describe the transformation of global society in response to the Cult-instigated hoaxes of the 'Covid pandemic' and human-caused 'climate change'. To see Caroline Lucas, the Green Party MP that I knew when I was in the party in the 1980s, speaking in support of plans proposed by Cult operative Klaus Schwab representing the billionaire global elite is a real head-shaker.

Many parties – one master

The party system is another mind-trick and was instigated to change the nature of the dictatorship by swapping 'royalty' for dark suits that people believed – though now ever less so – represented their interests. Understanding this trick is to realise that a single force (the Cult) controls all parties either directly in terms of the major ones or through manipulation of perception and ideology with others. You don't need to manipulate Green parties to demand your transformation of society in the name of 'climate change' when they are obsessed with the lie that this is essential to 'save the planet'. You just give them a platform and away they go serving your interests while believing they are being environmentally virtuous. America's political structure is a perfect blueprint for how the two or multiparty system is really a one-party state. The Republican Party is controlled from one step back in the shadows by a group made up of billionaires and their gofers known as neoconservatives or Neocons.

I have exposed them in fine detail in my books and they were the driving force behind the policies of the imbecilic presidency of Boy George Bush which included 9/11 (see *The Trigger* for a comprehensive demolition of the official story), the subsequent 'war on terror' (war of terror) and the invasions of Afghanistan and Iraq. The latter was a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution based on claims by Cult operatives, including Bush and British Prime Minister Tony Blair, about Saddam Hussein's 'weapons of mass destruction' which did not exist as war criminals Bush and Blair well knew.

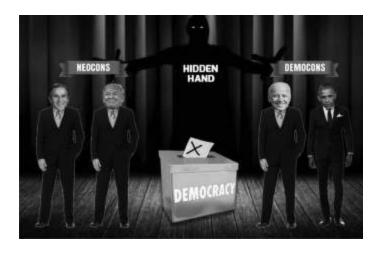


Figure 6: Different front people, different parties – same control system.

The Democratic Party has its own 'Neocon' group controlling from the background which I call the 'Democons' and here's the penny-drop – the Neocons and Democons answer to the same masters one step further back into the shadows (Fig 6). At that level of the Cult the Republican and Democrat parties are controlled by the same people and no matter which is in power the Cult is in power. This is how it works in almost every country and certainly in Britain with Conservative, Labour, Liberal Democrat and Green parties now all on the same page whatever the rhetoric may be in their feeble attempts to appear different. Neocons operated at the time of Bush through a think tank called The Project for the New American Century which in September, 2000, published a document entitled *Rebuilding America's Defenses: Strategies, Forces, and Resources*

For a New Century demanding that America fight 'multiple, simultaneous major theatre wars' as a 'core mission' to force regimechange in countries including Iraq, Libya and Syria. Neocons arranged for Bush ('Republican') and Blair ('Labour Party') to frontup the invasion of Iraq and when they departed the Democons orchestrated the targeting of Libya and Syria through Barack Obama ('Democrat') and British Prime Minister David Cameron ('Conservative Party'). We have 'different' parties and 'different' people, but the same unfolding script. The more the Cult has seized the reigns of parties and personnel the more their policies have transparently pursued the same agenda to the point where the fascist 'Covid' impositions of the Conservative junta of Jackboot Johnson in Britain were opposed by the Labour Party because they were not fascist enough. The Labour Party is likened to the US Democrats while the Conservative Party is akin to a British version of the Republicans and on both sides of the Atlantic they all speak the same language and support the direction demanded by the Cult although some more enthusiastically than others. It's a similar story in country after country because it's all centrally controlled. Oh, but what about Trump? I'll come to him shortly. Political 'choice' in the 'party' system goes like this: You vote for Party A and they get into government. You don't like what they do so next time you vote for Party B and they get into government. You don't like what they do when it's pretty much the same as Party A and why wouldn't that be with both controlled by the same force? Given that only two, sometimes three, parties have any chance of forming a government to get rid of Party B that you don't like you have to vote again for Party A which ... you don't like. This, ladies and gentlemen, is what they call 'democracy' which we are told – wrongly – is a term interchangeable with 'freedom'.

The cult of cults

At this point I need to introduce a major expression of the Global Cult known as Sabbatian-Frankism. Sabbatian is also spelt as Sabbatean. I will summarise here. I have published major exposés

and detailed background in other works. Sabbatian-Frankism combines the names of two frauds posing as 'Jewish' men, Sabbatai Zevi (1626-1676), a rabbi, black magician and occultist who proclaimed he was the Jewish messiah; and Jacob Frank (1726-1791), the Polish 'Jew', black magician and occultist who said he was the reincarnation of 'messiah' Zevi and biblical patriarch Jacob. They worked across two centuries to establish the Sabbatian-Frankist cult that plays a major, indeed central, role in the manipulation of human society by the Global Cult which has its origins much further back in history than Sabbatai Zevi. I should emphasise two points here in response to the shrill voices that will scream 'anti-Semitism': (1) Sabbatian-Frankists are NOT Jewish and only pose as such to hide their cult behind a Jewish façade; and (2) my information about this cult has come from Jewish sources who have long realised that their society and community has been infiltrated and taken over by interloper Sabbatian-Frankists. Infiltration has been the foundation technique of Sabbatian-Frankism from its official origin in the 17th century. Zevi's Sabbatian sect attracted a massive following described as the biggest messianic movement in Jewish history, spreading as far as Africa and Asia, and he promised a return for the Jews to the 'Promised Land' of Israel. Sabbatianism was not Judaism but an inversion of everything that mainstream Judaism stood for. So much so that this sinister cult would have a feast day when Judaism had a fast day and whatever was forbidden in Judaism the Sabbatians were encouraged and even commanded to do. This included incest and what would be today called Satanism. Members were forbidden to marry outside the sect and there was a system of keeping their children ignorant of what they were part of until they were old enough to be trusted not to unknowingly reveal anything to outsiders. The same system is employed to this day by the Global Cult in general which Sabbatian-Frankism has enormously influenced and now largely controls.

Zevi and his Sabbatians suffered a setback with the intervention by the Sultan of the Islamic Ottoman Empire in the Middle East and what is now the Republic of Turkey where Zevi was located. The Sultan gave him the choice of proving his 'divinity', converting to Islam or facing torture and death. Funnily enough Zevi chose to convert or at least appear to. Some of his supporters were disillusioned and drifted away, but many did not with 300 families also converting – only in theory – to Islam. They continued behind this Islamic smokescreen to follow the goals, rules and rituals of Sabbatianism and became known as 'crypto-Jews' or the 'Dönmeh' which means 'to turn'. This is rather ironic because they didn't 'turn' and instead hid behind a fake Islamic persona. The process of appearing to be one thing while being very much another would become the calling card of Sabbatianism especially after Zevi's death and the arrival of the Satanist Jacob Frank in the 18th century when the cult became Sabbatian-Frankism and plumbed still new depths of depravity and infiltration which included – still includes – human sacrifice and sex with children. Wherever Sabbatians go paedophilia and Satanism follow and is it really a surprise that Hollywood is so infested with child abuse and Satanism when it was established by Sabbatian-Frankists and is still controlled by them? Hollywood has been one of the prime vehicles for global perceptual programming and manipulation. How many believe the version of 'history' portrayed in movies when it is a travesty and inversion (again) of the truth? Rabbi Marvin Antelman describes Frankism in his book. To Eliminate the Opiate, as 'a movement of complete evil' while Jewish professor Gershom Scholem said of Frank in The Messianic Idea in *Judaism*: 'In all his actions [he was] a truly corrupt and degenerate individual ... one of the most frightening phenomena in the whole of Jewish history.' Frank was excommunicated by traditional rabbis, as was Zevi, but Frank was undeterred and enjoyed vital support from the House of Rothschild, the infamous banking dynasty whose inner-core are Sabbatian-Frankists and not Jews. Infiltration of the Roman Church and Vatican was instigated by Frank with many Dönmeh 'turning' again to convert to Roman Catholicism with a view to hijacking the reins of power. This was the ever-repeating modus operandi and continues to be so. Pose as an advocate of the religion, culture or country that you want to control and then

manipulate your people into the positions of authority and influence largely as advisers, administrators and Svengalis for those that appear to be in power. They did this with Judaism, Christianity (Christian Zionism is part of this), Islam and other religions and nations until Sabbatian-Frankism spanned the world as it does today.

Sabbatian Saudis and the terror network

One expression of the Sabbatian-Frankist Dönmeh within Islam is the ruling family of Saudi Arabia, the House of Saud, through which came the vile distortion of Islam known as Wahhabism. This is the violent creed followed by terrorist groups like Al-Qaeda and ISIS or Islamic State. Wahhabism is the hand-chopping, head-chopping 'religion' of Saudi Arabia which is used to keep the people in a constant state of fear so the interloper House of Saud can continue to rule. Al-Qaeda and Islamic State were lavishly funded by the House of Saud while being created and directed by the Sabbatian-Frankist network in the United States that operates through the Pentagon, CIA and the government in general of whichever 'party'. The front man for the establishment of Wahhabism in the middle of the 18th century was a Sabbatian-Frankist 'crypto-Jew' posing as Islamic called Muhammad ibn Abd al-Wahhab. His daughter would marry the son of Muhammad bin Saud who established the first Saudi state before his death in 1765 with support from the British Empire. Bin Saud's successors would establish modern Saudi Arabia in league with the British and Americans in 1932 which allowed them to seize control of Islam's major shrines in Mecca and Medina. They have dictated the direction of Sunni Islam ever since while Iran is the major centre of the Shiite version and here we have the source of at least the public conflict between them. The Sabbatian network has used its Wahhabi extremists to carry out Problem-Reaction-Solution terrorist attacks in the name of 'Al-Qaeda' and 'Islamic State' to justify a devastating 'war on terror', ever-increasing surveillance of the population and to terrify people into compliance. Another insight of the Renegade Mind is the streetwise understanding that

just because a country, location or people are attacked doesn't mean that those apparently representing that country, location or people are not behind the attackers. Often they are *orchestrating* the attacks because of the societal changes that can be then justified in the name of 'saving the population from terrorists'.

I show in great detail in *The Trigger* how Sabbatian-Frankists were the real perpetrators of 9/11 and not '19 Arab hijackers' who were blamed for what happened. Observe what was justified in the name of 9/11 alone in terms of Middle East invasions, mass surveillance and control that fulfilled the demands of the Project for the New American Century document published by the Sabbatian Neocons. What appear to be enemies are on the deep inside players on the same Sabbatian team. Israel and Arab 'royal' dictatorships are all ruled by Sabbatians and the recent peace agreements between Israel and Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates (UAE) and others are only making formal what has always been the case behind the scenes. Palestinians who have been subjected to grotesque tyranny since Israel was bombed and terrorised into existence in 1948 have never stood a chance. Sabbatian-Frankists have controlled Israel (so the constant theme of violence and war which Sabbatians love) and they have controlled the Arab countries that Palestinians have looked to for real support that never comes. 'Royal families' of the Arab world in Saudi Arabia, Bahrain, UAE, etc., are all Sabbatians with allegiance to the aims of the cult and not what is best for their Arabic populations. They have stolen the oil and financial resources from their people by false claims to be 'royal dynasties' with a genetic right to rule and by employing vicious militaries to impose their will.

Satanic 'illumination'

The Satanist Jacob Frank formed an alliance in 1773 with two other Sabbatians, Mayer Amschel Rothschild (1744-1812), founder of the Rothschild banking dynasty, and Jesuit-educated fraudulent Jew, Adam Weishaupt, and this led to the formation of the Bavarian Illuminati, firstly under another name, in 1776. The Illuminati would

be the manipulating force behind the French Revolution (1789-1799) and was also involved in the American Revolution (1775-1783) before and after the Illuminati's official creation. Weishaupt would later become (in public) a Protestant Christian in archetypal Sabbatian style. I read that his name can be decoded as Adam-Weishaupt or 'the first man to lead those who know'. He wasn't a leader in the sense that he was a subordinate, but he did lead those below him in a crusade of transforming human society that still continues today. The theme was confirmed as early as 1785 when a horseman courier called Lanz was reported to be struck by lighting and extensive Illuminati documents were found in his saddlebags. They made the link to Weishaupt and detailed the plan for world takeover. Current events with 'Covid' fascism have been in the making for a very long time. Jacob Frank was jailed for 13 years by the Catholic Inquisition after his arrest in 1760 and on his release he headed for Frankfurt, Germany, home city and headquarters of the House of Rothschild where the alliance was struck with Mayer Amschel Rothschild and Weishaupt. Rothschild arranged for Frank to be given the title of Baron and he became a wealthy nobleman with a big following of Jews in Germany, the Austro-Hungarian Empire and other European countries. Most of them would have believed he was on their side.

The name 'Illuminati' came from the Zohar which is a body of works in the Jewish mystical 'bible' called the Kabbalah. 'Zohar' is the foundation of Sabbatian-Frankist belief and in Hebrew 'Zohar' means 'splendour', 'radiance', 'illuminated', and so we have 'Illuminati'. They claim to be the 'Illuminated Ones' from their knowledge systematically hidden from the human population and passed on through generations of carefully-chosen initiates in the global secret society network or Cult. Hidden knowledge includes an awareness of the Cult agenda for the world and the nature of our collective reality that I will explore later. Cult 'illumination' is symbolised by the torch held by the Statue of Liberty which was gifted to New York by French Freemasons in Paris who knew exactly what it represents. 'Liberty' symbolises the goddess worshipped in

Babylon as Queen Semiramis or Ishtar. The significance of this will become clear. Notice again the ubiquitous theme of inversion with the Statue of 'Liberty' really symbolising mass control (Fig 7). A mirror-image statute stands on an island in the River Seine in Paris from where New York Liberty originated (Fig 8). A large replica of the Liberty flame stands on top of the Pont de l'Alma tunnel in Paris where Princess Diana died in a Cult ritual described in The Biggest Secret. Lucifer 'the light bringer' is related to all this (and much more as we'll see) and 'Lucifer' is a central figure in Sabbatian-Frankism and its associated Satanism. Sabbatians reject the Jewish Torah, or Pentateuch, the 'five books of Moses' in the Old Testament known as Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy which are claimed by Judaism and Christianity to have been dictated by 'God' to Moses on Mount Sinai. Sabbatians say these do not apply to them and they seek to replace them with the Zohar to absorb Judaism and its followers into their inversion which is an expression of a much greater global inversion. They want to delete all religions and force humanity to worship a one-world religion – Sabbatian Satanism that also includes worship of the Earth goddess. Satanic themes are being more and more introduced into mainstream society and while Christianity is currently the foremost target for destruction the others are planned to follow.



Figure 7: The Cult goddess of Babylon disguised as the Statue of Liberty holding the flame of Lucifer the 'light bringer'.



Figure 8: Liberty's mirror image in Paris where the New York version originated.

Marx brothers

Rabbi Marvin Antelman connects the Illuminati to the Jacobins in *To Eliminate the Opiate* and Jacobins were the force behind the French Revolution. He links both to the Bund der Gerechten, or League of the Just, which was the network that inflicted communism/Marxism on the world. Antelman wrote:

The original inner circle of the Bund der Gerechten consisted of born Catholics, Protestants and Jews [Sabbatian-Frankist infiltrators], and those representatives of respective subdivisions formulated schemes for the ultimate destruction of their faiths. The heretical Catholics laid plans which they felt would take a century or more for the ultimate destruction of the church; the apostate Jews for the ultimate destruction of the Jewish religion.

Sabbatian-created communism connects into this anti-religion agenda in that communism does not allow for the free practice of religion. The Sabbatian 'Bund' became the International Communist Party and Communist League and in 1848 'Marxism' was born with the Communist Manifesto of Sabbatian assets Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. It is absolutely no coincidence that Marxism, just a different name for fascist and other centrally-controlled tyrannies, is being imposed worldwide as a result of the 'Covid' hoax and nor that Marxist/fascist China was the place where the hoax originated. The reason for this will become very clear in the chapter 'Covid: The calculated catastrophe'. The so-called 'Woke' mentality has hijacked

traditional beliefs of the political left and replaced them with farright make-believe 'social justice' better known as Marxism. Woke will, however, be swallowed by its own perceived 'revolution' which is really the work of billionaires and billionaire corporations feigning being 'Woke'. Marxism is being touted by Wokers as a replacement for 'capitalism' when we don't have 'capitalism'. We have cartelism in which the market is stitched up by the very Cult billionaires and corporations bankrolling Woke. Billionaires love Marxism which keeps the people in servitude while they control from the top. Terminally naïve Wokers think they are 'changing the world' when it's the Cult that is doing the changing and when they have played their vital part and become surplus to requirements they, too, will be targeted. The Illuminati-Jacobins were behind the period known as 'The Terror' in the French Revolution in 1793 and 1794 when Jacobin Maximillian de Robespierre and his Orwellian 'Committee of Public Safety' killed 17,000 'enemies of the Revolution' who had once been 'friends of the Revolution'. Karl Marx (1818-1883), whose Sabbatian creed of Marxism has cost the lives of at least 100 million people, is a hero once again to Wokers who have been systematically kept ignorant of real history by their 'education' programming. As a result they now promote a Sabbatian 'Marxist' abomination destined at some point to consume them. Rabbi Antelman, who spent decades researching the Sabbatian plot, said of the League of the Just and Karl Marx:

Contrary to popular opinion Karl Marx did not originate the Communist Manifesto. He was paid for his services by the League of the Just, which was known in its country of origin, Germany, as the Bund der Geaechteten.

Antelman said the text attributed to Marx was the work of other people and Marx 'was only repeating what others already said'. Marx was 'a hired hack – lackey of the wealthy Illuminists'. Marx famously said that religion was the 'opium of the people' (part of the Sabbatian plan to demonise religion) and Antelman called his books, *To Eliminate the Opiate*. Marx was born Jewish, but his family converted to Christianity (Sabbatian modus operandi) and he

attacked Jews, not least in his book, A World Without Jews. In doing so he supported the Sabbatian plan to destroy traditional Jewishness and Judaism which we are clearly seeing today with the vindictive targeting of orthodox Jews by the Sabbatian government of Israel over 'Covid' laws. I don't follow any religion and it has done much damage to the world over centuries and acted as a perceptual straightjacket. Renegade Minds, however, are always asking why something is being done. It doesn't matter if they agree or disagree with what is happening – why is it happening is the question. The 'why?' can be answered with regard to religion in that religions create interacting communities of believers when the Cult wants to dismantle all discourse, unity and interaction (see 'Covid' lockdowns) and the ultimate goal is to delete all religions for a oneworld religion of Cult Satanism worshipping their 'god' of which more later. We see the same 'why?' with gun control in America. I don't have guns and don't want them, but why is the Cult seeking to disarm the population at the same time that law enforcement agencies are armed to their molars and why has every tyrant in history sought to disarm people before launching the final takeover? They include Hitler, Stalin, Pol Pot and Mao who followed confiscation with violent seizing of power. You know it's a Cult agenda by the people who immediately race to the microphones to exploit dead people in multiple shootings. Ultra-Zionist Cult lackey Senator Chuck Schumer was straight on the case after ten people were killed in Boulder, Colorado in March, 2121. Simple rule ... if Schumer wants it the Cult wants it and the same with his ultra-Zionist mate the wild-eyed Senator Adam Schiff. At the same time they were calling for the disarmament of Americans, many of whom live a long way from a police response, Schumer, Schiff and the rest of these pampered clowns were sitting on Capitol Hill behind a razor-wired security fence protected by thousands of armed troops in addition to their own armed bodyguards. Mom and pop in an isolated home? They're just potential mass shooters.

Zion Mainframe

Sabbatian-Frankists and most importantly the Rothschilds were behind the creation of 'Zionism', a political movement that demanded a Jewish homeland in Israel as promised by Sabbatai Zevi. The very symbol of Israel comes from the German meaning of the name Rothschild. Dynasty founder Mayer Amschel Rothschild changed the family name from Bauer to Rothschild, or 'Red-Shield' in German, in deference to the six-pointed 'Star of David' hexagram displayed on the family's home in Frankfurt. The symbol later appeared on the flag of Israel after the Rothschilds were centrally involved in its creation. Hexagrams are not a uniquely Jewish symbol and are widely used in occult ('hidden') networks often as a symbol for Saturn (see my other books for why). Neither are Zionism and Jewishness interchangeable. Zionism is a political movement and philosophy and not a 'race' or a people. Many Jews oppose Zionism and many non-Jews, including US President Joe Biden, call themselves Zionists as does Israel-centric Donald Trump. America's support for the Israel government is pretty much a gimme with ultra-Zionist billionaires and corporations providing fantastic and dominant funding for both political parties. Former Congresswoman Cynthia McKinney has told how she was approached immediately she ran for office to 'sign the pledge' to Israel and confirm that she would always vote in that country's best interests. All American politicians are approached in this way. Anyone who refuses will get no support or funding from the enormous and all-powerful Zionist lobby that includes organisations like mega-lobby group AIPAC, the American Israel Public Affairs Committee. Trump's biggest funder was ultra-Zionist casino and media billionaire Sheldon Adelson while major funders of the Democratic Party include ultra-Zionist George Soros and ultra-Zionist financial and media mogul, Haim Saban. Some may reel back at the suggestion that Soros is an Israel-firster (Sabbatian-controlled Israel-firster), but Renegade Minds watch the actions not the words and everywhere Soros donates his billions the Sabbatian agenda benefits. In the spirit of Sabbatian inversion Soros pledged \$1 billion for a new university network to promote 'liberal values and tackle intolerance'. He made the announcement during his annual speech

at the Cult-owned World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland, in January, 2020, after his 'harsh criticism' of 'authoritarian rulers' around the world. You can only laugh at such brazen mendacity. How *he* doesn't laugh is the mystery. Translated from the Orwellian 'liberal values and tackle intolerance' means teaching non-white people to hate white people and for white people to loathe themselves for being born white. The reason for that will become clear.

The 'Anti-Semitism' fraud

Zionists support the Jewish homeland in the land of Palestine which has been the Sabbatian-Rothschild goal for so long, but not for the benefit of Jews. Sabbatians and their global Anti-Semitism Industry have skewed public and political opinion to equate opposing the violent extremes of Zionism to be a blanket attack and condemnation of all Jewish people. Sabbatians and their global Anti-Semitism Industry have skewed public and political opinion to equate opposing the violent extremes of Zionism to be a blanket attack and condemnation of all Jewish people. This is nothing more than a Sabbatian protection racket to stop legitimate investigation and exposure of their agendas and activities. The official definition of 'anti-Semitism' has more recently been expanded to include criticism of Zionism – a political movement – and this was done to further stop exposure of Sabbatian infiltrators who created Zionism as we know it today in the 19th century. Renegade Minds will talk about these subjects when they know the shit that will come their way. People must decide if they want to know the truth or just cower in the corner in fear of what others will say. Sabbatians have been trying to label me as 'anti-Semitic' since the 1990s as I have uncovered more and more about their background and agendas. Useless, gutless, fraudulent 'journalists' then just repeat the smears without question and on the day I was writing this section a pair of unquestioning repeaters called Ben Quinn and Archie Bland (how appropriate) outright called me an 'anti-Semite' in the establishment propaganda sheet, the London Guardian, with no supporting evidence. The

Sabbatian Anti-Semitism Industry said so and who are they to question that? They wouldn't dare. Ironically 'Semitic' refers to a group of languages in the Middle East that are almost entirely Arabic. 'Anti-Semitism' becomes 'anti-Arab' which if the consequences of this misunderstanding were not so grave would be hilarious. Don't bother telling Quinn and Bland. I don't want to confuse them, bless 'em. One reason I am dubbed 'anti-Semitic' is that I wrote in the 1990s that Jewish operatives (Sabbatians) were heavily involved in the Russian Revolution when Sabbatians overthrew the Romanov dynasty. This apparently made me 'anti-Semitic'. Oh, really? Here is a section from *The Trigger*:

British journalist Robert Wilton confirmed these themes in his 1920 book *The Last Days of the Romanovs* when he studied official documents from the Russian government to identify the members of the Bolshevik ruling elite between 1917 and 1919. The Central Committee included 41 Jews among 62 members; the Council of the People's Commissars had 17 Jews out of 22 members; and 458 of the 556 most important Bolshevik positions between 1918 and 1919 were occupied by Jewish people. Only 17 were Russian. Then there were the 23 Jews among the 36 members of the vicious Cheka Soviet secret police established in 1917 who would soon appear all across the country.

Professor Robert Service of Oxford University, an expert on 20th century Russian history, found evidence that ['Jewish'] Leon Trotsky had sought to make sure that Jews were enrolled in the Red Army and were disproportionately represented in the Soviet civil bureaucracy that included the Cheka which performed mass arrests, imprisonment and executions of 'enemies of the people'. A US State Department Decimal File (861.00/5339) dated November 13th, 1918, names [Rothschild banking agent in America] Jacob Schiff and a list of ultra-Zionists as funders of the Russian Revolution leading to claims of a 'Jewish plot', but the key point missed by all is they were not 'Jews' – they were Sabbatian-Frankists.

Britain's Winston Churchill made the same error by mistake or otherwise. He wrote in a 1920 edition of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* that those behind the Russian revolution were part of a 'worldwide conspiracy for the overthrow of civilisation and for the reconstitution of society on the basis of arrested development, of envious malevolence, and impossible equality' (see 'Woke' today because that has been created by the same network). Churchill said there was no need to exaggerate the part played in the creation of Bolshevism and in the actual bringing about of the Russian

Revolution 'by these international and for the most part atheistical Jews' ['atheistical Jews' = Sabbatians]. Churchill said it is certainly a very great one and probably outweighs all others: 'With the notable exception of Lenin, the majority of the leading figures are Jews.' He went on to describe, knowingly or not, the Sabbatian modus operandi of placing puppet leaders nominally in power while they control from the background:

Moreover, the principal inspiration and driving power comes from the Jewish leaders. Thus Tchitcherin, a pure Russian, is eclipsed by his nominal subordinate, Litvinoff, and the influence of Russians like Bukharin or Lunacharski cannot be compared with the power of Trotsky, or of Zinovieff, the Dictator of the Red Citadel (Petrograd), or of Krassin or Radek – all Jews. In the Soviet institutions the predominance of Jews is even more astonishing. And the prominent, if not indeed the principal, part in the system of terrorism applied by the Extraordinary Commissions for Combatting Counter-Revolution has been taken by Jews, and in some notable cases by Jewesses.

What I said about seriously disproportionate involvement in the Russian Revolution by Jewish 'revolutionaries' (Sabbatians) is provable fact, but truth is no defence against the Sabbatian Anti-Semitism Industry, its repeater parrots like Quinn and Bland, and the now breathtaking network of so-called 'Woke' 'anti-hate' groups with interlocking leaderships and funding which have the role of discrediting and silencing anyone who gets too close to exposing the Sabbatians. We have seen 'truth is no defence' confirmed in legal judgements with the Saskatchewan Human Rights Commission in Canada decreeing this: 'Truthful statements can be presented in a manner that would meet the definition of hate speech, and not all truthful statements must be free from restriction.' Most 'anti-hate' activists, who are themselves consumed by hatred, are too stupid and ignorant of the world to know how they are being used. They are far too far up their own virtue-signalling arses and it's far too dark for them to see anything.

The 'revolution' game

The background and methods of the 'Russian' Revolution are straight from the Sabbatian playbook seen in the French Revolution

and endless others around the world that appear to start as a revolution of the people against tyrannical rule and end up with a regime change to more tyrannical rule overtly or covertly. Wars, terror attacks and regime overthrows follow the Sabbatian cult through history with its agents creating them as Problem-Reaction-Solutions to remove opposition on the road to world domination. Sabbatian dots connect the Rothschilds with the Illuminati, Jacobins of the French Revolution, the 'Bund' or League of the Just, the International Communist Party, Communist League and the Communist Manifesto of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels that would lead to the Rothschild-funded Russian Revolution. The sequence comes under the heading of 'creative destruction' when you advance to your global goal by continually destroying the status quo to install a new status quo which you then also destroy. The two world wars come to mind. With each new status quo you move closer to your planned outcome. Wars and mass murder are to Sabbatians a collective blood sacrifice ritual. They are obsessed with death for many reasons and one is that death is an inversion of life. Satanists and Sabbatians are obsessed with death and often target churches and churchyards for their rituals. Inversion-obsessed Sabbatians explain the use of inverted symbolism including the *inverted* pentagram and *inverted* cross. The inversion of the cross has been related to targeting Christianity, but the cross was a religious symbol long before Christianity and its inversion is a statement about the Sabbatian mentality and goals more than any single religion.

Sabbatians operating in Germany were behind the rise of the occult-obsessed Nazis and the subsequent Jewish exodus from Germany and Europe to Palestine and the United States after World War Two. The Rothschild dynasty was at the forefront of this both as political manipulators and by funding the operation. Why would Sabbatians help to orchestrate the horrors inflicted on Jews by the Nazis and by Stalin after they organised the Russian Revolution? Sabbatians hate Jews and their religion, that's why. They pose as Jews and secure positions of control within Jewish society and play the 'anti-Semitism' card to protect themselves from exposure

through a global network of organisations answering to the Sabbatian-created-and-controlled globe-spanning intelligence network that involves a stunning web of military-intelligence operatives and operations for a tiny country of just nine million. Among them are Jewish assets who are not Sabbatians but have been convinced by them that what they are doing is for the good of Israel and the Jewish community to protect them from what they have been programmed since childhood to believe is a Jew-hating hostile world. The Jewish community is just a highly convenient cover to hide the true nature of Sabbatians. Anyone getting close to exposing their game is accused by Sabbatian place-people and gofers of 'anti-Semitism' and claiming that all Jews are part of a plot to take over the world. I am not saying that. I am saying that Sabbatians – the *real* Jew-haters – have infiltrated the Jewish community to use them both as a cover and an 'anti-Semitic' defence against exposure. Thus we have the Anti-Semitism Industry targeted researchers in this way and most Jewish people think this is justified and genuine. They don't know that their 'Jewish' leaders and institutions of state, intelligence and military are not controlled by Jews at all, but cultists and stooges of Sabbatian-Frankism. I once added my name to a pro-Jewish freedom petition online and the next time I looked my name was gone and text had been added to the petition blurb to attack me as an 'anti-Semite' such is the scale of perceptual programming.

Moving on America

I tell the story in *The Trigger* and a chapter called 'Atlantic Crossing' how particularly after Israel was established the Sabbatians moved in on the United States and eventually grasped control of government administration, the political system via both Democrats and Republicans, the intelligence community like the CIA and National Security Agency (NSA), the Pentagon and mass media. Through this seriously compartmentalised network Sabbatians and their operatives in Mossad, Israeli Defense Forces (IDF) and US agencies pulled off 9/11 and blamed it on 19 'Al-Qaeda hijackers' dominated by men from, or connected to, Sabbatian-ruled Saudi

Arabia. The '19' were not even on the planes let alone flew those big passenger jets into buildings while being largely incompetent at piloting one-engine light aircraft. 'Hijacker' Hani Hanjour who is said to have flown American Airlines Flight 77 into the Pentagon with a turn and manoeuvre most professional pilots said they would have struggled to do was banned from renting a small plane by instructors at the Freeway Airport in Bowie, Maryland, just six weeks earlier on the grounds that he was an incompetent pilot. The Jewish population of the world is just 0.2 percent with even that almost entirely concentrated in Israel (75 percent Jewish) and the United States (around two percent). This two percent and globally 0.2 percent refers to *Jewish* people and not Sabbatian interlopers who are a fraction of that fraction. What a sobering thought when you think of the fantastic influence on world affairs of tiny Israel and that the Project for the New America Century (PNAC) which laid out the blueprint in September, 2000, for America's war on terror and regime change wars in Iraq, Libya and Syria was founded and dominated by Sabbatians known as 'Neocons'. The document conceded that this plan would not be supported politically or publicly without a major attack on American soil and a Problem-Reaction-Solution excuse to send troops to war across the Middle East. Sabbatian Neocons said:

... [The] process of transformation ... [war and regime change] ... is likely to be a long one, absent some catastrophic and catalysing event – like a new Pearl Harbor.

Four months later many of those who produced that document came to power with their inane puppet George Bush from the long-time Sabbatian Bush family. They included Sabbatian Dick Cheney who was officially vice-president, but really de-facto president for the entirety of the 'Bush' government. Nine months after the 'Bush' inauguration came what Bush called at the time 'the Pearl Harbor of the 21st century' and with typical Sabbatian timing and symbolism 2001 was the 60th anniversary of the attack in 1941 by the Japanese Air Force on Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, which allowed President Franklin Delano Roosevelt to take the United States into a Sabbatian-

instigated Second World War that he said in his election campaign that he never would. The evidence is overwhelming that Roosevelt and his military and intelligence networks knew the attack was coming and did nothing to stop it, but they did make sure that America's most essential naval ships were not in Hawaii at the time. Three thousand Americans died in the Pearl Harbor attacks as they did on September 11th. By the 9/11 year of 2001 Sabbatians had widely infiltrated the US government, military and intelligence operations and used their compartmentalised assets to pull off the 'Al-Qaeda' attacks. If you read *The Trigger* it will blow your mind to see the utterly staggering concentration of 'Jewish' operatives (Sabbatian infiltrators) in essential positions of political, security, legal, law enforcement, financial and business power before, during, and after the attacks to make them happen, carry them out, and then cover their tracks – and I do mean *staggering* when you think of that 0.2 percent of the world population and two percent of Americans which are Jewish while Sabbatian infiltrators are a fraction of that. A central foundation of the 9/11 conspiracy was the hijacking of government, military, Air Force and intelligence computer systems in real time through 'back-door' access made possible by Israeli (Sabbatian) 'cyber security' software. Sabbatian-controlled Israel is on the way to rivalling Silicon Valley for domination of cyberspace and is becoming the dominant force in cyber-security which gives them access to entire computer systems and their passcodes across the world. Then add to this that Zionists head (officially) Silicon Valley giants like Google (Larry Page and Sergey Brin), Googleowned YouTube (Susan Wojcicki), Facebook (Mark Zuckerberg and Sheryl Sandberg), and Apple (Chairman Arthur D. Levinson), and that ultra-Zionist hedge fund billionaire Paul Singer has a \$1 billion stake in Twitter which is only nominally headed by 'CEO' pothead Jack Dorsey. As cable news host Tucker Carlson said of Dorsey: 'There used to be debate in the medical community whether dropping a ton of acid had permanent effects and I think that debate has now ended.' Carlson made the comment after Dorsey told a hearing on Capitol Hill (if you cut through his bullshit) that he

believed in free speech so long as he got to decide what you can hear and see. These 'big names' of Silicon Valley are only front men and women for the Global Cult, not least the Sabbatians, who are the true controllers of these corporations. Does anyone still wonder why these same people and companies have been ferociously censoring and banning people (like me) for exposing any aspect of the Cult agenda and especially the truth about the 'Covid' hoax which Sabbatians have orchestrated?

The Jeffrey Epstein paedophile ring was a Sabbatian operation. He was officially 'Jewish' but he was a Sabbatian and women abused by the ring have told me about the high number of 'Jewish' people involved. The Epstein horror has Sabbatian written all over it and matches perfectly their modus operandi and obsession with sex and ritual. Epstein was running a Sabbatian blackmail ring in which famous people with political and other influence were provided with young girls for sex while everything was being filmed and recorded on hidden cameras and microphones at his New York house, Caribbean island and other properties. Epstein survivors have described this surveillance system to me and some have gone public. Once the famous politician or other figure knew he or she was on video they tended to do whatever they were told. Here we go again ...when you've got them by the balls their hearts and minds will follow. Sabbatians use this blackmail technique on a wide scale across the world to entrap politicians and others they need to act as demanded. Epstein's private plane, the infamous 'Lolita Express', had many well-known passengers including Bill Clinton while Bill Gates has flown on an Epstein plane and met with him four years after Epstein had been jailed for paedophilia. They subsequently met many times at Epstein's home in New York according to a witness who was there. Epstein's infamous side-kick was Ghislaine Maxwell, daughter of Mossad agent and ultra-Zionist mega-crooked British businessman, Bob Maxwell, who at one time owned the Daily Mirror newspaper. Maxwell was murdered at sea on his boat in 1991 by Sabbatian-controlled Mossad when he became a liability with his

business empire collapsing as a former Mossad operative has confirmed (see *The Trigger*).

Money, money, money, funny money ...

Before I come to the Sabbatian connection with the last three US presidents I will lay out the crucial importance to Sabbatians of controlling banking and finance. Sabbatian Mayer Amschel Rothschild set out to dominate this arena in his family's quest for total global control. What is freedom? It is, in effect, choice. The more choices you have the freer you are and the fewer your choices the more you are enslaved. In the global structure created over centuries by Sabbatians the biggest decider and restrictor of choice is ... money. Across the world if you ask people what they would like to do with their lives and why they are not doing that they will reply 'I don't have the money'. This is the idea. A global elite of multibillionaires are described as 'greedy' and that is true on one level; but control of money – who has it and who doesn't – is not primarily about greed. It's about control. Sabbatians have seized ever more control of finance and sucked the wealth of the world out of the hands of the population. We talk now, after all, about the 'Onepercent' and even then the wealthiest are a lot fewer even than that. This has been made possible by a money scam so outrageous and so vast it could rightly be called the scam of scams founded on creating 'money' out of nothing and 'loaning' that with interest to the population. Money out of nothing is called 'credit'. Sabbatians have asserted control over governments and banking ever more completely through the centuries and secured financial laws that allow banks to lend hugely more than they have on deposit in a confidence trick known as fractional reserve lending. Imagine if you could lend money that doesn't exist and charge the recipient interest for doing so. You would end up in jail. Bankers by contrast end up in mansions, private jets, Malibu and Monaco.

Banks are only required to keep a fraction of their deposits and wealth in their vaults and they are allowed to lend 'money' they don't have called 'credit. Go into a bank for a loan and if you succeed

the banker will not move any real wealth into your account. They will type into your account the amount of the agreed 'loan' – say £100,000. This is not wealth that really exists; it is non-existent, freshair, created-out-of-nothing 'credit' which has never, does not, and will never exist except in theory. Credit is backed by nothing except wind and only has buying power because people think that it has buying power and accept it in return for property, goods and services. I have described this situation as like those cartoon characters you see chasing each other and when they run over the edge of a cliff they keep running forward on fresh air until one of them looks down, realises what's happened, and they all crash into the ravine. The whole foundation of the Sabbatian financial system is to stop people looking down except for periodic moments when they want to crash the system (as in 2008 and 2020 ongoing) and reap the rewards from all the property, businesses and wealth their borrowers had signed over as 'collateral' in return for a 'loan' of fresh air. Most people think that money is somehow created by governments when it comes into existence from the start as a debt through banks 'lending' illusory money called credit. Yes, the very currency of exchange is a *debt* from day one issued as an interest-bearing loan. Why don't governments create money interest-free and lend it to their people interest-free? Governments are controlled by Sabbatians and the financial system is controlled by Sabbatians for whom interest-free money would be a nightmare come true. Sabbatians underpin their financial domination through their global network of central banks, including the privately-owned US Federal Reserve and Britain's Bank of England, and this is orchestrated by a privately-owned central bank coordination body called the Bank for International Settlements in Basle, Switzerland, created by the usual suspects including the Rockefellers and Rothschilds. Central bank chiefs don't answer to governments or the people. They answer to the Bank for International Settlements or, in other words, the Global Cult which is dominated today by Sabbatians.

Built-in disaster

There are so many constituent scams within the overall banking scam. When you take out a loan of thin-air credit only the amount of that loan is theoretically brought into circulation to add to the amount in circulation; but you are paying back the principle plus interest. The additional interest is not created and this means that with every 'loan' there is a shortfall in the money in circulation between what is borrowed and what has to be paid back. There is never even close to enough money in circulation to repay all outstanding public and private debt including interest. Coldly weaved in the very fabric of the system is the certainty that some will lose their homes, businesses and possessions to the banking 'lender'. This is less obvious in times of 'boom' when the amount of money in circulation (and the debt) is expanding through more people wanting and getting loans. When a downturn comes and the money supply contracts it becomes painfully obvious that there is not enough money to service all debt and interest. This is less obvious in times of 'boom' when the amount of money in circulation (and the debt) is expanding through more people wanting and getting loans. When a downturn comes and the money supply contracts and it becomes painfully obvious – as in 2008 and currently – that there is not enough money to service all debt and interest. Sabbatian banksters have been leading the human population through a calculated series of booms (more debt incurred) and busts (when the debt can't be repaid and the banks get the debtor's tangible wealth in exchange for non-existent 'credit'). With each 'bust' Sabbatian bankers have absorbed more of the world's tangible wealth and we end up with the One-percent. Governments are in bankruptcy levels of debt to the same system and are therefore owned by a system they do not control. The Federal Reserve, 'America's central bank', is privately-owned and American presidents only nominally appoint its chairman or woman to maintain the illusion that it's an arm of government. It's not. The 'Fed' is a cartel of private banks which handed billions to its associates and friends after the crash of 2008 and has been Sabbatiancontrolled since it was manipulated into being in 1913 through the covert trickery of Rothschild banking agents Jacob Schiff and Paul

Warburg, and the Sabbatian Rockefeller family. Somehow from a Jewish population of two-percent and globally 0.2 percent (Sabbatian interlopers remember are far smaller) ultra-Zionists headed the Federal Reserve for 31 years between 1987 and 2018 in the form of Alan Greenspan, Bernard Bernanke and Janet Yellen (now Biden's Treasury Secretary) with Yellen's deputy chairman a Israeli-American duel citizen and ultra-Zionist Stanley Fischer, a former governor of the Bank of Israel. Ultra-Zionist Fed chiefs spanned the presidencies of Ronald Reagan ('Republican'), Father George Bush ('Republican'), Bill Clinton ('Democrat'), Boy George Bush ('Republican') and Barack Obama ('Democrat'). We should really add the pre-Greenspan chairman, Paul Adolph Volcker, 'appointed' by Jimmy Carter ('Democrat') who ran the Fed between 1979 and 1987 during the Carter and Reagan administrations before Greenspan took over. Volcker was a long-time associate and business partner of the Rothschilds. No matter what the 'party' officially in power the United States economy was directed by the same force. Here are members of the Obama, Trump and Biden administrations and see if you can make out a common theme.

Barack Obama ('Democrat')

Ultra-Zionists Robert Rubin, Larry Summers, and Timothy Geithner ran the US Treasury in the Clinton administration and two of them reappeared with Obama. Ultra-Zionist Fed chairman Alan Greenspan had manipulated the crash of 2008 through deregulation and jumped ship just before the disaster to make way for ultra-Zionist Bernard Bernanke to hand out trillions to Sabbatian 'too big to fail' banks and businesses, including the ubiquitous ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs which has an ongoing staff revolving door operation between itself and major financial positions in government worldwide. Obama inherited the fallout of the crash when he took office in January, 2009, and fortunately he had the support of his ultra-Zionist White House Chief of Staff Rahm Emmanuel, son of a terrorist who helped to bomb Israel into being in 1948, and his ultra-Zionist senior adviser David Axelrod, chief strategist in Obama's two

successful presidential campaigns. Emmanuel, later mayor of Chicago and former senior fundraiser and strategist for Bill Clinton, is an example of the Sabbatian policy after Israel was established of migrating insider families to America so their children would be born American citizens. 'Obama' chose this financial team throughout his administration to respond to the Sabbatian-instigated crisis:

Timothy Geithner (ultra-Zionist) Treasury Secretary; Jacob J. Lew, Treasury Secretary; Larry Summers (ultra-Zionist), director of the White House National Economic Council; Paul Adolph Volcker (Rothschild business partner), chairman of the Economic Recovery Advisory Board; Peter Orszag (ultra-Zionist), director of the Office of Management and Budget overseeing all government spending; Penny Pritzker (ultra-Zionist), Commerce Secretary; Jared Bernstein (ultra-Zionist), chief economist and economic policy adviser to Vice President Joe Biden; Mary Schapiro (ultra-Zionist), chair of the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC); Gary Gensler (ultra-Zionist), chairman of the Commodity Futures Trading Commission (CFTC); Sheila Bair (ultra-Zionist), chair of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (FDIC); Karen Mills (ultra-Zionist), head of the Small Business Administration (SBA); Kenneth Feinberg (ultra-Zionist), Special Master for Executive [bail-out] Compensation. Feinberg would be appointed to oversee compensation (with strings) to 9/11 victims and families in a campaign to stop them having their day in court to question the official story. At the same time ultra-Zionist Bernard Bernanke was chairman of the Federal Reserve and these are only some of the ultra-Zionists with allegiance to Sabbatian-controlled Israel in the Obama government. Obama's biggest corporate donor was ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs which had employed many in his administration.

Donald Trump ('Republican')

Trump claimed to be an outsider (he wasn't) who had come to 'drain the swamp'. He embarked on this goal by immediately appointing ultra-Zionist Steve Mnuchin, a Goldman Sachs employee for 17 years, as his Treasury Secretary. Others included Gary Cohn (ultra-Zionist), chief operating officer of Goldman Sachs, his first Director of the National Economic Council and chief economic adviser, who was later replaced by Larry Kudlow (ultra-Zionist). Trump's senior adviser throughout his four years in the White House was his sinister son-in-law Jared Kushner, a life-long friend of Israel Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu. Kushner is the son of a convicted crook who was pardoned by Trump in his last days in office. Other ultra-Zionists in the Trump administration included: Stephen Miller, Senior Policy Adviser; Avrahm Berkowitz, Deputy Adviser to Trump and his Senior Adviser Jared Kushner; Ivanka Trump, Adviser to the President, who converted to Judaism when she married Jared Kushner; David Friedman, Trump lawyer and Ambassador to Israel; Jason Greenblatt, Trump Organization executive vice president and chief legal officer, who was made Special Representative for International Negotiations and the Israeli-Palestinian Conflict; Rod Rosenstein, Deputy Attorney General; Elliot Abrams, Special Representative for Venezuela, then Iran; John Eisenberg, National Security Council Legal Adviser and Deputy Council to the President for National Security Affairs; Anne Neuberger, Deputy National Manager, National Security Agency; Ezra Cohen-Watnick, Acting Under Secretary of Defense for Intelligence; Elan Carr, Special Envoy to monitor and combat anti-Semitism; Len Khodorkovsky, Deputy Special Envoy to monitor and combat anti-Semitism; Reed Cordish, Assistant to the President, Intragovernmental and Technology Initiatives. Trump Vice President Mike Pence and Secretary of State Mike Pompeo, both Christian Zionists, were also vehement supporters of Israel and its goals and ambitions.

Donald 'free-speech believer' Trump pardoned a number of financial and violent criminals while ignoring calls to pardon Julian Assange and Edward Snowden whose crimes are revealing highly relevant information about government manipulation and corruption and the widespread illegal surveillance of the American people by US 'security' agencies. It's so good to know that Trump is on the side of freedom and justice and not mega-criminals with

allegiance to Sabbatian-controlled Israel. These included a pardon for Israeli spy Jonathan Pollard who was jailed for life in 1987 under the Espionage Act. Aviem Sella, the Mossad agent who recruited Pollard, was also pardoned by Trump while Assange sat in jail and Snowden remained in exile in Russia. Sella had 'fled' (was helped to escape) to Israel in 1987 and was never extradited despite being charged under the Espionage Act. A Trump White House statement said that Sella's clemency had been 'supported by Benjamin Netanyahu, Ron Dermer, Israel's US Ambassador, David Friedman, US Ambassador to Israel and Miriam Adelson, wife of leading Trump donor Sheldon Adelson who died shortly before. Other friends of Jared Kushner were pardoned along with Sholom Weiss who was believed to be serving the longest-ever white-collar prison sentence of more than 800 years in 2000. The sentence was commuted of Ponzi-schemer Eliyahu Weinstein who defrauded Jews and others out of \$200 million. I did mention that Assange and Snowden were ignored, right? Trump gave Sabbatians almost everything they asked for in military and political support, moving the US Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem with its critical symbolic and literal implications for Palestinian statehood, and the 'deal of the Century' designed by Jared Kushner and David Friedman which gave the Sabbatian Israeli government the green light to substantially expand its already widespread program of building illegal Jewish-only settlements in the occupied land of the West Bank. This made a two-state 'solution' impossible by seizing all the land of a potential Palestinian homeland and that had been the plan since 1948 and then 1967 when the Arab-controlled Gaza Strip, West Bank, Sinai Peninsula and Syrian Golan Heights were occupied by Israel. All the talks about talks and road maps and delays have been buying time until the West Bank was physically occupied by Israeli real estate. Trump would have to be a monumentally ill-informed idiot not to see that this was the plan he was helping to complete. The Trump administration was in so many ways the Kushner administration which means the Netanyahu administration which means the Sabbatian administration. I understand why many opposing Cult fascism in all its forms gravitated to Trump, but he

was a crucial part of the Sabbatian plan and I will deal with this in the next chapter.

Joe Biden ('Democrat')

A barely cognitive Joe Biden took over the presidency in January, 2021, along with his fellow empty shell, Vice-President Kamala Harris, as the latest Sabbatian gofers to enter the White House. Names on the door may have changed and the 'party' – the force behind them remained the same as Zionists were appointed to a stream of pivotal areas relating to Sabbatian plans and policy. They included: Janet Yellen, Treasury Secretary, former head of the Federal Reserve, and still another ultra-Zionist running the US Treasury after Mnuchin (Trump), Lew and Geithner (Obama), and Summers and Rubin (Clinton); Anthony Blinken, Secretary of State; Wendy Sherman, Deputy Secretary of State (so that's 'Biden's' Sabbatian foreign policy sorted); Jeff Zients, White House coronavirus coordinator; Rochelle Walensky, head of the Centers for Disease Control; Rachel Levine, transgender deputy health secretary (that's 'Covid' hoax policy under control); Merrick Garland, Attorney General; Alejandro Mayorkas, Secretary of Homeland Security; Cass Sunstein, Homeland Security with responsibility for new immigration laws; Avril Haines, Director of National Intelligence; Anne Neuberger, National Security Agency cybersecurity director (note, cybersecurity); David Cohen, CIA Deputy Director; Ronald Klain, Biden's Chief of Staff (see Rahm Emanuel); Eric Lander, a 'leading geneticist', Office of Science and Technology Policy director (see Smart Grid, synthetic biology agenda); Jessica Rosenworcel, acting head of the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) which controls Smart Grid technology policy and electromagnetic communication systems including 5G. How can it be that so many pivotal positions are held by two-percent of the American population and 0.2 percent of the world population administration after administration no matter who is the president and what is the party? It's a coincidence? Of course it's not and this is why Sabbatians have built their colossal global web of interlocking 'antihate' hate groups to condemn anyone who asks these glaring questions as an 'anti-Semite'. The way that Jewish people horrifically abused in Sabbatian-backed Nazi Germany are exploited to this end is stomach-turning and disgusting beyond words.

Political fusion

Sabbatian manipulation has reversed the roles of Republicans and Democrats and the same has happened in Britain with the Conservative and Labour Parties. Republicans and Conservatives were always labelled the 'right' and Democrats and Labour the 'left', but look at the policy positions now and the Democrat-Labour 'left' has moved further to the 'right' than Republicans and Conservatives under the banner of 'Woke', the Cult-created far-right tyranny. Where once the Democrat-Labour 'left' defended free speech and human rights they now seek to delete them and as I said earlier despite the 'Covid' fascism of the Jackboot Johnson Conservative government in the UK the Labour Party of leader Keir Starmer demanded even more extreme measures. The Labour Party has been very publicly absorbed by Sabbatians after a political and media onslaught against the previous leader, the weak and inept Jeremy Corbyn, over made-up allegations of 'anti-Semitism' both by him and his party. The plan was clear with this 'anti-Semite' propaganda and what was required in response was a swift and decisive 'fuck off' from Corbyn and a statement to expose the Anti-Semitism Industry (Sabbatian) attempt to silence Labour criticism of the Israeli government (Sabbatians) and purge the party of all dissent against the extremes of ultra-Zionism (Sabbatians). Instead Corbyn and his party fell to their knees and appeased the abusers which, by definition, is impossible. Appeasing one demand leads only to a new demand to be appeased until takeover is complete. Like I say – 'fuck off' would have been a much more effective policy and I have used it myself with great effect over the years when Sabbatians are on my case which is most of the time. I consider that fact a great compliment, by the way. The outcome of the Labour Party capitulation is that we now have a Sabbatian-controlled

Conservative Party 'opposed' by a Sabbatian-controlled Labour Party in a one-party Sabbatian state that hurtles towards the extremes of tyranny (the Sabbatian cult agenda). In America the situation is the same. Labour's Keir Starmer spends his days on his knees with his tongue out pointing to Tel Aviv, or I guess now Jerusalem, while Boris Johnson has an 'anti-Semitism czar' in the form of former Labour MP John Mann who keeps Starmer company on his prayer mat.

Sabbatian influence can be seen in Jewish members of the Labour Party who have been ejected for criticism of Israel including those from families that suffered in Nazi Germany. Sabbatians despise real Jewish people and target them even more harshly because it is so much more difficult to dub them 'anti-Semitic' although in their desperation they do try.

CHAPTER THREE

The Pushbacker sting

Until you realize how easy it is for your mind to be manipulated, you remain the puppet of someone else's game

Evita Ochel

will use the presidencies of Trump and Biden to show how the manipulation of the one-party state plays out behind the illusion of political choice across the world. No two presidencies could – on the face of it – be more different and apparently at odds in terms of direction and policy.

A Renegade Mind sees beyond the obvious and focuses on outcomes and consequences and not image, words and waffle. The Cult embarked on a campaign to divide America between those who blindly support its agenda (the mentality known as 'Woke') and those who are pushing back on where the Cult and its Sabbatians want to go. This presents infinite possibilities for dividing and ruling the population by setting them at war with each other and allows a perceptual ring fence of demonisation to encircle the Pushbackers in a modern version of the Little Big Horn in 1876 when American cavalry led by Lieutenant Colonel George Custer were drawn into a trap, surrounded and killed by Native American tribes defending their land of thousands of years from being seized by the government. In this modern version the roles are reversed and it's those defending themselves from the Sabbatian government who are surrounded and the government that's seeking to destroy them. This trap was set years ago and to explain how we must return to 2016

and the emergence of Donald Trump as a candidate to be President of the United States. He set out to overcome the best part of 20 other candidates in the Republican Party before and during the primaries and was not considered by many in those early stages to have a prayer of living in the White House. The Republican Party was said to have great reservations about Trump and yet somehow he won the nomination. When you know how American politics works politics in general – there is no way that Trump could have become the party's candidate unless the Sabbatian-controlled 'Neocons' that run the Republican Party wanted that to happen. We saw the proof in emails and documents made public by WikiLeaks that the Democratic Party hierarchy, or Democons, systematically undermined the campaign of Bernie Sanders to make sure that Sabbatian gofer Hillary Clinton won the nomination to be their presidential candidate. If the Democons could do that then the Neocons in the Republican Party could have derailed Trump in the same way. But they didn't and at that stage I began to conclude that Trump could well be the one chosen to be president. If that was the case the 'why' was pretty clear to see – the goal of dividing America between Cult agenda-supporting Wokers and Pushbackers who gravitated to Trump because he was telling them what they wanted to hear. His constituency of support had been increasingly ignored and voiceless for decades and profoundly through the eight years of Sabbatian puppet Barack Obama. Now here was someone speaking their language of pulling back from the incessant globalisation of political and economic power, the exporting of American jobs to China and elsewhere by 'American' (Sabbatian) corporations, the deletion of free speech, and the mass immigration policies that had further devastated job opportunities for the urban working class of all races and the once American heartlands of the Midwest.

Beware the forked tongue

Those people collectively sighed with relief that at last a political leader was apparently on their side, but another trait of the Renegade Mind is that you look even harder at people telling you

what you want to hear than those who are telling you otherwise. Obviously as I said earlier people wish what they want to hear to be true and genuine and they are much more likely to believe that than someone saying what they don't want to here and don't want to be true. Sales people are taught to be skilled in eliciting by calculated questioning what their customers want to hear and repeating that back to them as their own opinion to get their targets to like and trust them. Assets of the Cult are also sales people in the sense of selling perception. To read Cult manipulation you have to play the long and expanded game and not fall for the Vaudeville show of party politics. Both American parties are vehicles for the Cult and they exploit them in different ways depending on what the agenda requires at that moment. Trump and the Republicans were used to be the focus of dividing America and isolating Pushbackers to open the way for a Biden presidency to become the most extreme in American history by advancing the full-blown Woke (Cult) agenda with the aim of destroying and silencing Pushbackers now labelled Nazi Trump supporters and white supremacists.

Sabbatians wanted Trump in office for the reasons described by ultra-Zionist Saul Alinsky (1909-1972) who was promoting the Woke philosophy through 'community organising' long before anyone had heard of it. In those days it still went by its traditional name of Marxism. The reason for the manipulated Trump phenomenon was laid out in Alinsky's 1971 book, Rules for Radicals, which was his blueprint for overthrowing democratic and other regimes and replacing them with Sabbatian Marxism. Not surprisingly his to-do list was evident in the Sabbatian French and Russian 'Revolutions' and that in China which will become very relevant in the next chapter about the 'Covid' hoax. Among Alinsky's followers have been the deeply corrupt Barack Obama, House Speaker Nancy Pelosi and Hillary Clinton who described him as a 'hero'. All three are Sabbatian stooges with Pelosi personifying the arrogant corrupt idiocy that so widely fronts up for the Cult inner core. Predictably as a Sabbatian advocate of the 'light-bringer' Alinsky features Lucifer on the dedication page of his book as the original radical who gained

his own kingdom ('Earth' as we shall see). One of Alinsky's golden radical rules was to pick an individual and focus all attention, hatred and blame on them and not to target faceless bureaucracies and corporations. *Rules for Radicals* is really a Sabbatian handbook with its contents repeatedly employed all over the world for centuries and why wouldn't Sabbatians bring to power their designer-villain to be used as the individual on which all attention, hatred and blame was bestowed? This is what they did and the only question for me is how much Trump knew that and how much he was manipulated. A bit of both, I suspect. This was Alinsky's Trump technique from a man who died in 1972. The technique has spanned history:

Pick the target, freeze it, personalize it, polarize it. Don't try to attack abstract corporations or bureaucracies. Identify a responsible individual. Ignore attempts to shift or spread the blame.

From the moment Trump came to illusory power everything was about him. It wasn't about Republican policy or opinion, but all about Trump. Everything he did was presented in negative, derogatory and abusive terms by the Sabbatian-dominated media led by Cult operations such as CNN, MSNBC, The New York Times and the Jeff Bezos-owned Washington Post - 'Pick the target, freeze it, personalize it, polarize it.' Trump was turned into a demon to be vilified by those who hated him and a demi-god loved by those who worshipped him. This, in turn, had his supporters, too, presented as equally demonic in preparation for the punchline later down the line when Biden was about to take office. It was here's a Trump, there's a Trump, everywhere a Trump, Trump. Virtually every news story or happening was filtered through the lens of 'The Donald'. You loved him or hated him and which one you chose was said to define you as Satan's spawn or a paragon of virtue. Even supporting some Trump policies or statements and not others was enough for an assault on your character. No shades of grey were or are allowed. Everything is black and white (literally and figuratively). A Californian I knew had her head utterly scrambled by her hatred for Trump while telling people they should love each other. She was so totally consumed by

Trump Derangement Syndrome as it became to be known that this glaring contradiction would never have occurred to her. By definition anyone who criticised Trump or praised his opponents was a hero and this lady described Joe Biden as 'a kind, honest gentleman' when he's a provable liar, mega-crook and vicious piece of work to boot. Sabbatians had indeed divided America using Trump as the fall-guy and all along the clock was ticking on the consequences for his supporters.

In hock to his masters

Trump gave Sabbatians via Israel almost everything they wanted in his four years. Ask and you shall receive was the dynamic between himself and Benjamin Netanyahu orchestrated by Trump's ultra-Zionist son-in-law Jared Kushner, his ultra-Zionist Ambassador to Israel, David Friedman, and ultra-Zionist 'Israel adviser', Jason Greenblatt. The last two were central to the running and protecting from collapse of his business empire, the Trump Organisation, and colossal business failures made him forever beholding to Sabbatian networks that bailed him out. By the start of the 1990s Trump owed \$4 billion to banks that he couldn't pay and almost \$1billion of that was down to him personally and not his companies. This megadisaster was the result of building two new casinos in Atlantic City and buying the enormous Taj Mahal operation which led to crippling debt payments. He had borrowed fantastic sums from 72 banks with major Sabbatian connections and although the scale of debt should have had him living in a tent alongside the highway they never foreclosed. A plan was devised to lift Trump from the mire by BT Securities Corporation and Rothschild Inc. and the case was handled by Wilber Ross who had worked for the Rothschilds for 27 years. Ross would be named US Commerce Secretary after Trump's election. Another crucial figure in saving Trump was ultra-Zionist 'investor' Carl Icahn who bought the Taj Mahal casino. Icahn was made special economic adviser on financial regulation in the Trump administration. He didn't stay long but still managed to find time to make a tidy sum of a reported \$31.3 million when he sold his

holdings affected by the price of steel three days before Trump imposed a 235 percent tariff on steel imports. What amazing bits of luck these people have. Trump and Sabbatian operatives have long had a close association and his mentor and legal adviser from the early 1970s until 1986 was the dark and genetically corrupt ultra-Zionist Roy Cohn who was chief counsel to Senator Joseph McCarthy's 'communist' witch-hunt in the 1950s. Esquire magazine published an article about Cohn with the headline 'Don't mess with Roy Cohn'. He was described as the most feared lawyer in New York and 'a ruthless master of dirty tricks ... [with] ... more than one Mafia Don on speed dial'. Cohn's influence, contacts, support and protection made Trump a front man for Sabbatians in New York with their connections to one of Cohn's many criminal employers, the 'Russian' Sabbatian Mafia. Israel-centric media mogul Rupert Murdoch was introduced to Trump by Cohn and they started a long friendship. Cohn died in 1986 weeks after being disbarred for unethical conduct by the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court. The wheels of justice do indeed run slow given the length of Cohn's crooked career.

QAnon-sense

We are asked to believe that Donald Trump with his fundamental connections to Sabbatian networks and operatives has been leading the fight to stop the Sabbatian agenda for the fascistic control of America and the world. Sure he has. A man entrapped during his years in the White House by Sabbatian operatives and whose biggest financial donor was casino billionaire Sheldon Adelson who was Sabbatian to his DNA?? Oh, do come on. Trump has been used to divide America and isolate Pushbackers on the Cult agenda under the heading of 'Trump supporters', 'insurrectionists' and 'white supremacists'. The US Intelligence/Mossad Psyop or psychological operation known as QAnon emerged during the Trump years as a central pillar in the Sabbatian campaign to lead Pushbackers into the trap set by those that wished to destroy them. I knew from the start that QAnon was a scam because I had seen the same scenario many

times before over 30 years under different names and I had written about one in particular in the books. 'Not again' was my reaction when QAnon came to the fore. The same script is pulled out every few years and a new name added to the letterhead. The story always takes the same form: 'Insiders' or 'the good guys' in the governmentintelligence-military 'Deep State' apparatus were going to instigate mass arrests of the 'bad guys' which would include the Rockefellers, Rothschilds, Barack Obama, Hillary Clinton, George Soros, etc., etc. Dates are given for when the 'good guys' are going to move in, but the dates pass without incident and new dates are given which pass without incident. The central message to Pushbackers in each case is that they don't have to do anything because there is 'a plan' and it is all going to be sorted by the 'good guys' on the inside. 'Trust the plan' was a QAnon mantra when the only plan was to misdirect Pushbackers into putting their trust in a Psyop they believed to be real. Beware, beware, those who tell you what you want to hear and always check it out. Right up to Biden's inauguration QAnon was still claiming that 'the Storm' was coming and Trump would stay on as president when Biden and his cronies were arrested and jailed. It was never going to happen and of course it didn't, but what did happen as a result provided that punchline to the Sabbatian Trump/QAnon Psyop.

On January 6th, 2021, a very big crowd of Trump supporters gathered in the National Mall in Washington DC down from the Capitol Building to protest at what they believed to be widespread corruption and vote fraud that stopped Trump being re-elected for a second term as president in November, 2020. I say as someone that does not support Trump or Biden that the evidence is clear that major vote-fixing went on to favour Biden, a man with cognitive problems so advanced he can often hardly string a sentence together without reading the words written for him on the Teleprompter. Glaring ballot discrepancies included serious questions about electronic voting machines that make vote rigging a comparative cinch and hundreds of thousands of paper votes that suddenly appeared during already advanced vote counts and virtually all of

them for Biden. Early Trump leads in crucial swing states suddenly began to close and disappear. The pandemic hoax was used as the excuse to issue almost limitless numbers of mail-in ballots with no checks to establish that the recipients were still alive or lived at that address. They were sent to streams of people who had not even asked for them. Private organisations were employed to gather these ballots and who knows what they did with them before they turned up at the counts. The American election system has been manipulated over decades to become a sick joke with more holes than a Swiss cheese for the express purpose of dictating the results. Then there was the criminal manipulation of information by Sabbatian tech giants like Facebook, Twitter and Google-owned YouTube which deleted pro-Trump, anti-Biden accounts and posts while everything in support of Biden was left alone. Sabbatians wanted Biden to win because after the dividing of America it was time for full-on Woke and every aspect of the Cult agenda to be unleashed.

Hunter gatherer

Extreme Silicon Valley bias included blocking information by the New York Post exposing a Biden scandal that should have ended his bid for president in the final weeks of the campaign. Hunter Biden, his monumentally corrupt son, is reported to have sent a laptop to be repaired at a local store and failed to return for it. Time passed until the laptop became the property of the store for non-payment of the bill. When the owner saw what was on the hard drive he gave a copy to the FBI who did nothing even though it confirmed widespread corruption in which the Joe Biden family were using his political position, especially when he was vice president to Obama, to make multiple millions in countries around the world and most notably Ukraine and China. Hunter Biden's one-time business partner Tony Bobulinski went public when the story broke in the New York Post to confirm the corruption he saw and that Joe Biden not only knew what was going on he also profited from the spoils. Millions were handed over by a Chinese company with close

connections – like all major businesses in China – to the Chinese communist party of President Xi Jinping. Joe Biden even boasted at a meeting of the Cult's World Economic Forum that as vice president he had ordered the government of Ukraine to fire a prosecutor. What he didn't mention was that the same man just happened to be investigating an energy company which was part of Hunter Biden's corrupt portfolio. The company was paying him big bucks for no other reason than the influence his father had. Overnight Biden's presidential campaign should have been over given that he had lied publicly about not knowing what his son was doing. Instead almost the entire Sabbatian-owned mainstream media and Sabbatian-owned Silicon Valley suppressed circulation of the story. This alone went a mighty way to rigging the election of 2020. Cult assets like Mark Zuckerberg at Facebook also spent hundreds of millions to be used in support of Biden and vote 'administration'.

The Cult had used Trump as the focus to divide America and was now desperate to bring in moronic, pliable, corrupt Biden to complete the double-whammy. No way were they going to let little things like the will of the people thwart their plan. Silicon Valley widely censored claims that the election was rigged because it was rigged. For the same reason anyone claiming it was rigged was denounced as a 'white supremacist' including the pathetically few Republican politicians willing to say so. Right across the media where the claim was mentioned it was described as a 'false claim' even though these excuses for 'journalists' would have done no research into the subject whatsoever. Trump won seven million more votes than any sitting president had ever achieved while somehow a cognitively-challenged soon to be 78-year-old who was hidden away from the public for most of the campaign managed to win more votes than any presidential candidate in history. It makes no sense. You only had to see election rallies for both candidates to witness the enthusiasm for Trump and the apathy for Biden. Tens of thousands would attend Trump events while Biden was speaking in empty car parks with often only television crews attending and framing their shots to hide the fact that no one was there. It was pathetic to see

footage come to light of Biden standing at a podium making speeches only to TV crews and party fixers while reading the words written for him on massive Teleprompter screens. So, yes, those protestors on January 6th had a point about election rigging, but some were about to walk into a trap laid for them in Washington by the Cult Deep State and its QAnon Psyop. This was the Capitol Hill riot ludicrously dubbed an 'insurrection'.

The spider and the fly

Renegade Minds know there are not two 'sides' in politics, only one side, the Cult, working through all 'sides'. It's a stage show, a puppet show, to direct the perceptions of the population into focusing on diversions like parties and candidates while missing the puppeteers with their hands holding all the strings. The Capitol Hill 'insurrection' brings us back to the Little Big Horn. Having created two distinct opposing groupings – Woke and Pushbackers – the trap was about to be sprung. Pushbackers were to be encircled and isolated by associating them all in the public mind with Trump and then labelling Trump as some sort of Confederate leader. I knew immediately that the Capitol riot was a set-up because of two things. One was how easy the rioters got into the building with virtually no credible resistance and secondly I could see – as with the 'Covid' hoax in the West at the start of 2020 – how the Cult could exploit the situation to move its agenda forward with great speed. My experience of Cult techniques and activities over more than 30 years has showed me that while they do exploit situations they haven't themselves created this never happens with events of fundamental agenda significance. Every time major events giving cultists the excuse to rapidly advance their plan you find they are manipulated into being for the specific reason of providing that excuse – Problem-Reaction-Solution. Only a tiny minority of the huge crowd of Washington protestors sought to gain entry to the Capitol by smashing windows and breaching doors. That didn't matter. The whole crowd and all Pushbackers, even if they did not support Trump, were going to be lumped together as dangerous

insurrectionists and conspiracy theorists. The latter term came into widespread use through a CIA memo in the 1960s aimed at discrediting those questioning the nonsensical official story of the Kennedy assassination and it subsequently became widely employed by the media. It's still being used by inept 'journalists' with no idea of its origin to discredit anyone questioning anything that authority claims to be true. When you are perpetrating a conspiracy you need to discredit the very word itself even though the dictionary definition of conspiracy is merely 'the activity of secretly planning with other people to do something bad or illegal' and 'a general agreement to keep silent about a subject for the purpose of keeping it secret'. On that basis there are conspiracies almost wherever you look. For obvious reasons the Cult and its lapdog media have to claim there are no conspiracies even though the word appears in state laws as with conspiracy to defraud, to murder, and to corrupt public morals.

Agent provocateurs are widely used by the Cult Deep State to manipulate genuine people into acting in ways that suit the desired outcome. By genuine in this case I mean protestors genuinely supporting Trump and claims that the election was stolen. In among them, however, were agents of the state wearing the garb of Trump supporters and QAnon to pump-prime the Capital riot which some genuine Trump supporters naively fell for. I described the situation as 'Come into my parlour said the spider to the fly'. Leaflets appeared through the Woke paramilitary arm Antifa, the anti-fascist fascists, calling on supporters to turn up in Washington looking like Trump supporters even though they hated him. Some of those arrested for breaching the Capitol Building were sourced to Antifa and its stable mate Black Lives Matter. Both organisations are funded by Cult billionaires and corporations. One man charged for the riot was according to his lawyer a former FBI agent who had held top secret security clearance for 40 years. Attorney Thomas Plofchan said of his client, 66-year-old Thomas Edward Caldwell:

He has held a Top Secret Security Clearance since 1979 and has undergone multiple Special Background Investigations in support of his clearances. After retiring from the Navy, he

worked as a section chief for the Federal Bureau of Investigation from 2009-2010 as a GS-12 [mid-level employee].

He also formed and operated a consulting firm performing work, often classified, for U.S government customers including the US. Drug Enforcement Agency, Department of Housing and Urban Development, the US Coast Guard, and the US Army Personnel Command.

A judge later released Caldwell pending trial in the absence of evidence about a conspiracy or that he tried to force his way into the building. The New York Post reported a 'law enforcement source' as saying that 'at least two known Antifa members were spotted' on camera among Trump supporters during the riot while one of the rioters arrested was John Earle Sullivan, a seriously extreme Black Lives Matter Trump-hater from Utah who was previously arrested and charged in July, 2020, over a BLM-Antifa riot in which drivers were threatened and one was shot. Sullivan is the founder of Utahbased Insurgence USA which is an affiliate of the Cult-created-andfunded Black Lives Matter movement. Footage appeared and was then deleted by Twitter of Trump supporters calling out Antifa infiltrators and a group was filmed changing into pro-Trump clothing before the riot. Security at the building was pathetic – as planned. Colonel Leroy Fletcher Prouty, a man with long experience in covert operations working with the US security apparatus, once described the tell-tale sign to identify who is involved in an assassination. He said:

No one has to direct an assassination – it happens. The active role is played secretly by permitting it to happen. This is the greatest single clue. Who has the power to call off or reduce the usual security precautions?

This principle applies to many other situations and certainly to the Capitol riot of January 6th, 2021.

The sting

With such a big and potentially angry crowd known to be gathering near the Capitol the security apparatus would have had a major police detail to defend the building with National Guard troops on standby given the strength of feeling among people arriving from all over America encouraged by the QAnon Psyop and statements by Donald Trump. Instead Capitol Police 'security' was flimsy, weak, and easily breached. The same number of officers was deployed as on a regular day and that is a blatant red flag. They were not staffed or equipped for a possible riot that had been an obvious possibility in the circumstances. No protective and effective fencing worth the name was put in place and there were no contingency plans. The whole thing was basically a case of standing aside and waving people in. Once inside police mostly backed off apart from one Capitol police officer who ridiculously shot dead unarmed Air Force veteran protestor Ashli Babbitt without a warning as she climbed through a broken window. The 'investigation' refused to name or charge the officer after what must surely be considered a murder in the circumstances. They just lifted a carpet and swept. The story was endlessly repeated about five people dying in the 'armed insurrection' when there was no report of rioters using weapons. Apart from Babbitt the other four died from a heart attack, strokes and apparently a drug overdose. Capitol police officer Brian Sicknick was reported to have died after being bludgeoned with a fire extinguisher when he was alive after the riot was over and died later of what the Washington Medical Examiner's Office said was a stroke. Sicknick had no external injuries. The lies were delivered like rapid fire. There was a narrative to build with incessant repetition of the lie until the lie became the accepted 'everybody knows that' truth. The 'Big Lie' technique of Nazi Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels is constantly used by the Cult which was behind the Nazis and is today behind the 'Covid' and 'climate change' hoaxes. Goebbels said:

If you tell a lie big enough and keep repeating it, people will eventually come to believe it. The lie can be maintained only for such time as the State can shield the people from the political, economic and/or military consequences of the lie. It thus becomes vitally important for the State to use all of its powers to repress dissent, for the truth is the mortal enemy of the lie, and thus by extension, the truth is the greatest enemy of the State.

Most protestors had a free run of the Capitol Building. This allowed pictures to be taken of rioters in iconic parts of the building including the Senate chamber which could be used as propaganda images against all Pushbackers. One Congresswoman described the scene as 'the worst kind of non-security anybody could ever imagine'. Well, the first part was true, but someone obviously did imagine it and made sure it happened. Some photographs most widely circulated featured people wearing QAnon symbols and now the Psyop would be used to dub all QAnon followers with the ubiquitous fit-all label of 'white supremacist' and 'insurrectionists'. When a Muslim extremist called Noah Green drove his car at two police officers at the Capitol Building killing one in April, 2021, there was no such political and media hysteria. They were just disappointed he wasn't white.

The witch-hunt

Government prosecutor Michael Sherwin, an aggressive, dark-eyed, professional Rottweiler led the 'investigation' and to call it over the top would be to understate reality a thousand fold. Hundreds were tracked down and arrested for the crime of having the wrong political views and people were jailed who had done nothing more than walk in the building, committed no violence or damage to property, took a few pictures and left. They were labelled a 'threat to the Republic' while Biden sat in the White House signing executive orders written for him that were dismantling 'the Republic'. Even when judges ruled that a mother and son should not be in jail the government kept them there. Some of those arrested have been badly beaten by prison guards in Washington and lawyers for one man said he suffered a fractured skull and was made blind in one eye. Meanwhile a woman is shot dead for no reason by a Capitol Police officer and we are not allowed to know who he is never mind what has happened to him although that will be *nothing*. The Cult's QAnon/Trump sting to identify and isolate Pushbackers and then target them on the road to crushing and deleting them was a resounding success. You would have thought the Russians had

invaded the building at gunpoint and lined up senators for a firing squad to see the political and media reaction. Congresswoman Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez is a child in a woman's body, a terribletwos, me, me, Woker narcissist of such proportions that words have no meaning. She said she thought she was going to die when 'insurrectionists' banged on her office door. It turned out she wasn't even in the Capitol Building when the riot was happening and the 'banging' was a Capitol Police officer. She referred to herself as a 'survivor' which is an insult to all those true survivors of violent and sexual abuse while she lives her pampered and privileged life talking drivel for a living. Her Woke colleague and fellow meganarcissist Rashida Tlaib broke down describing the devastating effect on her, too, of *not being* in the building when the rioters were there. Ocasio-Cortez and Tlaib are members of a fully-Woke group of Congresswomen known as 'The Squad' along with Ilhan Omar and Ayanna Pressley. The Squad from what I can see can be identified by its vehement anti-white racism, anti-white men agenda, and, as always in these cases, the absence of brain cells on active duty.

The usual suspects were on the riot case immediately in the form of Democrat ultra-Zionist senators and operatives Chuck Schumer and Adam Schiff demanding that Trump be impeached for 'his part in the insurrection'. The same pair of prats had led the failed impeachment of Trump over the invented 'Russia collusion' nonsense which claimed Russia had helped Trump win the 2016 election. I didn't realise that Tel Aviv had been relocated just outside Moscow. I must find an up-to-date map. The Russia hoax was a Sabbatian operation to keep Trump occupied and impotent and to stop any rapport with Russia which the Cult wants to retain as a perceptual enemy to be pulled out at will. Puppet Biden began attacking Russia when he came to office as the Cult seeks more upheaval, division and war across the world. A two-year stage show 'Russia collusion inquiry' headed by the not-very-bright former 9/11 FBI chief Robert Mueller, with support from 19 lawyers, 40 FBI agents plus intelligence analysts, forensic accountants and other

staff, devoured tens of millions of dollars and found no evidence of Russia collusion which a ten-year-old could have told them on day one. Now the same moronic Schumer and Schiff wanted a second impeachment of Trump over the Capitol 'insurrection' (riot) which the arrested development of Schumer called another 'Pearl Harbor' while others compared it with 9/11 in which 3,000 died and, in the case of CNN, with the Rwandan genocide in the 1990s in which an estimated 500,000 to 600,000 were murdered, between 250, 000 and 500,000 women were raped, and populations of whole towns were hacked to death with machetes. To make those comparisons purely for Cult political reasons is beyond insulting to those that suffered and lost their lives and confirms yet again the callous inhumanity that we are dealing with. Schumer is a monumental idiot and so is Schiff, but they serve the Cult agenda and do whatever they're told so they get looked after. Talking of idiots – another inane man who spanned the Russia and Capitol impeachment attempts was Senator Eric Swalwell who had the nerve to accuse Trump of collusion with the Russians while sleeping with a Chinese spy called Christine Fang or 'Fang Fang' which is straight out of a Bond film no doubt starring Klaus Schwab as the bloke living on a secret island and controlling laser weapons positioned in space and pointing at world capitals. Fang Fang plays the part of Bond's infiltrator girlfriend which I'm sure she would enjoy rather more than sharing a bed with the brainless Swalwell, lying back and thinking of China. The FBI eventually warned Swalwell about Fang Fang which gave her time to escape back to the Chinese dictatorship. How very thoughtful of them. The second Trump impeachment also failed and hardly surprising when an impeachment is supposed to remove a sitting president and by the time it happened Trump was no longer president. These people are running your country America, well, officially anyway. Terrifying isn't it?

Outcomes tell the story - always

The outcome of all this – and it's the *outcome* on which Renegade Minds focus, not the words – was that a vicious, hysterical and

obviously pre-planned assault was launched on Pushbackers to censor, silence and discredit them and even targeted their right to earn a living. They have since been condemned as 'domestic terrorists' that need to be treated like Al-Qaeda and Islamic State. 'Domestic terrorists' is a label the Cult has been trying to make stick since the period of the Oklahoma bombing in 1995 which was blamed on 'far-right domestic terrorists'. If you read *The Trigger* you will see that the bombing was clearly a Problem-Reaction-Solution carried out by the Deep State during a Bill Clinton administration so corrupt that no dictionary definition of the term would even nearly suffice. Nearly 30, 000 troops were deployed from all over America to the empty streets of Washington for Biden's inauguration. Ten thousand of them stayed on with the pretext of protecting the capital from insurrectionists when it was more psychological programming to normalise the use of the military in domestic law enforcement in support of the Cult plan for a police-military state. Biden's fascist administration began a purge of 'wrong-thinkers' in the military which means anyone that is not on board with Woke. The Capitol Building was surrounded by a fence with razor wire and the Land of the Free was further symbolically and literally dismantled. The circle was completed with the installation of Biden and the exploitation of the QAnon Psyop.

America had never been so divided since the civil war of the 19th century, Pushbackers were isolated and dubbed terrorists and now, as was always going to happen, the Cult immediately set about deleting what little was left of freedom and transforming American society through a swish of the hand of the most controlled 'president' in American history leading (officially at least) the most extreme regime since the country was declared an independent state on July 4th, 1776. Biden issued undebated, dictatorial executive orders almost by the hour in his opening days in office across the whole spectrum of the Cult wish-list including diluting controls on the border with Mexico allowing thousands of migrants to illegally enter the United States to transform the demographics of America and import an election-changing number of perceived Democrat

voters. Then there were Biden deportation amnesties for the already illegally resident (estimated to be as high as 20 or even 30 million). A bill before Congress awarded American citizenship to anyone who could prove they had worked in agriculture for just 180 days in the previous two years as 'Big Ag' secured its slave labour long-term. There were the plans to add new states to the union such as Puerto Rico and making Washington DC a state. They are all parts of a plan to ensure that the Cult-owned Woke Democrats would be permanently in power.

Border – what border?

I have exposed in detail in other books how mass immigration into the United States and Europe is the work of Cult networks fuelled by the tens of billions spent to this and other ends by George Soros and his global Open Society (open borders) Foundations. The impact can be seen in America alone where the population has increased by 100 million in little more than 30 years mostly through immigration. I wrote in *The Answer* that the plan was to have so many people crossing the southern border that the numbers become unstoppable and we are now there under Cult-owned Biden. El Salvador in Central America puts the scale of what is happening into context. A third of the population now lives in the United States, much of it illegally, and many more are on the way. The methodology is to crush Central and South American countries economically and spread violence through machete-wielding psychopathic gangs like MS-13 based in El Salvador and now operating in many American cities. Biden-imposed lax security at the southern border means that it is all but open. He said before his 'election' that he wanted to see a surge towards the border if he became president and that was the green light for people to do just that after election day to create the human disaster that followed for both America and the migrants. When that surge came the imbecilic Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez said it wasn't a 'surge' because they are 'children, not insurgents' and the term 'surge' (used by Biden) was a claim of 'white supremacists'.

This disingenuous lady may one day enter the realm of the most basic intelligence, but it won't be any time soon.

Sabbatians and the Cult are in the process of destroying America by importing violent people and gangs in among the genuine to terrorise American cities and by overwhelming services that cannot cope with the sheer volume of new arrivals. Something similar is happening in Europe as Western society in general is targeted for demographic and cultural transformation and upheaval. The plan demands violence and crime to create an environment of intimidation, fear and division and Soros has been funding the election of district attorneys across America who then stop prosecuting many crimes, reduce sentences for violent crimes and free as many violent criminals as they can. Sabbatians are creating the chaos from which order – their order – can respond in a classic Problem-Reaction-Solution. A Freemasonic moto says 'Ordo Ab Chao' (Order out of Chaos) and this is why the Cult is constantly creating chaos to impose a new 'order'. Here you have the reason the Cult is constantly creating chaos. The 'Covid' hoax can be seen with those entering the United States by plane being forced to take a 'Covid' test while migrants flooding through southern border processing facilities do not. Nothing is put in the way of mass migration and if that means ignoring the government's own 'Covid' rules then so be it. They know it's all bullshit anyway. Any pushback on this is denounced as 'racist' by Wokers and Sabbatian fronts like the ultra-Zionist Anti-Defamation League headed by the appalling Jonathan Greenblatt which at the same time argues that Israel should not give citizenship and voting rights to more Palestinian Arabs or the 'Jewish population' (in truth the Sabbatian network) will lose control of the country.

Society-changing numbers

Biden's masters have declared that countries like El Salvador are so dangerous that their people must be allowed into the United States for humanitarian reasons when there are fewer murders in large parts of many Central American countries than in US cities like Baltimore. That is not to say Central America cannot be a dangerous place and Cult-controlled American governments have been making it so since way back, along with the dismantling of economies, in a long-term plan to drive people north into the United States. Parts of Central America are very dangerous, but in other areas the story is being greatly exaggerated to justify relaxing immigration criteria. Migrants are being offered free healthcare and education in the United States as another incentive to head for the border and there is no requirement to be financially independent before you can enter to prevent the resources of America being drained. You can't blame migrants for seeking what they believe will be a better life, but they are being played by the Cult for dark and nefarious ends. The numbers since Biden took office are huge. In February, 2021, more than 100,000 people were known to have tried to enter the US illegally through the southern border (it was 34,000 in the same month in 2020) and in March it was 170,000 – a 418 percent increase on March, 2020. These numbers are only known people, not the ones who get in unseen. The true figure for migrants illegally crossing the border in a single month was estimated by one congressman at 250,000 and that number will only rise under Biden's current policy. Gangs of murdering drug-running thugs that control the Mexican side of the border demand money – thousands of dollars – to let migrants cross the Rio Grande into America. At the same time gun battles are breaking out on the border several times a week between rival Mexican drug gangs (which now operate globally) who are equipped with sophisticated military-grade weapons, grenades and armoured vehicles. While the Capitol Building was being 'protected' from a non-existent 'threat' by thousands of troops, and others were still deployed at the time in the Cult Neocon war in Afghanistan, the southern border of America was left to its fate. This is not incompetence, it is cold calculation.

By March, 2021, there were 17,000 unaccompanied children held at border facilities and many of them are ensnared by people traffickers for paedophile rings and raped on their journey north to America. This is not conjecture – this is fact. Many of those designated

children are in reality teenage boys or older. Meanwhile Wokers posture their self-purity for encouraging poor and tragic people to come to America and face this nightmare both on the journey and at the border with the disgusting figure of House Speaker Nancy Pelosi giving disingenuous speeches about caring for migrants. The woman's evil. Wokers condemned Trump for having children in cages at the border (so did Obama, Shhhh), but now they are sleeping on the floor without access to a shower with one border facility 729 percent over capacity. The Biden insanity even proposed flying migrants from the southern border to the northern border with Canada for 'processing'. The whole shambles is being overseen by ultra-Zionist Secretary of Homeland Security, the moronic liar Alejandro Mayorkas, who banned news cameras at border facilities to stop Americans seeing what was happening. Mayorkas said there was not a ban on news crews; it was just that they were not allowed to film. Alongside him at Homeland Security is another ultra-Zionist Cass Sunstein appointed by Biden to oversee new immigration laws. Sunstein despises conspiracy researchers to the point where he suggests they should be banned or taxed for having such views. The man is not bonkers or anything. He's perfectly well-adjusted, but adjusted to what is the question. Criticise what is happening and you are a 'white supremacist' when earlier non-white immigrants also oppose the numbers which effect their lives and opportunities. Black people in poor areas are particularly damaged by uncontrolled immigration and the increased competition for work opportunities with those who will work for less. They are also losing voting power as Hispanics become more dominant in former black areas. It's a downward spiral for them while the billionaires behind the policy drone on about how much they care about black people and 'racism'. None of this is about compassion for migrants or black people – that's just wind and air. Migrants are instead being mercilessly exploited to transform America while the countries they leave are losing their future and the same is true in Europe. Mass immigration may now be the work of Woke Democrats, but it can be traced back to the 1986 Immigration Reform and Control Act (it

wasn't) signed into law by Republican hero President Ronald Reagan which gave amnesty to millions living in the United States illegally and other incentives for people to head for the southern border. Here we have the one-party state at work again.

Save me syndrome

Almost every aspect of what I have been exposing as the Cult agenda was on display in even the first days of 'Biden' with silencing of Pushbackers at the forefront of everything. A Renegade Mind will view the Trump years and QAnon in a very different light to their supporters and advocates as the dots are connected. The QAnon/Trump Psyop has given the Cult all it was looking for. We may not know how much, or little, that Trump realised he was being used, but that's a side issue. This pincer movement produced the desired outcome of dividing America and having Pushbackers isolated. To turn this around we have to look at new routes to empowerment which do not include handing our power to other people and groups through what I will call the 'Save Me Syndrome' - 'I want someone else to do it so that I don't have to'. We have seen this at work throughout human history and the QAnon/Trump Psyop is only the latest incarnation alongside all the others. Religion is an obvious expression of this when people look to a 'god' or priest to save them or tell them how to be saved and then there are 'save me' politicians like Trump. Politics is a diversion and not a 'saviour'. It is a means to block positive change, not make it possible.

Save Me Syndrome always comes with the same repeating theme of handing your power to whom or what you believe will save you while your real 'saviour' stares back from the mirror every morning. Renegade Minds are constantly vigilant in this regard and always asking the question 'What can I do?' rather than 'What can someone else do for me?' Gandhi was right when he said: 'You must be the change you want to see in the world.' We are indeed the people we have been waiting for. We are presented with a constant raft of reasons to concede that power to others and forget where the real power is. Humanity has the numbers and the Cult does not. It has to

use diversion and division to target the unstoppable power that comes from unity. Religions, governments, politicians, corporations, media, QAnon, are all different manifestations of this power-diversion and dilution. Refusing to give your power to governments and instead handing it to Trump and QAnon is not to take a new direction, but merely to recycle the old one with new names on the posters. I will explore this phenomenon as we proceed and how to break the cycles and recycles that got us here through the mists of repeating perception and so repeating history.

For now we shall turn to the most potent example in the entire human story of the consequences that follow when you give your power away. I am talking, of course, of the 'Covid' hoax.

CHAPTER FOUR

'Covid': Calculated catastrophe

Facts are threatening to those invested in fraud DaShanne Stokes

We can easily unravel the real reason for the 'Covid pandemic' hoax by employing the Renegade Mind methodology that I have outlined this far. We'll start by comparing the long-planned Cult outcome with the 'Covid pandemic' outcome. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey.

I have highlighted the plan for the Hunger Games Society which has been in my books for so many years with the very few controlling the very many through ongoing dependency. To create this dependency it is essential to destroy independent livelihoods, businesses and employment to make the population reliant on the state (the Cult) for even the basics of life through a guaranteed pittance income. While independence of income remained these Cult ambitions would be thwarted. With this knowledge it was easy to see where the 'pandemic' hoax was going once talk of 'lockdowns' began and the closing of all but perceived 'essential' businesses to 'save' us from an alleged 'deadly virus'. Cult corporations like Amazon and Walmart were naturally considered 'essential' while mom and pop shops and stores had their doors closed by fascist decree. As a result with every new lockdown and new regulation more small and medium, even large businesses not owned by the Cult, went to the wall while Cult giants and their frontmen and women grew financially fatter by the second. Mom and pop were

denied an income and the right to earn a living and the wealth of people like Jeff Bezos (Amazon), Mark Zuckerberg (Facebook) and Sergei Brin and Larry Page (Google/Alphabet) have reached record levels. The Cult was increasing its own power through further dramatic concentrations of wealth while the competition was being destroyed and brought into a state of dependency. Lockdowns have been instigated to secure that very end and were never anything to do with health. My brother Paul spent 45 years building up a bus repair business, but lockdowns meant buses were running at a fraction of normal levels for months on end. Similar stories can told in their hundreds of millions worldwide. Efforts of a lifetime coldly destroyed by Cult multi-billionaires and their lackeys in government and law enforcement who continued to earn their living from the taxation of the people while denying the right of the same people to earn theirs. How different it would have been if those making and enforcing these decisions had to face the same financial hardships of those they affected, but they never do.

Gates of Hell

Behind it all in the full knowledge of what he is doing and why is the psychopathic figure of Cult operative Bill Gates. His puppet Tedros at the World Health Organization declared 'Covid' a pandemic in March, 2020. The WHO had changed the definition of a 'pandemic' in 2009 just a month before declaring the 'swine flu pandemic' which would not have been so under the previous definition. The same applies to 'Covid'. The definition had included... 'an infection by an infectious agent, occurring simultaneously in different countries, with a significant mortality rate relative to the proportion of the population infected'. The new definition removed the need for 'significant mortality'. The 'pandemic' has been fraudulent even down to the definition, but Gates demanded economy-destroying lockdowns, school closures, social distancing, mandatory masks, a 'vaccination' for every man, woman and child on the planet and severe consequences and restrictions for those that refused. Who gave him this power? The

Cult did which he serves like a little boy in short trousers doing what his daddy tells him. He and his psychopathic missus even smiled when they said that much worse was to come (what they knew was planned to come). Gates responded in the matter-of-fact way of all psychopaths to a question about the effect on the world economy of what he was doing:

Well, it won't go to zero but it will shrink. Global GDP is probably going to take the biggest hit ever [Gates was smiling as he said this] ... in my lifetime this will be the greatest economic hit. But you don't have a choice. People act as if you have a choice. People don't feel like going to the stadium when they might get infected ... People are deeply affected by seeing these stats, by knowing they could be part of the transmission chain, old people, their parents and grandparents, could be affected by this, and so you don't get to say ignore what is going on here.

There will be the ability to open up, particularly in rich countries, if things are done well over the next few months, but for the world at large normalcy only returns when we have largely vaccinated the entire population.

The man has no compassion or empathy. How could he when he's a psychopath like all Cult players? My own view is that even beyond that he is very seriously mentally ill. Look in his eyes and you can see this along with his crazy flailing arms. You don't do what he has done to the world population since the start of 2020 unless you are mentally ill and at the most extreme end of psychopathic. You especially don't do it when to you know, as we shall see, that cases and deaths from 'Covid' are fakery and a product of monumental figure massaging. 'These stats' that Gates referred to are based on a 'test' that's not testing for the 'virus' as he has known all along. He made his fortune with big Cult support as an infamously ruthless software salesman and now buys global control of 'health' (death) policy without the population he affects having any say. It's a breathtaking outrage. Gates talked about people being deeply affected by fear of 'Covid' when that was because of him and his global network lying to them minute-by-minute supported by a lying media that he seriously influences and funds to the tune of hundreds of millions. He's handed big sums to media operations including the BBC, NBC, Al Jazeera, Univision, PBS NewsHour,

ProPublica, National Journal, The Guardian, The Financial Times, The Atlantic, Texas Tribune, USA Today publisher Gannett, Washington Monthly, Le Monde, Center for Investigative Reporting, Pulitzer Center on Crisis Reporting, National Press Foundation, International Center for Journalists, Solutions Journalism Network, the Poynter Institute for Media Studies, and many more. Gates is everywhere in the 'Covid' hoax and the man must go to prison – or a mental facility – for the rest of his life and his money distributed to those he has taken such enormous psychopathic pleasure in crushing.

The Muscle

The Hunger Games global structure demands a police-military state – a fusion of the two into one force – which viciously imposes the will of the Cult on the population and protects the Cult from public rebellion. In that regard, too, the 'Covid' hoax just keeps on giving. Often unlawful, ridiculous and contradictory 'Covid' rules and regulations have been policed across the world by moronic automatons and psychopaths made faceless by face-nappy masks and acting like the Nazi SS and fascist blackshirts and brownshirts of Hitler and Mussolini. The smallest departure from the rules decreed by the psychos in government and their clueless gofers were jumped upon by the face-nappy fascists. Brutality against public protestors soon became commonplace even on girls, women and old people as the brave men with the batons – the Face-Nappies as I call them – broke up peaceful protests and handed out fines like confetti to people who couldn't earn a living let alone pay hundreds of pounds for what was once an accepted human right. Robot Face-Nappies of Nottingham police in the English East Midlands fined one group £11,000 for attending a child's birthday party. For decades I charted the transformation of law enforcement as genuine, decent officers were replaced with psychopaths and the brain dead who would happily and brutally do whatever their masters told them. Now they were let loose on the public and I would emphasise the point that none of this just happened. The step-by-step change in the dynamic between police and public was orchestrated from the shadows by

those who knew where this was all going and the same with the perceptual reframing of those in all levels of authority and official administration through 'training courses' by organisations such as Common Purpose which was created in the late 1980s and given a massive boost in Blair era Britain until it became a global phenomenon. Supposed public 'servants' began to view the population as the enemy and the same was true of the police. This was the start of the explosion of behaviour manipulation organisations and networks preparing for the all-war on the human psyche unleashed with the dawn of 2020. I will go into more detail about this later in the book because it is a core part of what is happening.

Police desecrated beauty spots to deter people gathering and arrested women for walking in the countryside alone 'too far' from their homes. We had arrogant, clueless sergeants in the Isle of Wight police where I live posting on Facebook what they insisted the population must do or else. A schoolmaster sergeant called Radford looked young enough for me to ask if his mother knew he was out, but he was posting what he *expected* people to do while a Sergeant Wilkinson boasted about fining lads for meeting in a McDonald's car park where they went to get a lockdown takeaway. Wilkinson added that he had even cancelled their order. What a pair of prats these people are and yet they have increasingly become the norm among Jackboot Johnson's Yellowshirts once known as the British police. This was the theme all over the world with police savagery common during lockdown protests in the United States, the Netherlands, and the fascist state of Victoria in Australia under its tyrannical and again moronic premier Daniel Andrews. Amazing how tyrannical and moronic tend to work as a team and the same combination could be seen across America as arrogant, narcissistic Woke governors and mayors such as Gavin Newsom (California), Andrew Cuomo (New York), Gretchen Whitmer (Michigan), Lori Lightfoot (Chicago) and Eric Garcetti (Los Angeles) did their Nazi and Stalin impressions with the full support of the compliant brutality of their enforcers in uniform as they arrested small business owners defying

fascist shutdown orders and took them to jail in ankle shackles and handcuffs. This happened to bistro owner Marlena Pavlos-Hackney in Gretchen Whitmer's fascist state of Michigan when police arrived to enforce an order by a state-owned judge for 'putting the community at risk' at a time when other states like Texas were dropping restrictions and migrants were pouring across the southern border without any 'Covid' questions at all. I'm sure there are many officers appalled by what they are ordered to do, but not nearly enough of them. If they were truly appalled they would not do it. As the months passed every opportunity was taken to have the military involved to make their presence on the streets ever more familiar and 'normal' for the longer-term goal of police-military fusion.

Another crucial element to the Hunger Games enforcement network has been encouraging the public to report neighbours and others for 'breaking the lockdown rules'. The group faced with £11,000 in fines at the child's birthday party would have been dobbed-in by a neighbour with a brain the size of a pea. The technique was most famously employed by the Stasi secret police in communist East Germany who had public informants placed throughout the population. A police chief in the UK says his force doesn't need to carry out 'Covid' patrols when they are flooded with so many calls from the public reporting other people for visiting the beach. Dorset police chief James Vaughan said people were so enthusiastic about snitching on their fellow humans they were now operating as an auxiliary arm of the police: 'We are still getting around 400 reports a week from the public, so we will respond to reports ... We won't need to be doing hotspot patrols because people are very quick to pick the phone up and tell us.' Vaughan didn't say that this is a pillar of all tyrannies of whatever complexion and the means to hugely extend the reach of enforcement while spreading distrust among the people and making them wary of doing anything that might get them reported. Those narcissistic Isle of Wight sergeants Radford and Wilkinson never fail to add a link to their Facebook posts where the public can inform on their fellow slaves.

Neither would be self-aware enough to realise they were imitating the Stasi which they might well never have heard of. Government psychologists that I will expose later laid out a policy to turn communities against each other in the same way.

A coincidence? Yep, and I can knit fog

I knew from the start of the alleged pandemic that this was a Cult operation. It presented limitless potential to rapidly advance the Cult agenda and exploit manipulated fear to demand that every man, woman and child on the planet was 'vaccinated' in a process never used on humans before which infuses self-replicating *synthetic* material into human cells. Remember the plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic biological state. I'll deal with the 'vaccine' (that's not actually a vaccine) when I focus on the genetic agenda. Enough to say here that mass global 'vaccination' justified by this 'new virus' set alarms ringing after 30 years of tracking these people and their methods. The 'Covid' hoax officially beginning in China was also a big red flag for reasons I will be explaining. The agenda potential was so enormous that I could dismiss any idea that the 'virus' appeared naturally. Major happenings with major agenda implications never occur without Cult involvement in making them happen. My questions were twofold in early 2020 as the media began its campaign to induce global fear and hysteria: Was this alleged infectious agent released on purpose by the Cult or did it even exist at all? I then did what I always do in these situations. I sat, observed and waited to see where the evidence and information would take me. By March and early April synchronicity was strongly – and ever more so since then - pointing me in the direction of there is no 'virus'. I went public on that with derision even from swathes of the alternative media that voiced a scenario that the Chinese government released the 'virus' in league with Deep State elements in the United States from a toplevel bio-lab in Wuhan where the 'virus' is said to have first appeared. I looked at that possibility, but I didn't buy it for several reasons. Deaths from the 'virus' did not in any way match what they

would have been with a 'deadly bioweapon' and it is much more effective if you sell the *illusion* of an infectious agent rather than having a real one unless you can control through injection who has it and who doesn't. Otherwise you lose control of events. A made-up 'virus' gives you a blank sheet of paper on which you can make it do whatever you like and have any symptoms or mutant 'variants' you choose to add while a real infectious agent would limit you to what it actually does. A phantom disease allows you to have endless ludicrous 'studies' on the 'Covid' dollar to widen the perceived impact by inventing ever more 'at risk' groups including one study which said those who walk slowly may be almost four times more likely to die from the 'virus'. People are in psychiatric wards for less.

A real 'deadly bioweapon' can take out people in the hierarchy that are not part of the Cult, but essential to its operation. Obviously they don't want that. Releasing a real disease means you immediately lose control of it. Releasing an illusory one means you don't. Again it's vital that people are extra careful when dealing with what they want to hear. A bioweapon unleashed from a Chinese laboratory in collusion with the American Deep State may fit a conspiracy narrative, but is it true? Would it not be far more effective to use the excuse of a 'virus' to justify the real bioweapon – the 'vaccine'? That way your disease agent does not have to be transmitted and arrives directly through a syringe. I saw a French virologist Luc Montagnier quoted in the alternative media as saying he had discovered that the alleged 'new' severe acute respiratory syndrome coronavirus, or SARS-CoV-2, was made artificially and included elements of the human immunodeficiency 'virus' (HIV) and a parasite that causes malaria. SARS-CoV-2 is alleged to trigger an alleged illness called Covid-19. I remembered Montagnier's name from my research years before into claims that an HIV 'retrovirus' causes AIDs – claims that were demolished by Berkeley virologist Peter Duesberg who showed that no one had ever proved that HIV causes acquired immunodeficiency syndrome or AIDS. Claims that become accepted as fact, publicly and medically, with no proof whatsoever are an ever-recurring story that profoundly applies to

'Covid'. Nevertheless, despite the lack of proof, Montagnier's team at the Pasteur Institute in Paris had a long dispute with American researcher Robert Gallo over which of them discovered and isolated the HIV 'virus' and with *no evidence* found it to cause AIDS. You will see later that there is also no evidence that any 'virus' causes any disease or that there is even such a thing as a 'virus' in the way it is said to exist. The claim to have 'isolated' the HIV 'virus' will be presented in its real context as we come to the shocking story – and it is a story – of SARS-CoV-2 and so will Montagnier's assertion that he identified the full SARS-CoV-2 genome.

Hoax in the making

We can pick up the 'Covid' story in 2010 and the publication by the Rockefeller Foundation of a document called 'Scenarios for the Future of Technology and International Development'. The inner circle of the Rockefeller family has been serving the Cult since John D. Rockefeller (1839-1937) made his fortune with Standard Oil. It is less well known that the same Rockefeller – the Bill Gates of his day - was responsible for establishing what is now referred to as 'Big Pharma', the global network of pharmaceutical companies that make outrageous profits dispensing scalpel and drug 'medicine' and are obsessed with pumping vaccines in ever-increasing number into as many human arms and backsides as possible. John D. Rockefeller was the driving force behind the creation of the 'education' system in the United States and elsewhere specifically designed to program the perceptions of generations thereafter. The Rockefeller family donated exceptionally valuable land in New York for the United Nations building and were central in establishing the World Health Organization in 1948 as an agency of the UN which was created from the start as a Trojan horse and stalking horse for world government. Now enter Bill Gates. His family and the Rockefellers have long been extremely close and I have seen genealogy which claims that if you go back far enough the two families fuse into the same bloodline. Gates has said that the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation was inspired by the Rockefeller Foundation and why not when both are serving the same Cult? Major tax-exempt foundations are overwhelmingly criminal enterprises in which Cult assets fund the Cult agenda in the guise of 'philanthropy' while avoiding tax in the process. Cult operatives can become mega-rich in their role of front men and women for the psychopaths at the inner core and they, too, have to be psychopaths to knowingly serve such evil. Part of the deal is that a big percentage of the wealth gleaned from representing the Cult has to be spent advancing the ambitions of the Cult and hence you have the Rockefeller Foundation, Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation (and so many more) and people like George Soros with his global Open Society Foundations spending their billions in pursuit of global Cult control. Gates is a global public face of the Cult with his interventions in world affairs including Big Tech influence; a central role in the 'Covid' and 'vaccine' scam; promotion of the climate change shakedown; manipulation of education; geoengineering of the skies; and his food-control agenda as the biggest owner of farmland in America, his GMO promotion and through other means. As one writer said: 'Gates monopolizes or wields disproportionate influence over the tech industry, global health and vaccines, agriculture and food policy (including biopiracy and fake food), weather modification and other climate technologies, surveillance, education and media.' The almost limitless wealth secured through Microsoft and other not-allowedto-fail ventures (including vaccines) has been ploughed into a long, long list of Cult projects designed to enslave the entire human race. Gates and the Rockefellers have been working as one unit with the Rockefeller-established World Health Organization leading global 'Covid' policy controlled by Gates through his mouth-piece Tedros. Gates became the WHO's biggest funder when Trump announced that the American government would cease its donations, but Biden immediately said he would restore the money when he took office in January, 2021. The Gates Foundation (the Cult) owns through limitless funding the world health system and the major players across the globe in the 'Covid' hoax.

Okay, with that background we return to that Rockefeller Foundation document of 2010 headed 'Scenarios for the Future of Technology and International Development' and its 'imaginary' epidemic of a virulent and deadly influenza strain which infected 20 percent of the global population and killed eight million in seven months. The Rockefeller scenario was that the epidemic destroyed economies, closed shops, offices and other businesses and led to governments imposing fierce rules and restrictions that included mandatory wearing of face masks and body-temperature checks to enter communal spaces like railway stations and supermarkets. The document predicted that even after the height of the Rockefellerenvisaged epidemic the authoritarian rule would continue to deal with further pandemics, transnational terrorism, environmental crises and rising poverty. Now you may think that the Rockefellers are our modern-day seers or alternatively, and rather more likely, that they well knew what was planned a few years further on. Fascism had to be imposed, you see, to 'protect citizens from risk and exposure'. The Rockefeller scenario document said:

During the pandemic, national leaders around the world flexed their authority and imposed airtight rules and restrictions, from the mandatory wearing of face masks to body-temperature checks at the entries to communal spaces like train stations and supermarkets. Even after the pandemic faded, this more authoritarian control and oversight of citizens and their activities stuck and even intensified. In order to protect themselves from the spread of increasingly global problems – from pandemics and transnational terrorism to environmental crises and rising poverty – leaders around the world took a firmer grip on power.

At first, the notion of a more controlled world gained wide acceptance and approval. Citizens willingly gave up some of their sovereignty – and their privacy – to more paternalistic states in exchange for greater safety and stability. Citizens were more tolerant, and even eager, for top-down direction and oversight, and national leaders had more latitude to impose order in the ways they saw fit.

In developed countries, this heightened oversight took many forms: biometric IDs for all citizens, for example, and tighter regulation of key industries whose stability was deemed vital to national interests. In many developed countries, enforced cooperation with a suite of new regulations and agreements slowly but steadily restored both order and, importantly, economic growth.

There we have the prophetic Rockefellers in 2010 and three years later came their paper for the Global Health Summit in Beijing, China, when government representatives, the private sector, international organisations and groups met to discuss the next 100 years of 'global health'. The Rockefeller Foundation-funded paper was called 'Dreaming the Future of Health for the Next 100 Years and more prophecy ensued as it described a dystopian future: 'The abundance of data, digitally tracking and linking people may mean the 'death of privacy' and may replace physical interaction with transient, virtual connection, generating isolation and raising questions of how values are shaped in virtual networks.' Next in the 'Covid' hoax preparation sequence came a 'table top' simulation in 2018 for another 'imaginary' pandemic of a disease called Clade X which was said to kill 900 million people. The exercise was organised by the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins University's Center for Health Security in the United States and this is the very same university that has been compiling the disgustingly and systematically erroneous global figures for 'Covid' cases and deaths. Similar Johns Hopkins health crisis scenarios have included the Dark Winter exercise in 2001 and Atlantic Storm in 2005.

Nostradamus 201

For sheer predictive genius look no further prophecy-watchers than the Bill Gates-funded Event 201 held only six weeks before the 'coronavirus pandemic' is supposed to have broken out in China and Event 201 was based on a scenario of a global 'coronavirus pandemic'. Melinda Gates, the great man's missus, told the BBC that he had 'prepared for years' for a coronavirus pandemic which told us what we already knew. Nostradamugates had predicted in a TED talk in 2015 that a pandemic was coming that would kill a lot of people and demolish the world economy. My god, the man is a machine – possibly even literally. Now here he was only weeks before the real thing funding just such a simulated scenario and involving his friends and associates at Johns Hopkins, the World Economic Forum Cult-front of Klaus Schwab, the United Nations,

Johnson & Johnson, major banks, and officials from China and the Centers for Disease Control in the United States. What synchronicity Johns Hopkins would go on to compile the fraudulent 'Covid' figures, the World Economic Forum and Schwab would push the 'Great Reset' in response to 'Covid', the Centers for Disease Control would be at the forefront of 'Covid' policy in the United States, Johnson & Johnson would produce a 'Covid vaccine', and everything would officially start just weeks later in China. Spooky, eh? They were even accurate in creating a simulation of a 'virus' pandemic because the 'real thing' would also be a simulation. Event 201 was not an exercise preparing for something that might happen; it was a rehearsal for what those in control knew was *going* to happen and very shortly. Hours of this simulation were posted on the Internet and the various themes and responses mirrored what would soon be imposed to transform human society. News stories were inserted and what they said would be commonplace a few weeks later with still more prophecy perfection. Much discussion focused on the need to deal with misinformation and the 'anti-vax movement' which is exactly what happened when the 'virus' arrived - was said to have arrived - in the West.

Cult-owned social media banned criticism and exposure of the official 'virus' narrative and when I said there was no 'virus' in early April, 2020, I was banned by one platform after another including YouTube, Facebook and later Twitter. The mainstream broadcast media in Britain was in effect banned from interviewing me by the Tony-Blair-created government broadcasting censor Ofcom headed by career government bureaucrat Melanie Dawes who was appointed just as the 'virus' hoax was about to play out in January, 2020. At the same time the Ickonic media platform was using Vimeo, another ultra-Zionist-owned operation, while our own player was being created and they deleted in an instant hundreds of videos, documentaries, series and shows to confirm their unbelievable vindictiveness. We had copies, of course, and they had to be restored one by one when our player was ready. These people have no class. Sabbatian Facebook promised free advertisements for the Gates-

controlled World Health Organization narrative while deleting 'false claims and conspiracy theories' to stop 'misinformation' about the alleged coronavirus. All these responses could be seen just a short while earlier in the scenarios of Event 201. Extreme censorship was absolutely crucial for the Cult because the official story was so ridiculous and unsupportable by the evidence that it could never survive open debate and the free-flow of information and opinion. If you can't win a debate then don't have one is the Cult's approach throughout history. Facebook's little boy front man – front boy – Mark Zuckerberg equated 'credible and accurate information' with official sources and exposing their lies with 'misinformation'.

Silencing those that can see

The censorship dynamic of Event 201 is now the norm with an army of narrative-supporting 'fact-checker' organisations whose entire reason for being is to tell the public that official narratives are true and those exposing them are lying. One of the most appalling of these 'fact-checkers' is called NewsGuard founded by ultra-Zionist Americans Gordon Crovitz and Steven Brill. Crovitz is a former publisher of The Wall Street Journal, former Executive Vice President of Dow Jones, a member of the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR), and on the board of the American Association of Rhodes Scholars. The CFR and Rhodes Scholarships, named after Rothschild agent Cecil Rhodes who plundered the gold and diamonds of South Africa for his masters and the Cult, have featured widely in my books. NewsGuard don't seem to like me for some reason – I really can't think why – and they have done all they can to have me censored and discredited which is, to quote an old British politician, like being savaged by a dead sheep. They are, however, like all in the censorship network, very well connected and funded by organisations themselves funded by, or connected to, Bill Gates. As you would expect with anything associated with Gates NewsGuard has an offshoot called HealthGuard which 'fights online health care hoaxes'. How very kind. Somehow the NewsGuard European Managing Director Anna-Sophie Harling, a remarkably younglooking woman with no broadcasting experience and little hands-on work in journalism, has somehow secured a position on the 'Content Board' of UK government broadcast censor Ofcom. An executive of an organisation seeking to discredit dissidents of the official narratives is making decisions for the government broadcast 'regulator' about content?? Another appalling 'fact-checker' is Full Fact funded by George Soros and global censors Google and Facebook.

It's amazing how many activists in the 'fact-checking', 'anti-hate', arena turn up in government-related positions – people like UK Labour Party activist Imran Ahmed who heads the Center for Countering Digital Hate founded by people like Morgan McSweeney, now chief of staff to the Labour Party's hapless and useless 'leader' Keir Starmer. Digital Hate – which is what it really is – uses the American spelling of Center to betray its connection to a transatlantic network of similar organisations which in 2020 shapeshifted from attacking people for 'hate' to attacking them for questioning the 'Covid' hoax and the dangers of the 'Covid vaccine'. It's just a coincidence, you understand. This is one of Imran Ahmed's hysterical statements: 'I would go beyond calling anti-vaxxers conspiracy theorists to say they are an extremist group that pose a national security risk.' No one could ever accuse this prat of understatement and he's including in that those parents who are now against vaccines after their children were damaged for life or killed by them. He's such a nice man. Ahmed does the rounds of the Woke media getting soft-ball questions from spineless 'journalists' who never ask what right he has to campaign to destroy the freedom of speech of others while he demands it for himself. There also seems to be an overrepresentation in Ofcom of people connected to the narrative-worshipping BBC. This incredible global network of narrative-support was super-vital when the 'Covid' hoax was played in the light of the mega-whopper lies that have to be defended from the spotlight cast by the most basic intelligence.

Setting the scene

The Cult plays the long game and proceeds step-by-step ensuring that everything is in place before major cards are played and they don't come any bigger than the 'Covid' hoax. The psychopaths can't handle events where the outcome isn't certain and as little as possible – preferably nothing – is left to chance. Politicians, government and medical officials who would follow direction were brought to illusory power in advance by the Cult web whether on the national stage or others like state governors and mayors of America. For decades the dynamic between officialdom, law enforcement and the public was changed from one of service to one of control and dictatorship. Behaviour manipulation networks established within government were waiting to impose the coming 'Covid' rules and regulations specifically designed to subdue and rewire the psyche of the people in the guise of protecting health. These included in the UK the Behavioural Insights Team part-owned by the British government Cabinet Office; the Scientific Pandemic Insights Group on Behaviours (SPI-B); and a whole web of intelligence and military groups seeking to direct the conversation on social media and control the narrative. Among them are the cyberwarfare (on the people) 77th Brigade of the British military which is also coordinated through the Cabinet Office as civilian and military leadership continues to combine in what they call the Fusion Doctrine. The 77th Brigade is a British equivalent of the infamous Israeli (Sabbatian) military cyberwarfare and Internet manipulation operation Unit 8200 which I expose at length in The *Trigger*. Also carefully in place were the medical and science advisers to government – many on the payroll past or present of Bill Gates – and a whole alternative structure of unelected government stood by to take control when elected parliaments were effectively closed down once the 'Covid' card was slammed on the table. The structure I have described here and so much more was installed in every major country through the Cult networks. The top-down control hierarchy looks like this: The Cult – Cult-owned Gates – the World Health Organization and Tedros – Gates-funded or controlled chief medical officers and science 'advisers' (dictators) in each country –

political 'leaders' – law enforcement – The People. Through this simple global communication and enforcement structure the policy of the Cult could be imposed on virtually the entire human population so long as they acquiesced to the fascism. With everything in place it was time for the button to be pressed in late 2019/early 2020.

These were the prime goals the Cult had to secure for its will to prevail:

- 1) Locking down economies, closing all but designated 'essential' businesses (Cult-owned corporations were 'essential'), and putting the population under house arrest was an imperative to destroy independent income and employment and ensure dependency on the Cult-controlled state in the Hunger Games Society. Lockdowns had to be established as the global blueprint from the start to respond to the 'virus' and followed by pretty much the entire world.
- 2) The global population had to be terrified into believing in a deadly 'virus' that didn't actually exist so they would unquestioningly obey authority in the belief that authority must know how best to protect them and their families. Software salesman Gates would suddenly morph into the world's health expert and be promoted as such by the Cult-owned media.
- 3) A method of testing that wasn't testing for the 'virus', but was only claimed to be, had to be in place to provide the illusion of 'cases' and subsequent 'deaths' that had a very different cause to the 'Covid-19' that would be scribbled on the death certificate.
- 4) Because there was no 'virus' and the great majority testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' would have no symptoms of anything the lie had to be sold that people without symptoms (without the 'virus') could still pass it on to others. This was crucial to justify for the first time quarantining house arresting healthy people. Without this the economy-destroying lockdown of *everybody* could not have been credibly sold.
- 5) The 'saviour' had to be seen as a vaccine which beyond evil drug companies were working like angels of mercy to develop as quickly as possible, with all corners cut, to save the day. The public must absolutely not know that the 'vaccine' had nothing to do with a 'virus' or that the contents were ready and waiting with a very different motive long before the 'Covid' card was even lifted from the pack.

I said in March, 2020, that the 'vaccine' would have been created way ahead of the 'Covid' hoax which justified its use and the following December an article in the New York *Intelligencer* magazine said the Moderna 'vaccine' had been 'designed' by

January, 2020. This was 'before China had even acknowledged that the disease could be transmitted from human to human, more than a week before the first confirmed coronavirus case in the United States'. The article said that by the time the first American death was announced a month later 'the vaccine had already been manufactured and shipped to the National Institutes of Health for the beginning of its Phase I clinical trial'. The 'vaccine' was actually 'designed' long before that although even with this timescale you would expect the article to ask how on earth it could have been done that quickly. Instead it asked why the 'vaccine' had not been rolled out then and not months later. Journalism in the mainstream is truly dead. I am going to detail in the next chapter why the 'virus' has never existed and how a hoax on that scale was possible, but first the foundation on which the Big Lie of 'Covid' was built.

The test that doesn't test

Fraudulent 'testing' is the bottom line of the whole 'Covid' hoax and was the means by which a 'virus' that did not exist appeared to exist. They could only achieve this magic trick by using a test not testing for the 'virus'. To use a test that was testing for the 'virus' would mean that every test would come back negative given there was no 'virus'. They chose to exploit something called the RT-PCR test invented by American biochemist Kary Mullis in the 1980s who said publicly that his PCR test ... cannot detect infectious disease. Yes, the 'test' used worldwide to detect infectious 'Covid' to produce all the illusory 'cases' and 'deaths' compiled by Johns Hopkins and others cannot detect infectious disease. This fact came from the mouth of the man who invented PCR and was awarded the Nobel Prize in Chemistry in 1993 for doing so. Sadly, and incredibly conveniently for the Cult, Mullis died in August, 2019, at the age of 74 just before his test would be fraudulently used to unleash fascism on the world. He was said to have died from pneumonia which was an irony in itself. A few months later he would have had 'Covid-19' on his death certificate. I say the timing of his death was convenient because had he lived Mullis, a brilliant, honest and decent man, would have been

vociferously speaking out against the use of his test to detect 'Covid' when it was never designed, or able, to do that. I know that to be true given that Mullis made the same point when his test was used to 'detect' – not detect – HIV. He had been seriously critical of the Gallo/Montagnier claim to have isolated the HIV 'virus' and shown it to cause AIDS for which Mullis said there was no evidence. AIDS is actually not a disease but a series of diseases from which people die all the time. When they die from those same diseases after a positive 'test' for HIV then AIDS goes on their death certificate. I think I've heard that before somewhere. Countries instigated a policy with 'Covid' that anyone who tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' and died of any other cause within 28 days and even longer 'Covid-19' had to go on the death certificate. Cases have come from the test that can't test for infectious disease and the deaths are those who have died of anything after testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'. I'll have much more later about the death certificate scandal.

Mullis was deeply dismissive of the now US 'Covid' star Anthony Fauci who he said was a liar who didn't know anything about anything – 'and I would say that to his face – nothing.' He said of Fauci: 'The man thinks he can take a blood sample, put it in an electron microscope and if it's got a virus in there you'll know it – he doesn't understand electron microscopy and he doesn't understand medicine and shouldn't be in a position like he's in.' That position, terrifyingly, has made him the decider of 'Covid' fascism policy on behalf of the Cult in his role as director since 1984 of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases (NIAID) while his record of being wrong is laughable; but being wrong, so long as it's the *right* kind of wrong, is why the Cult loves him. He'll say anything the Cult tells him to say. Fauci was made Chief Medical Adviser to the President immediately Biden took office. Biden was installed in the White House by Cult manipulation and one of his first decisions was to elevate Fauci to a position of even more control. This is a coincidence? Yes, and I identify as a flamenco dancer called Lola. How does such an incompetent criminal like Fauci remain in that

pivotal position in American health since *the 1980s*? When you serve the Cult it looks after you until you are surplus to requirements. Kary Mullis said prophetically of Fauci and his like: 'Those guys have an agenda and it's not an agenda we would like them to have ... they make their own rules, they change them when they want to, and Tony Fauci does not mind going on television in front of the people who pay his salary and lie directly into the camera.' Fauci has done that almost daily since the 'Covid' hoax began. Lying is in Fauci's DNA. To make the situation crystal clear about the PCR test this is a direct quote from its inventor Kary Mullis:

It [the PCR test] doesn't tell you that you're sick and doesn't tell you that the thing you ended up with was really going to hurt you ...'

Ask yourself why governments and medical systems the world over have been using this very test to decide who is 'infected' with the SARS-CoV-2 'virus' and the alleged disease it allegedly causes, 'Covid-19'. The answer to that question will tell you what has been going on. By the way, here's a little show-stopper – the 'new' SARS-CoV-2 'virus' was 'identified' as such right from the start using ... the PCR test not testing for the 'virus'. If you are new to this and find that shocking then stick around. I have hardly started yet. Even worse, other 'tests', like the 'Lateral Flow Device' (LFD), are considered so useless that they have to be *confirmed* by the PCR test! Leaked emails written by Ben Dyson, adviser to UK 'Health' Secretary Matt Hancock, said they were 'dangerously unreliable'. Dyson, executive director of strategy at the Department of Health, wrote: 'As of today, someone who gets a positive LFD result in (say) London has at best a 25 per cent chance of it being a true positive, but if it is a selfreported test potentially as low as 10 per cent (on an optimistic assumption about specificity) or as low as 2 per cent (on a more pessimistic assumption).' These are the 'tests' that schoolchildren and the public are being urged to have twice a week or more and have to isolate if they get a positive. Each fake positive goes in the statistics as a 'case' no matter how ludicrously inaccurate and the

'cases' drive lockdown, masks and the pressure to 'vaccinate'. The government said in response to the email leak that the 'tests' were accurate which confirmed yet again what shocking bloody liars they are. The real false positive rate is 100 percent as we'll see. In another 'you couldn't make it up' the UK government agreed to pay £2.8 billion to California's Innova Medical Group to supply the irrelevant lateral flow tests. The company's primary test-making centre is in China. Innova Medical Group, established in March, 2020, is owned by Pasaca Capital Inc, chaired by Chinese-American millionaire Charles Huang who was born in Wuhan.

How it works – and how it doesn't

The RT-PCR test, known by its full title of Polymerase chain reaction, is used across the world to make millions, even billions, of copies of a DNA/RNA genetic information sample. The process is called 'amplification' and means that a tiny sample of genetic material is amplified to bring out the detailed content. I stress that it is not testing for an infectious disease. It is simply amplifying a sample of genetic material. In the words of Kary Mullis: 'PCR is ... just a process that's used to make a whole lot of something out of something.' To emphasise the point companies that make the PCR tests circulated around the world to 'test' for 'Covid' warn on the box that it can't be used to detect 'Covid' or infectious disease and is for research purposes only. It's okay, rest for a minute and you'll be fine. This is the test that produces the 'cases' and 'deaths' that have been used to destroy human society. All those global and national medical and scientific 'experts' demanding this destruction to 'save us' KNOW that the test is not testing for the 'virus' and the cases and deaths they claim to be real are an almost unimaginable fraud. Every one of them and so many others including politicians and psychopaths like Gates and Tedros must be brought before Nuremburg-type trials and jailed for the rest of their lives. The more the genetic sample is amplified by PCR the more elements of that material become sensitive to the test and by that I don't mean sensitive for a 'virus' but for elements of the genetic material which

is *naturally* in the body or relates to remnants of old conditions of various kinds lying dormant and causing no disease. Once the amplification of the PCR reaches a certain level *everyone* will test positive. So much of the material has been made sensitive to the test that everyone will have some part of it in their body. Even lying criminals like Fauci have said that once PCR amplifications pass 35 cycles everything will be a false positive that cannot be trusted for the reasons I have described. I say, like many proper doctors and scientists, that 100 percent of the 'positives' are false, but let's just go with Fauci for a moment.

He says that any amplification over 35 cycles will produce false positives and yet the US Centers for Disease Control (CDC) and Food and Drug Administration (FDA) have recommended up to 40 cycles and the National Health Service (NHS) in Britain admitted in an internal document for staff that it was using 45 cycles of amplification. A long list of other countries has been doing the same and at least one 'testing' laboratory has been using 50 cycles. Have you ever heard a doctor, medical 'expert' or the media ask what level of amplification has been used to claim a 'positive'. The 'test' comes back 'positive' and so you have the 'virus', end of story. Now we can see how the government in Tanzania could send off samples from a goat and a pawpaw fruit under human names and both came back positive for 'Covid-19'. Tanzania president John Magufuli mocked the 'Covid' hysteria, the PCR test and masks and refused to import the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine'. The Cult hated him and an article sponsored by the Bill Gates Foundation appeared in the London Guardian in February, 2021, headed 'It's time for Africa to rein in Tanzania's anti-vaxxer president'. Well, 'reined in' he shortly was. Magufuli appeared in good health, but then, in March, 2021, he was dead at 61 from 'heart failure'. He was replaced by Samia Hassan Suhulu who is connected to Klaus Schwab's World Economic Forum and she immediately reversed Magufuli's 'Covid' policy. A sample of cola tested positive for 'Covid' with the PCR test in Germany while American actress and singer-songwriter Erykah Badu tested positive in one nostril and negative in the other. Footballer Ronaldo called

the PCR test 'bullshit' after testing positive three times and being forced to quarantine and miss matches when there was nothing wrong with him. The mantra from Tedros at the World Health Organization and national governments (same thing) has been test, test, test. They know that the more tests they can generate the more fake 'cases' they have which go on to become 'deaths' in ways I am coming to. The UK government has its Operation Moonshot planned to test multiple millions every day in workplaces and schools with free tests for everyone to use twice a week at home in line with the Cult plan from the start to make testing part of life. A government advertisement for an 'Interim Head of Asymptomatic Testing Communication' said the job included responsibility for delivering a 'communications strategy' (propaganda) 'to support the expansion of asymptomatic testing that 'normalises testing as part of everyday life'. More tests means more fake 'cases', 'deaths' and fascism. I have heard of, and from, many people who booked a test, couldn't turn up, and yet got a positive result through the post for a test they'd never even had. The whole thing is crazy, but for the Cult there's method in the madness. Controlling and manipulating the level of amplification of the test means the authorities can control whenever they want the number of apparent 'cases' and 'deaths'. If they want to justify more fascist lockdown and destruction of livelihoods they keep the amplification high. If they want to give the illusion that lockdowns and the 'vaccine' are working then they lower the amplification and 'cases' and 'deaths' will appear to fall. In January, 2021, the Cult-owned World Health Organization suddenly warned laboratories about over-amplification of the test and to lower the threshold. Suddenly headlines began appearing such as: 'Why ARE "Covid" cases plummeting?' This was just when the vaccine rollout was underway and I had predicted months before they would make cases appear to fall through amplification tampering when the 'vaccine' came. These people are so predictable.

Cow vaccines?

The question must be asked of what is on the test swabs being poked far up the nose of the population to the base of the brain? A nasal swab punctured one woman's brain and caused it to leak fluid. Most of these procedures are being done by people with little training or medical knowledge. Dr Lorraine Day, former orthopaedic trauma surgeon and Chief of Orthopaedic Surgery at San Francisco General Hospital, says the tests are really a 'vaccine'. Cows have long been vaccinated this way. She points out that masks have to cover the nose and the mouth where it is claimed the 'virus' exists in saliva. Why then don't they take saliva from the mouth as they do with a DNA test instead of pushing a long swab up the nose towards the brain? The ethmoid bone separates the nasal cavity from the brain and within that bone is the cribriform plate. Dr Day says that when the swab is pushed up against this plate and twisted the procedure is 'depositing things back there'. She claims that among these 'things' are nanoparticles that can enter the brain. Researchers have noted that a team at the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins have designed tiny, star-shaped micro-devices that can latch onto intestinal mucosa and release drugs into the body. Mucosa is the thin skin that covers the inside surface of parts of the body such as the nose and mouth and produces mucus to protect them. The Johns Hopkins micro-devices are called 'theragrippers' and were 'inspired' by a parasitic worm that digs its sharp teeth into a host's intestines. Nasal swabs are also coated in the sterilisation agent ethylene oxide. The US National Cancer Institute posts this explanation on its website:

At room temperature, ethylene oxide is a flammable colorless gas with a sweet odor. It is used primarily to produce other chemicals, including antifreeze. In smaller amounts, ethylene oxide is used as a pesticide and a sterilizing agent. The ability of ethylene oxide to damage DNA makes it an effective sterilizing agent but also accounts for its cancer-causing activity.

The Institute mentions lymphoma and leukaemia as cancers most frequently reported to be associated with occupational exposure to ethylene oxide along with stomach and breast cancers. How does anyone think this is going to work out with the constant testing regime being inflicted on adults and children at home and at school that will accumulate in the body anything that's on the swab?

Doctors know best

It is vital for people to realise that 'hero' doctors 'know' only what the Big Pharma-dominated medical authorities tell them to 'know' and if they refuse to 'know' what they are told to 'know' they are out the door. They are mostly not physicians or healers, but repeaters of the official narrative – or else. I have seen alleged professional doctors on British television make shocking statements that we are supposed to take seriously. One called 'Dr' Amir Khan, who is actually telling patients how to respond to illness, said that men could take the birth pill to 'help slow down the effects of Covid-19'. In March, 2021, another ridiculous 'Covid study' by an American doctor proposed injecting men with the female sex hormone progesterone as a 'Covid' treatment. British doctor Nighat Arif told the BBC that face coverings were now going to be part of ongoing normal. Yes, the vaccine protects you, she said (evidence?) ... but the way to deal with viruses in the community was always going to come down to hand washing, face covering and keeping a physical distance. That's not what we were told before the 'vaccine' was circulating. Arif said she couldn't imagine ever again going on the underground or in a lift without a mask. I was just thanking my good luck that she was not my doctor when she said – in March, 2021 – that if 'we are behaving and we are doing all the right things' she thought we could 'have our nearest and dearest around us at home ... around Christmas and New Year! Her patronising delivery was the usual school teacher talking to six-year-olds as she repeated every government talking point and probably believed them all. If we have learned anything from the 'Covid' experience surely it must be that humanity's perception of doctors needs a fundamental rethink. NHS 'doctor' Sara Kayat told her television audience that the 'Covid vaccine' would '100 percent prevent hospitalisation and death'. Not even Big Pharma claimed that. We have to stop taking 'experts' at their word without question when so many of them are

clueless and only repeating the party line on which their careers depend. That is not to say there are not brilliants doctors – there are and I have spoken to many of them since all this began – but you won't see them in the mainstream media or quoted by the psychopaths and yes-people in government.

Remember the name – Christian Drosten

German virologist Christian Drosten, Director of Charité Institute of Virology in Berlin, became a national star after the pandemic hoax began. He was feted on television and advised the German government on 'Covid' policy. Most importantly to the wider world Drosten led a group that produced the 'Covid' testing protocol for the PCR test. What a remarkable feat given the PCR cannot test for infectious disease and even more so when you think that Drosten said that his method of testing for SARS-CoV-2 was developed 'without having virus material available'. He developed a test for a 'virus' that he didn't have and had never seen. Let that sink in as you survey the global devastation that came from what he did. The whole catastrophe of Drosten's 'test' was based on the alleged genetic sequence published by Chinese scientists on the Internet. We will see in the next chapter that this alleged 'genetic sequence' has never been produced by China or anyone and cannot be when there is no SARS-CoV-2. Drosten, however, doesn't seem to let little details like that get in the way. He was the lead author with Victor Corman from the same Charité Hospital of the paper 'Detection of 2019 novel coronavirus (2019-nCoV) by real-time PCR' published in a magazine called *Eurosurveillance*. This became known as the Corman-Drosten paper. In November, 2020, with human society devastated by the effects of the Corman-Drosten test baloney, the protocol was publicly challenged by 22 international scientists and independent researchers from Europe, the United States, and Japan. Among them were senior molecular geneticists, biochemists, immunologists, and microbiologists. They produced a document headed 'External peer review of the RTPCR test to detect SARS-Cov-2 Reveals 10 Major Flaws At The Molecular and Methodological Level: Consequences

For False-Positive Results'. The flaws in the Corman-Drosten test included the following:

- The test is non-specific because of erroneous design
- Results are enormously variable
- The test is unable to discriminate between the whole 'virus' and viral fragments
- It doesn't have positive or negative controls
- The test lacks a standard operating procedure
- It is unsupported by proper peer view

The scientists said the PCR 'Covid' testing protocol was not founded on science and they demanded the Corman-Drosten paper be retracted by Eurosurveillance. They said all present and previous Covid deaths, cases, and 'infection rates' should be subject to a massive retroactive inquiry. Lockdowns and travel restrictions should be reviewed and relaxed and those diagnosed through PCR to have 'Covid-19' should not be forced to isolate. Dr Kevin Corbett, a health researcher and nurse educator with a long academic career producing a stream of peer-reviewed publications at many UK universities, made the same point about the PCR test debacle. He said of the scientists' conclusions: 'Every scientific rationale for the development of that test has been totally destroyed by this paper. It's like Hiroshima/Nagasaki to the Covid test.' He said that China hadn't given them an isolated 'virus' when Drosten developed the test. Instead they had developed the test from a sequence in a gene bank.' Put another way ... they made it up! The scientists were supported in this contention by a Portuguese appeals court which ruled in November, 2020, that PCR tests are unreliable and it is unlawful to quarantine people based solely on a PCR test. The point about China not providing an isolated virus must be true when the 'virus' has never been isolated to this day and the consequences of that will become clear. Drosten and company produced this useless 'protocol' right on cue in January, 2020, just as the 'virus' was said to

be moving westward and it somehow managed to successfully pass a peer-review in 24 hours. In other words there was no peer-review for a test that would be used to decide who had 'Covid' and who didn't across the world. The Cult-created, Gates-controlled World Health Organization immediately recommended all its nearly 200 member countries to use the Drosten PCR protocol to detect 'cases' and 'deaths'. The sting was underway and it continues to this day.

So who is this Christian Drosten that produced the means through which death, destruction and economic catastrophe would be justified? His education background, including his doctoral thesis, would appear to be somewhat shrouded in mystery and his track record is dire as with another essential player in the 'Covid' hoax, the Gates-funded Professor Neil Ferguson at the Gates-funded Imperial College in London of whom more shortly. Drosten predicted in 2003 that the alleged original SARS 'virus' (SARS-1') was an epidemic that could have serious effects on economies and an effective vaccine would take at least two years to produce. Drosten's answer to every alleged 'outbreak' is a vaccine which you won't be shocked to know. What followed were just 774 official deaths worldwide and none in Germany where there were only nine cases. That is even if you believe there ever was a SARS 'virus' when the evidence is zilch and I will expand on this in the next chapter. Drosten claims to be co-discoverer of 'SARS-1' and developed a test for it in 2003. He was screaming warnings about 'swine flu' in 2009 and how it was a widespread infection far more severe than any dangers from a vaccine could be and people should get vaccinated. It would be helpful for Drosten's vocal chords if he simply recorded the words 'the virus is deadly and you need to get vaccinated' and copies could be handed out whenever the latest made-up threat comes along. Drosten's swine flu epidemic never happened, but Big Pharma didn't mind with governments spending hundreds of millions on vaccines that hardly anyone bothered to use and many who did wished they hadn't. A study in 2010 revealed that the risk of dying from swine flu, or H1N1, was no higher than that of the annual seasonal flu which is what at least most of 'it' really was as in

the case of 'Covid-19'. A media investigation into Drosten asked how with such a record of inaccuracy he could be the government adviser on these issues. The answer to that question is the same with Drosten, Ferguson and Fauci – they keep on giving the authorities the 'conclusions' and 'advice' they want to hear. Drosten certainly produced the goods for them in January, 2020, with his PCR protocol garbage and provided the foundation of what German internal medicine specialist Dr Claus Köhnlein, co-author of Virus Mania, called the 'test pandemic'. The 22 scientists in the Eurosurveillance challenge called out conflicts of interest within the Drosten 'protocol' group and with good reason. Olfert Landt, a regular co-author of Drosten 'studies', owns the biotech company TIB Molbiol Syntheselabor GmbH in Berlin which manufactures and sells the tests that Drosten and his mates come up with. They have done this with SARS, Enterotoxigenic E. coli (ETEC), MERS, Zika 'virus', yellow fever, and now 'Covid'. Landt told the Berliner Zeitung newspaper:

The testing, design and development came from the Charité [Drosten and Corman]. We simply implemented it immediately in the form of a kit. And if we don't have the virus, which originally only existed in Wuhan, we can make a synthetic gene to simulate the genome of the virus. That's what we did very quickly.

This is more confirmation that the Drosten test was designed without access to the 'virus' and only a synthetic simulation which is what SARS-CoV-2 really is – a computer-generated synthetic fiction. It's quite an enterprise they have going here. A Drosten team decides what the test for something should be and Landt's biotech company flogs it to governments and medical systems across the world. His company must have made an absolute fortune since the 'Covid' hoax began. Dr Reiner Fuellmich, a prominent German consumer protection trial lawyer in Germany and California, is on Drosten's case and that of Tedros at the World Health Organization for crimes against humanity with a class-action lawsuit being prepared in the United States and other legal action in Germany.

Why China?

Scamming the world with a 'virus' that doesn't exist would seem impossible on the face of it, but not if you have control of the relatively few people that make policy decisions and the great majority of the global media. Remember it's not about changing 'real' reality it's about controlling *perception* of reality. You don't have to make something happen you only have make people believe that it's happening. Renegade Minds understand this and are therefore much harder to swindle. 'Covid-19' is not a 'real' 'virus'. It's a mind virus, like a computer virus, which has infected the minds, not the bodies, of billions. It all started, publically at least, in China and that alone is of central significance. The Cult was behind the revolution led by its asset Mao Zedong, or Chairman Mao, which established the People's Republic of China on October 1st, 1949. It should have been called The Cult's Republic of China, but the name had to reflect the recurring illusion that vicious dictatorships are run by and for the people (see all the 'Democratic Republics' controlled by tyrants). In the same way we have the 'Biden' Democratic Republic of America officially ruled by a puppet tyrant (at least temporarily) on behalf of Cult tyrants. The creation of Mao's merciless communist/fascist dictatorship was part of a frenzy of activity by the Cult at the conclusion of World War Two which, like the First World War, it had instigated through its assets in Germany, Britain, France, the United States and elsewhere. Israel was formed in 1948; the Soviet Union expanded its 'Iron Curtain' control, influence and military power with the Warsaw Pact communist alliance in 1955; the United Nations was formed in 1945 as a Cult precursor to world government; and a long list of world bodies would be established including the World Health Organization (1948), World Trade Organization (1948 under another name until 1995), International Monetary Fund (1945) and World Bank (1944). Human society was redrawn and hugely centralised in the global Problem-Reaction-Solution that was World War Two. All these changes were significant. Israel would become the headquarters of the Sabbatians

and the revolution in China would prepare the ground and control system for the events of 2019/2020.

Renegade Minds know there are no borders except for public consumption. The Cult is a seamless, borderless global entity and to understand the game we need to put aside labels like borders, nations, countries, communism, fascism and democracy. These delude the population into believing that countries are ruled within their borders by a government of whatever shade when these are mere agencies of a global power. America's illusion of democracy and China's communism/fascism are subsidiaries – vehicles – for the same agenda. We may hear about conflict and competition between America and China and on the lower levels that will be true; but at the Cult level they are branches of the same company in the way of the McDonald's example I gave earlier. I have tracked in the books over the years support by US governments of both parties for Chinese Communist Party infiltration of American society through allowing the sale of land, even military facilities, and the acquisition of American business and university influence. All this is underpinned by the infamous stealing of intellectual property and technological know-how. Cult-owned Silicon Valley corporations waive their fraudulent 'morality' to do business with human-rightsfree China; Cult-controlled Disney has become China's PR department; and China in effect owns 'American' sports such as basketball which depends for much of its income on Chinese audiences. As a result any sports player, coach or official speaking out against China's horrific human rights record is immediately condemned or fired by the China-worshipping National Basketball Association. One of the first acts of China-controlled Biden was to issue an executive order telling federal agencies to stop making references to the 'virus' by the 'geographic location of its origin'. Long-time Congressman Jerry Nadler warned that criticising China, America's biggest rival, leads to hate crimes against Asian people in the United States. So shut up you bigot. China is fast closing in on Israel as a country that must not be criticised which is apt, really, given that Sabbatians control them both. The two countries have

developed close economic, military, technological and strategic ties which include involvement in China's 'Silk Road' transport and economic initiative to connect China with Europe. Israel was the first country in the Middle East to recognise the establishment of Mao's tyranny in 1950 months after it was established.

Project Wuhan – the 'Covid' Psyop

I emphasise again that the Cult plays the long game and what is happening to the world today is the result of centuries of calculated manipulation following a script to take control step-by-step of every aspect of human society. I will discuss later the common force behind all this that has spanned those centuries and thousands of years if the truth be told. Instigating the Mao revolution in China in 1949 with a 2020 'pandemic' in mind is not only how they work – the 71 years between them is really quite short by the Cult's standards of manipulation preparation. The reason for the Cult's Chinese revolution was to create a fiercely-controlled environment within which an extreme structure for human control could be incubated to eventually be unleashed across the world. We have seen this happen since the 'pandemic' emerged from China with the Chinese controlstructure founded on AI technology and tyrannical enforcement sweep across the West. Until the moment when the Cult went for broke in the West and put its fascism on public display Western governments had to pay some lip-service to freedom and democracy to not alert too many people to the tyranny-in-the-making. Freedoms were more subtly eroded and power centralised with covert government structures put in place waiting for the arrival of 2020 when that smokescreen of 'freedom' could be dispensed with. The West was not able to move towards tyranny before 2020 anything like as fast as China which was created as a tyranny and had no limits on how fast it could construct the Cult's blueprint for global control. When the time came to impose that structure on the world it was the same Cult-owned Chinese communist/fascist government that provided the excuse – the 'Covid pandemic'. It was absolutely crucial to the Cult plan for the Chinese response to the 'pandemic' –

draconian lockdowns of the entire population – to become the blueprint that Western countries would follow to destroy the livelihoods and freedom of their people. This is why the Cultowned, Gates-owned, WHO Director-General Tedros said early on:

The Chinese government is to be congratulated for the extraordinary measures it has taken to contain the outbreak. China is actually setting a new standard for outbreak response and it is not an exaggeration.

Forbes magazine said of China: '... those measures protected untold millions from getting the disease'. The Rockefeller Foundation 'epidemic scenario' document in 2010 said 'prophetically':

However, a few countries did fare better – China in particular. The Chinese government's quick imposition and enforcement of mandatory quarantine for all citizens, as well as its instant and near-hermetic sealing off of all borders, saved millions of lives, stopping the spread of the virus far earlier than in other countries and enabling a swifter post-pandemic recovery.

Once again – spooky.

The first official story was the 'bat theory' or rather the bat diversion. The source of the 'virus outbreak' we were told was a "wet market' in Wuhan where bats and other animals are bought and eaten in horrifically unhygienic conditions. Then another story emerged through the alternative media that the 'virus' had been released on purpose or by accident from a BSL-4 (biosafety level 4) laboratory in Wuhan not far from the wet market. The lab was reported to create and work with lethal concoctions and bioweapons. Biosafety level 4 is the highest in the World Health Organization system of safety and containment. Renegade Minds are aware of what I call designer manipulation. The ideal for the Cult is for people to buy its prime narrative which in the opening salvoes of the 'pandemic' was the wet market story. It knows, however, that there is now a considerable worldwide alternative media of researchers sceptical of anything governments say and they are often given a version of events in a form they can perceive as credible while misdirecting them from the real truth. In this case let them

think that the conspiracy involved is a 'bioweapon virus' released from the Wuhan lab to keep them from the real conspiracy – there is no 'virus'. The WHO's current position on the source of the outbreak at the time of writing appears to be: 'We haven't got a clue, mate.' This is a good position to maintain mystery and bewilderment. The inner circle will know where the 'virus' came from – nowhere. The bottom line was to ensure the public believed there was a 'virus' and it didn't much matter if they thought it was natural or had been released from a lab. The belief that there was a 'deadly virus' was all that was needed to trigger global panic and fear. The population was terrified into handing their power to authority and doing what they were told. They had to or they were 'all gonna die'.

In March, 2020, information began to come my way from real doctors and scientists and my own additional research which had my intuition screaming: 'Yes, that's it! There is no virus.' The 'bioweapon' was not the 'virus'; it was the 'vaccine' already being talked about that would be the bioweapon. My conclusion was further enhanced by happenings in Wuhan. The 'virus' was said to be sweeping the city and news footage circulated of people collapsing in the street (which they've never done in the West with the same 'virus'). The Chinese government was building 'new hospitals' in a matter of ten days to 'cope with demand' such was the virulent nature of the 'virus'. Yet in what seemed like no time the 'new hospitals' closed – even if they even opened – and China declared itself 'virus-free'. It was back to business as usual. This was more propaganda to promote the Chinese draconian lockdowns in the West as the way to 'beat the virus'. Trouble was that we subsequently had lockdown after lockdown, but never business as usual. As the people of the West and most of the rest of the world were caught in an ever-worsening spiral of lockdown, social distancing, masks, isolated old people, families forced apart, and livelihood destruction, it was party-time in Wuhan. Pictures emerged of thousands of people enjoying pool parties and concerts. It made no sense until you realised there never was a 'virus' and the

whole thing was a Cult set-up to transform human society out of one its major global strongholds – China.

How is it possible to deceive virtually the entire world population into believing there is a deadly virus when there is not even a 'virus' let alone a deadly one? It's nothing like as difficult as you would think and that's clearly true because it happened.

Postscript: See end of book Postscript for more on the 'Wuhan lab virus release' story which the authorities and media were pushing heavily in the summer of 2021 to divert attention from the truth that the 'Covid virus' is pure invention.

CHAPTER FIVE

There is m 'virus'

You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time

Abraham Lincoln

The greatest form of mind control is repetition. The more you repeat the same mantra of alleged 'facts' the more will accept them to be true. It becomes an 'everyone knows that, mate'. If you can also censor any other version or alternative to your alleged 'facts' you are pretty much home and cooking.

By the start of 2020 the Cult owned the global mainstream media almost in its entirety to spew out its 'Covid' propaganda and ignore or discredit any other information and view. Cult-owned social media platforms in Cult-owned Silicon Valley were poised and ready to unleash a campaign of ferocious censorship to obliterate all but the official narrative. To complete the circle many demands for censorship by Silicon Valley were led by the mainstream media as 'journalists' became full-out enforcers for the Cult both as propagandists and censors. Part of this has been the influx of young people straight out of university who have become 'journalists' in significant positions. They have no experience and a headful of programmed perceptions from their years at school and university at a time when today's young are the most perceptually-targeted generations in known human history given the insidious impact of technology. They enter the media perceptually prepared and ready to repeat the narratives of the system that programmed them to

repeat its narratives. The BBC has a truly pathetic 'specialist disinformation reporter' called Marianna Spring who fits this bill perfectly. She is clueless about the world, how it works and what is really going on. Her role is to discredit anyone doing the job that a proper journalist would do and system-serving hacks like Spring wouldn't dare to do or even see the need to do. They are too busy licking the arse of authority which can never be wrong and, in the case of the BBC propaganda programme, Panorama, contacting payments systems such as PayPal to have a donations page taken down for a film company making documentaries questioning vaccines. Even the BBC soap opera EastEnders included a disgracefully biased scene in which an inarticulate white working class woman was made to look foolish for questioning the 'vaccine' while a well-spoken black man and Asian woman promoted the government narrative. It ticked every BBC box and the fact that the black and minority community was resisting the 'vaccine' had nothing to do with the way the scene was written. The BBC has become a disgusting tyrannical propaganda and censorship operation that should be defunded and disbanded and a free media take its place with a brief to stop censorship instead of demanding it. A BBC 'interview' with Gates goes something like: 'Mr Gates, sir, if I can call you sir, would you like to tell our audience why you are such a great man, a wonderful humanitarian philanthropist, and why you should absolutely be allowed as a software salesman to decide health policy for approaching eight billion people? Thank you, sir, please sir.' Propaganda programming has been incessant and merciless and when all you hear is the same story from the media, repeated by those around you who have only heard the same story, is it any wonder that people on a grand scale believe absolute mendacious garbage to be true? You are about to see, too, why this level of information control is necessary when the official 'Covid' narrative is so nonsensical and unsupportable by the evidence.

Structure of Deceit

The pyramid structure through which the 'Covid' hoax has been manifested is very simple and has to be to work. As few people as possible have to be involved with full knowledge of what they are doing – and why – or the real story would get out. At the top of the pyramid are the inner core of the Cult which controls Bill Gates who, in turn, controls the World Health Organization through his pivotal funding and his puppet Director-General mouthpiece, Tedros. Before he was appointed Tedros was chair of the Gates-founded Global Fund to 'fight against AIDS, tuberculosis and malaria', a board member of the Gates-funded 'vaccine alliance' GAVI, and on the board of another Gates-funded organisation. Gates owns him and picked him for a specific reason – Tedros is a crook and worse. 'Dr' Tedros (he's not a medical doctor, the first WHO chief not to be) was a member of the tyrannical Marxist government of Ethiopia for decades with all its human rights abuses. He has faced allegations of corruption and misappropriation of funds and was exposed three times for covering up cholera epidemics while Ethiopia's health minister. Tedros appointed the mass-murdering genocidal Zimbabwe dictator Robert Mugabe as a WHO goodwill ambassador for public health which, as with Tedros, is like appointing a psychopath to run a peace and love campaign. The move was so ridiculous that he had to drop Mugabe in the face of widespread condemnation. American economist David Steinman, a Nobel peace prize nominee, lodged a complaint with the International Criminal Court in The Hague over alleged genocide by Tedros when he was Ethiopia's foreign minister. Steinman says Tedros was a 'crucial decision maker' who directed the actions of Ethiopia's security forces from 2013 to 2015 and one of three officials in charge when those security services embarked on the 'killing' and 'torturing' of Ethiopians. You can see where Tedros is coming from and it's sobering to think that he has been the vehicle for Gates and the Cult to direct the global response to 'Covid'. Think about that. A psychopathic Cult dictates to psychopath Gates who dictates to psychopath Tedros who dictates how countries of the world must respond to a 'Covid virus' never scientifically shown to exist. At the same time psychopathic Cult-owned Silicon Valley information

giants like Google, YouTube, Facebook and Twitter announced very early on that they would give the Cult/Gates/Tedros/WHO version of the narrative free advertising and censor those who challenged their intelligence-insulting, mendacious story.

The next layer in the global 'medical' structure below the Cult, Gates and Tedros are the chief medical officers and science 'advisers' in each of the WHO member countries which means virtually all of them. Medical officers and arbiters of science (they're not) then take the WHO policy and recommended responses and impose them on their country's population while the political 'leaders' say they are deciding policy (they're clearly not) by 'following the science' on the advice of the 'experts' – the same medical officers and science 'advisers' (dictators). In this way with the rarest of exceptions the entire world followed the same policy of lockdown, people distancing, masks and 'vaccines' dictated by the psychopathic Cult, psychopathic Gates and psychopathic Tedros who we are supposed to believe give a damn about the health of the world population they are seeking to enslave. That, amazingly, is all there is to it in terms of crucial decision-making. Medical staff in each country then follow like sheep the dictates of the shepherds at the top of the national medical hierarchies – chief medical officers and science 'advisers' who themselves follow like sheep the shepherds of the World Health Organization and the Cult. Shepherds at the national level often have major funding and other connections to Gates and his Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation which carefully hands out money like confetti at a wedding to control the entire global medical system from the WHO down.

Follow the money

Christopher Whitty, Chief Medical Adviser to the UK Government at the centre of 'virus' policy, a senior adviser to the government's Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE), and Executive Board member of the World Health Organization, was gifted a grant of \$40 million by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation for malaria research in Africa. The BBC described the unelected Whitty as 'the

official who will probably have the greatest impact on our everyday lives of any individual policymaker in modern times' and so it turned out. What Gates and Tedros have said Whitty has done like his equivalents around the world. Patrick Vallance, co-chair of SAGE and the government's Chief Scientific Adviser, is a former executive of Big Pharma giant GlaxoSmithKline with its fundamental financial and business connections to Bill Gates. In September, 2020, it was revealed that Vallance owned a deferred bonus of shares in GlaxoSmithKline worth £600,000 while the company was 'developing' a 'Covid vaccine'. Move along now – nothing to see here – what could possibly be wrong with that? Imperial College in London, a major player in 'Covid' policy in Britain and elsewhere with its 'Covid-19' Response Team, is funded by Gates and has big connections to China while the now infamous Professor Neil Ferguson, the useless 'computer modeller' at Imperial College is also funded by Gates. Ferguson delivered the dramatically inaccurate excuse for the first lockdowns (much more in the next chapter). The Institute for Health Metrics and Evaluation (IHME) in the United States, another source of outrageously false 'Covid' computer models to justify lockdowns, is bankrolled by Gates who is a vehement promotor of lockdowns. America's version of Whitty and Vallance, the again now infamous Anthony Fauci, has connections to 'Covid vaccine' maker Moderna as does Bill Gates through funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Fauci is director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases (NIAID), a major recipient of Gates money, and they are very close. Deborah Birx who was appointed White House Coronavirus Response Coordinator in February, 2020, is yet another with ties to Gates. Everywhere you look at the different elements around the world behind the coordination and decision making of the 'Covid' hoax there is Bill Gates and his money. They include the World Health Organization; Centers for Disease Control (CDC) in the United States; National Institutes of Health (NIH) of Anthony Fauci; Imperial College and Neil Ferguson; the London School of Hygiene where Chris Whitty worked; Regulatory agencies like the UK Medicines & Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA)

which gave emergency approval for 'Covid vaccines'; Wellcome Trust; GAVI, the Vaccine Alliance; the Coalition for Epidemic Preparedness Innovations (CEPI); Johns Hopkins University which has compiled the false 'Covid' figures; and the World Economic Forum. A Nationalfile.com article said:

Gates has a lot of pull in the medical world, he has a multi-million dollar relationship with Dr. Fauci, and Fauci originally took the Gates line supporting vaccines and casting doubt on [the drug hydroxychloroquine]. Coronavirus response team member Dr. Deborah Birx, appointed by former president Obama to serve as United States Global AIDS Coordinator, also sits on the board of a group that has received billions from Gates' foundation, and Birx reportedly used a disputed Bill Gates-funded model for the White House's Coronavirus effort. Gates is a big proponent for a population lockdown scenario for the Coronavirus outbreak.

Another funder of Moderna is the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), the technology-development arm of the Pentagon and one of the most sinister organisations on earth. DARPA had a major role with the CIA covert technology-funding operation In-Q-Tel in the development of Google and social media which is now at the centre of global censorship. Fauci and Gates are extremely close and openly admit to talking regularly about 'Covid' policy, but then why wouldn't Gates have a seat at every national 'Covid' table after his Foundation committed \$1.75 billion to the 'fight against Covid-19'. When passed through our Orwellian Translation Unit this means that he has bought and paid for the Cultdriven 'Covid' response worldwide. Research the major 'Covid' response personnel in your own country and you will find the same Gates funding and other connections again and again. Medical and science chiefs following World Health Organization 'policy' sit atop a medical hierarchy in their country of administrators, doctors and nursing staff. These 'subordinates' are told they must work and behave in accordance with the policy delivered from the 'top' of the national 'health' pyramid which is largely the policy delivered by the WHO which is the policy delivered by Gates and the Cult. The whole 'Covid' narrative has been imposed on medical staff by a climate of fear although great numbers don't even need that to comply. They do so through breathtaking levels of ignorance and

include doctors who go through life simply repeating what Big Pharma and their hierarchical masters tell them to say and believe. No wonder Big Pharma 'medicine' is one of the biggest killers on Planet Earth.

The same top-down system of intimidation operates with regard to the Cult Big Pharma cartel which also dictates policy through national and global medical systems in this way. The Cult and Big Pharma agendas are the same because the former controls and owns the latter. 'Health' administrators, doctors, and nursing staff are told to support and parrot the dictated policy or they will face consequences which can include being fired. How sad it's been to see medical staff meekly repeating and imposing Cult policy without question and most of those who can see through the deceit are only willing to speak anonymously off the record. They know what will happen if their identity is known. This has left the courageous few to expose the lies about the 'virus', face masks, overwhelmed hospitals that aren't, and the dangers of the 'vaccine' that isn't a vaccine. When these medical professionals and scientists, some renowned in their field, have taken to the Internet to expose the truth their articles, comments and videos have been deleted by Cult-owned Facebook, Twitter and YouTube. What a real head-shaker to see YouTube videos with leading world scientists and highly qualified medical specialists with an added link underneath to the notorious Cult propaganda website Wikipedia to find the 'facts' about the same subject.

HIV – the 'Covid' trial-run

I'll give you an example of the consequences for health and truth that come from censorship and unquestioning belief in official narratives. The story was told by PCR inventor Kary Mullis in his book *Dancing Naked in the Mind Field*. He said that in 1984 he accepted as just another scientific fact that Luc Montagnier of France's Pasteur Institute and Robert Gallo of America's National Institutes of Health had independently discovered that a 'retrovirus' dubbed HIV (human immunodeficiency virus) caused AIDS. They

were, after all, Mullis writes, specialists in retroviruses. This is how the medical and science pyramids work. Something is announced or assumed and then becomes an everybody-knows-that purely through repetition of the assumption as if it is fact. Complete crap becomes accepted truth with no supporting evidence and only repetition of the crap. This is how a 'virus' that doesn't exist became the 'virus' that changed the world. The HIV-AIDS fairy story became a multibillion pound industry and the media poured out propaganda terrifying the world about the deadly HIV 'virus' that caused the lethal AIDS. By then Mullis was working at a lab in Santa Monica, California, to detect retroviruses with his PCR test in blood donations received by the Red Cross. In doing so he asked a virologist where he could find a reference for HIV being the cause of AIDS. 'You don't need a reference,' the virologist said ... 'Everybody *knows it.*' Mullis said he wanted to quote a reference in the report he was doing and he said he felt a little funny about not knowing the source of such an important discovery when everyone else seemed to. The virologist suggested he cite a report by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) on morbidity and mortality. Mullis read the report, but it only said that an organism had been identified and did not say how. The report did not identify the original scientific work. Physicians, however, assumed (key recurring theme) that if the CDC was convinced that HIV caused AIDS then proof must exist. Mullis continues:

I did computer searches. Neither Montagnier, Gallo, nor anyone else had published papers describing experiments which led to the conclusion that HIV probably caused AIDS. I read the papers in Science for which they had become well known as AIDS doctors, but all they had said there was that they had found evidence of a past infection by something which was probably HIV in some AIDS patients.

They found antibodies. Antibodies to viruses had always been considered evidence of past disease, not present disease. Antibodies signaled that the virus had been defeated. The patient had saved himself. There was no indication in these papers that this virus caused a disease. They didn't show that everybody with the antibodies had the disease. In fact they found some healthy people with antibodies.

Mullis asked why their work had been published if Montagnier and Gallo hadn't really found this evidence, and why had they been fighting so hard to get credit for the discovery? He says he was hesitant to write 'HIV is the probable cause of AIDS' until he found published evidence to support that. 'Tens of thousands of scientists and researchers were spending billions of dollars a year doing research based on this idea,' Mullis writes. 'The reason had to be there somewhere; otherwise these people would not have allowed their research to settle into one narrow channel of investigation.' He said he lectured about PCR at numerous meetings where people were always talking about HIV and he asked them how they knew that HIV was the cause of AIDS:

Everyone said something. Everyone had the answer at home, in the office, in some drawer. They all knew, and they would send me the papers as soon as they got back. But I never got any papers. Nobody ever sent me the news about how AIDS was caused by HIV.

Eventually Mullis was able to ask Montagnier himself about the reference proof when he lectured in San Diego at the grand opening of the University of California AIDS Research Center. Mullis says this was the last time he would ask his question without showing anger. Montagnier said he should reference the CDC report. 'I read it', Mullis said, and it didn't answer the question. 'If Montagnier didn't know the answer who the hell did?' Then one night Mullis was driving when an interview came on National Public Radio with Peter Duesberg, a prominent virologist at Berkeley and a California Scientist of the Year. Mullis says he finally understood why he could not find references that connected HIV to AIDS – there weren't any! No one had ever proved that HIV causes AIDS even though it had spawned a multi-billion pound global industry and the media was repeating this as fact every day in their articles and broadcasts terrifying the shit out of people about AIDS and giving the impression that a positive test for HIV (see 'Covid') was a death sentence. Duesberg was a threat to the AIDS gravy train and the agenda that underpinned it. He was therefore abused and castigated after he told the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences

there was no good evidence implicating the new 'virus'. Editors rejected his manuscripts and his research funds were deleted. Mullis points out that the CDC has defined AIDS as one of more than 30 diseases *if accompanied* by a positive result on a test that detects antibodies to HIV; but those same diseases are not defined as AIDS cases when antibodies are not detected:

If an HIV-positive woman develops uterine cancer, for example, she is considered to have AIDS. If she is not HIV positive, she simply has uterine cancer. An HIV-positive man with tuberculosis has AIDS; if he tests negative he simply has tuberculosis. If he lives in Kenya or Colombia, where the test for HIV antibodies is too expensive, he is simply presumed to have the antibodies and therefore AIDS, and therefore he can be treated in the World Health Organization's clinic. It's the only medical help available in some places. And it's free, because the countries that support WHO are worried about AIDS.

Mullis accuses the CDC of continually adding new diseases (see ever more 'Covid symptoms') to the grand AIDS definition and of virtually doctoring the books to make it appear as if the disease continued to spread. He cites how in 1993 the CDC enormously broadened its AIDS definition and county health authorities were delighted because they received \$2,500 per year from the Federal government for every reported AIDS case. Ladies and gentlemen, I have just described, via Kary Mullis, the 'Covid pandemic' of 2020 and beyond. Every element is the same and it's been pulled off in the same way by the same networks.

The 'Covid virus' exists? Okay – prove it. Er ... still waiting

What Kary Mullis described with regard to 'HIV' has been repeated with 'Covid'. A claim is made that a new, or 'novel', infection has been found and the entire medical system of the world repeats that as fact exactly as they did with HIV and AIDS. No one in the mainstream asks rather relevant questions such as 'How do you know?' and 'Where is your proof?' The SARS-Cov-2 'virus' and the 'Covid-19 disease' became an overnight 'everybody-knows-that'. The origin could be debated and mulled over, but what you could not suggest was that 'SARS-Cov-2' didn't exist. That would be

ridiculous. 'Everybody knows' the 'virus' exists. Well, I didn't for one along with American proper doctors like Andrew Kaufman and Tom Cowan and long-time American proper journalist Jon Rappaport. We dared to pursue the obvious and simple question: 'Where's the evidence?' The overwhelming majority in medicine, journalism and the general public did not think to ask that. After all, everyone knew there was a new 'virus'. Everyone was saying so and I heard it on the BBC. Some would eventually argue that the 'deadly virus' was nothing like as deadly as claimed, but few would venture into the realms of its very existence. Had they done so they would have found that the evidence for that claim had gone AWOL as with HIV causes AIDS. In fact, not even that. For something to go AWOL it has to exist in the first place and scientific proof for a 'SARS-Cov-2' can be filed under nothing, nowhere and zilch.

Dr Andrew Kaufman is a board-certified forensic psychiatrist in New York State, a Doctor of Medicine and former Assistant Professor and Medical Director of Psychiatry at SUNY Upstate Medical University, and Medical Instructor of Hematology and Oncology at the Medical School of South Carolina. He also studied biology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) and trained in Psychiatry at Duke University. Kaufman is retired from allopathic medicine, but remains a consultant and educator on natural healing, I saw a video of his very early on in the 'Covid' hoax in which he questioned claims about the 'virus' in the absence of any supporting evidence and with plenty pointing the other way. I did everything I could to circulate his work which I felt was asking the pivotal questions that needed an answer. I can recommend an excellent pull-together interview he did with the website The Last Vagabond entitled Dr Andrew Kaufman: Virus Isolation, Terrain Theory and Covid-19 and his website is andrewkaufmanmd.com. Kaufman is not only a forensic psychiatrist; he is forensic in all that he does. He always reads original scientific papers, experiments and studies instead of second-third-fourth-hand reports about the 'virus' in the media which are repeating the repeated repetition of the narrative. When he did so with the original Chinese 'virus' papers Kaufman

realised that there was no evidence of a 'SARS-Cov-2'. They had never – from the start – shown it to exist and every repeat of this claim worldwide was based on the accepted existence of proof that was nowhere to be found – see Kary Mullis and HIV. Here we go again.

Let's postulate

Kaufman discovered that the Chinese authorities immediately concluded that the cause of an illness that broke out among about 200 initial patients in Wuhan was a 'new virus' when there were no grounds to make that conclusion. The alleged 'virus' was not isolated from other genetic material in their samples and then shown through a system known as Koch's postulates to be the causative agent of the illness. The world was told that the SARS-Cov-2 'virus' caused a disease they called 'Covid-19' which had 'flu-like' symptoms and could lead to respiratory problems and pneumonia. If it wasn't so tragic it would almost be funny. 'Flu-like' symptoms'? Pneumonia? Respiratory disease? What in CHINA and particularly in Wuhan, one of the most polluted cities in the world with a resulting epidemic of respiratory disease?? Three hundred thousand people get pneumonia in China every year and there are nearly a billion cases worldwide of 'flu-like symptoms'. These have a whole range of causes – including pollution in Wuhan – but no other possibility was credibly considered in late 2019 when the world was told there was a new and deadly 'virus'. The global prevalence of pneumonia and 'flu-like systems' gave the Cult networks unlimited potential to rediagnose these other causes as the mythical 'Covid-19' and that is what they did from the very start. Kaufman revealed how Chinese medical and science authorities (all subordinates to the Cult-owned communist government) took genetic material from the lungs of only a few of the first patients. The material contained their own cells, bacteria, fungi and other microorganisms living in their bodies. The only way you could prove the existence of the 'virus' and its responsibility for the alleged 'Covid-19' was to isolate the virus from all the other material – a process also known as 'purification' – and

then follow the postulates sequence developed in the late 19th century by German physician and bacteriologist Robert Koch which became the 'gold standard' for connecting an alleged causation agent to a disease:

- 1. The microorganism (bacteria, fungus, virus, etc.) must be present in every case of the disease and all patients must have the same symptoms. It must also *not be present in healthy individuals*.
- 2. The microorganism must be isolated from the host with the disease. If the microorganism is a bacteria or fungus it must be grown in a pure culture. If it is a virus, it must be purified (i.e. containing no other material except the virus particles) from a clinical sample.
- 3. The specific disease, with all of its characteristics, must be reproduced when the infectious agent (the purified virus or a pure culture of bacteria or fungi) is inoculated into a healthy, susceptible host.
- 4. The microorganism must be recoverable from the experimentally infected host as in step 2.

Not one of these criteria has been met in the case of 'SARS-Cov-2' and 'Covid-19'. Not ONE. EVER. Robert Koch refers to bacteria and not viruses. What are called 'viral particles' are so minute (hence masks are useless by any definition) that they could only be seen after the invention of the electron microscope in the 1930s and can still only be observed through that means. American bacteriologist and virologist Thomas Milton Rivers, the so-called 'Father of Modern Virology' who was very significantly director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in the 1930s, developed a less stringent version of Koch's postulates to identify 'virus' causation known as 'Rivers criteria'. 'Covid' did not pass that process either. Some even doubt whether any 'virus' can be isolated from other particles containing genetic material in the Koch method. Freedom of Information requests in many countries asking for scientific proof that the 'Covid virus' has been purified and isolated and shown to exist have all come back with a 'we don't have that' and when this happened with a request to the UK Department of Health they added this comment:

However, outside of the scope of the [Freedom of Information Act] and on a discretionary basis, the following information has been advised to us, which may be of interest. Most infectious diseases are caused by viruses, bacteria or fungi. Some bacteria or fungi have the capacity to grow on their own in isolation, for example in colonies on a petri dish. Viruses are different in that they are what we call 'obligate pathogens' – that is, they cannot survive or reproduce without infecting a host ...

... For some diseases, it is possible to establish causation between a microorganism and a disease by isolating the pathogen from a patient, growing it in pure culture and reintroducing it to a healthy organism. These are known as 'Koch's postulates' and were developed in 1882. However, as our understanding of disease and different disease-causing agents has advanced, these are no longer the method for determining causation [Andrew Kaufman asks why in that case are there two published articles falsely claiming to satisfy Koch's postulates].

It has long been known that viral diseases cannot be identified in this way as viruses cannot be grown in 'pure culture'. When a patient is tested for a viral illness, this is normally done by looking for the presence of antigens, or viral genetic code in a host with molecular biology techniques [Kaufman asks how you could know the origin of these chemicals without having a pure culture for comparison].

For the record 'antigens' are defined so:

Invading microorganisms have antigens on their surface that the human body can recognise as being foreign – meaning not belonging to it. When the body recognises a foreign antigen, lymphocytes (white blood cells) produce antibodies, which are complementary in shape to the antigen.

Notwithstanding that this is open to question in relation to 'SARS-Cov-2' the presence of 'antibodies' can have many causes and they are found in people that are perfectly well. Kary Mullis said: 'Antibodies ... had always been considered evidence of past disease, not present disease.'

'Covid' really is a computer 'virus'

Where the UK Department of Health statement says 'viruses' are now 'diagnosed' through a 'viral genetic code in a host with molecular biology techniques', they mean ... the PCR test which its inventor said cannot test for infectious disease. They have no credible method of connecting a 'virus' to a disease and we will see that there is no scientific proof that any 'virus' causes any disease or there is any such thing as a 'virus' in the way that it is described. Tenacious Canadian researcher Christine Massey and her team made

some 40 Freedom of Information requests to national public health agencies in different countries asking for proof that SARS-CoV-2 has been isolated and not one of them could supply that information. Massey said of her request in Canada: 'Freedom of Information reveals Public Health Agency of Canada has no record of 'SARS-COV-2' isolation performed by anyone, anywhere, ever.' If you accept the comment from the UK Department of Health it's because they can't isolate a 'virus'. Even so many 'science' papers claimed to have isolated the 'Covid virus' until they were questioned and had to admit they hadn't. A reply from the Robert Koch Institute in Germany was typical: 'I am not aware of a paper which purified isolated SARS-CoV-2.' So what the hell was Christian Drosten and his gang using to design the 'Covid' testing protocol that has produced all the illusory Covid' cases and 'Covid' deaths when the head of the Chinese version of the CDC admitted there was a problem right from the start in that the 'virus' had never been isolated/purified? Breathe deeply: What they are calling 'Covid' is actually created by a *computer program* i.e. *they made it up* – er, that's it. They took lung fluid, with many sources of genetic material, from one single person alleged to be infected with Covid-19 by a PCR test which they *claimed*, without clear evidence, contained a 'virus'. They used several computer programs to create a model of a theoretical virus genome sequence from more than fifty-six million small sequences of RNA, each of an unknown source, assembling them like a puzzle with no known solution. The computer filled in the gaps with sequences from bits in the gene bank to make it look like a bat SARS-like coronavirus! A wave of the magic wand and poof, an in silico (computer-generated) genome, a scientific fantasy, was created. UK health researcher Dr Kevin Corbett made the same point with this analogy:

... It's like giving you a few bones and saying that's your fish. It could be any fish. Not even a skeleton. Here's a few fragments of bones. That's your fish ... It's all from gene bank and the bits of the virus sequence that weren't there they made up.

They synthetically created them to fill in the blanks. That's what genetics is; it's a code. So it's ABBBCCDDD and you're missing some what you think is EEE so you put it in. It's all

synthetic. You just manufacture the bits that are missing. This is the end result of the geneticization of virology. This is basically a computer virus.

Further confirmation came in an email exchange between British citizen journalist Frances Leader and the government's Medicines & Healthcare Products Regulatory Agency (the Gates-funded MHRA) which gave emergency permission for untested 'Covid vaccines' to be used. The agency admitted that the 'vaccine' is not based on an isolated 'virus', but comes from a *computer-generated model*. Frances Leader was naturally banned from Cult-owned fascist Twitter for making this exchange public. The process of creating computergenerated alleged 'viruses' is called 'in silico' or 'in silicon' – computer chips – and the term 'in silico' is believed to originate with biological experiments using only a computer in 1989. 'Vaccines' involved with 'Covid' are also produced 'in silico' or by computer not a natural process. If the original 'virus' is nothing more than a made-up computer model how can there be 'new variants' of something that never existed in the first place? They are not new 'variants'; they are new *computer models* only minutely different to the original program and designed to further terrify the population into having the 'vaccine' and submitting to fascism. You want a 'new variant'? Click, click, enter – there you go. Tell the medical profession that you have discovered a 'South African variant', 'UK variants' or a 'Brazilian variant' and in the usual HIV-causes-AIDS manner they will unquestioningly repeat it with no evidence whatsoever to support these claims. They will go on television and warn about the dangers of 'new variants' while doing nothing more than repeating what they have been told to be true and knowing that any deviation from that would be career suicide. Big-time insiders will know it's a hoax, but much of the medical community is clueless about the way they are being played and themselves play the public without even being aware they are doing so. What an interesting 'coincidence' that AstraZeneca and Oxford University were conducting 'Covid vaccine trials' in the three countries – the UK, South Africa and Brazil – where the first three 'variants' were claimed to have 'broken out'.

Here's your 'virus' – it's a unicorn

Dr Andrew Kaufman presented a brilliant analysis describing how the 'virus' was imagined into fake existence when he dissected an article published by Nature and written by 19 authors detailing alleged 'sequencing of a complete viral genome' of the 'new SARS-CoV-2 virus'. This computer-modelled in silico genome was used as a template for all subsequent genome sequencing experiments that resulted in the so-called variants which he said now number more than 6,000. The fake genome was constructed from more than 56 million individual short strands of RNA. Those little pieces were assembled into longer pieces by finding areas of overlapping sequences. The computer programs created over two million possible combinations from which the authors simply chose the longest one. They then compared this to a 'bat virus' and the computer 'alignment' rearranged the sequence and filled in the gaps! They called this computer-generated abomination the 'complete genome'. Dr Tom Cowan, a fellow medical author and collaborator with Kaufman, said such computer-generation constitutes scientific fraud and he makes this superb analogy:

Here is an equivalency: A group of researchers claim to have found a unicorn because they found a piece of a hoof, a hair from a tail, and a snippet of a horn. They then add that information into a computer and program it to re-create the unicorn, and they then claim this computer re-creation is the real unicorn. Of course, they had never actually seen a unicorn so could not possibly have examined its genetic makeup to compare their samples with the actual unicorn's hair, hooves and horn.

The researchers claim they decided which is the real genome of SARS-CoV-2 by 'consensus', sort of like a vote. Again, different computer programs will come up with different versions of the imaginary 'unicorn', so they come together as a group and decide which is the real imaginary unicorn.

This is how the 'virus' that has transformed the world was brought into fraudulent 'existence'. Extraordinary, yes, but as the Nazis said the bigger the lie the more will believe it. Cowan, however, wasn't finished and he went on to identify what he called the real blockbuster in the paper. He quotes this section from a paper written

by virologists and published by the CDC and then explains what it means:

Therefore, we examined the capacity of SARS-CoV-2 to infect and replicate in several common primate and human cell lines, including human adenocarcinoma cells (A549), human liver cells (HUH 7.0), and human embryonic kidney cells (HEK-293T). In addition to Vero E6 and Vero CCL81 cells. ... Each cell line was inoculated at high multiplicity of infection and examined 24h post-infection.

No CPE was observed in any of the cell lines except in Vero cells, which grew to greater than 10 to the 7th power at 24 h post-infection. In contrast, HUH 7.0 and 293T showed only modest viral replication, and A549 cells were incompatible with SARS CoV-2 infection.

Cowan explains that when virologists attempt to prove infection they have three possible 'hosts' or models on which they can test. The first was humans. Exposure to humans was generally not done for ethical reasons and has never been done with SARS-CoV-2 or any coronavirus. The second possible host was animals. Cowan said that forgetting for a moment that they never actually use purified virus when exposing animals they do use solutions that they *claim* contain the virus. Exposure to animals has been done with SARS-CoV-2 in an experiment involving mice and this is what they found: None of the wild (normal) mice got sick. In a group of genetically-modified mice, a statistically insignificant number lost weight and had slightly bristled fur, but they experienced nothing like the illness called 'Covid-19'. Cowan said the third method – the one they mostly rely on – is to inoculate solutions they *say* contain the virus onto a variety of tissue cultures. This process had never been shown to kill tissue unless the sample material was starved of nutrients and poisoned as part of the process. Yes, incredibly, in tissue experiments designed to show the 'virus' is responsible for killing the tissue they starve the tissue of nutrients and add toxic drugs including antibiotics and they do not have control studies to see if it's the starvation and poisoning that is degrading the tissue rather than the 'virus' they allege to be in there somewhere. You want me to pinch you? Yep, I understand. Tom Cowan said this about the whole nonsensical farce as he explains what that quote from the CDC paper really means:

The shocking thing about the above quote is that using their own methods, the virologists found that solutions containing SARS-CoV-2 – even in high amounts – were NOT, I repeat NOT, infective to any of the three human tissue cultures they tested. In plain English, this means they proved, on their terms, that this 'new coronavirus' is not infectious to human beings. It is ONLY infective to monkey kidney cells, and only then when you add two potent drugs (gentamicin and amphotericin), known to be toxic to kidneys, to the mix.

My friends, read this again and again. These virologists, published by the CDC, performed a clear proof, on their terms, showing that the SARS-CoV-2 virus is harmless to human beings. That is the only possible conclusion, but, unfortunately, this result is not even mentioned in their conclusion. They simply say they can provide virus stocks cultured only on monkey Vero cells, thanks for coming.

Cowan concluded: 'If people really understood how this "science" was done, I would hope they would storm the gates and demand honesty, transparency and truth.' Dr Michael Yeadon, former Vice President and Chief Scientific Adviser at drug giant Pfizer has been a vocal critic of the 'Covid vaccine' and its potential for multiple harm. He said in an interview in April, 2021, that 'not one [vaccine] has the virus. He was asked why vaccines normally using a 'dead' version of a disease to activate the immune system were not used for 'Covid' and instead we had the synthetic methods of the 'mRNA Covid vaccine'. Yeadon said that to do the former 'you'd have to have some of [the virus] wouldn't you?' He added: 'No-one's got any – seriously.' Yeadon said that surely they couldn't have fooled the whole world for a year without having a virus, 'but oddly enough ask around – no one's got it'. He didn't know why with all the 'great labs' around the world that the virus had not been isolated – 'Maybe they've been too busy running bad PCR tests and vaccines that people don't need.' What is today called 'science' is not 'science' at all. Science is no longer what is, but whatever people can be manipulated to believe that it is. Real science has been hijacked by the Cult to dispense and produce the 'expert scientists' and contentions that suit the agenda of the Cult. How big-time this has happened with the 'Covid' hoax which is entirely based on fake science delivered by fake 'scientists' and fake 'doctors'. The human-caused climate change hoax is also entirely based on fake science delivered by fake 'scientists' and fake 'climate experts'. In both cases real

scientists, climate experts and doctors have their views suppressed and deleted by the Cult-owned science establishment, media and Silicon Valley. This is the 'science' that politicians claim to be 'following' and a common denominator of 'Covid' and climate are Cult psychopaths Bill Gates and his mate Klaus Schwab at the Gatesfunded World Economic Forum. But, don't worry, it's all just a coincidence and absolutely nothing to worry about. Zzzzzzzz.

What is a 'virus' REALLY?

Dr Tom Cowan is one of many contesting the very existence of viruses let alone that they cause disease. This is understandable when there is no scientific evidence for a disease-causing 'virus'. German virologist Dr Stefan Lanka won a landmark case in 2017 in the German Supreme Court over his contention that there is no such thing as a measles virus. He had offered a big prize for anyone who could prove there is and Lanka won his case when someone sought to claim the money. There is currently a prize of more than 225,000 euros on offer from an Isolate Truth Fund for anyone who can prove the isolation of SARS-CoV-2 and its genetic substance. Lanka wrote in an article headed 'The Misconception Called Virus' that scientists think a 'virus' is causing tissue to become diseased and degraded when in fact it is the *processes they are using* which do that – not a 'virus'. Lanka has done an important job in making this point clear as Cowan did in his analysis of the CDC paper. Lanka says that all claims about viruses as disease-causing pathogens are wrong and based on 'easily recognisable, understandable and verifiable misinterpretations.' Scientists believed they were working with 'viruses' in their laboratories when they were really working with 'typical particles of specific dying tissues or cells ...' Lanka said that the tissue decaying process claimed to be caused by a 'virus' still happens when no alleged 'virus' is involved. It's the *process* that does the damage and not a 'virus'. The genetic sample is deprived of nutrients, removed from its energy supply through removal from the body and then doused in toxic antibiotics to remove any bacteria. He confirms again that establishment scientists do not (pinch me)

conduct control experiments to see if this is the case and if they did they would see the claims that 'viruses' are doing the damage is nonsense. He adds that during the measles 'virus' court case he commissioned an independent laboratory to perform just such a control experiment and the result was that the tissues and cells died in the exact same way as with alleged 'infected' material. This is supported by a gathering number of scientists, doctors and researchers who reject what is called 'germ theory' or the belief in the body being infected by contagious sources emitted by other people. Researchers Dawn Lester and David Parker take the same stance in their highly-detailed and sourced book What Really Makes You Ill – Why everything you thought you knew about disease is wrong which was recommended to me by a number of medical professionals genuinely seeking the truth. Lester and Parker say there is no provable scientific evidence to show that a 'virus' can be transmitted between people or people and animals or animals and people:

The definition also claims that viruses are the cause of many diseases, as if this has been definitively proven. But this is not the case; there is no original scientific evidence that definitively demonstrates that any virus is the cause of any disease. The burden of proof for any theory lies with those who proposed it; but none of the existing documents provides 'proof' that supports the claim that 'viruses' are pathogens.

Dr Tom Cowan employs one of his clever analogies to describe the process by which a 'virus' is named as the culprit for a disease when what is called a 'virus' is only material released by cells detoxing themselves from infiltration by chemical or radiation poisoning. The tidal wave of technologically-generated radiation in the 'smart' modern world plus all the toxic food and drink are causing this to happen more than ever. Deluded 'scientists' misread this as a gathering impact of what they wrongly label 'viruses'.

Paper can infect houses

Cowan said in an article for davidicke.com – with his tongue only mildly in his cheek – that he believed he had made a tremendous

discovery that may revolutionise science. He had discovered that small bits of paper are alive, 'well alive-ish', can 'infect' houses, and then reproduce themselves inside the house. The result was that this explosion of growth in the paper inside the house causes the house to explode, blowing it to smithereens. His evidence for this new theory is that in the past months he had carefully examined many of the houses in his neighbourhood and found almost no scraps of paper on the lawns and surrounds of the house. There was an occasional stray label, but nothing more. Then he would return to these same houses a week or so later and with a few, not all of them, particularly the old and decrepit ones, he found to his shock and surprise they were littered with stray bits of paper. He knew then that the paper had infected these houses, made copies of itself, and blew up the house. A young boy on a bicycle at one of the sites told him he had seen a demolition crew using dynamite to explode the house the previous week, but Cowan dismissed this as the idle thoughts of silly boys because 'I was on to something big'. He was on to how 'scientists' mistake genetic material in the detoxifying process for something they call a 'virus'. Cowan said of his house and paper story:

If this sounds crazy to you, it's because it should. This scenario is obviously nuts. But consider this admittedly embellished, for effect, current viral theory that all scientists, medical doctors and virologists currently believe.

He takes the example of the 'novel SARS-Cov2' virus to prove the point. First they take someone with an undefined illness called 'Covid-19' and don't even attempt to find any virus in their sputum. Never mind the scientists still describe how this 'virus', which they have not located attaches to a cell receptor, injects its genetic material, in 'Covid's' case, RNA, into the cell. The RNA once inserted exploits the cell to reproduce itself and makes 'thousands, nay millions, of copies of itself ... Then it emerges victorious to claim its next victim':

If you were to look in the scientific literature for proof, actual scientific proof, that uniform SARS-CoV2 viruses have been properly isolated from the sputum of a sick person, that actual spike proteins could be seen protruding from the virus (which has not been found), you would find that such evidence doesn't exist.

If you go looking in the published scientific literature for actual pictures, proof, that these spike proteins or any viral proteins are ever attached to any receptor embedded in any cell membrane, you would also find that no such evidence exists. If you were to look for a video or documented evidence of the intact virus injecting its genetic material into the body of the cell, reproducing itself and then emerging victorious by budding off the cell membrane, you would find that no such evidence exists.

The closest thing you would find is electron micrograph pictures of cellular particles, possibly attached to cell debris, both of which to be seen were stained by heavy metals, a process that completely distorts their architecture within the living organism. This is like finding bits of paper stuck to the blown-up bricks, thereby proving the paper emerged by taking pieces of the bricks on its way out.

The Enders baloney

Cowan describes the 'Covid' story as being just as make-believe as his paper story and he charts back this fantasy to a Nobel Prize winner called John Enders (1897-1985), an American biomedical scientist who has been dubbed 'The Father of Modern Vaccines'. Enders is claimed to have 'discovered' the process of the viral culture which 'proved' that a 'virus' caused measles. Cowan explains how Enders did this 'by using the EXACT same procedure that has been followed by every virologist to find and characterize every new virus since 1954'. Enders took throat swabs from children with measles and immersed them in 2ml of milk. Penicillin (100u/ml) and the antibiotic streptomycin (50,g/ml) were added and the whole mix was centrifuged – rotated at high speed to separate large cellular debris from small particles and molecules as with milk and cream, for example. Cowan says that if the aim is to find little particles of genetic material ('viruses') in the snot from children with measles it would seem that the last thing you would do is mix the snot with other material – milk –that also has genetic material. 'How are you ever going to know whether whatever you found came from the snot or the milk?' He points out that streptomycin is a 'nephrotoxic' or poisonous-to-the-kidney drug. You will see the relevance of that

shortly. Cowan says that it gets worse, much worse, when Enders describes the culture medium upon which the virus 'grows': 'The culture medium consisted of bovine amniotic fluid (90%), beef embryo extract (5%), horse serum (5%), antibiotics and phenol red as an indicator of cell metabolism.' Cowan asks incredulously: 'Did he just say that the culture medium also contained fluids and tissues that are themselves rich sources of genetic material?' The genetic cocktail, or 'medium', is inoculated onto tissue and cells from rhesus monkey *kidney* tissue. This is where the importance of streptomycin comes in and currently-used antimicrobials and other drugs that are poisonous to kidneys and used in ALL modern viral cultures (e.g. gentamicin, streptomycin, and amphotericin). Cowan asks: 'How are you ever going to know from this witch's brew where any genetic material comes from as we now have five different sources of rich genetic material in our mix?' Remember, he says, that all genetic material, whether from monkey kidney tissues, bovine serum, milk, etc., is made from the exact same components. The same central question returns: 'How are you possibly going to know that it was the virus that killed the kidney tissue and not the toxic antibiotic and starvation rations on which you are growing the tissue?' John Enders answered the question himself – you can't:

A second agent was obtained from an uninoculated culture of monkey kidney cells. The cytopathic changes [death of the cells] it induced in the unstained preparations could not be distinguished with confidence from the viruses isolated from measles.

The death of the cells ('cytopathic changes') happened in exactly the same manner, whether they inoculated the kidney tissue with the measles snot or not, Cowan says. 'This is evidence that the destruction of the tissue, the very proof of viral causation of illness, was not caused by anything in the snot because they saw the same destructive effect when the snot was not even used ... the cytopathic, i.e., cell-killing, changes come from the process of the culture itself, not from any virus in any snot, period.' Enders quotes in his 1957 paper a virologist called Ruckle as reporting similar findings 'and in addition has isolated an agent from monkey kidney tissue that is so

far indistinguishable from human measles virus'. In other words, Cowan says, these particles called 'measles viruses' are simply and clearly breakdown products of the starved and poisoned tissue. For measles 'virus' see all 'viruses' including the so-called 'Covid virus'. Enders, the 'Father of Modern Vaccines', also said:

There is a potential risk in employing cultures of primate cells for the production of vaccines composed of attenuated virus, since the presence of other agents possibly latent in primate tissues cannot be definitely excluded by any known method.

Cowan further quotes from a paper published in the journal *Viruses* in May, 2020, while the 'Covid pandemic' was well underway in the media if not in reality. 'EVs' here refers to particles of genetic debris from our own tissues, such as exosomes of which more in a moment: 'The remarkable resemblance between EVs and viruses has caused quite a few problems in the studies focused on the analysis of EVs released during viral infections.' Later the paper adds that to date a reliable method that can actually guarantee a complete separation (of EVs from viruses) DOES NOT EXIST. This was published at a time when a fairy tale 'virus' was claimed in total certainty to be causing a fairy tale 'viral disease' called 'Covid-19' – a fairy tale that was already well on the way to transforming human society in the image that the Cult has worked to achieve for so long. Cowan concludes his article:

To summarize, there is no scientific evidence that pathogenic viruses exist. What we think of as 'viruses' are simply the normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues and cells. When we are well, we make fewer of these particles; when we are starved, poisoned, suffocated by wearing masks, or afraid, we make more.

There is no engineered virus circulating and making people sick. People in laboratories all over the world are making genetically modified products to make people sick. These are called vaccines. There is no virome, no 'ecosystem' of viruses, viruses are not 8%, 50% or 100 % of our genetic material. These are all simply erroneous ideas based on the misconception called a virus.

What is 'Covid'? Load of bollocks

The background described here by Cowan and Lanka was emphasised in the first video presentation that I saw by Dr Andrew Kaufman when he asked whether the 'Covid virus' was in truth a natural defence mechanism of the body called 'exosomes'. These are released by cells when in states of toxicity – see the same themes returning over and over. They are released ever more profusely as chemical and radiation toxicity increases and think of the potential effect therefore of 5G alone as its destructive frequencies infest the human energetic information field with a gathering pace (5G went online in Wuhan in 2019 as the 'virus' emerged). I'll have more about this later. Exosomes transmit a warning to the rest of the body that 'Houston, we have a problem'. Kaufman presented images of exosomes and compared them with 'Covid' under an electron microscope and the similarity was remarkable. They both attach to the same cell receptors (claimed in the case of 'Covid'), contain the same genetic material in the form of RNA or ribonucleic acid, and both are found in 'viral cell cultures' with damaged or dying cells. James Hildreth MD, President and Chief Executive Officer of the Meharry Medical College at Johns Hopkins, said: 'The virus is fully an exosome in every sense of the word.' Kaufman's conclusion was that there is no 'virus': 'This entire pandemic is a completely manufactured crisis ... there is no evidence of anyone dying from [this] illness.' Dr Tom Cowan and Sally Fallon Morell, authors of *The* Contagion Myth, published a statement with Dr Kaufman in February, 2021, explaining why the 'virus' does not exist and you can read it that in full in the Appendix.

'Virus' theory can be traced to the 'cell theory' in 1858 of German physician Rudolf Virchow (1821-1920) who contended that disease originates from a single cell infiltrated by a 'virus'. Dr Stefan Lanka said that findings and insights with respect to the structure, function and central importance of tissues in the creation of life, which were already known in 1858, comprehensively refute the cell theory. Virchow ignored them. We have seen the part later played by John Enders in the 1950s and Lanka notes that infection theories were only established as a global dogma through the policies and

eugenics of the Third Reich in Nazi Germany (creation of the same Sabbatian cult behind the 'Covid' hoax). Lanka said: 'Before 1933, scientists dared to contradict this theory; after 1933, these critical scientists were silenced'. Dr Tom Cowan's view is that ill-heath is caused by too much of something, too little of something, or toxification from chemicals and radiation – not contagion. We must also highlight as a major source of the 'virus' theology a man still called the 'Father of Modern Virology' – Thomas Milton Rivers (1888-1962). There is no way given the Cult's long game policy that it was a coincidence for the 'Father of Modern Virology' to be director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research from 1937 to 1956 when he is credited with making the Rockefeller Institute a leader in 'viral research'. Cult Rockefellers were the force behind the creation of Big Pharma 'medicine', established the World Health Organisation in 1948, and have long and close associations with the Gates family that now runs the WHO during the pandemic hoax through mega-rich Cult gofer and psychopath Bill Gates.

Only a Renegade Mind can see through all this bullshit by asking the questions that need to be answered, not taking 'no' or prevarication for an answer, and certainly not hiding from the truth in fear of speaking it. Renegade Minds have always changed the world for the better and they will change this one no matter how bleak it may currently appear to be.

CHAPTER SIX

Sequence of deceit

If you tell the truth, you don't have to remember anything Mark Twain

A gainst the background that I have laid out this far the sequence that took us from an invented 'virus' in Cult-owned China in late 2019 to the fascist transformation of human society can be seen and understood in a whole new context.

We were told that a deadly disease had broken out in Wuhan and the world media began its campaign (coordinated by behavioural psychologists as we shall see) to terrify the population into unquestioning compliance. We were shown images of Chinese people collapsing in the street which never happened in the West with what was supposed to be the same condition. In the earliest days when alleged cases and deaths were few the fear register was hysterical in many areas of the media and this would expand into the common media narrative across the world. The real story was rather different, but we were never told that. The Chinese government, one of the Cult's biggest centres of global operation, said they had discovered a new illness with flu-like and pneumoniatype symptoms in a city with such toxic air that it is overwhelmed with flu-like symptoms, pneumonia and respiratory disease. Chinese scientists said it was a new – 'novel' – coronavirus which they called Sars-Cov-2 and that it caused a disease they labelled 'Covid-19'. There was no evidence for this and the 'virus' has never to this day been isolated, purified and its genetic code established from that. It

was from the beginning a computer-generated fiction. Stories of Chinese whistleblowers saying the number of deaths was being supressed or that the 'new disease' was related to the Wuhan bio-lab misdirected mainstream and alternative media into cul-de-sacs to obscure the real truth – there was no 'virus'.

Chinese scientists took genetic material from the lung fluid of just a few people and said they had found a 'new' disease when this material had a wide range of content. There was no evidence for a 'virus' for the very reasons explained in the last two chapters. The 'virus' has never been shown to (a) exist and (b) cause any disease. People were diagnosed on symptoms that are so widespread in Wuhan and polluted China and with a PCR test that can't detect infectious disease. On this farce the whole global scam was sold to the rest of the world which would also diagnose respiratory disease as 'Covid-19' from symptoms alone or with a PCR test not testing for a 'virus'. Flu miraculously disappeared worldwide in 2020 and into 2021 as it was redesignated 'Covid-19'. It was really the same old flu with its 'flu-like' symptoms attributed to 'flu-like' 'Covid-19'. At the same time with very few exceptions the Chinese response of draconian lockdown and fascism was the chosen weapon to respond across the West as recommended by the Cult-owned Tedros at the Cult-owned World Health Organization run by the Cult-owned Gates. All was going according to plan. Chinese scientists – everything in China is controlled by the Cult-owned government – compared their contaminated RNA lung-fluid material with other RNA sequences and said it appeared to be just under 80 percent identical to the SARS-CoV-1 'virus' claimed to be the cause of the SARS (severe acute respiratory syndrome) 'outbreak' in 2003. They decreed that because of this the 'new virus' had to be related and they called it SARS-CoV-2. There are some serious problems with this assumption and assumption was all it was. Most 'factual' science turns out to be assumptions repeated into everyone-knows-that. A match of under 80-percent is meaningless. Dr Kaufman makes the point that there's a 96 percent genetic correlation between humans and chimpanzees, but 'no one would say our genetic material is part

of the chimpanzee family'. Yet the Chinese authorities were claiming that a much lower percentage, less than 80 percent, proved the existence of a new 'coronavirus'. For goodness sake human DNA is 60 percent similar to a *banana*.

You are feeling sleepy

The entire 'Covid' hoax is a global Psyop, a psychological operation to program the human mind into believing and fearing a complete fantasy. A crucial aspect of this was what appeared to happen in Italy. It was all very well streaming out daily images of an alleged catastrophe in Wuhan, but to the Western mind it was still on the other side of the world in a very different culture and setting. A reaction of 'this could happen to me and my family' was still nothing like as intense enough for the mind-doctors. The Cult needed a Western example to push people over that edge and it chose Italy, one of its major global locations going back to the Roman Empire. An Italian 'Covid' crisis was manufactured in a particular area called Lombardy which just happens to be notorious for its toxic air and therefore respiratory disease. Wuhan, China, déjà vu. An hysterical media told horror stories of Italians dying from 'Covid' in their droves and how Lombardy hospitals were being overrun by a tidal wave of desperately ill people needing treatment after being struck down by the 'deadly virus'. Here was the psychological turning point the Cult had planned. Wow, if this is happening in Italy, the Western mind concluded, this indeed could happen to me and my family. Another point is that Italian authorities responded by following the Chinese blueprint so vehemently recommended by the Cult-owned World Health Organization. They imposed fascistic lockdowns on the whole country viciously policed with the help of surveillance drones sweeping through the streets seeking out anyone who escaped from mass house arrest. Livelihoods were destroyed and psychology unravelled in the way we have witnessed since in all lockdown countries. Crucial to the plan was that Italy responded in this way to set the precedent of suspending freedom and imposing fascism in a 'Western liberal democracy'. I emphasised in an

animated video explanation on davidicke.com posted in the summer of 2020 how important it was to the Cult to expand the Chinese lockdown model across the West. Without this, and the bare-faced lie that non-symptomatic people could still transmit a 'disease' they didn't have, there was no way locking down the whole population, sick and not sick, could be pulled off. At just the right time and with no evidence Cult operatives and gofers claimed that people without symptoms could pass on the 'disease'. In the name of protecting the 'vulnerable' like elderly people, who lockdowns would kill by the tens of thousands, we had for the first time healthy people told to isolate as well as the sick. The great majority of people who tested positive had no symptoms because there was nothing wrong with them. It was just a trick made possible by a test not testing for the 'virus'.

Months after my animated video the Gates-funded Professor Neil Ferguson at the Gates-funded Imperial College confirmed that I was right. He didn't say it in those terms, naturally, but he did say it. Ferguson will enter the story shortly for his outrageously crazy 'computer models' that led to Britain, the United States and many other countries following the Chinese and now Italian methods of response. Put another way, following the Cult script. Ferguson said that SAGE, the UK government's scientific advisory group which has controlled 'Covid' policy from the start, wanted to follow the Chinese lockdown model (while they all continued to work and be paid), but they wondered if they could possibly, in Ferguson's words, 'get away with it in Europe'. 'Get away with it'? Who the hell do these moronic, arrogant people think they are? This appalling man Ferguson said that once Italy went into national lockdown they realised they, too, could mimic China:

It's a communist one-party state, we said. We couldn't get away with it in Europe, we thought ... and then Italy did it. And we realised we could. Behind this garbage from Ferguson is a simple fact: Doing the same as China in every country was the plan from the start and Ferguson's 'models' would play a central role in achieving that. It's just a coincidence, of course, and absolutely nothing to worry your little head about.

Oops, sorry, our mistake

Once the Italian segment of the Psyop had done the job it was designed to do a very different story emerged. Italian authorities revealed that 99 percent of those who had 'died from Covid-19' in Italy had one, two, three, or more 'co-morbidities' or illnesses and health problems that could have ended their life. The US Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) published a figure of 94 percent for Americans dying of 'Covid' while having other serious medical conditions – on average two to three (some five or six) other potential causes of death. In terms of death from an unproven 'virus' I say it is 100 percent. The other one percent in Italy and six percent in the US would presumably have died from 'Covid's' flu-like symptoms with a range of other possible causes in conjunction with a test not testing for the 'virus'. Fox News reported that even more startling figures had emerged in one US county in which 410 of 422 deaths attributed to 'Covid-19' had other potentially deadly health conditions. The Italian National Health Institute said later that the average age of people dying with a 'Covid-19' diagnosis in Italy was about 81. Ninety percent were over 70 with ten percent over 90. In terms of other reasons to die some 80 percent had two or more chronic diseases with half having three or more including cardiovascular problems, diabetes, respiratory problems and cancer. Why is the phantom 'Covid-19' said to kill overwhelmingly old people and hardly affect the young? Old people continually die of many causes and especially respiratory disease which you can rediagnose 'Covid-19' while young people die in tiny numbers by comparison and rarely of respiratory disease. Old people 'die of Covid' because they die of other things that can be redesignated 'Covid' and it really is that simple.

Flu has flown

The blueprint was in place. Get your illusory 'cases' from a test not testing for the 'virus' and redesignate other causes of death as 'Covid-19'. You have an instant 'pandemic' from something that is nothing more than a computer-generated fiction. With near-on a

billion people having 'flu-like' symptoms every year the potential was limitless and we can see why flu quickly and apparently miraculously disappeared worldwide by being diagnosed 'Covid-19'. The painfully bloody obvious was explained away by the childlike media in headlines like this in the UK 'Independent': 'Not a single case of flu detected by Public Health England this year as Covid restrictions suppress virus'. I kid you not. The masking, social distancing and house arrest that did not make the 'Covid virus' disappear somehow did so with the 'flu virus'. Even worse the article, by a bloke called Samuel Lovett, suggested that maybe the masking, sanitising and other 'Covid' measures should continue to keep the flu away. With a ridiculousness that disturbs your breathing (it's 'Covid-19') the said Lovett wrote: 'With widespread social distancing and mask-wearing measures in place throughout the UK, the usual routes of transmission for influenza have been blocked.' He had absolutely no evidence to support that statement, but look at the consequences of him acknowledging the obvious. With flu not disappearing at all and only being relabelled 'Covid-19' he would have to contemplate that 'Covid' was a hoax on a scale that is hard to imagine. You need guts and commitment to truth to even go there and that's clearly something Samuel Lovett does not have in abundance. He would never have got it through the editors anyway.

Tens of thousands die in the United States alone every winter from flu including many with pneumonia complications. CDC figures record 45 million Americans diagnosed with flu in 2017-2018 of which 61,000 died and some reports claim 80,000. Where was the same hysteria then that we have seen with 'Covid-19'? Some 250,000 Americans are admitted to hospital with pneumonia every year with about 50,000 cases proving fatal. About 65 million suffer respiratory disease every year and three million deaths makes this the third biggest cause of death worldwide. You only have to redesignate a portion of all these people 'Covid-19' and you have an instant global pandemic or the appearance of one. Why would doctors do this? They are told to do this and all but a few dare not refuse those who must be obeyed. Doctors in general are not researching their own

knowledge and instead take it direct and unquestioned from the authorities that own them and their careers. The authorities say they must now diagnose these symptoms 'Covid-19' and not flu, or whatever, and they do it. Dark suits say put 'Covid-19' on death certificates no matter what the cause of death and the doctors do it. Renegade Minds don't fall for the illusion that doctors and medical staff are all highly-intelligent, highly-principled, seekers of medical truth. Some are, but not the majority. They are repeaters, gofers, and yes sir, no sir, purveyors of what the system demands they purvey. The 'Covid' con is not merely confined to diseases of the lungs. Instructions to doctors to put 'Covid-19' on death certificates for anyone dying of anything within 28 days (or much more) of a positive test not testing for the 'virus' opened the floodgates. The term dying with 'Covid' and not of 'Covid' was coined to cover the truth. Whether it was a with or an of they were all added to the death numbers attributed to the 'deadly virus' compiled by national governments and globally by the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins operation in the United States that was so involved in those 'pandemic' simulations. Fraudulent deaths were added to the evergrowing list of fraudulent 'cases' from false positives from a false test. No wonder Professor Walter Ricciardi, scientific advisor to the Italian minister of health, said after the Lombardy hysteria had done its job that 'Covid' death rates were due to Italy having the second oldest population in the world and to how hospitals record deaths:

The way in which we code deaths in our country is very generous in the sense that all the people who die in hospitals with the coronavirus are deemed to be dying of the coronavirus. On re-evaluation by the National Institute of Health, only 12 per cent of death certificates have shown a direct causality from coronavirus, while 88 per cent of patients who have died have at least one pre-morbidity – many had two or three.

This is extraordinary enough when you consider the propaganda campaign to use Italy to terrify the world, but how can they even say twelve percent were genuine when the 'virus' has not been shown to exist, its 'code' is a computer program, and diagnosis comes from a test not testing for it? As in China, and soon the world, 'Covid-19' in

Italy was a redesignation of diagnosis. Lies and corruption were to become the real 'pandemic' fuelled by a pathetically-compliant medical system taking its orders from the tiny few at the top of their national hierarchy who answered to the World Health Organization which answers to Gates and the Cult. Doctors were told – ordered – to diagnose a particular set of symptoms 'Covid-19' and put that on the death certificate for any cause of death if the patient had tested positive with a test not testing for the virus or had 'Covid' symptoms like the flu. The United States even introduced big financial incentives to manipulate the figures with hospitals receiving £4,600 from the Medicare system for diagnosing someone with regular pneumonia, \$13,000 if they made the diagnosis from the same symptoms 'Covid-19' pneumonia, and \$39, 000 if they put a 'Covid' diagnosed patient on a ventilator that would almost certainly kill them. A few – painfully and pathetically few – medical whistleblowers revealed (before Cult-owned YouTube deleted their videos) that they had been instructed to 'let the patient crash' and put them straight on a ventilator instead of going through a series of far less intrusive and dangerous methods as they would have done before the pandemic hoax began and the financial incentives kicked in. We are talking cold-blooded murder given that ventilators are so damaging to respiratory systems they are usually the last step before heaven awaits. Renegade Minds never fall for the belief that people in white coats are all angels of mercy and cannot be full-on psychopaths. I have explained in detail in *The Answer* how what I am describing here played out across the world coordinated by the World Health Organization through the medical hierarchies in almost every country.

Medical scientist calls it

Information about the non-existence of the 'virus' began to emerge for me in late March, 2020, and mushroomed after that. I was sent an email by Sir Julian Rose, a writer, researcher, and organic farming promotor, from a medical scientist friend of his in the United States. Even at that early stage in March the scientist was able to explain how the 'Covid' hoax was being manipulated. He said there were no reliable tests for a specific 'Covid-19 virus' and nor were there any reliable agencies or media outlets for reporting numbers of actual 'Covid-19' cases. We have seen in the long period since then that he was absolutely right. 'Every action and reaction to Covid-19 is based on totally flawed data and we simply cannot make accurate assessments,' he said. Most people diagnosed with 'Covid-19' were showing nothing more than cold and flu-like symptoms 'because most coronavirus strains are nothing more than cold/flu-like symptoms'. We had farcical situations like an 84-year-old German man testing positive for 'Covid-19' and his nursing home ordered to quarantine only for him to be found to have a common cold. The scientist described back then why PCR tests and what he called the 'Mickey Mouse test kits' were useless for what they were claimed to be identifying. 'The idea these kits can isolate a specific virus like Covid-19 is nonsense,' he said. Significantly, he pointed out that 'if you want to create a totally false panic about a totally false pandemic - pick a coronavirus'. This is exactly what the Cult-owned Gates, World Economic Forum and Johns Hopkins University did with their Event 201 'simulation' followed by their real-life simulation called the 'pandemic'. The scientist said that all you had to do was select the sickest of people with respiratory-type diseases in a single location – 'say Wuhan' – and administer PCR tests to them. You can then claim that anyone showing 'viral sequences' similar to a coronavirus 'which will inevitably be quite a few' is suffering from a 'new' disease:

Since you already selected the sickest flu cases a fairly high proportion of your sample will go on to die. You can then say this 'new' virus has a CFR [case fatality rate] higher than the flu and use this to infuse more concern and do more tests which will of course produce more 'cases', which expands the testing, which produces yet more 'cases' and so on and so on. Before long you have your 'pandemic', and all you have done is use a simple test kit trick to convert the worst flu and pneumonia cases into something new that doesn't ACTUALLY EXIST [my emphasis].

He said that you then 'just run the same scam in other countries' and make sure to keep the fear message running high 'so that people

will feel panicky and less able to think critically'. The only problem to overcome was the fact *there is no* actual new deadly pathogen and only regular sick people. This meant that deaths from the 'new deadly pathogen' were going to be way too low for a real new deadly virus pandemic, but he said this could be overcome in the following ways – all of which would go on to happen:

- 1. You can claim this is just the beginning and more deaths are imminent [you underpin this with fantasy 'computer projections']. Use this as an excuse to quarantine everyone and then claim the quarantine prevented the expected millions of dead.
- 2. You can [say that people] 'minimizing' the dangers are irresponsible and bully them into not talking about numbers.
- 3. You can talk crap about made up numbers hoping to blind people with pseudoscience.
- 4. You can start testing well people (who, of course, will also likely have shreds of coronavirus [RNA] in them) and thus inflate your 'case figures' with 'asymptomatic carriers' (you will of course have to spin that to sound deadly even though any virologist knows the more symptom-less cases you have the less deadly is your pathogen).

The scientist said that if you take these simple steps 'you can have your own entirely manufactured pandemic up and running in weeks'. His analysis made so early in the hoax was brilliantly prophetic of what would actually unfold. Pulling all the information together in these recent chapters we have this is simple 1, 2, 3, of how you can delude virtually the entire human population into believing in a 'virus' that doesn't exist:

- A 'Covid case' is someone who tests positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'.
- A 'Covid death' is someone who dies of *any cause* within 28 days (or much longer) of testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus.
- Asymptomatic means there is nothing wrong with you, but they claim you can pass on what you don't have to justify locking

down (quarantining) healthy people in totality.

The foundations of the hoax are that simple. A study involving ten million people in Wuhan, published in November, 2020, demolished the whole lie about those without symptoms passing on the 'virus'. They found '300 asymptomatic cases' and traced their contacts to find that not one of them was detected with the 'virus'. 'Asymptomatic' patients and their contacts were isolated for no less than two weeks and nothing changed. I know it's all crap, but if you are going to claim that those without symptoms can transmit 'the virus' then you must produce evidence for that and they never have. Even World Health Organization official Dr Maria Van Kerkhove, head of the emerging diseases and zoonosis unit, said as early as June, 2020, that she doubted the validity of asymptomatic transmission. She said that 'from the data we have, it still seems to be rare that an asymptomatic person actually transmits onward to a secondary individual' and by 'rare' she meant that she couldn't cite any case of asymptomatic transmission.

The Ferguson factor

The problem for the Cult as it headed into March, 2020, when the script had lockdown due to start, was that despite all the manipulation of the case and death figures they still did not have enough people alleged to have died from 'Covid' to justify mass house arrest. This was overcome in the way the scientist described: 'You can claim this is just the beginning and more deaths are imminent ... Use this as an excuse to quarantine everyone and then claim the quarantine prevented the expected millions of dead.' Enter one Professor Neil Ferguson, the Gates-funded 'epidemiologist' at the Gates-funded Imperial College in London. Ferguson is Britain's Christian Drosten in that he has a dire record of predicting health outcomes, but is still called upon to advise government on the next health outcome when another 'crisis' comes along. This may seem to be a strange and ridiculous thing to do. Why would you keep turning for policy guidance to people who have a history of being

monumentally wrong? Ah, but it makes sense from the Cult point of view. These 'experts' keep on producing predictions that suit the Cult agenda for societal transformation and so it was with Neil Ferguson as he revealed his horrific (and clearly insane) computer model predictions that allowed lockdowns to be imposed in Britain, the United States and many other countries. Ferguson does not have even an A-level in biology and would appear to have no formal training in computer modelling, medicine or epidemiology, according to Derek Winton, an MSc in Computational Intelligence. He wrote an article somewhat aghast at what Ferguson did which included taking no account of respiratory disease 'seasonality' which means it is far worse in the winter months. Who would have thought that respiratory disease could be worse in the winter? Well, certainly not Ferguson.

The massively China-connected Imperial College and its bizarre professor provided the excuse for the long-incubated Chinese model of human control to travel westward at lightning speed. Imperial College confirms on its website that it collaborates with the Chinese Research Institute; publishes more than 600 research papers every year with Chinese research institutions; has 225 Chinese staff; 2,600 Chinese students – the biggest international group; 7,000 former students living in China which is the largest group outside the UK; and was selected for a tour by China's President Xi Jinping during his state visit to the UK in 2015. The college takes major donations from China and describes itself as the UK's number one university collaborator with Chinese research institutions. The China communist/fascist government did not appear phased by the woeful predictions of Ferguson and Imperial when during the lockdown that Ferguson induced the college signed a five-year collaboration deal with China tech giant Huawei that will have Huawei's indoor 5G network equipment installed at the college's West London tech campus along with an 'AI cloud platform'. The deal includes Chinese sponsorship of Imperial's Venture Catalyst entrepreneurship competition. Imperial is an example of the enormous influence the Chinese government has within British and North American

universities and research centres – and further afield. Up to 200 academics from more than a dozen UK universities are being investigated on suspicion of 'unintentionally' helping the Chinese government build weapons of mass destruction by 'transferring world-leading research in advanced military technology such as aircraft, missile designs and cyberweapons'. Similar scandals have broken in the United States, but it's all a coincidence. Imperial College serves the agenda in many other ways including the promotion of every aspect of the United Nations Agenda 21/2030 (the Great Reset) and produced computer models to show that human-caused 'climate change' is happening when in the real world it isn't. Imperial College is driving the climate agenda as it drives the 'Covid' agenda (both Cult hoaxes) while Patrick Vallance, the UK government's Chief Scientific Adviser on 'Covid', was named Chief Scientific Adviser to the UN 'climate change' conference known as COP26 hosted by the government in Glasgow, Scotland. 'Covid' and 'climate' are fundamentally connected.

Professor Woeful

From Imperial's bosom came Neil Ferguson still advising government despite his previous disasters and it was announced early on that he and other key people like UK Chief Medical Adviser Chris Whitty had caught the 'virus' as the propaganda story was being sold. Somehow they managed to survive and we had Prime Minister Boris Johnson admitted to hospital with what was said to be a severe version of the 'virus' in this same period. His whole policy and demeanour changed when he returned to Downing Street. It's a small world with these government advisors – especially in their communal connections to Gates – and Ferguson had partnered with Whitty to write a paper called 'Infectious disease: Tough choices to reduce Ebola transmission' which involved another scare-story that didn't happen. Ferguson's 'models' predicted that up to 150, 000 could die from 'mad cow disease', or BSE, and its version in sheep if it was transmitted to humans. BSE was not transmitted and instead triggered by an organophosphate pesticide used to treat a pest on

cows. Fewer than 200 deaths followed from the human form. Models by Ferguson and his fellow incompetents led to the unnecessary culling of millions of pigs, cattle and sheep in the foot and mouth outbreak in 2001 which destroyed the lives and livelihoods of farmers and their families who had often spent decades building their herds and flocks. Vast numbers of these animals did not have foot and mouth and had no contact with the infection. Another 'expert' behind the cull was Professor Roy Anderson, a computer modeller at Imperial College specialising in the epidemiology of *human*, not animal, disease. Anderson has served on the Bill and Melinda Gates Grand Challenges in Global Health advisory board and chairs another Gates-funded organisation. Gates is everywhere.

In a precursor to the 'Covid' script Ferguson backed closing schools 'for prolonged periods' over the swine flu 'pandemic' in 2009 and said it would affect a third of the world population if it continued to spread at the speed he claimed to be happening. His mates at Imperial College said much the same and a news report said: 'One of the authors, the epidemiologist and disease modeller Neil Ferguson, who sits on the World Health Organisation's emergency committee for the outbreak, said the virus had "full pandemic potential".' Professor Liam Donaldson, the Chris Whitty of his day as Chief Medical Officer, said the worst case could see 30 percent of the British people infected by swine flu with 65,000 dying. Ferguson and Donaldson were indeed proved correct when at the end of the year the number of deaths attributed to swine flu was 392. The term 'expert' is rather liberally applied unfortunately, not least to complete idiots. Swine flu 'projections' were great for GlaxoSmithKline (GSK) as millions rolled in for its Pandemrix influenza vaccine which led to brain damage with children most affected. The British government (taxpayers) paid out more than £60 million in compensation after GSK was given immunity from prosecution. Yet another 'Covid' déjà vu. Swine flu was supposed to have broken out in Mexico, but Dr Wolfgang Wodarg, a German doctor, former member of parliament and critic of the 'Covid' hoax, observed 'the spread of swine flu' in Mexico City at the time. He

said: 'What we experienced in Mexico City was a very mild flu which did not kill more than usual – which killed even fewer people than usual.' Hyping the fear against all the facts is not unique to 'Covid' and has happened many times before. Ferguson is reported to have over-estimated the projected death toll of bird flu (H5N1) by some three million-fold, but bird flu vaccine makers again made a killing from the scare. This is some of the background to the Neil Ferguson who produced the perfectly-timed computer models in early 2020 predicting that half a million people would die in Britain without draconian lockdown and 2.2 million in the United States. Politicians panicked, people panicked, and lockdowns of alleged short duration were instigated to 'flatten the curve' of cases gleaned from a test not testing for the 'virus'. I said at the time that the public could forget the 'short duration' bit. This was an agenda to destroy the livelihoods of the population and force them into mass control through dependency and there was going to be nothing 'short' about it. American researcher Daniel Horowitz described the consequences of the 'models' spewed out by Gates-funded Ferguson and Imperial College:

What led our government and the governments of many other countries into panic was a single Imperial College of UK study, funded by global warming activists, that predicted 2.2 million deaths if we didn't lock down the country. In addition, the reported 8-9% death rate in Italy scared us into thinking there was some other mutation of this virus that they got, which might have come here.

Together with the fact that we were finally testing and had the ability to actually report new cases, we thought we were headed for a death spiral. But again ... we can't flatten a curve if we don't know when the curve started.

How about it *never* started?

Giving them what they want

An investigation by German news outlet *Welt Am Sonntag (World on Sunday)* revealed how in March, 2020, the German government gathered together 'leading scientists from several research institutes and universities' and 'together, they were to produce a [modelling]

paper that would serve as legitimization for further tough political measures'. The Cult agenda was justified by computer modelling not based on evidence or reality; it was specifically constructed to justify the Cult demand for lockdowns all over the world to destroy the independent livelihoods of the global population. All these modellers and everyone responsible for the 'Covid' hoax have a date with a trial like those in Nuremberg after World War Two when Nazis faced the consequences of their war crimes. These corruptbeyond-belief 'modellers' wrote the paper according to government instructions and it said that that if lockdown measures were lifted then up to one million Germans would die from 'Covid-19' adding that some would die 'agonizingly at home, gasping for breath' unable to be treated by hospitals that couldn't cope. All lies. No matter – it gave the Cult all that it wanted. What did long-time government 'modeller' Neil Ferguson say? If the UK and the United States didn't lockdown half a million would die in Britain and 2.2 million Americans. Anyone see a theme here? 'Modellers' are such a crucial part of the lockdown strategy that we should look into their background and follow the money. Researcher Rosemary Frei produced an excellent article headlined 'The Modelling-paper Mafiosi'. She highlights a guy called John Edmunds, a British epidemiologist, and professor in the Faculty of Epidemiology and Population Health at the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine. He studied at Imperial College. Edmunds is a member of government 'Covid' advisory bodies which have been dictating policy, the New and Emerging Respiratory Virus Threats Advisory Group (NERVTAG) and the Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE).

Ferguson, another member of NERVTAG and SAGE, led the way with the original 'virus' and Edmunds has followed in the 'variant' stage and especially the so-called UK or Kent variant known as the 'Variant of Concern' (VOC) B.1.1.7. He said in a co-written report for the Centre for Mathematical modelling of Infectious Diseases at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, with input from the Centre's 'Covid-19' Working Group, that there was 'a realistic

possibility that VOC B.1.1.7 is associated with an increased risk of death compared to non-VOC viruses'. Fear, fear, fear, get the vaccine, fear, fear, get the vaccine. Rosemary Frei reveals that almost all the paper's authors and members of the modelling centre's 'Covid-19' Working Group receive funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation and/or the associated Gates-funded Wellcome Trust. The paper was published by e-journal *Medr xiv* which only publishes papers not peer-reviewed and the journal was established by an organisation headed by Facebook's Mark Zuckerberg and his missus. What a small world it is. Frei discovered that Edmunds is on the Scientific Advisory Board of the Coalition for Epidemic Preparedness Innovations (CEPI) which was established by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, Klaus Schwab's Davos World Economic Forum and Big Pharma giant Wellcome. CEPI was 'launched in Davos [in 2017] to develop vaccines to stop future epidemics', according to its website. 'Our mission is to accelerate the development of vaccines against emerging infectious diseases and enable equitable access to these vaccines for people during outbreaks.' What kind people they are. Rosemary Frei reveals that Public Health England (PHE) director Susan Hopkins is an author of her organisation's non-peer-reviewed reports on 'new variants'. Hopkins is a professor of infectious diseases at London's Imperial College which is gifted tens of millions of dollars a year by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Gates-funded modelling disaster Neil Ferguson also co-authors Public Health England reports and he spoke in December, 2020, about the potential danger of the B.1.1.7. 'UK variant' promoted by Gates-funded modeller John Edmunds. When I come to the 'Covid vaccines' the 'new variants' will be shown for what they are – bollocks.

Connections, connections

All these people and modellers are lockdown-obsessed or, put another way, they demand what the Cult demands. Edmunds said in January, 2021, that to ease lockdowns too soon would be a disaster and they had to 'vaccinate much, much, much more widely than the

elderly'. Rosemary Frei highlights that Edmunds is married to Jeanne Pimenta who is described in a LinkedIn profile as director of epidemiology at GlaxoSmithKline (GSK) and she held shares in the company. Patrick Vallance, co-chair of SAGE and the government's Chief Scientific Adviser, is a former executive of GSK and has a deferred bonus of shares in the company worth £600,000. GSK has serious business connections with Bill Gates and is collaborating with mRNA-'vaccine' company CureVac to make 'vaccines' for the new variants that Edmunds is talking about. GSK is planning a 'Covid vaccine' with drug giant Sanofi. Puppet Prime Minister Boris Johnson announced in the spring of 2021 that up to 60 million vaccine doses were to be made at the GSK facility at Barnard Castle in the English North East. Barnard Castle, with a population of just 6,000, was famously visited in breach of lockdown rules in April, 2020, by Johnson aide Dominic Cummings who said that he drove there 'to test his eyesight' before driving back to London. Cummings would be better advised to test his integrity – not that it would take long. The GSK facility had nothing to do with his visit then although I'm sure Patrick Vallance would have been happy to arrange an introduction and some tea and biscuits. Ruthless psychopath Gates has made yet another fortune from vaccines in collaboration with Big Pharma companies and gushes at the phenomenal profits to be made from vaccines – more than a 20-to-1 return as he told one interviewer. Gates also tweeted in December, 2019, with the foreknowledge of what was coming: 'What's next for our foundation? I'm particularly excited about what the next year could mean for one of the best buys in global health: vaccines.'

Modeller John Edmunds is a big promotor of vaccines as all these people appear to be. He's the dean of the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine's Faculty of Epidemiology and Population Health which is primarily funded by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation and the Gates-established and funded GAVI vaccine alliance which is the Gates vehicle to vaccinate the world. The organisation Doctors Without Borders has described GAVI as being 'aimed more at supporting drug-industry desires to promote new

products than at finding the most efficient and sustainable means for fighting the diseases of poverty'. But then that's why the psychopath Gates created it. John Edmunds said in a video that the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine is involved in every aspect of vaccine development including large-scale clinical trials. He contends that mathematical modelling can show that vaccines protect individuals and society. That's on the basis of shit in and shit out, I take it. Edmunds serves on the UK Vaccine Network as does Ferguson and the government's foremost 'Covid' adviser, the grimfaced, dark-eyed Chris Whitty. The Vaccine Network says it works 'to support the government to identify and shortlist targeted investment opportunities for the most promising vaccines and vaccine technologies that will help combat infectious diseases with epidemic potential, and to address structural issues related to the UK's broader vaccine infrastructure'. Ferguson is acting Director of the Imperial College Vaccine Impact Modelling Consortium which has funding from the Bill and Melina Gates Foundation and the Gates-created GAVI 'vaccine alliance'. Anyone wonder why these characters see vaccines as the answer to every problem? Ferguson is wildly enthusiastic in his support for GAVI's campaign to vaccine children en masse in poor countries. You would expect someone like Gates who has constantly talked about the need to reduce the population to want to fund vaccines to keep more people alive. I'm sure that's why he does it. The John Edmunds London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine (LSHTM) has a Vaccines Manufacturing Innovation Centre which develops, tests and commercialises vaccines. Rosemary Frei writes:

The vaccines centre also performs affiliated activities like combating 'vaccine hesitancy'. The latter includes the Vaccine Confidence Project. The project's stated purpose is, among other things, 'to provide analysis and guidance for early response and engagement with the public to ensure sustained confidence in vaccines and immunisation'. The Vaccine Confidence Project's director is LSHTM professor Heidi Larson. For more than a decade she's been researching how to combat vaccine hesitancy.

How the bloody hell can blokes like John Edmunds and Neil Ferguson with those connections and financial ties model 'virus' case

and death projections for the government and especially in a way that gives their paymasters like Gates exactly what they want? It's insane, but this is what you find throughout the world.

'Covid' is not dangerous, oops, wait, yes it is

Only days before Ferguson's nightmare scenario made Jackboot Johnson take Britain into a China-style lockdown to save us from a deadly 'virus' the UK government website gov.uk was reporting something very different to Ferguson on a page of official government guidance for 'high consequence infectious diseases (HCID)'. It said this about 'Covid-19':

As of 19 March 2020, COVID-19 is no longer considered to be a high consequence infectious diseases (HCID) in the UK [my emphasis]. The 4 nations public health HCID group made an interim recommendation in January 2020 to classify COVID-19 as an HCID. This was based on consideration of the UK HCID criteria about the virus and the disease with information available during the early stages of the outbreak.

Now that more is known about COVID-19, the public health bodies in the UK have reviewed the most up to date information about COVID-19 against the UK HCID criteria. They have determined that several features have now changed; in particular, more information is available about mortality rates (low overall), and there is now greater clinical awareness and a specific and sensitive laboratory test, the availability of which continues to increase. The Advisory Committee on Dangerous Pathogens (ACDP) is also of the opinion that COVID-19 should no longer be classified as an HCID.

Soon after the government had been exposed for downgrading the risk they upgraded it again and everyone was back to singing from the same Cult hymn book. Ferguson and his fellow Gates clones indicated that lockdowns and restrictions would have to continue until a Gates-funded vaccine was developed. Gates said the same because Ferguson and his like were repeating the Gates script which is the Cult script. 'Flatten the curve' became an ongoing nightmare of continuing lockdowns with periods in between of severe restrictions in pursuit of destroying independent incomes and had nothing to do with protecting health about which the Cult gives not a shit. Why wouldn't Ferguson be pushing a vaccine 'solution' when he's owned by vaccine-obsessive Gates who makes a fortune from them and

when Ferguson heads the Vaccine Impact Modelling Consortium at Imperial College funded by the Gates Foundation and GAVI, the 'vaccine alliance', created by Gates as his personal vaccine promotion operation? To compound the human catastrophe that Ferguson's 'models' did so much to create he was later exposed for breaking his own lockdown rules by having sexual liaisons with his married girlfriend Antonia Staats at his home while she was living at another location with her husband and children. Staats was a 'climate' activist and senior campaigner at the Soros-funded Avaaz which I wouldn't trust to tell me that grass is green. Ferguson had to resign as a government advisor over this hypocrisy in May, 2020, but after a period of quiet he was back being quoted by the ridiculous media on the need for more lockdowns and a vaccine rollout. Other government-advising 'scientists' from Imperial College' held the fort in his absence and said lockdown could be indefinite until a vaccine was found. The Cult script was being sung by the payrolled choir. I said there was no intention of going back to 'normal' when the 'vaccine' came because the 'vaccine' is part of a very different agenda that I will discuss in Human 2.0. Why would the Cult want to let the world go back to normal when destroying that normal forever was the whole point of what was happening? House arrest, closing businesses and schools through lockdown, (un)social distancing and masks all followed the Ferguson fantasy models. Again as I predicted (these people are so predictable) when the 'vaccine' arrived we were told that house arrest, lockdown, (un)social distancing and masks would still have to continue. I will deal with the masks in the next chapter because they are of fundamental importance.

Where's the 'pandemic'?

Any mildly in-depth assessment of the figures revealed what was really going on. Cult-funded and controlled organisations still have genuine people working within them such is the number involved. So it is with Genevieve Briand, assistant program director of the Applied Economics master's degree program at Johns Hopkins

University. She analysed the impact that 'Covid-19' had on deaths from all causes in the United States using official data from the CDC for the period from early February to early September, 2020. She found that allegedly 'Covid' related-deaths exceeded those from heart disease which she found strange with heart disease always the biggest cause of fatalities. Her research became even more significant when she noted the sudden decline in 2020 of all non-'Covid' deaths: 'This trend is completely contrary to the pattern observed in all previous years ... the total decrease in deaths by other causes almost exactly equals the increase in deaths by Covid-19.' This was such a game, set and match in terms of what was happening that Johns Hopkins University deleted the article on the grounds that it 'was being used to support false and dangerous inaccuracies about the impact of the pandemic'. No – because it exposed the scam from official CDC figures and this was confirmed when those figures were published in January, 2021. Here we can see the effect of people dying from heart attacks, cancer, road accidents and gunshot wounds – anything – having 'Covid-19' on the death certificate along with those diagnosed from 'symptoms' who had even not tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'. I am not kidding with the gunshot wounds, by the way. Brenda Bock, coroner in Grand County, Colorado, revealed that two gunshot victims tested positive for the 'virus' within the previous 30 days and were therefore classified as 'Covid deaths'. Bock said: 'These two people had tested positive for Covid, but that's not what killed them. A gunshot wound is what killed them.' She said she had not even finished her investigation when the state listed the gunshot victims as deaths due to the 'virus'. The death and case figures for 'Covid-19' are an absolute joke and yet they are repeated like parrots by the media, politicians and alleged medical 'experts'. The official Cult narrative is the only show in town.

Genevieve Briand found that deaths from all causes were not exceptional in 2020 compared with previous years and a Spanish magazine published figures that said the same about Spain which was a 'Covid' propaganda hotspot at one point. *Discovery Salud*, a

health and medicine magazine, quoted government figures which showed how 17,000 *fewer* people died in Spain in 2020 than in 2019 and more than 26,000 fewer than in 2018. The age-standardised mortality rate for England and Wales when age distribution is taken into account was significantly lower in 2020 than the 1970s, 80s and 90s, and was only the ninth highest since 2000. Where is the 'pandemic'?

Post mortems and autopsies virtually disappeared for 'Covid' deaths amid claims that 'virus-infected' bodily fluids posed a risk to those carrying out the autopsy. This was rejected by renowned German pathologist and forensic doctor Klaus Püschel who said that he and his staff had by then done 150 autopsies on 'Covid' patients with no problems at all. He said they were needed to know why some 'Covid' patients suffered blood clots and not severe respiratory infections. The 'virus' is, after all, called SARS or 'severe acute respiratory syndrome'. I highlighted in the spring of 2020 this phenomenon and quoted New York intensive care doctor Cameron Kyle-Sidell who posted a soon deleted YouTube video to say that they had been told to prepare to treat an infectious disease called 'Covid-19', but that was not what they were dealing with. Instead he likened the lung condition of the most severely ill patients to what you would expect with cabin depressurisation in a plane at 30,000 feet or someone dropped on the top of Everest without oxygen or acclimatisation. I have never said this is not happening to a small minority of alleged 'Covid' patients – I am saying this is not caused by a phantom 'contagious virus'. Indeed Kyle-Sidell said that 'Covid-19' was not the disease they were told was coming their way. 'We are operating under a medical paradigm that is untrue,' he said, and he believed they were treating the wrong disease: 'These people are being slowly starved of oxygen.' Patients would take off their oxygen masks in a state of fear and stress and while they were blue in the face on the brink of death. They did not look like patients dying of pneumonia. You can see why they don't want autopsies when their virus doesn't exist and there is another condition in some people that they don't wish to be uncovered. I should add here that

the 5G system of millimetre waves was being rapidly introduced around the world in 2020 and even more so now as they fire 5G at the Earth from satellites. At 60 gigahertz within the 5G range that frequency interacts with the oxygen molecule and stops people breathing in sufficient oxygen to be absorbed into the bloodstream. They are installing 5G in schools and hospitals. The world is not mad or anything. 5G can cause major changes to the lungs and blood as I detail in *The Answer* and these consequences are labelled 'Covid-19', the alleged symptoms of which can be caused by 5G and other electromagnetic frequencies as cells respond to radiation poisoning.

The 'Covid death' scam

Dr Scott Jensen, a Minnesota state senator and medical doctor, exposed 'Covid' Medicare payment incentives to hospitals and death certificate manipulation. He said he was sent a seven-page document by the US Department of Health 'coaching' him on how to fill out death certificates which had never happened before. The document said that he didn't need to have a laboratory test for 'Covid-19' to put that on the death certificate and that shocked him when death certificates are supposed to be about facts. Jensen described how doctors had been 'encouraged, if not pressured' to make a diagnosis of 'Covid-19' if they thought it was probable or 'presumed'. No positive test was necessary – not that this would have mattered anyway. He said doctors were told to diagnose 'Covid' by symptoms when these were the same as colds, allergies, other respiratory problems, and certainly with influenza which 'disappeared' in the 'Covid' era. A common sniffle was enough to get the dreaded verdict. Ontario authorities decreed that a single care home resident with one symptom from a long list must lead to the isolation of the entire home. Other courageous doctors like Jensen made the same point about death figure manipulation and how deaths by other causes were falling while 'Covid-19 deaths' were rising at the same rate due to re-diagnosis. Their videos rarely survive long on YouTube with its Cult-supporting algorithms courtesy of CEO Susan Wojcicki and her bosses at Google. Figure-tampering was so glaring

and ubiquitous that even officials were letting it slip or outright saying it. UK chief scientific adviser Patrick Vallance said on one occasion that 'Covid' on the death certificate doesn't mean 'Covid' was the cause of death (so why the hell is it there?) and we had the rare sight of a BBC reporter telling the truth when she said: 'Someone could be successfully treated for Covid, in say April, discharged, and then in June, get run over by a bus and die ... That person would still be counted as a Covid death in England.' Yet the BBC and the rest of the world media went on repeating the case and death figures as if they were real. Illinois Public Health Director Dr Ngozi Ezike revealed the deceit while her bosses must have been clenching their buttocks:

If you were in a hospice and given a few weeks to live and you were then found to have Covid that would be counted as a Covid death. [There might be] a clear alternate cause, but it is still listed as a Covid death. So everyone listed as a Covid death doesn't mean that was the cause of the death, but that they had Covid at the time of death.

Yes, a 'Covid virus' never shown to exist and tested for with a test not testing for the 'virus'. In the first period of the pandemic hoax through the spring of 2020 the process began of designating almost everything a 'Covid' death and this has continued ever since. I sat in a restaurant one night listening to a loud conversation on the next table where a family was discussing in bewilderment how a relative who had no symptoms of 'Covid', and had died of a long-term problem, could have been diagnosed a death by the 'virus'. I could understand their bewilderment. If they read this book they will know why this medical fraud has been perpetrated the world over.

Some media truth shock

The media ignored the evidence of death certificate fraud until eventually one columnist did speak out when she saw it first-hand. Bel Mooney is a long-time national newspaper journalist in Britain currently working for the *Daily Mail*. Her article on February 19th, 2021, carried this headline: 'My dad Ted passed three Covid tests

and died of a chronic illness yet he's officially one of Britain's 120,000 victims of the virus and is far from alone ... so how many more are there?' She told how her 99-year-old father was in a care home with a long-standing chronic obstructive pulmonary disease and vascular dementia. Maybe, but he was still aware enough to tell her from the start that there was no 'virus' and he refused the 'vaccine' for that reason. His death was not unexpected given his chronic health problems and Mooney said she was shocked to find that 'Covid-19' was declared the cause of death on his death certificate. She said this was a 'bizarre and unacceptable untruth' for a man with long-time health problems who had tested negative twice at the home for the 'virus'. I was also shocked by this story although not by what she said. I had been highlighting the death certificate manipulation for ten months. It was the confirmation that a professional full-time journalist only realised this was going on when it affected her directly and neither did she know that whether her dad tested positive or negative was irrelevant with the test not testing for the 'virus'. Where had she been? She said she did not believe in 'conspiracy theories' without knowing I'm sure that this and 'conspiracy theorists' were terms put into widespread circulation by the CIA in the 1960s to discredit those who did not accept the ridiculous official story of the Kennedy assassination. A blanket statement of 'I don't believe in conspiracy theories' is always bizarre. The dictionary definition of the term alone means the world is drowning in conspiracies. What she said was even more daft when her dad had just been affected by the 'Covid' conspiracy. Why else does she think that 'Covid-19' was going on the death certificates of people who died of something else?

To be fair once she saw from personal experience what was happening she didn't mince words. Mooney was called by the care home on the morning of February 9th to be told her father had died in his sleep. When she asked for the official cause of death what came back was 'Covid-19'. Mooney challenged this and was told there had been deaths from Covid on the dementia floor (confirmed by a test not testing for the 'virus') so they considered it 'reasonable

to assume'. 'But doctor,' Mooney rightly protested, 'an assumption isn't a diagnosis.' She said she didn't blame the perfectly decent and sympathetic doctor – 'he was just doing his job'. Sorry, but that's bullshit. He wasn't doing his job at all. He was putting a false cause of death on the death certificate and that is a criminal offence for which he should be brought to account and the same with the millions of doctors worldwide who have done the same. They were not doing their job they were following orders and that must not wash at new Nuremberg trials any more than it did at the first ones. Mooney's doctor was 'assuming' (presuming) as he was told to, but 'just following orders' makes no difference to his actions. A doctor's job is to serve the patient and the truth, not follow orders, but that's what they have done all over the world and played a central part in making the 'Covid' hoax possible with all its catastrophic consequences for humanity. Shame on them and they must answer for their actions. Mooney said her disquiet worsened when she registered her father's death by telephone and was told by the registrar there had been very many other cases like hers where 'the deceased' had not tested positive for 'Covid' yet it was recorded as the cause of death. The test may not matter, but those involved at their level think it matters and it shows a callous disregard for accurate diagnosis. The pressure to do this is coming from the top of the national 'health' pyramids which in turn obey the World Health Organization which obeys Gates and the Cult. Mooney said the registrar agreed that this must distort the national figures adding that 'the strangest thing is that every winter we record countless deaths from flu, and this winter there have been none. Not one!' She asked if the registrar thought deaths from flu were being misdiagnosed and lumped together with 'Covid' deaths. The answer was a 'puzzled yes'. Mooney said that the funeral director said the same about 'Covid' deaths which had nothing to do with 'Covid'. They had lost count of the number of families upset by this and other funeral companies in different countries have had the same experience. Mooney wrote:

The nightly shroud-waving and shocking close-ups of pain imposed on us by the TV news bewildered and terrified the population into eager compliance with lockdowns. We were invited to 'save the NHS' and to grieve for strangers – the real-life loved ones behind those shocking death counts. Why would the public imagine what I now fear, namely that the way Covid-19 death statistics are compiled might make the numbers seem greater than they are?

Oh, just a little bit – like 100 percent.

Do the maths

Mooney asked why a country would wish to skew its mortality figures by wrongly certifying deaths? What had been going on? Well, if you don't believe in conspiracies you will never find the answer which is that it's a conspiracy. She did, however, describe what she had discovered as a 'national scandal'. In reality it's a global scandal and happening everywhere. Pillars of this conspiracy were all put into place before the button was pressed with the Drosten PCR protocol and high amplifications to produce the cases and death certificate changes to secure illusory 'Covid' deaths. Mooney notes that normally two doctors were needed to certify a death, with one having to know the patient, and how the rules were changed in the spring of 2020 to allow one doctor to do this. In the same period 'Covid deaths' were decreed to be all cases where Covid-19 was put on the death certificate even without a positive test or any symptoms. Mooney asked: 'How many of the 30,851 (as of January 15) care home resident deaths with Covid-19 on the certificate (32.4 per cent of all deaths so far) were based on an assumption, like that of my father? And what has that done to our national psyche?'All of them is the answer to the first question and it has devastated and dismantled the national psyche, actually the global psyche, on a colossal scale. In the UK case and death data is compiled by organisations like Public Health England (PHE) and the Office for National Statistics (ONS). Mooney highlights the insane policy of counting a death from any cause as 'Covid-19' if this happens within 28 days of a positive test (with a test not testing for the 'virus') and she points out that ONS statistics reflect deaths 'involving Covid' 'or due to Covid' which meant in practice any

death where 'Covid-19' was mentioned on the death certificate. She described the consequences of this fraud:

Most people will accept the narrative they are fed, so panicky governments here and in Europe witnessed the harsh measures enacted in totalitarian China and jumped into lockdown. Headlines about Covid deaths tolled like the knell that would bring doomsday to us all. Fear stalked our empty streets. Politicians parroted the frankly ridiculous aim of 'zero Covid' and shut down the economy, while most British people agreed that lockdown was essential and (astonishingly to me, as a patriotic Brit) even wanted more restrictions.

For what? Lies on death certificates? Never mind the grim toll of lives ruined, suicides, schools closed, rising inequality, depression, cancelled hospital treatments, cancer patients in a torture of waiting, poverty, economic devastation, loneliness, families kept apart, and so on. How many lives have been lost as a direct result of lockdown?

She said that we could join in a national chorus of shock and horror at reaching the 120,000 death toll which was surely certain to have been totally skewed all along, but what about the human cost of lockdown justified by these 'death figures'? *The British Medical Journal* had reported a 1,493 percent increase in cases of children taken to Great Ormond Street Hospital with abusive head injuries alone and then there was the effect on families:

Perhaps the most shocking thing about all this is that families have been kept apart – and obeyed the most irrational, changing rules at the whim of government – because they believed in the statistics. They succumbed to fear, which his generation rejected in that war fought for freedom. Dad (God rest his soul) would be angry. And so am I.

Another theme to watch is that in the winter months when there are more deaths from all causes they focus on 'Covid' deaths and in the summer when the British Lung Foundation says respiratory disease plummets by 80 percent they rage on about 'cases'. Either way fascism on population is always the answer.

Nazi eugenics in the 21st century

Elderly people in care homes have been isolated from their families month after lonely month with no contact with relatives and grandchildren who were banned from seeing them. We were told that lockdown fascism was to 'protect the vulnerable' like elderly people. At the same time Do Not Resuscitate (DNR) orders were placed on their medical files so that if they needed resuscitation it wasn't done and 'Covid-19' went on their death certificates. Old people were not being 'protected' they were being culled – murdered in truth. DNR orders were being decreed for disabled and young people with learning difficulties or psychological problems. The UK Care Quality Commission, a non-departmental body of the Department of Health and Social Care, found that 34 percent of those working in health and social care were pressured into placing 'do not attempt cardiopulmonary resuscitation' orders on 'Covid' patients who suffered from disabilities and learning difficulties without involving the patient or their families in the decision. UK judges ruled that an elderly woman with dementia should have the DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccine' against her son's wishes and that a man with severe learning difficulties should have the jab despite his family's objections. Never mind that many had already died. The judiciary always supports doctors and government in fascist dictatorships. They wouldn't dare do otherwise. A horrific video was posted showing fascist officers from Los Angeles police forcibly giving the 'Covid' shot to women with special needs who were screaming that they didn't want it. The same fascists are seen giving the jab to a sleeping elderly woman in a care home. This is straight out of the Nazi playbook. Hitler's Nazis committed mass murder of the mentally ill and physically disabled throughout Germany and occupied territories in the programme that became known as Aktion T4, or just T4. Sabbatian-controlled Hitler and his grotesque crazies set out to kill those they considered useless and unnecessary. The Reich Committee for the Scientific Registering of Hereditary and Congenital Illnesses registered the births of babies identified by physicians to have 'defects'. By 1941 alone more than 5,000 children were murdered by the state and it is estimated that in total the number of innocent people killed in Aktion T4 was between 275,000 and 300,000. Parents were told their children had been sent away for 'special treatment' never to return. It is rather pathetic to see claims about plans for new extermination camps being dismissed today

when the same force behind current events did precisely that 80 years ago. Margaret Sanger was a Cult operative who used 'birth control' to sanitise her programme of eugenics. Organisations she founded became what is now Planned Parenthood. Sanger proposed that 'the whole dysgenic population would have its choice of segregation or sterilization'. These included epileptics, 'feebleminded', and prostitutes. Sanger opposed charity because it perpetuated 'human waste'. She reveals the Cult mentality and if anyone thinks that extermination camps are a 'conspiracy theory' their naivety is touching if breathtakingly stupid.

If you don't believe that doctors can act with callous disregard for their patients it is worth considering that doctors and medical staff agreed to put government-decreed DNR orders on medical files and do nothing when resuscitation is called for. I don't know what you call such people in your house. In mine they are Nazis from the Josef Mengele School of Medicine. Phenomenal numbers of old people have died worldwide from the effects of lockdown, depression, lack of treatment, the 'vaccine' (more later) and losing the will to live. A common response at the start of the manufactured pandemic was to remove old people from hospital beds and transfer them to nursing homes. The decision would result in a mass cull of elderly people in those homes through lack of treatment – not 'Covid'. Care home whistleblowers have told how once the 'Covid' era began doctors would not come to their homes to treat patients and they were begging for drugs like antibiotics that often never came. The most infamous example was ordered by New York governor Andrew Cuomo, brother of a moronic CNN host, who amazingly was given an Emmy Award for his handling of the 'Covid crisis' by the ridiculous Wokers that hand them out. Just how ridiculous could be seen in February, 2021, when a Department of Justice and FBI investigation began into how thousands of old people in New York died in nursing homes after being discharged from hospital to make way for 'Covid' patients on Cuomo's say-so – and how he and his staff covered up these facts. This couldn't have happened to a nicer psychopath. Even then there was a 'Covid' spin. Reports said that

thousands of old people who tested positive for 'Covid' in hospital were transferred to nursing homes to both die of 'Covid' and transmit it to others. No – they were in hospital because they were ill and the fact that they tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' is irrelevant. They were ill often with respiratory diseases ubiquitous in old people near the end of their lives. Their transfer out of hospital meant that their treatment stopped and many would go on to die.

They're old. Who gives a damn?

I have exposed in the books for decades the Cult plan to cull the world's old people and even to introduce at some point what they call a 'demise pill' which at a certain age everyone would take and be out of here by law. In March, 2021, Spain legalised euthanasia and assisted suicide following the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg and Canada on the Tiptoe to the demise pill. Treatment of old people by many 'care' homes has been a disgrace in the 'Covid' era. There are many, many, caring staff – I know some. There have, however, been legions of stories about callous treatment of old people and their families. Police were called when families came to take their loved ones home in the light of isolation that was killing them. They became prisoners of the state. Care home residents in insane, fascist Ontario, Canada, were not allowed to leave their *room* once the 'Covid' hoax began. UK staff have even wheeled elderly people away from windows where family members were talking with them. Oriana Criscuolo from Stockport in the English North West dropped off some things for her 80-year-old father who has Parkinson's disease and dementia and she wanted to wave to him through a ground-floor window. She was told that was 'illegal'. When she went anyway they closed the curtains in the middle of the day. Oriana said:

It's just unbelievable. I cannot understand how care home staff – people who are being paid to care – have become so uncaring. Their behaviour is inhumane and cruel. It's beyond belief.

She was right and this was not a one-off. What a way to end your life in such loveless circumstances. UK registered nurse Nicky Millen, a proper old school nurse for 40 years, said that when she started her career care was based on dignity, choice, compassion and empathy. Now she said 'the things that are important to me have gone out of the window.' She was appalled that people were dying without their loved ones and saying goodbye on iPads. Nicky described how a distressed 89-year-old lady stroked her face and asked her 'how many paracetamol would it take to finish me off'. Life was no longer worth living while not seeing her family. Nicky said she was humiliated in front of the ward staff and patients for letting the lady stroke her face and giving her a cuddle. Such is the dehumanisation that the 'Covid' hoax has brought to the surface. Nicky worked in care homes where patients told her they were being held prisoner. 'I want to live until I die', one said to her. 'I had a lady in tears because she hadn't seen her great-grandson.' Nicky was compassionate old school meeting psychopathic New Normal. She also said she had worked on a 'Covid' ward with no 'Covid' patients. Jewish writer Shai Held wrote an article in March, 2020, which was headlined 'The Staggering, Heartless Cruelty Toward the Elderly'. What he described was happening from the earliest days of lockdown. He said 'the elderly' were considered a group and not unique individuals (the way of the Woke). Shai Held said:

Notice how the all-too-familiar rhetoric of dehumanization works: 'The elderly' are bunched together as a faceless mass, all of them considered culprits and thus effectively deserving of the suffering the pandemic will inflict upon them. Lost entirely is the fact that the elderly are individual human beings, each with a distinctive face and voice, each with hopes and dreams, memories and regrets, friendships and marriages, loves lost and loves sustained.

'The elderly' have become another dehumanised group for which anything goes and for many that has resulted in cold disregard for their rights and their life. The distinctive face that Held talks about is designed to be deleted by masks until everyone is part of a faceless mass.

'War-zone' hospitals myth

Again and again medical professionals have told me what was really going on and how hospitals 'overrun like war zones' according to the media were virtually empty. The mantra from medical whistleblowers was please don't use my name or my career is over. Citizen journalists around the world sneaked into hospitals to film evidence exposing the 'war-zone' lie. They really were largely empty with closed wards and operating theatres. I met a hospital worker in my town on the Isle of Wight during the first lockdown in 2020 who said the only island hospital had never been so quiet. Lockdown was justified by the psychopaths to stop hospitals being overrun. At the same time that the island hospital was near-empty the military arrived here to provide extra beds. It was all propaganda to ramp up the fear to ensure compliance with fascism as were never-used temporary hospitals with thousands of beds known as Nightingales and never-used make-shift mortuaries opened by the criminal UK government. A man who helped to install those extra island beds attributed to the army said they were never used and the hospital was empty. Doctors and nurses 'stood around talking or on their phones, wandering down to us to see what we were doing'. There were no masks or social distancing. He accused the useless local island paper, the County Press, of 'pumping the fear as if our hospital was overrun and we only have one so it should have been'. He described ambulances parked up with crews outside in deck chairs. When his brother called an ambulance he was told there was a twohour backlog which he called 'bullshit'. An old lady on the island fell 'and was in a bad way', but a caller who rang for an ambulance was told the situation wasn't urgent enough. Ambulance stations were working under capacity while people would hear ambulances with sirens blaring driving through the streets. When those living near the stations realised what was going on they would follow them as they left, circulated around an urban area with the sirens going, and then came back without stopping. All this was to increase levels of fear and the same goes for the 'ventilator shortage crisis' that cost tens of millions for hastily produced ventilators never to be used.

Ambulance crews that agreed to be exploited in this way for fear propaganda might find themselves a mirror. I wish them well with that. Empty hospitals were the obvious consequence of treatment and diagnoses of non-'Covid' conditions cancelled and those involved handed a death sentence. People have been dying at home from undiagnosed and untreated cancer, heart disease and other life-threatening conditions to allow empty hospitals to deal with a 'pandemic' that wasn't happening.

Death of the innocent

'War-zones' have been laying off nursing staff, even doctors where they can. There was no work for them. Lockdown was justified by saving lives and protecting the vulnerable they were actually killing with DNR orders and preventing empty hospitals being 'overrun'. In Britain the mantra of stay at home to 'save the NHS' was everywhere and across the world the same story was being sold when it was all lies. Two California doctors, Dan Erickson and Artin Massihi at Accelerated Urgent Care in Bakersfield, held a news conference in April, 2020, to say that intensive care units in California were 'empty, essentially', with hospitals shutting floors, not treating patients and laying off doctors. The California health system was working at minimum capacity 'getting rid of doctors because we just don't have the volume'. They said that people with conditions such as heart disease and cancer were not coming to hospital out of fear of 'Covid-19'. Their video was deleted by Susan Wojcicki's Cult-owned YouTube after reaching five million views. Florida governor Ron Desantis, who rejected the severe lockdowns of other states and is being targeted for doing so, said that in March, 2020, every US governor was given models claiming they would run out of hospital beds in days. That was never going to happen and the 'modellers' knew it. Deceit can be found at every level of the system. Urgent children's operations were cancelled including fracture repairs and biopsies to spot cancer. Eric Nicholls, a consultant paediatrician, said 'this is obviously concerning and we need to return to normal operating and to increase capacity as soon as possible'. Psychopaths

in power were rather less concerned *because* they are psychopaths. Deletion of urgent care and diagnosis has been happening all over the world and how many kids and others have died as a result of the actions of these cold and heartless lunatics dictating 'health' policy? The number must be stratospheric. Richard Sullivan, professor of cancer and global health at King's College London, said people feared 'Covid' more than cancer such was the campaign of fear. 'Years of lost life will be quite dramatic', Sullivan said, with 'a huge amount of avoidable mortality'. Sarah Woolnough, executive director for policy at Cancer Research UK, said there had been a 75 percent drop in urgent referrals to hospitals by family doctors of people with suspected cancer. Sullivan said that 'a lot of services have had to scale back - we've seen a dramatic decrease in the amount of elective cancer surgery'. Lockdown deaths worldwide has been absolutely fantastic with the New York Post reporting how data confirmed that 'lockdowns end more lives than they save':

There was a sharp decline in visits to emergency rooms and an increase in fatal heart attacks because patients didn't receive prompt treatment. Many fewer people were screened for cancer. Social isolation contributed to excess deaths from dementia and Alzheimer's.

Researchers predicted that the social and economic upheaval would lead to tens of thousands of "deaths of despair" from drug overdoses, alcoholism and suicide. As unemployment surged and mental-health and substance-abuse treatment programs were interrupted, the reported levels of anxiety, depression and suicidal thoughts increased dramatically, as did alcohol sales and fatal drug overdoses.

This has been happening while nurses and other staff had so much time on their hands in the 'war-zones' that Tic-Tok dancing videos began appearing across the Internet with medical staff dancing around in empty wards and corridors as people died at home from causes that would normally have been treated in hospital.

Mentions in dispatches

One brave and truth-committed whistleblower was Louise Hampton, a call handler with the UK NHS who made a viral Internet video saying she had done 'fuck all' during the 'pandemic' which was 'a load of bollocks'. She said that 'Covid-19' was rebranded flu and of course she lost her job. This is what happens in the medical and endless other professions now when you tell the truth. Louise filmed inside 'war-zone' accident and emergency departments to show they were empty and I mean *empty* as in no one there. The mainstream media could have done the same and blown the gaff on the whole conspiracy. They haven't to their eternal shame. Not that most 'journalists' seem capable of manifesting shame as with the psychopaths they slavishly repeat without question. The relative few who were admitted with serious health problems were left to die alone with no loved ones allowed to see them because of 'Covid' rules and they included kids dying without the comfort of mum and dad at their bedside while the evil behind this couldn't give a damn. It was all good fun to them. A Scottish NHS staff nurse publicly quit in the spring of 2021 saying: 'I can no longer be part of the lies and the corruption by the government.' She said hospitals 'aren't full, the beds aren't full, beds have been shut, wards have been shut'. Hospitals were never busy throughout 'Covid'. The staff nurse said that Nicola Sturgeon, tragically the leader of the Scottish government, was on television saying save the hospitals and the NHS – 'but the beds are empty' and 'we've not seen flu, we always see flu every year'. She wrote to government and spoke with her union Unison (the unions are Cult-compromised and useless, but nothing changed. Many of her colleagues were scared of losing their jobs if they spoke out as they wanted to. She said nursing staff were being affected by wearing masks all day and 'my head is splitting every shift from wearing a mask'. The NHS is part of the fascist tyranny and must be dismantled so we can start again with human beings in charge. (Ironically, hospitals were reported to be busier again when official 'Covid' cases fell in spring/summer of 2021 and many other conditions required treatment at the same time as the fake vaccine rollout.)

I will cover the 'Covid vaccine' scam in detail later, but it is another indicator of the sickening disregard for human life that I am highlighting here. The DNA-manipulating concoctions do not fulfil the definition of a 'vaccine', have never been used on humans before and were given only emergency approval because trials were not completed and they continued using the unknowing public. The result was what a NHS senior nurse with responsibility for 'vaccine' procedure said was 'genocide'. She said the 'vaccines' were not 'vaccines'. They had not been shown to be safe and claims about their effectiveness by drug companies were 'poetic licence'. She described what was happening as a 'horrid act of human annihilation'. The nurse said that management had instigated a policy of not providing a Patient Information Leaflet (PIL) before people were 'vaccinated' even though health care professionals are supposed to do this according to protocol. Patients should also be told that they are taking part in an ongoing clinical trial. Her challenges to what is happening had seen her excluded from meetings and ridiculed in others. She said she was told to 'watch my step ... or I would find myself surplus to requirements'. The nurse, who spoke anonymously in fear of her career, said she asked her NHS manager why he/she was content with taking part in genocide against those having the 'vaccines'. The reply was that everyone had to play their part and to 'put up, shut up, and get it done'. Government was 'leaning heavily' on NHS management which was clearly leaning heavily on staff. This is how the global 'medical' hierarchy operates and it starts with the Cult and its World Health Organization.

She told the story of a doctor who had the Pfizer jab and when questioned had no idea what was in it. The doctor had never read the literature. We have to stop treating doctors as intellectual giants when so many are moral and medical pygmies. The doctor did not even know that the 'vaccines' were not fully approved or that their trials were ongoing. They were, however, asking their patients if they minded taking part in follow-ups for research purposes – yes, the *ongoing clinical trial*. The nurse said the doctor's ignorance was not rare and she had spoken to a hospital consultant who had the jab without any idea of the background or that the 'trials' had not been completed. Nurses and pharmacists had shown the same ignorance.

'My NHS colleagues have forsaken their duty of care, broken their code of conduct – Hippocratic Oath – and have been brainwashed just the same as the majority of the UK public through propaganda ...' She said she had not been able to recruit a single NHS colleague, doctor, nurse or pharmacist to stand with her and speak out. Her union had refused to help. She said that if the genocide came to light she would not hesitate to give evidence at a Nuremberg-type trial against those in power who could have affected the outcomes but didn't.

And all for what?

To put the nonsense into perspective let's say the 'virus' does exist and let's go completely crazy and accept that the official manipulated figures for cases and deaths are accurate. Even then a study by Stanford University epidemiologist Dr John Ioannidis published on the World Health Organization website produced an average infection to fatality rate of ... 0.23 percent! Ioannidis said: 'If one could sample equally from all locations globally, the median infection fatality rate might even be substantially lower than the 0.23% observed in my analysis.' For healthy people under 70 it was ... 0.05 percent! This compares with the 3.4 percent claimed by the Cult-owned World Health Organization when the hoax was first played and maximum fear needed to be generated. An updated Stanford study in April, 2021, put the 'infection' to 'fatality' rate at just 0.15 percent. Another team of scientists led by Megan O'Driscoll and Henrik Salje studied data from 45 countries and published their findings on the Nature website. For children and young people the figure is so small it virtually does not register although authorities will be hyping dangers to the young when they introduce DNAmanipulating 'vaccines' for children. The O'Driscoll study produced an average infection-fatality figure of 0.003 for children from birth to four; 0.001 for 5 to 14; 0.003 for 15 to 19; and it was still only 0.456 up to 64. To claim that children must be 'vaccinated' to protect them from 'Covid' is an obvious lie and so there must be another reason and there is. What's more the average age of a 'Covid' death is akin

to the average age that people die in general. The average age of death in England is about 80 for men and 83 for women. The average age of death from alleged 'Covid' is between 82 and 83. California doctors, Dan Erickson and Artin Massihi, said at their April media conference that projection models of millions of deaths had been 'woefully inaccurate'. They produced detailed figures showing that Californians had a 0.03 chance of dying from 'Covid' based on the number of people who tested positive (with a test not testing for the 'virus'). Erickson said there was a 0.1 percent chance of dying from 'Covid' in the *state* of New York, not just the city, and a 0.05 percent chance in Spain, a centre of 'Covid-19' hysteria at one stage. The Stanford studies supported the doctors' data with fatality rate estimates of 0.23 and 0.15 percent. How close are these figures to my estimate of zero? Death-rate figures claimed by the World Health Organization at the start of the hoax were some 15 times higher. The California doctors said there was no justification for lockdowns and the economic devastation they caused. Everything they had ever learned about quarantine was that you quarantine the sick and not the healthy. They had never seen this before and it made no medical sense.

Why in the in the light of all this would governments and medical systems the world over say that billions must go under house arrest; lose their livelihood; in many cases lose their mind, their health and their life; force people to wear masks dangerous to health and psychology; make human interaction and even family interaction a criminal offence; ban travel; close restaurants, bars, watching live sport, concerts, theatre, and any activity involving human togetherness and discourse; and closing schools to isolate children from their friends and cause many to commit suicide in acts of hopelessness and despair? The California doctors said lockdown consequences included increased child abuse, partner abuse, alcoholism, depression, and other impacts they were seeing every day. Who would do that to the entire human race if not mentally-ill psychopaths of almost unimaginable extremes like Bill Gates? We must face the reality of what we are dealing with and come out of

denial. Fascism and tyranny are made possible only by the target population submitting and acquiescing to fascism and tyranny. The whole of human history shows that to be true. Most people naively and unquestioning believed what they were told about a 'deadly virus' and meekly and weakly submitted to house arrest. Those who didn't believe it – at least in total – still submitted in fear of the consequences of not doing so. For the rest who wouldn't submit draconian fines have been imposed, brutal policing by psychopaths for psychopaths, and condemnation from the meek and weak who condemn the Pushbackers on behalf of the very force that has them, too, in its gunsights. 'Pathetic' does not even begin to suffice. Britain's brainless 'Health' Secretary Matt Hancock warned anyone lying to border officials about returning from a list of 'hotspot' countries could face a jail sentence of up to ten years which is more than for racially-aggravated assault, incest and attempting to have sex with a child under 13. Hancock is a lunatic, but he has the state apparatus behind him in a Cult-led chain reaction and the same with UK 'Vaccine Minister' Nadhim Zahawi, a prominent member of the mega-Cult secret society, Le Cercle, which featured in my earlier books. The Cult enforces its will on governments and medical systems; government and medical systems enforce their will on business and police; business enforces its will on staff who enforce it on customers; police enforce the will of the Cult on the population and play their essential part in creating a world of fascist control that their own children and grandchildren will have to live in their entire lives. It is a hierarchical pyramid of imposition and acquiescence and, yes indeedy, of clinical insanity.

Does anyone bright enough to read this book have to ask what the answer is? I think not, but I will reveal it anyway in the fewest of syllables: Tell the psychos and their moronic lackeys to fuck off and let's get on with our lives. We are many – They are few.

CHAPTER SEVEN

War on your mind

One believes things because one has been conditioned to believe them Aldous Huxley, Brave New World

have described the 'Covid' hoax as a 'Psyop' and that is true in every sense and on every level in accordance with the definition of that term which is psychological warfare. Break down the 'Covid pandemic' to the foundation themes and it is psychological warfare on the human individual and collective mind.

The same can be said for the entire human belief system involving every subject you can imagine. Huxley was right in his contention that people believe what they are conditioned to believe and this comes from the repetition throughout their lives of the same falsehoods. They spew from government, corporations, media and endless streams of 'experts' telling you what the Cult wants you to believe and often believing it themselves (although *far* from always). 'Experts' are rewarded with 'prestigious' jobs and titles and as agents of perceptual programming with regular access to the media. The Cult has to control the narrative – control *information* – or they lose control of the vital, crucial, without-which-they-cannot-prevail public perception of reality. The foundation of that control today is the Internet made possible by the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), the incredibly sinister technological arm of the Pentagon. The Internet is the result of military technology.

DARPA openly brags about establishing the Internet which has been a long-term project to lasso the minds of the global population. I have said for decades the plan is to control information to such an extreme that eventually no one would see or hear anything that the Cult does not approve. We are closing in on that end with ferocious censorship since the 'Covid' hoax began and in my case it started back in the 1990s in terms of books and speaking venues. I had to create my own publishing company in 1995 precisely because no one else would publish my books even then. I think they're all still running.

Cult Internet

To secure total control of information they needed the Internet in which pre-programmed algorithms can seek out 'unclean' content for deletion and even stop it being posted in the first place. The Cult had to dismantle print and non-Internet broadcast media to ensure the transfer of information to the appropriate-named 'Web' – a critical expression of the *Cult* web. We've seen the ever-quickening demise of traditional media and control of what is left by a tiny number of corporations operating worldwide. Independent journalism in the mainstream is already dead and never was that more obvious than since the turn of 2020. The Cult wants all information communicated via the Internet to globally censor and allow the plug to be pulled any time. Lockdowns and forced isolation has meant that communication between people has been through electronic means and no longer through face-to-face discourse and discussion. Cult psychopaths have targeted the bars, restaurants, sport, venues and meeting places in general for this reason. None of this is by chance and it's to stop people gathering in any kind of privacy or number while being able to track and monitor all Internet communications and block them as necessary. Even private messages between individuals have been censored by these fascists that control Cult fronts like Facebook, Twitter, Google and YouTube which are all officially run by Sabbatian place-people and from the background by higher-level Sabbatian place people.

Facebook, Google, Amazon and their like were seed-funded and supported into existence with money-no-object infusions of funds either directly or indirectly from DARPA and CIA technology arm In-Q-Tel. The Cult plays the long game and prepares very carefully for big plays like 'Covid'. Amazon is another front in the psychological war and pretty much controls the global market in book sales and increasingly publishing. Amazon's limitless funds have deleted fantastic numbers of independent publishers to seize global domination on the way to deciding which books can be sold and circulated and which cannot. Moves in that direction are already happening. Amazon's leading light Jeff Bezos is the grandson of Lawrence Preston Gise who worked with DARPA predecessor ARPA. Amazon has big connections to the CIA and the Pentagon. The plan I have long described went like this:

- 1. Employ military technology to establish the Internet.
- 2. Sell the Internet as a place where people can freely communicate without censorship and allow that to happen until the Net becomes the central and irreversible pillar of human society. If the Internet had been highly censored from the start many would have rejected it.
- 3. Fund and manipulate major corporations into being to control the circulation of information on your Internet using cover stories about geeks in garages to explain how they came about. Give them unlimited funds to expand rapidly with no need to make a profit for years while non-Cult companies who need to balance the books cannot compete. You know that in these circumstances your Googles, YouTubes, Facebooks and Amazons are going to secure near monopolies by either crushing or buying up the opposition.
- 4. Allow freedom of expression on both the Internet and communication platforms to draw people in until the Internet is the central and irreversible pillar of human society and your communication corporations have reached a stage of near monopoly domination.
- 5. Then unleash your always-planned frenzy of censorship on the basis of 'where else are you going to go?' and continue to expand that until nothing remains that the Cult does not want its human targets to see.

The process was timed to hit the 'Covid' hoax to ensure the best chance possible of controlling the narrative which they knew they had to do at all costs. They were, after all, about to unleash a 'deadly virus' that didn't really exist. If you do that in an environment of free-flowing information and opinion you would be dead in the

water before you could say Gates is a psychopath. The network was in place through which the Cult-created-and-owned World Health Organization could dictate the 'Covid' narrative and response policy slavishly supported by Cult-owned Internet communication giants and mainstream media while those telling a different story were censored. Google, YouTube, Facebook and Twitter openly announced that they would do this. What else would we expect from Cult-owned operations like Facebook which former executives have confirmed set out to make the platform more addictive than cigarettes and coldly manipulates emotions of its users to sow division between people and groups and scramble the minds of the young? If Zuckerberg lives out the rest of his life without going to jail for crimes against humanity, and most emphatically against the young, it will be a travesty of justice. Still, no matter, cause and effect will catch up with him eventually and the same with Sergey Brin and Larry Page at Google with its CEO Sundar Pichai who fix the Google search results to promote Cult narratives and hide the opposition. Put the same key words into Google and other search engines like DuckDuckGo and you will see how different results can be. Wikipedia is another intensely biased 'encyclopaedia' which skews its content to the Cult agenda. YouTube links to Wikipedia's version of 'Covid' and 'climate change' on video pages in which experts in their field offer a different opinion (even that is increasingly rare with Wojcicki censorship). Into this 'Covid' silencethem network must be added government media censors, sorry 'regulators', such as Ofcom in the UK which imposed tyrannical restrictions on British broadcasters that had the effect of banning me from ever appearing. Just to debate with me about my evidence and views on 'Covid' would mean breaking the fascistic impositions of Of com and its CEO career government bureaucrat Melanie Dawes. Gutless British broadcasters tremble at the very thought of fascist Ofcom.

Psychos behind 'Covid'

The reason for the 'Covid' catastrophe in all its facets and forms can be seen by whom and what is driving the policies worldwide in such a coordinated way. Decisions are not being made to protect health, but to target psychology. The dominant group guiding and 'advising' government policy are not medical professionals. They are psychologists and behavioural scientists. Every major country has its own version of this phenomenon and I'll use the British example to show how it works. In many ways the British version has been affecting the wider world in the form of the huge behaviour manipulation network in the UK which operates in other countries. The network involves private companies, government, intelligence and military. The Cabinet Office is at the centre of the government 'Covid' Psyop and part-owns, with 'innovation charity' Nesta, the Behavioural Insights Team (BIT) which claims to be independent of government but patently isn't. The BIT was established in 2010 and its job is to manipulate the psyche of the population to acquiesce to government demands and so much more. It is also known as the 'Nudge Unit', a name inspired by the 2009 book by two ultra-Zionists, Cass Sunstein and Richard Thaler, called Nudge: Improving Decisions About Health, Wealth, and Happiness. The book, as with the Behavioural Insights Team, seeks to 'nudge' behaviour (manipulate it) to make the public follow patterns of action and perception that suit those in authority (the Cult). Sunstein is so skilled at this that he advises the World Health Organization and the UK Behavioural Insights Team and was Administrator of the White House Office of Information and Regulatory Affairs in the Obama administration. Biden appointed him to the Department of Homeland Security – another ultra-Zionist in the fold to oversee new immigration laws which is another policy the Cult wants to control. Sunstein is desperate to silence anyone exposing conspiracies and co-authored a 2008 report on the subject in which suggestions were offered to ban 'conspiracy theorizing' or impose 'some kind of tax, financial or otherwise, on those who disseminate such theories'. I guess a psychiatrist's chair is out of the question?

Sunstein's mate Richard Thaler, an 'academic affiliate' of the UK Behavioural Insights Team, is a proponent of 'behavioural economics' which is defined as the study of 'the effects of psychological, cognitive, emotional, cultural and social factors on the decisions of individuals and institutions'. Study the effects so they can be manipulated to be what you want them to be. Other leading names in the development of behavioural economics are ultra-Zionists Daniel Kahneman and Robert J. Shiller and they, with Thaler, won the Nobel Memorial Prize in Economic Sciences for their work in this field. The Behavioural Insights Team is operating at the heart of the UK government and has expanded globally through partnerships with several universities including Harvard, Oxford, Cambridge, University College London (UCL) and Pennsylvania. They claim to have 'trained' (reframed) 20,000 civil servants and run more than 750 projects involving 400 randomised controlled trials in dozens of countries' as another version of mind reframers Common Purpose. BIT works from its office in New York with cities and their agencies, as well as other partners, across the United States and Canada – this is a company part-owned by the British government Cabinet Office. An executive order by President Cult-servant Obama established a US Social and Behavioral Sciences Team in 2015. They all have the same reason for being and that's to brainwash the population directly and by brainwashing those in positions of authority.

'Covid' mind game

Another prime aspect of the UK mind-control network is the 'independent' [joke] Scientific Pandemic Insights Group on Behaviours (SPI-B) which 'provides behavioural science advice aimed at anticipating and helping people adhere to interventions that are recommended by medical or epidemiological experts'. That means manipulating public perception and behaviour to do whatever government tells them to do. It's disgusting and if they really want the public to be 'safe' this lot should all be under lock and key. According to the government website SPI-B consists of

'behavioural scientists, health and social psychologists, anthropologists and historians' and advises the Whitty-Vallance-led Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE) which in turn advises the government on 'the science' (it doesn't) and 'Covid' policy. When politicians say they are being guided by 'the science' this is the rabble in each country they are talking about and that 'science' is dominated by behaviour manipulators to enforce government fascism through public compliance. The Behaviour Insight Team is headed by psychologist David Solomon Halpern, a visiting professor at King's College London, and connects with a national and global web of other civilian and military organisations as the Cult moves towards its goal of fusing them into one fascistic whole in every country through its 'Fusion Doctrine'. The behaviour manipulation network involves, but is not confined to, the Foreign Office; National Security Council; government communications headquarters (GCHQ); MI5; MI6; the Cabinet Office-based Media Monitoring Unit; and the Rapid Response Unit which 'monitors digital trends to spot emerging issues; including misinformation and disinformation; and identifies the best way to respond'.

There is also the 77th Brigade of the UK military which operates like the notorious Israeli military's Unit 8200 in manipulating information and discussion on the Internet by posing as members of the public to promote the narrative and discredit those who challenge it. Here we have the military seeking to manipulate domestic public opinion while the Nazis in government are fine with that. Conservative Member of Parliament Tobias Ellwood, an advocate of lockdown and control through 'vaccine passports', is a Lieutenant Colonel reservist in the 77th Brigade which connects with the military operation jHub, the 'innovation centre' for the Ministry of Defence and Strategic Command. jHub has also been involved with the civilian National Health Service (NHS) in 'symptom tracing' the population. The NHS is a key part of this mind control network and produced a document in December, 2020, explaining to staff how to use psychological manipulation with different groups and ages to get them to have the DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccine'

that's designed to cumulatively rewrite human genetics. The document, called 'Optimising Vaccination Roll Out – Do's and Dont's for all messaging, documents and "communications" in the widest sense', was published by NHS England and the NHS Improvement Behaviour Change Unit in partnership with Public Health England and Warwick Business School. I hear the mantra about 'save the NHS' and 'protect the NHS' when we need to scrap the NHS and start again. The current version is far too corrupt, far too anti-human and totally compromised by Cult operatives and their assets. UK government broadcast media censor Ofcom will connect into this web – as will the BBC with its tremendous Ofcom influence – to control what the public see and hear and dictate mass perception. Nuremberg trials must include personnel from all these organisations.

The fear factor

The 'Covid' hoax has led to the creation of the UK Cabinet Officeconnected Joint Biosecurity Centre (JBC) which is officially described as providing 'expert advice on pandemics' using its independent [all Cult operations are 'independent'] analytical function to provide real-time analysis about infection outbreaks to identify and respond to outbreaks of Covid-19'. Another role is to advise the government on a response to spikes in infections – 'for example by closing schools or workplaces in local areas where infection levels have risen'. Put another way, promoting the Cult agenda. The Joint Biosecurity Centre is modelled on the Joint Terrorism Analysis Centre which analyses intelligence to set 'terrorism threat levels' and here again you see the fusion of civilian and military operations and intelligence that has led to military intelligence producing documents about 'vaccine hesitancy' and how it can be combated. Domestic civilian matters and opinions should not be the business of the military. The Joint Biosecurity Centre is headed by Tom Hurd, director general of the Office for Security and Counter-Terrorism from the establishment-to-its-fingertips Hurd family. His father is former Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd. How coincidental that Tom

Hurd went to the elite Eton College and Oxford University with Boris Johnson. Imperial College with its ridiculous computer modeller Neil Ferguson will connect with this gigantic web that will itself interconnect with similar set-ups in other major and not so major countries. Compared with this Cult network the politicians, be they Boris Johnson, Donald Trump or Joe Biden, are bit-part players 'following the science'. The network of psychologists was on the 'Covid' case from the start with the aim of generating maximum fear of the 'virus' to ensure compliance by the population. A government behavioural science group known as SPI-B produced a paper in March, 2020, for discussion by the main government science advisory group known as SAGE. It was headed 'Options for increasing adherence to social distancing measures' and it said the following in a section headed 'Persuasion':

- A substantial number of people still do not feel sufficiently personally threatened; it could be that they are reassured by the low death rate in their demographic group, although levels of concern may be rising. Having a good understanding of the risk has been found to be positively associated with adoption of COVID-19 social distancing measures in Hong Kong.
- The perceived level of personal threat needs to be increased among those who are complacent, using hard-hitting evaluation of options for increasing social distancing emotional messaging. To be effective this must also empower people by making clear the actions they can take to reduce the threat.
- Responsibility to others: There seems to be insufficient understanding of, or feelings of responsibility about, people's role in transmitting the infection to others ... Messaging about actions need to be framed positively in terms of protecting oneself and the community, and increase confidence that they will be effective.
- Some people will be more persuaded by appeals to play by the rules, some by duty to the community, and some to personal risk.

All these different approaches are needed. The messaging also needs to take account of the realities of different people's lives. Messaging needs to take account of the different motivational levers and circumstances of different people.

All this could be achieved the SPI-B psychologists said by using the *media to increase the sense of personal threat* which translates as terrify the shit out of the population, including children, so they all do what we want. That's not happened has it? Those excuses for 'journalists' who wouldn't know journalism if it bit them on the arse (the great majority) have played their crucial part in serving this Cultgovernment Psyop to enslave their own kids and grandkids. How they live with themselves I have no idea. The psychological war has been underpinned by constant government 'Covid' propaganda in almost every television and radio ad break, plus the Internet and print media, which has pounded out the fear with taxpayers footing the bill for their own programming. The result has been people terrified of a 'virus' that doesn't exist or one with a tiny fatality rate even if you believe it does. People walk down the street and around the shops wearing face-nappies damaging their health and psychology while others report those who refuse to be that naïve to the police who turn up in their own face-nappies. I had a cameraman come to my flat and he was so frightened of 'Covid' he came in wearing a mask and refused to shake my hand in case he caught something. He had – naïveitis – and the thought that he worked in the mainstream media was both depressing and made his behaviour perfectly explainable. The fear which has gripped the minds of so many and frozen them into compliance has been carefully cultivated by these psychologists who are really psychopaths. If lives get destroyed and a lot of young people commit suicide it shows our plan is working. SPI-B then turned to compulsion on the public to comply. 'With adequate preparation, rapid change can be achieved', it said. Some countries had introduced mandatory self-isolation on a wide scale without evidence of major public unrest and a large majority of the UK's population appeared to be supportive of more coercive measures with 64 percent of adults saying they would

support putting London under a lockdown (watch the 'polls' which are designed to make people believe that public opinion is in favour or against whatever the subject in hand).

For 'aggressive protective measures' to be effective, the SPI-B paper said, special attention should be devoted to those population groups that are more at risk. Translated from the Orwellian this means making the rest of population feel guilty for not protecting the 'vulnerable' such as old people which the Cult and its agencies were about to kill on an industrial scale with lockdown, lack of treatment and the Gates 'vaccine'. Psychopath psychologists sold their guilt-trip so comprehensively that Los Angeles County Supervisor Hilda Solis reported that children were apologising (from a distance) to their parents and grandparents for bringing 'Covid' into their homes and getting them sick. '... These apologies are just some of the last words that loved ones will ever hear as they die alone,' she said. Gut-wrenchingly Solis then used this childhood tragedy to tell children to stay at home and 'keep your loved ones alive'. Imagine heaping such potentially life-long guilt on a kid when it has absolutely nothing to do with them. These people are deeply disturbed and the psychologists behind this even more so.

Uncivil war - divide and rule

Professional mind-controllers at SPI-B wanted the media to increase a sense of responsibility to others (do as you're told) and promote 'positive messaging' for those actions while in contrast to invoke 'social disapproval' by the unquestioning, obedient, community of anyone with a mind of their own. Again the compliant Goebbels-like media obliged. This is an old, old, trick employed by tyrannies the world over throughout human history. You get the target population to keep the target population in line – *your* line. SPI-B said this could 'play an important role in preventing anti-social behaviour or discouraging failure to enact pro-social behaviour'. For 'anti-social' in the Orwellian parlance of SPI-B see any behaviour that government doesn't approve. SPI-B recommendations said that 'social disapproval' should be accompanied by clear messaging and

promotion of strong collective identity – hence the government and celebrity mantra of 'we're all in this together'. Sure we are. The mind doctors have such contempt for their targets that they think some clueless comedian, actor or singer telling them to do what the government wants will be enough to win them over. We have had UK comedian Lenny Henry, actor Michael Caine and singer Elton John wheeled out to serve the propagandists by urging people to have the DNA-manipulating 'Covid' non-'vaccine'. The role of Henry and fellow black celebrities in seeking to coax a 'vaccine' reluctant black community into doing the government's will was especially stomach-turning. An emotion-manipulating script and carefully edited video featuring these black 'celebs' was such an insult to the intelligence of black people and where's the self-respect of those involved selling their souls to a fascist government agenda? Henry said he heard black people's 'legitimate worries and concerns', but people must 'trust the facts' when they were doing exactly that by not having the 'vaccine'. They had to include the obligatory reference to Black Lives Matter with the line ... 'Don't let coronavirus cost even more black lives – because we matter'. My god, it was pathetic. 'I know the vaccine is safe and what it does.' How? 'I'm a comedian and it says so in my script.'

SPI-B said social disapproval needed to be carefully managed to avoid victimisation, scapegoating and misdirected criticism, but they knew that their 'recommendations' would lead to exactly that and the media were specifically used to stir-up the divide-and-conquer hostility. Those who conform like good little baa, baas, are praised while those who have seen through the tidal wave of lies are 'Covidiots'. The awake have been abused by the fast asleep for not conforming to fascism and impositions that the awake know are designed to endanger their health, dehumanise them, and tear asunder the very fabric of human society. We have had the curtain-twitchers and morons reporting neighbours and others to the face-nappied police for breaking 'Covid rules' with fascist police delighting in posting links and phone numbers where this could be done. The Cult cannot impose its will without a compliant police

and military or a compliant population willing to play their part in enslaving themselves and their kids. The words of a pastor in Nazi Germany are so appropriate today:

First they came for the socialists and I did not speak out because I was not a socialist.

Then they came for the trade unionists and I did not speak out because I was not a trade unionist.

Then they came for the Jews and I did not speak out because I was not a Jew.

Then they came for me and there was no one left to speak for me.

Those who don't learn from history are destined to repeat it and so many are.

'Covid' rules: Rewiring the mind

With the background laid out to this gigantic national and global web of psychological manipulation we can put 'Covid' rules into a clear and sinister perspective. Forget the claims about protecting health. 'Covid' rules are about dismantling the human mind, breaking the human spirit, destroying self-respect, and then putting Humpty Dumpty together again as a servile, submissive slave. Social isolation through lockdown and distancing have devastating effects on the human psyche as the psychological psychopaths well know and that's the real reason for them. Humans need contact with each other, discourse, closeness and touch, or they eventually, and literarily, go crazy. Masks, which I will address at some length, fundamentally add to the effects of isolation and the Cult agenda to dehumanise and de-individualise the population. To do this while knowing – in fact *seeking* – this outcome is the very epitome of evil and psychologists involved in this are the epitome of evil. They must like all the rest of the Cult demons and their assets stand trial for crimes against humanity on a scale that defies the imagination. Psychopaths in uniform use isolation to break enemy troops and agents and make them subservient and submissive to tell what they know. The technique is rightly considered a form of torture and

torture is most certainly what has been imposed on the human population.

Clinically-insane American psychologist Harry Harlow became famous for his isolation experiments in the 1950s in which he separated baby monkeys from their mothers and imprisoned them for months on end in a metal container or 'pit of despair'. They soon began to show mental distress and depression as any idiot could have predicted. Harlow put other monkeys in steel chambers for three, six or twelve months while denying them any contact with animals or humans. He said that the effects of total social isolation for six months were 'so devastating and debilitating that we had assumed initially that twelve months of isolation would not produce any additional decrement'; but twelve months of isolation 'almost obliterated the animals socially'. This is what the Cult and its psychopaths are doing to you and your children. Even monkeys in partial isolation in which they were not allowed to form relationships with other monkeys became 'aggressive and hostile, not only to others, but also towards their own bodies'. We have seen this in the young as a consequence of lockdown. UK government psychopaths launched a public relations campaign telling people not to hug each other even after they received the 'Covid-19 vaccine' which we were told with more lies would allow a return to 'normal life'. A government source told *The Telegraph*: 'It will be along the lines that it is great that you have been vaccinated, but if you are going to visit your family and hug your grandchildren there is a chance you are going to infect people you love.' The source was apparently speaking from a secure psychiatric facility. Janet Lord, director of Birmingham University's Institute of Inflammation and Ageing, said that parents and grandparents should avoid hugging their children. Well, how can I put it, Ms Lord? Fuck off. Yep, that'll do.

Destroying the kids – where are the parents?

Observe what has happened to people enslaved and isolated by lockdown as suicide and self-harm has soared worldwide,

particularly among the young denied the freedom to associate with their friends. A study of 49,000 people in English-speaking countries concluded that almost half of young adults are at clinical risk of mental health disorders. A national survey in America of 1,000 currently enrolled high school and college students found that 5 percent reported attempting suicide during the pandemic. Data from the US CDC's National Syndromic Surveillance Program from January 1st to October 17th, 2020, revealed a 31 percent increase in mental health issues among adolescents aged 12 to 17 compared with 2019. The CDC reported that America in general suffered the biggest drop in life expectancy since World War Two as it fell by a year in the first half of 2020 as a result of 'deaths of despair' – overdoses and suicides. Deaths of despair have leapt by more than 20 percent during lockdown and include the highest number of fatal overdoses ever recorded in a single year – 81,000. Internet addiction is another consequence of being isolated at home which lowers interest in physical activities as kids fall into inertia and what's the point? Children and young people are losing hope and giving up on life, sometimes literally. A 14-year-old boy killed himself in Maryland because he had 'given up' when his school district didn't reopen; an 11-year-old boy shot himself during a zoom class; a teenager in Maine succumbed to the isolation of the 'pandemic' when he ended his life after experiencing a disrupted senior year at school. Children as young as nine have taken their life and all these stories can be repeated around the world. Careers are being destroyed before they start and that includes those in sport in which promising youngsters have not been able to take part. The plan of the psycho-psychologists is working all right. Researchers at Cambridge University found that lockdowns cause significant harm to children's mental health. Their study was published in the Archives of Disease in Childhood, and followed 168 children aged between 7 and 11. The researchers concluded:

During the UK lockdown, children's depression symptoms have increased substantially, relative to before lockdown. The scale of this effect has direct relevance for the continuation of different elements of lockdown policy, such as complete or partial school closures ...

... Specifically, we observed a statistically significant increase in ratings of depression, with a medium-to-large effect size. Our findings emphasise the need to incorporate the potential impact of lockdown on child mental health in planning the ongoing response to the global pandemic and the recovery from it.

Not a chance when the Cult's psycho-psychologists were getting exactly what they wanted. The UK's Royal College of Paediatrics and Child Health has urged parents to look for signs of eating disorders in children and young people after a three to four fold increase. Specialists say the 'pandemic' is a major reason behind the rise. You don't say. The College said isolation from friends during school closures, exam cancellations, loss of extra-curricular activities like sport, and an increased use of social media were all contributory factors along with fears about the virus (psycho-psychologists again), family finances, and students being forced to quarantine. Doctors said young people were becoming severely ill by the time they were seen with 'Covid' regulations reducing face-to-face consultations. Nor is it only the young that have been devastated by the psychopaths. Like all bullies and cowards the Cult is targeting the young, elderly, weak and infirm. A typical story was told by a British lady called Lynn Parker who was not allowed to visit her husband in 2020 for the last ten and half months of his life 'when he needed me most' between March 20th and when he died on December 19th. This vacates the criminal and enters the territory of evil. The emotional impact on the immune system alone is immense as are the number of people of all ages worldwide who have died as a result of Cult-demanded, Gates-demanded, lockdowns.

Isolation is torture

The experience of imposing solitary confinement on millions of prisoners around the world has shown how a large percentage become 'actively psychotic and/or acutely suicidal'. Social isolation has been found to trigger 'a specific psychiatric syndrome, characterized by hallucinations; panic attacks; overt paranoia; diminished impulse control; hypersensitivity to external stimuli; and difficulties with thinking, concentration and memory'. Juan Mendez,

a United Nations rapporteur (investigator), said that isolation is a form of torture. Research has shown that even after isolation prisoners find it far more difficult to make social connections and I remember chatting to a shop assistant after one lockdown who told me that when her young son met another child again he had no idea how to act or what to do. Hannah Flanagan, Director of Emergency Services at Journey Mental Health Center in Dane County, Wisconsin, said: 'The specificity about Covid social distancing and isolation that we've come across as contributing factors to the suicides are really new to us this year.' But they are not new to those that devised them. They are getting the effect they want as the population is psychologically dismantled to be rebuilt in a totally different way. Children and the young are particularly targeted. They will be the adults when the full-on fascist AI-controlled technocracy is planned to be imposed and they are being prepared to meekly submit. At the same time older people who still have a memory of what life was like before – and how fascist the new normal really is – are being deleted. You are going to see efforts to turn the young against the old to support this geriatric genocide. Hannah Flanagan said the big increase in suicide in her county proved that social isolation is not only harmful, but deadly. Studies have shown that isolation from others is one of the main risk factors in suicide and even more so with women. Warnings that lockdown could create a 'perfect storm' for suicide were ignored. After all this was one of the reasons for lockdown. Suicide, however, is only the most extreme of isolation consequences. There are many others. Dr Dhruv Khullar, assistant professor of healthcare policy at Weill Cornell Medical College, said in a New York Times article in 2016 long before the fake 'pandemic':

A wave of new research suggests social separation is bad for us. Individuals with less social connection have disrupted sleep patterns, altered immune systems, more inflammation and higher levels of stress hormones. One recent study found that isolation increases the risk of heart disease by 29 percent and stroke by 32 percent. Another analysis that pooled data from 70 studies and 3.4 million people found that socially isolated individuals had a 30 percent higher risk of dying in the next seven years, and that this effect was largest in middle age.

Loneliness can accelerate cognitive decline in older adults, and isolated individuals are twice as likely to die prematurely as those with more robust social interactions. These effects start early: Socially isolated children have significantly poorer health 20 years later, even after controlling for other factors. All told, loneliness is as important a risk factor for early death as obesity and smoking.

There you have proof from that one article alone four years before 2020 that those who have enforced lockdown, social distancing and isolation knew what the effect would be and that is even more so with professional psychologists that have been driving the policy across the globe. We can go back even further to the years 2000 and 2003 and the start of a major study on the effects of isolation on health by Dr Janine Gronewold and Professor Dirk M. Hermann at the University Hospital in Essen, Germany, who analysed data on 4,316 people with an average age of 59 who were recruited for the long-term research project. They found that socially isolated people are more than 40 percent more likely to have a heart attack, stroke, or other major cardiovascular event and nearly 50 percent more likely to die from any cause. Given the financial Armageddon unleashed by lockdown we should note that the study found a relationship between increased cardiovascular risk and lack of financial support. After excluding other factors social isolation was still connected to a 44 percent increased risk of cardiovascular problems and a 47 percent increased risk of death by any cause. Lack of financial support was associated with a 30 percent increase in the risk of cardiovascular health events. Dr Gronewold said it had been known for some time that feeling lonely or lacking contact with close friends and family can have an impact on physical health and the study had shown that having strong social relationships is of high importance for heart health. Gronewold said they didn't understand yet why people who are socially isolated have such poor health outcomes, but this was obviously a worrying finding, particularly during these times of prolonged social distancing. Well, it can be explained on many levels. You only have to identify the point in the body where people feel loneliness and missing people they are parted from – it's in the centre of the chest where they feel the ache of loneliness and the ache of missing people. 'My heart aches for

you' ... 'My heart aches for some company.' I will explain this more in the chapter Escaping Wetiko, but when you realise that the body is the mind – they are expressions of each other – the reason why state of the mind dictates state of the body becomes clear.

American psychologist Ranjit Powar was highlighting the effects of lockdown isolation as early as April, 2020. She said humans have evolved to be social creatures and are wired to live in interactive groups. Being isolated from family, friends and colleagues could be unbalancing and traumatic for most people and could result in short or even long-term psychological and physical health problems. An increase in levels of anxiety, aggression, depression, forgetfulness and hallucinations were possible psychological effects of isolation. 'Mental conditions may be precipitated for those with underlying pre-existing susceptibilities and show up in many others without any pre-condition.' Powar said personal relationships helped us cope with stress and if we lost this outlet for letting off steam the result can be a big emotional void which, for an average person, was difficult to deal with. 'Just a few days of isolation can cause increased levels of anxiety and depression' – so what the hell has been the effect on the global population of 18 months of this at the time of writing? Powar said: 'Add to it the looming threat of a dreadful disease being repeatedly hammered in through the media and you have a recipe for many shades of mental and physical distress.' For those with a house and a garden it is easy to forget that billions have had to endure lockdown isolation in tiny overcrowded flats and apartments with nowhere to go outside. The psychological and physical consequences of this are unimaginable and with lunatic and abusive partners and parents the consequences have led to tremendous increases in domestic and child abuse and alcoholism as people seek to shut out the horror. Ranjit Powar said:

Staying in a confined space with family is not all a rosy picture for everyone. It can be extremely oppressive and claustrophobic for large low-income families huddled together in small single-room houses. Children here are not lucky enough to have many board/electronic games or books to keep them occupied.

Add to it the deep insecurity of running out of funds for food and basic necessities. On the other hand, there are people with dysfunctional family dynamics, such as domineering, abusive or alcoholic partners, siblings or parents which makes staying home a period of trial. Incidence of suicide and physical abuse against women has shown a worldwide increase. Heightened anxiety and depression also affect a person's immune system, making them more susceptible to illness.

To think that Powar's article was published on April 11th, 2020.

Six-feet fantasy

Social (unsocial) distancing demanded that people stay six feet or two metres apart. UK government advisor Robert Dingwall from the New and Emerging Respiratory Virus Threats Advisory Group said in a radio interview that the two-metre rule was 'conjured up out of nowhere' and was not based on science. No, it was not based on medical science, but it didn't come out of nowhere. The distance related to psychological science. Six feet/two metres was adopted in many countries and we were told by people like the criminal Anthony Fauci and his ilk that it was founded on science. Many schools could not reopen because they did not have the space for sixfeet distancing. Then in March, 2021, after a year of six-feet 'science', a study published in the Journal of Infectious Diseases involving more than 500,000 students and almost 100,000 staff over 16 weeks revealed no significant difference in 'Covid' cases between six feet and three feet and Fauci changed his tune. Now three feet was okay. There is no difference between six feet and three *inches* when there is no 'virus' and they got away with six feet for psychological reasons for as long as they could. I hear journalists and others talk about 'unintended consequences' of lockdown. They are not unintended at all; they have been coldly-calculated for a specific outcome of human control and that's why super-psychopaths like Gates have called for them so vehemently. Super-psychopath psychologists have demanded them and psychopathic or clueless, spineless, politicians have gone along with them by 'following the science'. But it's not science at all. 'Science' is not what is; it's only what people can be manipulated to believe it is. The whole 'Covid' catastrophe is

founded on mind control. Three word or three statement mantras issued by the UK government are a well-known mind control technique and so we've had 'Stay home/protect the NHS/save lives', 'Stay alert/control the virus/save lives' and 'hands/face/space'. One of the most vocal proponents of extreme 'Covid' rules in the UK has been Professor Susan Michie, a member of the British Communist Party, who is not a medical professional. Michie is the director of the Centre for Behaviour Change at University College London. She is a behavioural psychologist and another filthy rich 'Marxist' who praised China's draconian lockdown. She was known by fellow students at Oxford University as 'Stalin's nanny' for her extreme Marxism. Michie is an influential member of the UK government's Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE) and behavioural manipulation groups which have dominated 'Covid' policy. She is a consultant adviser to the World Health Organization on 'Covid-19' and behaviour. Why the hell are lockdowns anything to do with her when they are claimed to be about health? Why does a behavioural psychologist from a group charged with changing the behaviour of the public want lockdown, human isolation and mandatory masks? Does that question really need an answer? Michie absolutely has to explain herself before a Nuremberg court when humanity takes back its world again and even more so when you see the consequences of masks that she demands are compulsory. This is a Michie classic:

The benefits of getting primary school children to wear masks is that regardless of what little degree of transmission is occurring in those age groups it could help normalise the practice. Young children wearing masks may be more likely to get their families to accept masks.

Those words alone should carry a prison sentence when you ponder on the callous disregard for children involved and what a statement it makes about the mind and motivations of Susan Michie. What a lovely lady and what she said there encapsulates the mentality of the psychopaths behind the 'Covid' horror. Let us compare what Michie said with a countrywide study in Germany published at researchsquare.com involving 25,000 school children and 17,854 health complaints submitted by parents. Researchers

found that masks are harming children physically, psychologically, and behaviourally with 24 health issues associated with mask wearing. They include: shortness of breath (29.7%); dizziness (26.4%); increased headaches (53%); difficulty concentrating (50%); drowsiness or fatigue (37%); and malaise (42%). Nearly a third of children experienced more sleep issues than before and a quarter developed new fears. Researchers found health issues and other impairments in 68 percent of masked children covering their faces for an average of 4.5 hours a day. Hundreds of those taking part experienced accelerated respiration, tightness in the chest, weakness, and short-term impairment of consciousness. A reminder of what Michie said again:

The benefits of getting primary school children to wear masks is that regardless of what little degree of transmission is occurring in those age groups it could help normalise the practice. Young children wearing masks may be more likely to get their families to accept masks.

Psychopaths in government and psychology now have children and young people – plus all the adults – wearing masks for hours on end while clueless teachers impose the will of the psychopaths on the young they should be protecting. What the hell are parents doing?

Cult lab rats

We have some schools already imposing on students microchipped buzzers that activate when they get 'too close' to their pals in the way they do with lab rats. How apt. To the Cult and its brain-dead servants our children *are* lab rats being conditioned to be unquestioning, dehumanised slaves for the rest of their lives. Children and young people are being weaned and frightened away from the most natural human instincts including closeness and touch. I have tracked in the books over the years how schools were banning pupils from greeting each other with a hug and the whole Cult-induced Me Too movement has terrified men and boys from a relaxed and natural interaction with female friends and work colleagues to the point where many men try never to be in a room

alone with a woman that's not their partner. Airhead celebrities have as always played their virtue-signalling part in making this happen with their gross exaggeration. For every monster like Harvey Weinstein there are at least tens of thousands of men that don't treat women like that; but everyone must be branded the same and policy changed for them as well as the monster. I am going to be using the word 'dehumanise' many times in this chapter because that is what the Cult is seeking to do and it goes very deep as we shall see. Don't let them kid you that social distancing is planned to end one day. That's not the idea. We are seeing more governments and companies funding and producing wearable gadgets to keep people apart and they would not be doing that if this was meant to be short-term. A tech start-up company backed by GCHQ, the British Intelligence and military surveillance headquarters, has created a social distancing wrist sensor that alerts people when they get too close to others. The CIA has also supported tech companies developing similar devices. The wearable sensor was developed by Tended, one of a number of start-up companies supported by GCHQ (see the CIA and DARPA). The device can be worn on the wrist or as a tag on the waistband and will vibrate whenever someone wearing the device breaches social distancing and gets anywhere near natural human contact. The company had a lucky break in that it was developing a distancing sensor when the 'Covid' hoax arrived which immediately provided a potentially enormous market. How fortunate. The government in big-time Cult-controlled Ontario in Canada is investing \$2.5 million in wearable contact tracing technology that 'will alert users if they may have been exposed to the Covid-19 in the workplace and will beep or vibrate if they are within six feet of another person'. Facedrive Inc., the technology company behind this, was founded in 2016 with funding from the Ontario Together Fund and obviously they, too, had a prophet on the board of directors. The human surveillance and control technology is called TraceSCAN and would be worn by the human cyborgs in places such as airports, workplaces, construction sites, care homes and ... schools.

I emphasise schools with children and young people the prime targets. You know what is planned for society as a whole if you keep your eyes on the schools. They have always been places where the state program the next generation of slaves to be its compliant worker-ants – or Woker-ants these days; but in the mist of the 'Covid' madness they have been transformed into mind laboratories on a scale never seen before. Teachers and head teachers are just as programmed as the kids – often more so. Children are kept apart from human interaction by walk lanes, classroom distancing, staggered meal times, masks, and the rolling-out of buzzer systems. Schools are now physically laid out as a laboratory maze for lab-rats. Lunatics at a school in Anchorage, Alaska, who should be prosecuted for child abuse, took away desks and forced children to kneel (know your place) on a mat for five hours a day while wearing a mask and using their chairs as a desk. How this was supposed to impact on a 'virus' only these clinically insane people can tell you and even then it would be clap-trap. The school banned recess (interaction), art classes (creativity), and physical exercise (getting body and mind moving out of inertia). Everyone behind this outrage should be in jail or better still a mental institution. The behavioural manipulators are all for this dystopian approach to schools. Professor Susan Michie, the mind-doctor and British Communist Party member, said it was wrong to say that schools were safe. They had to be made so by 'distancing', masks and ventilation (sitting all day in the cold). I must ask this lady round for dinner on a night I know I am going to be out and not back for weeks. She probably wouldn't be able to make it, anyway, with all the visits to her own psychologist she must have block-booked.

Masking identity

I know how shocking it must be for you that a behaviour manipulator like Michie wants everyone to wear masks which have long been a feature of mind-control programs like the infamous MKUltra in the United States, but, there we are. We live and learn. I spent many years from 1996 to right across the millennium

researching mind control in detail on both sides of the Atlantic and elsewhere. I met a large number of mind-control survivors and many had been held captive in body and mind by MKUltra. MK stands for mind-control, but employs the German spelling in deference to the Nazis spirited out of Germany at the end of World War Two by Operation Paperclip in which the US authorities, with help from the Vatican, transported Nazi mind-controllers and engineers to America to continue their work. Many of them were behind the creation of NASA and they included Nazi scientist and SS officer Wernher von Braun who swapped designing V-2 rockets to bombard London with designing the Saturn V rockets that powered the NASA moon programme's Apollo craft. I think I may have mentioned that the Cult has no borders. Among Paperclip escapees was Josef Mengele, the Angel of Death in the Nazi concentration camps where he conducted mind and genetic experiments on children often using twins to provide a control twin to measure the impact of his 'work' on the other. If you want to observe the Cult mentality in all its extremes of evil then look into the life of Mengele. I have met many people who suffered mercilessly under Mengele in the United States where he operated under the name Dr Greene and became a stalwart of MKUltra programming and torture. Among his locations was the underground facility in the Mojave Desert in California called the China Lake Naval Weapons Station which is almost entirely below the surface. My books The Biggest Secret, Children of the Matrix and The Perception Deception have the detailed background to MKUltra.

The best-known MKUltra survivor is American Cathy O'Brien. I first met her and her late partner Mark Phillips at a conference in Colorado in 1996. Mark helped her escape and deprogram from decades of captivity in an offshoot of MKUltra known as Project Monarch in which 'sex slaves' were provided for the rich and famous including Father George Bush, Dick Cheney and the Clintons. Read Cathy and Mark's book *Trance-Formation of America* and if you are new to this you will be shocked to the core. I read it in 1996 shortly before, with the usual synchronicity of my life, I found

myself given a book table at the conference right next to hers. MKUltra never ended despite being very publicly exposed (only a small part of it) in the 1970s and continues in other guises. I am still in touch with Cathy. She contacted me during 2020 after masks became compulsory in many countries to tell me how they were used as part of MKUltra programming. I had been observing 'Covid regulations' and the relationship between authority and public for months. I saw techniques that I knew were employed on individuals in MKUltra being used on the global population. I had read many books and manuals on mind control including one called *Silent* Weapons for Quiet Wars which came to light in the 1980s and was a guide on how to perceptually program on a mass scale. 'Silent Weapons' refers to mind-control. I remembered a line from the manual as governments, medical authorities and law enforcement agencies have so obviously talked to – or rather at – the adult population since the 'Covid' hoax began as if they are children. The document said:

If a person is spoken to by a T.V. advertiser as if he were a twelve-year-old, then, due to suggestibility, he will, with a certain probability, respond or react to that suggestion with the uncritical response of a twelve-year-old and will reach in to his economic reservoir and deliver its energy to buy that product on impulse when he passes it in the store.

That's why authority has spoken to adults like children since all this began.

Why did Michael Jackson wear masks?

Every aspect of the 'Covid' narrative has mind-control as its central theme. Cathy O'Brien wrote an article for davidicke.com about the connection between masks and mind control. Her daughter Kelly who I first met in the 1990s was born while Cathy was still held captive in MKUltra. Kelly was forced to wear a mask as part of her programming from the age of *two* to dehumanise her, target her sense of individuality and reduce the amount of oxygen her brain and body received. *Bingo*. This is the real reason for compulsory

masks, why they have been enforced en masse, and why they seek to increase the number they demand you wear. First one, then two, with one disgraceful alleged 'doctor' recommending four which is nothing less than a death sentence. Where and how often they must be worn is being expanded for the purpose of mass mind control and damaging respiratory health which they can call 'Covid-19'. Canada's government headed by the man-child Justin Trudeau, says it's fine for children of two and older to wear masks. An insane 'study' in Italy involving just 47 children concluded there was no problem for babies as young as four months wearing them. Even after people were 'vaccinated' they were still told to wear masks by the criminal that is Anthony Fauci. Cathy wrote that mandating masks is allowing the authorities literally to control the air we breathe which is what was done in MKUltra. You might recall how the singer Michael Jackson wore masks and there is a reason for that. He was subjected to MKUltra mind control through Project Monarch and his psyche was scrambled by these simpletons. Cathy wrote:

In MKUltra Project Monarch mind control, Michael Jackson had to wear a mask to silence his voice so he could not reach out for help. Remember how he developed that whisper voice when he wasn't singing? Masks control the mind from the outside in, like the redefining of words is doing. By controlling what we can and cannot say for fear of being labeled racist or beaten, for example, it ultimately controls thought that drives our words and ultimately actions (or lack thereof).

Likewise, a mask muffles our speech so that we are not heard, which controls voice ... words ... mind. This is Mind Control. Masks are an obvious mind control device, and I am disturbed so many people are complying on a global scale. Masks depersonalize while making a person feel as though they have no voice. It is a barrier to others. People who would never choose to comply but are forced to wear a mask in order to keep their job, and ultimately their family fed, are compromised. They often feel shame and are subdued. People have stopped talking with each other while media controls the narrative.

The 'no voice' theme has often become literal with train passengers told not to speak to each other in case they pass on the 'virus', singing banned for the same reason and bonkers California officials telling people riding roller coasters that they cannot shout and scream. Cathy said she heard every day from healed MKUltra survivors who cannot wear a mask without flashing back on ways

their breathing was controlled – 'from ball gags and penises to water boarding'. She said that through the years when she saw images of people in China wearing masks 'due to pollution' that it was really to control their oxygen levels. 'I knew it was as much of a population control mechanism of depersonalisation as are burkas', she said. Masks are another Chinese communist/fascist method of control that has been swept across the West as the West becomes China at lightning speed since we entered 2020.

Mask-19

There are other reasons for mandatory masks and these include destroying respiratory health to call it 'Covid-19' and stunting brain development of children and the young. Dr Margarite Griesz-Brisson MD, PhD, is a Consultant Neurologist and Neurophysiologist and the Founder and Medical Director of the London Neurology and Pain Clinic. Her CV goes down the street and round the corner. She is clearly someone who cares about people and won't parrot the propaganda. Griesz-Brisson has a PhD in pharmacology, with special interest in neurotoxicology, environmental medicine, neuroregeneration and neuroplasticity (the way the brain can change in the light of information received). She went public in October, 2020, with a passionate warning about the effects of mask-wearing laws:

The reinhalation of our exhaled air will without a doubt create oxygen deficiency and a flooding of carbon dioxide. We know that the human brain is very sensitive to oxygen deprivation. There are nerve cells for example in the hippocampus that can't be longer than 3 minutes without oxygen – they cannot survive. The acute warning symptoms are headaches, drowsiness, dizziness, issues in concentration, slowing down of reaction time – reactions of the cognitive system.

Oh, I know, let's tell bus, truck and taxi drivers to wear them and people working machinery. How about pilots, doctors and police? Griesz-Brisson makes the important point that while the symptoms she mentions may fade as the body readjusts this does not alter the fact that people continue to operate in oxygen deficit with long list of

potential consequences. She said it was well known that neurodegenerative diseases take years or decades to develop. 'If today you forget your phone number, the breakdown in your brain would have already started 20 or 30 years ago.' She said degenerative processes in your brain are getting amplified as your oxygen deprivation continues through wearing a mask. Nerve cells in the brain are unable to divide themselves normally in these circumstances and lost nerve cells will no longer be regenerated. 'What is gone is gone.' Now consider that people like shop workers and schoolchildren are wearing masks for hours every day. What in the name of sanity is going to be happening to them? 'I do not wear a mask, I need my brain to think', Griesz-Brisson said, 'I want to have a clear head when I deal with my patients and not be in a carbon dioxide-induced anaesthesia'. If you are told to wear a mask anywhere ask the organisation, police, store, whatever, for their risk assessment on the dangers and negative effects on mind and body of enforcing mask-wearing. They won't have one because it has never been done not even by government. All of them must be subject to class-action lawsuits as the consequences come to light. They don't do mask risk assessments for an obvious reason. They know what the conclusions would be and independent scientific studies that have been done tell a horror story of consequences.

'Masks are criminal'

Dr Griesz-Brisson said that for children and adolescents, masks are an absolute no-no. They had an extremely active and adaptive immune system and their brain was incredibly active with so much to learn. 'The child's brain, or the youth's brain, is thirsting for oxygen.' The more metabolically active an organ was, the more oxygen it required; and in children and adolescents every organ was metabolically active. Griesz-Brisson said that to deprive a child's or adolescent's brain of oxygen, or to restrict it in any way, was not only dangerous to their health, it was absolutely criminal. 'Oxygen deficiency inhibits the development of the brain, and the damage that has taken place as a result CANNOT be reversed.' Mind

manipulators of MKUltra put masks on two-year-olds they wanted to neurologically rewire and you can see why. Griesz-Brisson said a child needs the brain to learn and the brain needs oxygen to function. 'We don't need a clinical study for that. This is simple, indisputable physiology.' Consciously and purposely induced oxygen deficiency was an absolutely deliberate health hazard, and an absolute medical contraindication which means that 'this drug, this therapy, this method or measure should not be used, and is not allowed to be used'. To coerce an entire population to use an absolute medical contraindication by force, she said, there had to be definite and serious reasons and the reasons must be presented to competent interdisciplinary and independent bodies to be verified and authorised. She had this warning of the consequences that were coming if mask wearing continued:

When, in ten years, dementia is going to increase exponentially, and the younger generations couldn't reach their god-given potential, it won't help to say 'we didn't need the masks'. I know how damaging oxygen deprivation is for the brain, cardiologists know how damaging it is for the heart, pulmonologists know how damaging it is for the lungs. Oxygen deprivation damages every single organ. Where are our health departments, our health insurance, our medical associations? It would have been their duty to be vehemently against the lockdown and to stop it and stop it from the very beginning.

Why do the medical boards issue punishments to doctors who give people exemptions? Does the person or the doctor seriously have to prove that oxygen deprivation harms people? What kind of medicine are our doctors and medical associations representing? Who is responsible for this crime? The ones who want to enforce it? The ones who let it happen and play along, or the ones who don't prevent it?

All of the organisations and people she mentions there either answer directly to the Cult or do whatever hierarchical levels above them tell them to do. The outcome of both is the same. 'It's not about masks, it's not about viruses, it's certainly not about your health', Griesz-Brisson said. 'It is about much, much more. I am not participating. I am not afraid.' They were taking our air to breathe and there was no unfounded medical exemption from face masks. Oxygen deprivation was dangerous for every single brain. It had to be the free decision of every human being whether they want to

wear a mask that was absolutely ineffective to protect themselves from a virus. She ended by rightly identifying where the responsibility lies for all this:

The imperative of the hour is personal responsibility. We are responsible for what we think, not the media. We are responsible for what we do, not our superiors. We are responsible for our health, not the World Health Organization. And we are responsible for what happens in our country, not the government.

Halle-bloody-lujah.

But surgeons wear masks, right?

Independent studies of mask-wearing have produced a long list of reports detailing mental, emotional and physical dangers. What a definition of insanity to see police officers imposing mask-wearing on the public which will cumulatively damage their health while the police themselves wear masks that will cumulatively damage their health. It's utter madness and both public and police do this because 'the government says so' – yes a government of brain-donor idiots like UK Health Secretary Matt Hancock reading the 'follow the science' scripts of psychopathic, lunatic psychologists. The response you get from Stockholm syndrome sufferers defending the very authorities that are destroying them and their families is that 'surgeons wear masks'. This is considered the game, set and match that they must work and don't cause oxygen deficit. Well, actually, scientific studies have shown that they do and oxygen levels are monitored in operating theatres to compensate. Surgeons wear masks to stop spittle and such like dropping into open wounds – not to stop 'viral particles' which are so miniscule they can only be seen through an electron microscope. Holes in the masks are significantly bigger than 'viral particles' and if you sneeze or cough they will breach the mask. I watched an incredibly disingenuous 'experiment' that claimed to prove that masks work in catching 'virus' material from the mouth and nose. They did this with a slow motion camera and the mask did block big stuff which stayed inside the mask and

against the face to be breathed in or cause infections on the face as we have seen with many children. 'Viral particles', however, would never have been picked up by the camera as they came through the mask when they are far too small to be seen. The 'experiment' was therefore disingenuous *and* useless.

Studies have concluded that wearing masks in operating theatres (and thus elsewhere) make no difference to preventing infection while the opposite is true with toxic shite building up in the mask and this had led to an explosion in tooth decay and gum disease dubbed by dentists 'mask mouth'. You might have seen the Internet video of a furious American doctor urging people to take off their masks after a four-year-old patient had been rushed to hospital the night before and nearly died with a lung infection that doctors sourced to mask wearing. A study in the journal Cancer Discovery found that inhalation of harmful microbes can contribute to advanced stage lung cancer in adults and long-term use of masks can help breed dangerous pathogens. Microbiologists have said frequent mask wearing creates a moist environment in which microbes can grow and proliferate before entering the lungs. The Canadian Agency for Drugs and Technologies in Health, or CADTH, a Canadian national organisation that provides research and analysis to healthcare decision-makers, said this as long ago as 2013 in a report entitled 'Use of Surgical Masks in the Operating Room: A Review of the Clinical Effectiveness and Guidelines'. It said:

- No evidence was found to support the use of surgical face masks to reduce the frequency of surgical site infections
- No evidence was found on the effectiveness of wearing surgical face masks to protect staff from infectious material in the operating room.
- Guidelines recommend the use of surgical face masks by staff in the operating room to protect both operating room staff and patients (despite the lack of evidence).

We were told that the world could go back to 'normal' with the arrival of the 'vaccines'. When they came, fraudulent as they are, the story changed as I knew that it would. We are in the midst of transforming 'normal', not going back to it. Mary Ramsay, head of immunisation at Public Health England, echoed the words of US criminal Anthony Fauci who said masks and other regulations must stay no matter if people are vaccinated. The Fauci idiot continued to wear two masks – different colours so both could be clearly seen – after he *claimed* to have been vaccinated. Senator Rand Paul told Fauci in one exchange that his double-masks were 'theatre' and he was right. It's all theatre. Mary Ramsay back-tracked on the vaccinereturn-to-normal theme when she said the public may need to wear masks and social-distance for years despite the jabs. 'People have got used to those lower-level restrictions now, and [they] can live with them', she said telling us what the idea has been all along. 'The vaccine does not give you a pass, even if you have had it, you must continue to follow all the guidelines' said a Public Health England statement which reneged on what we had been told before and made having the 'vaccine' irrelevant to 'normality' even by the official story. Spain's fascist government trumped everyone by passing a law mandating the wearing of masks on the beach and even when swimming in the sea. The move would have devastated what's left of the Spanish tourist industry, posed potential breathing dangers to swimmers and had Northern European sunbathers walking around with their forehead brown and the rest of their face white as a sheet. The ruling was so crazy that it had to be retracted after pressure from public and tourist industry, but it confirmed where the Cult wants to go with masks and how clinically insane authority has become. The determination to make masks permanent and hide the serious dangers to body and mind can be seen in the censorship of scientist Professor Denis Rancourt by Bill Gatesfunded academic publishing website ResearchGate over his papers exposing the dangers and uselessness of masks. Rancourt said:

ResearchGate today has permanently locked my account, which I have had since 2015. Their reasons graphically show the nature of their attack against democracy, and their corruption of

science ... By their obscene non-logic, a scientific review of science articles reporting on harms caused by face masks has a 'potential to cause harm'. No criticism of the psychological device (face masks) is tolerated, if the said criticism shows potential to influence public policy.

This is what happens in a fascist world.

Where are the 'greens' (again)?

Other dangers of wearing masks especially regularly relate to the inhalation of minute plastic fibres into the lungs and the deluge of discarded masks in the environment and oceans. Estimates predicted that more than 1.5 billion disposable masks will end up in the world's oceans every year polluting the water with tons of plastic and endangering marine wildlife. Studies project that humans are using 129 billion face masks each month worldwide – about three million a minute. Most are disposable and made from plastic, nonbiodegradable microfibers that break down into smaller plastic particles that become widespread in ecosystems. They are littering cities, clogging sewage channels and turning up in bodies of water. I have written in other books about the immense amounts of microplastics from endless sources now being absorbed into the body. Rolf Halden, director of the Arizona State University (ASU) Biodesign Center for Environmental Health Engineering, was the senior researcher in a 2020 study that analysed 47 human tissue samples and found microplastics in all of them. 'We have detected these chemicals of plastics in every single organ that we have investigated', he said. I wrote in *The Answer* about the world being deluged with microplastics. A study by the Worldwide Fund for Nature (WWF) found that people are consuming on average every week some 2,000 tiny pieces of plastic mostly through water and also through marine life and the air. Every year humans are ingesting enough microplastics to fill a heaped dinner plate and in a life-time of 79 years it is enough to fill two large waste bins. Marco Lambertini, WWF International director general said: 'Not only are plastics polluting our oceans and waterways and killing marine life – it's in all of us and we can't escape consuming plastics,' American

geologists found tiny plastic fibres, beads and shards in rainwater samples collected from the remote slopes of the Rocky Mountain National Park near Denver, Colorado. Their report was headed: 'It is raining plastic.' Rachel Adams, senior lecturer in Biomedical Science at Cardiff Metropolitan University, said that among health consequences are internal inflammation and immune responses to a 'foreign body'. She further pointed out that microplastics become carriers of toxins including mercury, pesticides and dioxins (a known cause of cancer and reproductive and developmental problems). These toxins accumulate in the fatty tissues once they enter the body through microplastics. Now this is being compounded massively by people putting plastic on their face and throwing it away.

Workers exposed to polypropylene plastic fibres known as 'flock' have developed 'flock worker's lung' from inhaling small pieces of the flock fibres which can damage lung tissue, reduce breathing capacity and exacerbate other respiratory problems. Now ... commonly used surgical masks have three layers of melt-blown textiles made of ... polypropylene. We have billions of people putting these microplastics against their mouth, nose and face for hours at a time day after day in the form of masks. How does anyone think that will work out? I mean – what could possibly go wrong? We posted a number of scientific studies on this at davidicke.com, but when I went back to them as I was writing this book the links to the science research website where they were hosted were dead. Anything that challenges the official narrative in any way is either censored or vilified. The official narrative is so unsupportable by the evidence that only deleting the truth can protect it. A study by Chinese scientists still survived – with the usual twist which it why it was still active, I guess. Yes, they found that virtually all the masks they tested increased the daily intake of microplastic fibres, but people should still wear them because the danger from the 'virus' was worse said the crazy 'team' from the Institute of Hydrobiology in Wuhan. Scientists first discovered microplastics in lung tissue of some patients who died of lung cancer in the 1990s. Subsequent studies have confirmed the potential health damage with the plastic degrading slowly and remaining in the lungs to accumulate in volume. Wuhan researchers used a machine simulating human breathing to establish that masks shed up to nearly 4,000 microplastic fibres in a month with reused masks producing more. Scientists said some masks are laced with toxic chemicals and a variety of compounds seriously restricted for both health and environmental reasons. They include cobalt (used in blue dye) and formaldehyde known to cause watery eyes, burning sensations in the eyes, nose, and throat, plus coughing, wheezing and nausea. No – that must be 'Covid-19'.

Mask 'worms'

There is another and potentially even more sinister content of masks. Mostly new masks of different makes filmed under a microscope around the world have been found to contain strange black fibres or 'worms' that appear to move or 'crawl' by themselves and react to heat and water. The nearest I have seen to them are the selfreplicating fibres that are pulled out through the skin of those suffering from Morgellons disease which has been connected to the phenomena of 'chemtrails' which I will bring into the story later on. Morgellons fibres continue to grow outside the body and have a form of artificial intelligence. Black 'worm' fibres in masks have that kind of feel to them and there is a nanotechnology technique called 'worm micelles' which carry and release drugs or anything else you want to deliver to the body. For sure the suppression of humanity by mind altering drugs is the Cult agenda big time and the more excuses they can find to gain access to the body the more opportunities there are to make that happen whether through 'vaccines' or masks pushed against the mouth and nose for hours on end.

So let us summarise the pros and cons of masks:

Against masks: Breathing in your own carbon dioxide; depriving the body and brain of sufficient oxygen; build-up of toxins in the mask that can be breathed into the lungs and cause rashes on the face and 'mask-mouth'; breathing microplastic fibres and toxic chemicals into the lungs; dehumanisation and deleting individualisation by literally making people faceless; destroying human emotional interaction through facial expression and deleting parental connection with their babies which look for guidance to their facial expression.

For masks: They don't protect you from a 'virus' that doesn't exist and even if it did 'viral' particles are so minute they are smaller than the holes in the mask.

Governments, police, supermarkets, businesses, transport companies, and all the rest who seek to impose masks have done no risk assessment on their consequences for health and psychology and are now open to group lawsuits when the impact becomes clear with a cumulative epidemic of respiratory and other disease. Authorities will try to exploit these effects and hide the real cause by dubbing them 'Covid-19'. Can you imagine setting out to force the population to wear health-destroying masks without doing any assessment of the risks? It is criminal and it is evil, but then how many people targeted in this way, who see their children told to wear them all day at school, have asked for a risk assessment? Billions can't be imposed upon by the few unless the billions allow it. Oh, yes, with just a tinge of irony, 85 percent of all masks made worldwide come from *China*.

Wash your hands in toxic shite

'Covid' rules include the use of toxic sanitisers and again the health consequences of constantly applying toxins to be absorbed through the skin is obvious to any level of Renegade Mind. America's Food and Drug Administration (FDA) said that sanitisers are drugs and issued a warning about 75 dangerous brands which contain

methanol used in antifreeze and can cause death, kidney damage and blindness. The FDA circulated the following warning even for those brands that it claims to be safe:

Store hand sanitizer out of the reach of pets and children, and children should use it only with adult supervision. Do not drink hand sanitizer. This is particularly important for young children, especially toddlers, who may be attracted by the pleasant smell or brightly colored bottles of hand sanitizer.

Drinking even a small amount of hand sanitizer can cause alcohol poisoning in children. (However, there is no need to be concerned if your children eat with or lick their hands after using hand sanitizer.) During this coronavirus pandemic, poison control centers have had an increase in calls about accidental ingestion of hand sanitizer, so it is important that adults monitor young children's use.

Do not allow pets to swallow hand sanitizer. If you think your pet has eaten something potentially dangerous, call your veterinarian or a pet poison control center right away. Hand sanitizer is flammable and should be stored away from heat and flames. When using hand sanitizer, rub your hands until they feel completely dry before performing activities that may involve heat, sparks, static electricity, or open flames.

There you go, perfectly safe, then, and that's without even a mention of the toxins absorbed through the skin. Come on kids – sanitise your hands everywhere you go. It will save you from the 'virus'. Put all these elements together of the 'Covid' normal and see how much health and psychology is being cumulatively damaged, even devastated, to 'protect your health'. Makes sense, right? They are only imposing these things because they care, right? *Right*?

Submitting to insanity

Psychological reframing of the population goes very deep and is done in many less obvious ways. I hear people say how contradictory and crazy 'Covid' rules are and how they are ever changing. This is explained away by dismissing those involved as idiots. It is a big mistake. The Cult is delighted if its cold calculation is perceived as incompetence and idiocy when it is anything but. Oh, yes, there are idiots within the system – lots of them – but they are administering the Cult agenda, mostly unknowingly. They are not deciding and dictating it. The bulwark against tyranny is self-

respect, always has been, always will be. It is self-respect that has broken every tyranny in history. By its very nature self-respect will not bow to oppression and its perpetrators. There is so little selfrespect that it's always the few that overturn dictators. Many may eventually follow, but the few with the iron spines (self-respect) kick it off and generate the momentum. The Cult targets self-respect in the knowledge that once this has gone only submission remains. Crazy, contradictory, ever-changing 'Covid' rules are systematically applied by psychologists to delete self-respect. They want you to see that the rules make no sense. It is one thing to decide to do something when you have made the choice based on evidence and logic. You still retain your self-respect. It is quite another when you can see what you are being told to do is insane, ridiculous and makes no sense, and yet you still do it. Your self-respect is extinguished and this has been happening as ever more obviously stupid and nonsensical things have been demanded and the great majority have complied even when they can see they are stupid and nonsensical.

People walk around in face-nappies knowing they are damaging their health and make no difference to a 'virus'. They do it in fear of not doing it. I know it's daft, but I'll do it anyway. When that happens something dies inside of you and submissive reframing has begun. Next there's a need to hide from yourself that you have conceded your self-respect and you convince yourself that you have not really submitted to fear and intimidation. You begin to believe that you are complying with craziness because it's the right thing to do. When first you concede your self-respect of 2+2 = 4 to 2+2 = 5 you know you are compromising your self-respect. Gradually to avoid facing that fact you begin to believe that 2+2=5. You have been reframed and I have been watching this process happening in the human psyche on an industrial scale. The Cult is working to break your spirit and one of its major tools in that war is humiliation. I read how former American soldier Bradley Manning (later Chelsea Manning after a sex-change) was treated after being jailed for supplying WikiLeaks with documents exposing the enormity of

government and elite mendacity. Manning was isolated in solitary confinement for eight months, put under 24-hour surveillance, forced to hand over clothing before going to bed, and stand naked for every roll call. This is systematic humiliation. The introduction of anal swab 'Covid' tests in China has been done for the same reason to delete self-respect and induce compliant submission. Anal swabs are mandatory for incoming passengers in parts of China and American diplomats have said they were forced to undergo the indignity which would have been calculated humiliation by the Cult-owned Chinese government that has America in its sights.

Government-people: An abusive relationship

Spirit-breaking psychological techniques include giving people hope and apparent respite from tyranny only to take it away again. This happened in the UK during Christmas, 2020, when the psychopsychologists and their political lackeys announced an easing of restrictions over the holiday only to reimpose them almost immediately on the basis of yet another lie. There is a big psychological difference between getting used to oppression and being given hope of relief only to have that dashed. Psychologists know this and we have seen the technique used repeatedly. Then there is traumatising people before you introduce more extreme regulations that require compliance. A perfect case was the announcement by the dark and sinister Whitty and Vallance in the UK that 'new data' predicted that 4,000 could die every day over the winter of 2020/2021 if we did not lockdown again. I think they call it lying and after traumatising people with that claim out came Jackboot Johnson the next day with new curbs on human freedom. Psychologists know that a frightened and traumatised mind becomes suggestable to submission and behaviour reframing. Underpinning all this has been to make people fearful and suspicious of each other and see themselves as a potential danger to others. In league with deleted self-respect you have the perfect psychological recipe for self-loathing. The relationship between authority and public is now demonstrably the same as that of

subservience to an abusive partner. These are signs of an abusive relationship explained by psychologist Leslie Becker-Phelps:

Psychological and emotional abuse: Undermining a partner's self-worth with verbal attacks, name-calling, and belittling. Humiliating the partner in public, unjustly accusing them of having an affair, or interrogating them about their every behavior. Keeping partner confused or off balance by saying they were just kidding or blaming the partner for 'making' them act this way ... Feigning in public that they care while turning against them in private. This leads to victims frequently feeling confused, incompetent, unworthy, hopeless, and chronically self-doubting. [Apply these techniques to how governments have treated the population since New Year, 2020, and the parallels are obvious.]

Physical abuse: The abuser might physically harm their partner in a range of ways, such as grabbing, hitting, punching, or shoving them. They might throw objects at them or harm them with a weapon. [Observe the physical harm imposed by masks, lockdown, and so on.]

Threats and intimidation: One way abusers keep their partners in line is by instilling fear. They might be verbally threatening, or give threatening looks or gestures. Abusers often make it known that they are tracking their partner's every move. They might destroy their partner's possessions, threaten to harm them, or threaten to harm their family members. Not surprisingly, victims of this abuse often feel anxiety, fear, and panic. [No words necessary.]

Isolation: Abusers often limit their partner's activities, forbidding them to talk or interact with friends or family. They might limit access to a car or even turn off their phone. All of this might be done by physically holding them against their will, but is often accomplished through psychological abuse and intimidation. The more isolated a person feels, the fewer resources they have to help gain perspective on their situation and to escape from it. [No words necessary.]

Economic abuse: Abusers often make their partners beholden to them for money by controlling access to funds of any kind. They might prevent their partner from getting a job or withhold access to money they earn from a job. This creates financial dependency that makes leaving the relationship very difficult. [See destruction of livelihoods and the proposed meagre 'guaranteed income' so long as you do whatever you are told.]

Using children: An abuser might disparage their partner's parenting skills, tell their children lies about their partner, threaten to take custody of their children, or threaten to harm their children. These tactics instil fear and often elicit compliance. [See reframed social service mafia and how children are being mercilessly abused by the state over 'Covid' while their parents look on too frightened to do anything.]

A further recurring trait in an abusive relationship is the abused blaming themselves for their abuse and making excuses for the abuser. We have the public blaming each other for lockdown abuse by government and many making excuses for the government while attacking those who challenge the government. How often we have heard authorities say that rules are being imposed or reimposed only because people have refused to 'behave' and follow the rules. We don't want to do it – it's *you*.

Renegade Minds are an antidote to all of these things. They will never concede their self-respect no matter what the circumstances. Even when apparent humiliation is heaped upon them they laugh in its face and reflect back the humiliation on the abuser where it belongs. Renegade Minds will never wear masks they know are only imposed to humiliate, suppress and damage both physically and psychologically. Consequences will take care of themselves and they will never break their spirit or cause them to concede to tyranny. UK newspaper columnist Peter Hitchens was one of the few in the mainstream media to speak out against lockdowns and forced vaccinations. He then announced he had taken the jab. He wanted to see family members abroad and he believed vaccine passports were inevitable even though they had not yet been introduced. Hitchens

has a questioning and critical mind, but not a Renegade one. If he had no amount of pressure would have made him concede. Hitchens excused his action by saying that the battle has been lost. Renegade Minds never accept defeat when freedom is at stake and even if they are the last one standing the self-respect of not submitting to tyranny is more important than any outcome or any consequence.

That's why Renegade Minds are the only minds that ever changed anything worth changing.

CHAPTER EIGHT

'Reframing' insanity

Insanity is relative. It depends on who has who locked in what cage
Ray Bradbury

'Reframing' a mind means simply to change its perception and behaviour. This can be done subconsciously to such an extent that subjects have no idea they have been 'reframed' while to any observer changes in behaviour and attitudes are obvious.

Human society is being reframed on a ginormous scale since the start of 2020 and here we have the reason why psychologists rather than doctors have been calling the shots. Ask most people who have succumbed to 'Covid' reframing if they have changed and most will say 'no'; but they *have* and fundamentally. The Cult's long-game has been preparing for these times since way back and crucial to that has been to prepare both population and officialdom mentally and emotionally. To use the mind-control parlance they had to reframe the population with a mentality that would submit to fascism and reframe those in government and law enforcement to impose fascism or at least go along with it. The result has been the factdeleted mindlessness of 'Wokeness' and officialdom that has either enthusiastically or unquestioningly imposed global tyranny demanded by reframed politicians on behalf of psychopathic and deeply evil cultists. 'Cognitive reframing' identifies and challenges the way someone sees the world in the form of situations, experiences and emotions and then restructures those perceptions to view the same set of circumstances in a different way. This can have

benefits if the attitudes are personally destructive while on the other side it has the potential for individual and collective mind control which the subject has no idea has even happened.

Cognitive therapy was developed in the 1960s by Aaron T. Beck who was born in Rhode Island in 1921 as the son of Jewish immigrants from the Ukraine. He became interested in the techniques as a treatment for depression. Beck's daughter Judith S. Beck is prominent in the same field and they founded the Beck Institute for Cognitive Behavior Therapy in Philadelphia in 1994. Cognitive reframing, however, began to be used worldwide by those with a very dark agenda. The Cult reframes politicians to change their attitudes and actions until they are completely at odds with what they once appeared to stand for. The same has been happening to government administrators at all levels, law enforcement, military and the human population. Cultists love mind control for two main reasons: It allows them to control what people think, do and say to secure agenda advancement and, by definition, it calms their legendary insecurity and fear of the unexpected. I have studied mind control since the time I travelled America in 1996. I may have been talking to next to no one in terms of an audience in those years, but my goodness did I gather a phenomenal amount of information and knowledge about so many things including the techniques of mind control. I have described this in detail in other books going back to The Biggest Secret in 1998. I met a very large number of people recovering from MKUltra and its offshoots and successors and I began to see how these same techniques were being used on the population in general. This was never more obvious than since the 'Covid' hoax began.

Reframing the enforcers

I have observed over the last two decades and more the very clear transformation in the dynamic between the police, officialdom and the public. I tracked this in the books as the relationship mutated from one of serving the public to seeing them as almost the enemy and certainly a lower caste. There has always been a class divide based on income and always been some psychopathic, corrupt, and big-I-am police officers. This was different. Wholesale change was unfolding in the collective dynamic; it was less about money and far more about position and perceived power. An us-and-them was emerging. Noses were lifted skyward by government administration and law enforcement and their attitude to the public they were supposed to be serving changed to one of increasing contempt, superiority and control. The transformation was so clear and widespread that it had to be planned. Collective attitudes and dynamics do not change naturally and organically that quickly on that scale. I then came across an organisation in Britain called Common Purpose created in the late 1980s by Julia Middleton who would work in the office of Deputy Prime Minister John Prescott during the long and disastrous premiership of war criminal Tony Blair. When Blair speaks the Cult is speaking and the man should have been in jail a long time ago. Common Purpose proclaims itself to be one of the biggest 'leadership development' organisations in the world while functioning as a *charity* with all the financial benefits which come from that. It hosts 'leadership development' courses and programmes all over the world and claims to have 'brought together' what it calls 'leaders' from more than 100 countries on six continents. The modus operandi of Common Purpose can be compared with the work of the UK government's reframing network that includes the Behavioural Insights Team 'nudge unit' and 'Covid' reframing specialists at SPI-B. WikiLeaks described Common Purpose long ago as 'a hidden virus in our government and schools' which is unknown to the general public: 'It recruits and trains "leaders" to be loyal to the directives of Common Purpose and the EU, instead of to their own departments, which they then undermine or subvert, the NHS [National Health Service] being an example.' This is a vital point to understand the 'Covid' hoax. The NHS, and its equivalent around the world, has been utterly reframed in terms of administrators and much of the medical personnel with the transformation underpinned by recruitment policies. The outcome has been the criminal and psychopathic behaviour of the

NHS over 'Covid' and we have seen the same in every other major country. WikiLeaks said Common Purpose trainees are 'learning to rule without regard to democracy' and to usher in a police state (current events explained). Common Purpose operated like a 'glue' and had members in the NHS, BBC, police, legal profession, church, many of Britain's 7,000 quangos, local councils, the Civil Service, government ministries and Parliament, and controlled many RDA's (Regional Development Agencies). Here we have one answer for how and why British institutions and their like in other countries have changed so negatively in relation to the public. This further explains how and why the beyond-disgraceful reframed BBC has become a propaganda arm of 'Covid' fascism. They are all part of a network pursuing the same goal.

By 2019 Common Purpose was quoting a figure of 85,000 'leaders' that had attended its programmes. These 'students' of all ages are known as Common Purpose 'graduates' and they consist of government, state and local government officials and administrators, police chiefs and officers, and a whole range of others operating within the national, local and global establishment. Cressida Dick, Commissioner of the London Metropolitan Police, is the Common Purpose graduate who was the 'Gold Commander' that oversaw what can only be described as the murder of Brazilian electrician Jean Charles de Menezes in 2005. He was held down by psychopathic police and shot seven times in the head by a psychopathic lunatic after being mistaken for a terrorist when he was just a bloke going about his day. Dick authorised officers to pursue and keep surveillance on de Menezes and ordered that he be stopped from entering the underground train system. Police psychopaths took her at her word clearly. She was 'disciplined' for this outrage by being *promoted* – eventually to the top of the 'Met' police where she has been a disaster. Many Chief Constables controlling the police in different parts of the UK are and have been Common Purpose graduates. I have heard the 'graduate' network described as a sort of Mafia or secret society operating within the fabric of government at all levels pursuing a collective policy

ingrained at Common Purpose training events. Founder Julia Middleton herself has said:

Locally and internationally, Common Purpose graduates will be 'lighting small fires' to create change in their organisations and communities ... The Common Purpose effect is best illustrated by the many stories of small changes brought about by leaders, who themselves have changed.

A Common Purpose mission statement declared:

Common Purpose aims to improve the way society works by expanding the vision, decision-making ability and influence of all kinds of leaders. The organisation runs a variety of educational programmes for leaders of all ages, backgrounds and sectors, in order to provide them with the inspirational, information and opportunities they need to change the world.

Yes, but into what? Since 2020 the answer has become clear.

NLP and the Delphi technique

Common Purpose would seem to be a perfect name or would common programming be better? One of the foundation methods of reaching 'consensus' (group think) is by setting the agenda theme and then encouraging, cajoling or pressuring everyone to agree a 'consensus' in line with the core theme promoted by Common Purpose. The methodology involves the 'Delphi technique', or an adaption of it, in which opinions are expressed that are summarised by a 'facilitator or change agent' at each stage. Participants are 'encouraged' to modify their views in the light of what others have said. Stage by stage the former individual opinions are merged into group consensus which just happens to be what Common Purpose wants them to believe. A key part of this is to marginalise anyone refusing to concede to group think and turn the group against them to apply pressure to conform. We are seeing this very technique used on the general population to make 'Covid' group-thinkers hostile to those who have seen through the bullshit. People can be reframed by using perception manipulation methods such as Neuro-Linguistic Programming (NLP) in which you change perception with the use of

carefully constructed language. An NLP website described the technique this way:

... A method of influencing brain behaviour (the 'neuro' part of the phrase) through the use of language (the 'linguistic' part) and other types of communication to enable a person to 'recode' the way the brain responds to stimuli (that's the 'programming') and manifest new and better behaviours. Neuro-Linguistic Programming often incorporates hypnosis and self-hypnosis to help achieve the change (or 'programming') that is wanted.

British alternative media operation UKColumn has done very detailed research into Common Purpose over a long period. I quoted co-founder and former naval officer Brian Gerrish in my book *Remember Who You Are,* published in 2011, as saying the following years before current times:

It is interesting that many of the mothers who have had children taken by the State speak of the Social Services people being icily cool, emotionless and, as two ladies said in slightly different words, '... like little robots'. We know that NLP is cumulative, so people can be given small imperceptible doses of NLP in a course here, another in a few months, next year etc. In this way, major changes are accrued in their personality, but the day by day change is almost unnoticeable.

In these and other ways 'graduates' have had their perceptions uniformly reframed and they return to their roles in the institutions of government, law enforcement, legal profession, military, 'education', the UK National Health Service and the whole swathe of the establishment structure to pursue a common agenda preparing for the 'post-industrial', 'post-democratic' society. I say 'preparing' but we are now there. 'Post-industrial' is code for the Great Reset and 'post-democratic' is 'Covid' fascism. UKColumn has spoken to partners of those who have attended Common Purpose 'training'. They have described how personalities and attitudes of 'graduates' changed very noticeably for the worse by the time they had completed the course. They had been 'reframed' and told they are the 'leaders' – the special ones – who know better than the population. There has also been the very demonstrable recruitment of psychopaths and narcissists into government administration at all

levels and law enforcement. If you want psychopathy hire psychopaths and you get a simple cause and effect. If you want administrators, police officers and 'leaders' to perceive the public as lesser beings who don't matter then employ narcissists. These personalities are identified using 'psychometrics' that identifies knowledge, abilities, attitudes and personality traits, mostly through carefully-designed questionnaires and tests. As this policy has passed through the decades we have had power-crazy, power-trippers appointed into law enforcement, security and government administration in preparation for current times and the dynamic between public and law enforcement/officialdom has been transformed. UKColumn's Brian Gerrish said of the narcissistic personality:

Their love of themselves and power automatically means that they will crush others who get in their way. I received a major piece of the puzzle when a friend pointed out that when they made public officials re-apply for their own jobs several years ago they were also required to do psychometric tests. This was undoubtedly the start of the screening process to get 'their' sort of people in post.

How obvious that has been since 2020 although it was clear what was happening long before if people paid attention to the changing public-establishment dynamic.

Change agents

At the centre of events in 'Covid' Britain is the National Health Service (NHS) which has behaved disgracefully in slavishly following the Cult agenda. The NHS management structure is awash with Common Purpose graduates or 'change agents' working to a common cause. Helen Bevan, a Chief of Service Transformation at the NHS Institute for Innovation and Improvement, co-authored a document called 'Towards a million change agents, a review of the social movements literature: implications for large scale change in the NHS'. The document compared a project management approach to that of change and social movements where 'people change

themselves and each other – peer to peer'. Two definitions given for a 'social movement' were:

A group of people who consciously attempt to build a radically new social order; involves people of a broad range of social backgrounds; and deploys politically confrontational and socially disruptive tactics – Cyrus Zirakzadeh 1997

Collective challenges, based on common purposes and social solidarities, in sustained interaction with elites, opponents, and authorities – Sidney Tarrow 1994

Helen Bevan wrote another NHS document in which she defined 'framing' as 'the process by which leaders construct, articulate and put across their message in a powerful and compelling way in order to win people to their cause and call them to action'. I think I could come up with another definition that would be rather more accurate. The National Health Service and institutions of Britain and the wider world have been taken over by reframed 'change agents' and that includes everything from the United Nations to national governments, local councils and social services which have been kidnapping children from loving parents on an extraordinary and gathering scale on the road to the end of parenthood altogether. Children from loving homes are stolen and kidnapped by the state and put into the 'care' (inversion) of the local authority through council homes, foster parents and forced adoption. At the same time children are allowed to be abused without response while many are under council 'care'. UKColumn highlighted the Common Purpose connection between South Yorkshire Police and Rotherham council officers in the case of the scandal in that area of the sexual exploitation of children to which the authorities turned not one blind eye, but both:

We were alarmed to discover that the Chief Executive, the Strategic Director of Children and Young People's Services, the Manager for the Local Strategic Partnership, the Community Cohesion Manager, the Cabinet Member for Cohesion, the Chief Constable and his predecessor had all attended Leadership training courses provided by the pseudo-charity Common Purpose.

Once 'change agents' have secured positions of hire and fire within any organisation things start to move very quickly. Personnel are then hired and fired on the basis of whether they will work towards the agenda the change agent represents. If they do they are rapidly promoted even though they may be incompetent. Those more qualified and skilled who are pre-Common Purpose 'old school' see their careers stall and even disappear. This has been happening for decades in every institution of state, police, 'health' and social services and all of them have been transformed as a result in their attitudes to their jobs and the public. Medical professions, including nursing, which were once vocations for the caring now employ many cold, callous and couldn't give a shit personality types. The UKColumn investigation concluded:

By blurring the boundaries between people, professions, public and private sectors, responsibility and accountability, Common Purpose encourages 'graduates' to believe that as new selected leaders, they can work together, outside of the established political and social structures, to achieve a paradigm shift or CHANGE – so called 'Leading Beyond Authority'. In doing so, the allegiance of the individual becomes 'reframed' on CP colleagues and their NETWORK.

Reframing the Face-Nappies

Nowhere has this process been more obvious than in the police where recruitment of psychopaths and development of unquestioning mind-controlled group-thinkers have transformed law enforcement into a politically-correct 'Woke' joke and a travesty of what should be public service. Today they wear their face-nappies like good little gofers and enforce 'Covid' rules which are fascism under another name. Alongside the specifically-recruited psychopaths we have software minds incapable of free thought. Brian Gerrish again:

An example is the policeman who would not get on a bike for a press photo because he had not done the cycling proficiency course. Normal people say this is political correctness gone mad. Nothing could be further from the truth. The policeman has been reframed, and in his reality it is perfect common sense not to get on the bike 'because he hasn't done the cycling course'.

Another example of this is where the police would not rescue a boy from a pond until they had taken advice from above on the 'risk assessment'. A normal person would have arrived, perhaps thought of the risk for a moment, and dived in. To the police now 'reframed', they followed 'normal' procedure.

There are shocking cases of reframed ambulance crews doing the same. Sheer unthinking stupidity of London Face-Nappies headed by Common Purpose graduate Cressida Dick can be seen in their behaviour at a vigil in March, 2021, for a murdered woman, Sarah Everard. A police officer had been charged with the crime. Anyone with a brain would have left the vigil alone in the circumstances. Instead they 'manhandled' women to stop them breaking 'Covid rules' to betray classic reframing. Minds in the thrall of perception control have no capacity for seeing a situation on its merits and acting accordingly. 'Rules is rules' is their only mind-set. My father used to say that rules and regulations are for the guidance of the intelligent and the blind obedience of the idiot. Most of the intelligent, decent, coppers have gone leaving only the other kind and a few old school for whom the job must be a daily nightmare. The combination of psychopaths and rule-book software minds has been clearly on public display in the 'Covid' era with automaton robots in uniform imposing fascistic 'Covid' regulations on the population without any personal initiative or judging situations on their merits. There are thousands of examples around the world, but I'll make my point with the infamous Derbyshire police in the English East Midlands – the ones who think pouring dye into beauty spots and using drones to track people walking in the countryside away from anyone is called 'policing'. To them there are rules decreed by the government which they have to enforce and in their bewildered state a group gathering in a closed space and someone walking alone in the countryside are the same thing. It is beyond idiocy and enters the realm of clinical insanity.

Police officers in Derbyshire said they were 'horrified' – *horrified* – to find 15 to 20 'irresponsible' kids playing a football match at a closed leisure centre 'in breach of coronavirus restrictions'. When they saw the police the kids ran away leaving their belongings behind and the reframed men and women of Derbyshire police were seeking to establish their identities with a view to fining their parents. The most natural thing for youngsters to do – kicking a ball about – is turned into a criminal activity and enforced by the moronic software programs of Derbyshire police. You find the same mentality in every country. These barely conscious 'horrified' officers said they had to take action because 'we need to ensure these rules are being followed' and 'it is of the utmost importance that you ensure your children are following the rules and regulations for Covid-19'. Had any of them done ten seconds of research to see if this parroting of their masters' script could be supported by any evidence? Nope. Reframed people don't think – others think for them and that's the whole idea of reframing. I have seen police officers one after the other repeating without question word for word what officialdom tells them just as I have seen great swathes of the public doing the same. Ask either for 'their' opinion and out spews what they have been told to think by the official narrative. Police and public may seem to be in different groups, but their mentality is the same. Most people do whatever they are told in fear not doing so or because they believe what officialdom tells them; almost the entirety of the police do what they are told for the same reason. Ultimately it's the tiny inner core of the global Cult that's telling both what to do.

So Derbyshire police were 'horrified'. Oh, really? Why did they think those kids were playing football? It was to relieve the psychological consequences of lockdown and being denied human contact with their friends and interaction, touch and discourse vital to human psychological health. Being denied this month after month has dismantled the psyche of many children and young people as depression and suicide have exploded. Were Derbyshire police horrified by that? Are you kidding? Reframed people don't have those

mental and emotional processes that can see how the impact on the psychological health of youngsters is far more dangerous than any 'virus' even if you take the mendacious official figures to be true. The reframed are told (programmed) how to act and so they do. The Derbyshire Chief Constable in the first period of lockdown when the black dye and drones nonsense was going on was Peter Goodman. He was the man who severed the connection between his force and the Derbyshire Constabulary Male Voice Choir when he decided that it was not inclusive enough to allow women to join. The fact it was a male voice choir making a particular sound produced by male voices seemed to elude a guy who terrifyingly ran policing in Derbyshire. He retired weeks after his force was condemned as disgraceful by former Supreme Court Justice Jonathan Sumption for their behaviour over extreme lockdown impositions. Goodman was replaced by his deputy Rachel Swann who was in charge when her officers were 'horrified'. The police statement over the boys committing the hanging-offence of playing football included the line about the youngsters being 'irresponsible in the times we are all living through' missing the point that the real relevance of the 'times we are all living through' is the imposition of fascism enforced by psychopaths and reframed minds of police officers playing such a vital part in establishing the fascist tyranny that their own children and grandchildren will have to live in their entire lives. As a definition of insanity that is hard to beat although it might be run close by imposing masks on people that can have a serious effect on their health while wearing a face nappy all day themselves. Once again public and police do it for the same reason – the authorities tell them to and who are they to have the self-respect to say no?

Wokers in uniform

How reframed do you have to be to arrest a *six-year-old* and take him to court for *picking a flower* while waiting for a bus? Brain dead police and officialdom did just that in North Carolina where criminal proceedings happen regularly for children under nine. Attorney Julie Boyer gave the six-year-old crayons and a colouring book

during the 'flower' hearing while the 'adults' decided his fate. County Chief District Court Judge Jay Corpening asked: 'Should a child that believes in Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny and the tooth fairy be making life-altering decisions?' Well, of course not, but common sense has no meaning when you have a common purpose and a reframed mind. Treating children in this way, and police operating in American schools, is all part of the psychological preparation for children to accept a police state as normal all their adult lives. The same goes for all the cameras and biometric tracking technology in schools. Police training is focused on reframing them as snowflake Wokers and this is happening in the military. Pentagon top brass said that 'training sessions on extremism' were needed for troops who asked why they were so focused on the Capitol Building riot when Black Lives Matter riots were ignored. What's the difference between them some apparently and rightly asked. Actually, there is a difference. Five people died in the Capitol riot, only one through violence, and that was a police officer shooting an unarmed protestor. BLM riots killed at least 25 people and cost billions. Asking the question prompted the psychopaths and reframed minds that run the Pentagon to say that more 'education' (programming) was needed. Troop training is all based on psychological programming to make them fodder for the Cult – 'Military men are just dumb, stupid animals to be used as pawns in foreign policy' as Cult-to-his-DNA former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger famously said. Governments see the police in similar terms and it's time for those among them who can see this to defend the people and stop being enforcers of the Cult agenda upon the people.

The US military, like the country itself, is being targeted for destruction through a long list of Woke impositions. Cult-owned gaga 'President' Biden signed an executive order when he took office to allow taxpayer money to pay for transgender surgery for active military personnel and veterans. Are you a man soldier? No, I'm a LGBTQIA+ with a hint of Skoliosexual and Spectrasexual. Oh, good man. Bad choice of words you bigot. The Pentagon announced in March, 2021, the appointment of the first 'diversity and inclusion

officer' for US Special Forces. Richard Torres-Estrada arrived with the publication of a 'D&I Strategic Plan which will guide the enterprise-wide effort to institutionalize and sustain D&I'. If you think a Special Forces 'Strategic Plan' should have something to do with defending America you haven't been paying attention. Defending Woke is now the military's new role. Torres-Estrada has posted images comparing Donald Trump with Adolf Hitler and we can expect no bias from him as a representative of the supposedly non-political Pentagon. Cable news host Tucker Carlson said: 'The Pentagon is now the Yale faculty lounge but with cruise missiles.' Meanwhile Secretary of Defense Lloyd Austin, a board member of weapons-maker Raytheon with stock and compensation interests in October, 2020, worth \$1.4 million, said he was purging the military of the 'enemy within' – anyone who isn't Woke and supports Donald Trump. Austin refers to his targets as 'racist extremists' while in true Woke fashion being himself a racist extremist. Pentagon documents pledge to 'eradicate, eliminate and conquer all forms of racism, sexism and homophobia'. The definitions of these are decided by 'diversity and inclusion committees' peopled by those who see racism, sexism and homophobia in every situation and opinion. Woke (the Cult) is dismantling the US military and purging testosterone as China expands its military and gives its troops 'masculinity training'. How do we think that is going to end when this is all Cult coordinated? The US military, like the British military, is controlled by Woke and spineless top brass who just go along with it out of personal career interests.

'Woke' means fast asleep

Mind control and perception manipulation techniques used on individuals to create group-think have been unleashed on the global population in general. As a result many have no capacity to see the obvious fascist agenda being installed all around them or what 'Covid' is really all about. Their brains are firewalled like a computer system not to process certain concepts, thoughts and realisations that are bad for the Cult. The young are most targeted as the adults they

will be when the whole fascist global state is planned to be fully implemented. They need to be prepared for total compliance to eliminate all pushback from entire generations. The Cult has been pouring billions into taking complete control of 'education' from schools to universities via its operatives and corporations and not least Bill Gates as always. The plan has been to transform 'education' institutions into programming centres for the mentality of 'Woke'. James McConnell, professor of psychology at the University of Michigan, wrote in *Psychology Today* in 1970:

The day has come when we can combine sensory deprivation with drugs, hypnosis, and astute manipulation of reward and punishment, to gain almost absolute control over an individual's behaviour. It should then be possible to achieve a very rapid and highly effective type of brainwashing that would allow us to make dramatic changes in a person's behaviour and personality ...

... We should reshape society so that we all would be trained from birth to want to do what society wants us to do. We have the techniques to do it... no-one owns his own personality you acquired, and there's no reason to believe you should have the right to refuse to acquire a new personality if your old one is anti-social.

This was the potential for mass brainwashing in 1970 and the mentality there displayed captures the arrogant psychopathy that drives it forward. I emphasise that not all young people have succumbed to Woke programming and those that haven't are incredibly impressive people given that today's young are the most perceptually-targeted generations in history with all the technology now involved. Vast swathes of the young generations, however, have fallen into the spell – and that's what it is – of Woke. The Woke mentality and perceptual program is founded on inversion and you will appreciate later why that is so significant. Everything with Woke is inverted and the opposite of what it is claimed to be. Woke was a term used in African-American culture from the 1900s and referred to an awareness of social and racial justice. This is not the meaning of the modern version or 'New Woke' as I call it in *The Answer*. Oh, no, Woke today means something very different no matter how much Wokers may seek to hide that and insist Old Woke and New

Woke are the same. See if you find any 'awareness of social justice' here in the modern variety:

- Woke demands 'inclusivity' while excluding anyone with a different opinion and calls for mass censorship to silence other views.
- Woke claims to stand against oppression when imposing oppression is the foundation of all that it does. It is the driver of political correctness which is nothing more than a Cult invention to manipulate the population to silence itself.
- Woke believes itself to be 'liberal' while pursuing a global society that can only be described as fascist (see 'anti-fascist' fascist Antifa).
- Woke calls for 'social justice' while spreading injustice wherever it goes against the common 'enemy' which can be easily identified as a differing view.
- Woke is supposed to be a metaphor for 'awake' when it is solid-gold asleep and deep in a Cult-induced coma that meets the criteria for 'off with the fairies'.

I state these points as obvious facts if people only care to look. I don't do this with a sense of condemnation. We need to appreciate that the onslaught of perceptual programming on the young has been incessant and merciless. I can understand why so many have been reframed, or, given their youth, framed from the start to see the world as the Cult demands. The Cult has had access to their minds day after day in its 'education' system for their entire formative years. Perception is formed from information received and the Cult-created system is a life-long download of information delivered to elicit a particular perception, thus behaviour. The more this has expanded into still new extremes in recent decades and ever-increasing censorship has deleted other opinions and information why wouldn't that lead to a perceptual reframing on a mass scale? I

have described already cradle-to-grave programming and in more recent times the targeting of young minds from birth to adulthood has entered the stratosphere. This has taken the form of skewing what is 'taught' to fit the Cult agenda and the omnipresent techniques of group-think to isolate non-believers and pressure them into line. There has always been a tendency to follow the herd, but we really are in a new world now in relation to that. We have parents who can see the 'Covid' hoax told by their children not to stop them wearing masks at school, being 'Covid' tested or having the 'vaccine' in fear of the peer-pressure consequences of being different. What is 'peer-pressure' if not pressure to conform to group-think? Renegade Minds never group-think and always retain a set of perceptions that are unique to them. Group-think is always underpinned by consequences for not group-thinking. Abuse now aimed at those refusing DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccines' are a potent example of this. The biggest pressure to conform comes from the very group which is itself being manipulated. 'I am programmed to be part of a hive mind and so you must be.'

Woke control structures in 'education' now apply to every mainstream organisation. Those at the top of the 'education' hierarchy (the Cult) decide the policy. This is imposed on governments through the Cult network; governments impose it on schools, colleges and universities; their leadership impose the policy on teachers and academics and they impose it on children and students. At any level where there is resistance, perhaps from a teacher or university lecturer, they are targeted by the authorities and often fired. Students themselves regularly demand the dismissal of academics (increasingly few) at odds with the narrative that the students have been programmed to believe in. It is quite a thought that students who are being targeted by the Cult become so consumed by programmed group-think that they launch protests and demand the removal of those who are trying to push back against those targeting the students. Such is the scale of perceptual inversion. We see this with 'Covid' programming as the Cult imposes the rules via psycho-psychologists and governments on

shops, transport companies and businesses which impose them on their staff who impose them on their customers who pressure Pushbackers to conform to the will of the Cult which is in the process of destroying them and their families. Scan all aspects of society and you will see the same sequence every time.

Fact free Woke and hijacking the 'left'

There is no more potent example of this than 'Woke', a mentality only made possible by the deletion of factual evidence by an 'education' system seeking to produce an ever more uniform society. Why would you bother with facts when you don't know any? Deletion of credible history both in volume and type is highly relevant. Orwell said: 'Who controls the past controls the future: who controls the present controls the past.' They who control the perception of the past control the perception of the future and they who control the present control the perception of the past through the writing and deleting of history. Why would you oppose the imposition of Marxism in the name of Wokeism when you don't know that Marxism cost at least 100 million lives in the 20th century alone? Watch videos and read reports in which Woker generations are asked basic historical questions – it's mind-blowing. A survey of 2,000 people found that six percent of millennials (born approximately early 1980s to early 2000s) believed the Second World War (1939-1945) broke out with the assassination of President Kennedy (in 1963) and one in ten thought Margaret Thatcher was British Prime Minister at the time. She was in office between 1979 and 1990. We are in a post-fact society. Provable facts are no defence against the fascism of political correctness or Silicon Valley censorship. Facts don't matter anymore as we have witnessed with the 'Covid' hoax. Sacrificing uniqueness to the Woke group-think religion is all you are required to do and that means thinking for yourself is the biggest Woke no, no. All religions are an expression of group-think and censorship and Woke is just another religion with an orthodoxy defended by group-think and censorship. Burned at

the stake becomes burned on Twitter which leads back eventually to burned at the stake as Woke humanity regresses to ages past.

The biggest Woke inversion of all is its creators and funders. I grew up in a traditional left of centre political household on a council estate in Leicester in the 1950s and 60s – you know, the left that challenged the power of wealth-hoarding elites and threats to freedom of speech and opinion. In those days students went on marches defending freedom of speech while today's Wokers march for its deletion. What on earth could have happened? Those very elites (collectively the Cult) that we opposed in my youth and early life have funded into existence the antithesis of that former left and hijacked the 'brand' while inverting everything it ever stood for. We have a mentality that calls itself 'liberal' and 'progressive' while acting like fascists. Cult billionaires and their corporations have funded themselves into control of 'education' to ensure that Woke programming is unceasing throughout the formative years of children and young people and that non-Wokers are isolated (that word again) whether they be students, teachers or college professors. The Cult has funded into existence the now colossal global network of Woke organisations that have spawned and promoted all the 'causes' on the Cult wish-list for global transformation and turned Wokers into demanders of them. Does anyone really think it's a coincidence that the Cult agenda for humanity is a carbon (sorry) copy of the societal transformations desired by Woke?? These are only some of them:

Political correctness: The means by which the Cult deletes all public debates that it knows it cannot win if we had the free-flow of information and evidence.

Human-caused 'climate change': The means by which the Cult seeks to transform society into a globally-controlled dictatorship imposing its will over the fine detail of everyone's lives 'to save the planet' which doesn't actually need saving.

Transgender obsession: Preparing collective perception to accept the 'new human' which would not have genders because it would be created technologically and not through procreation. I'll have much more on this in Human 2.0.

Race obsession: The means by which the Cult seeks to divide and rule the population by triggering racial division through the perception that society is more racist than ever when the opposite is the case. Is it perfect in that regard? No. But to compare today with the racism of apartheid and segregation brought to an end by the civil rights movement in the 1960s is to insult the memory of that movement and inspirations like Martin Luther King. Why is the 'anti-racism' industry (which it is) so dominated by privileged white people?

White supremacy: This is a label used by privileged white people to demonise poor and deprived white people pushing back on tyranny to marginalise and destroy them. White people are being especially targeted as the dominant race by number within Western society which the Cult seeks to transform in its image. If you want to change a society you must weaken and undermine its biggest group and once you have done that by using the other groups you next turn on them to do the same ... 'Then they came for the Jews and I was not a Jew so I did nothing.'

Mass migration: The mass movement of people from the Middle East, Africa and Asia into Europe, from the south into the United States and from Asia into Australia are another way the Cult seeks to dilute the racial, cultural and political influence of white people on Western society. White people ask why their governments appear to be working against them while being politically and culturally biased towards incoming cultures. Well, here's your answer. In the same way sexually 'straight' people, men and women, ask why the

authorities are biased against them in favour of other sexualities. The answer is the same – that's the way the Cult wants it to be for very sinister motives.

These are all central parts of the Cult agenda and central parts of the Woke agenda and Woke was created and continues to be funded to an immense degree by Cult billionaires and corporations. If anyone begins to say 'coincidence' the syllables should stick in their throat.

Billionaire 'social justice warriors'

Joe Biden is a 100 percent-owned asset of the Cult and the Wokers' man in the White House whenever he can remember his name and for however long he lasts with his rapidly diminishing cognitive function. Even walking up the steps of an aircraft without falling on his arse would appear to be a challenge. He's not an empty-shell puppet or anything. From the minute Biden took office (or the Cult did) he began his executive orders promoting the Woke wish-list. You will see the Woke agenda imposed ever more severely because it's really the *Cult* agenda. Woke organisations and activist networks spawned by the Cult are funded to the extreme so long as they promote what the Cult wants to happen. Woke is funded to promote 'social justice' by billionaires who become billionaires by destroying social justice. The social justice mantra is only a cover for dismantling social justice and funded by billionaires that couldn't give a damn about social justice. Everything makes sense when you see that. One of Woke's premier funders is Cult billionaire financier George Soros who said: 'I am basically there to make money, I cannot and do not look at the social consequences of what I do.' This is the same Soros who has given more than \$32 billion to his Open Society Foundations global Woke network and funded Black Lives Matter, mass immigration into Europe and the United States, transgender activism, climate change activism, political correctness and groups targeting 'white supremacy' in the form of privileged white thugs that dominate Antifa. What a scam it all is and when

you are dealing with the unquestioning fact-free zone of Woke scamming them is child's play. All you need to pull it off in all these organisations are a few in-the-know agents of the Cult and an army of naïve, reframed, uninformed, narcissistic, know-nothings convinced of their own self-righteousness, self-purity and virtue.

Soros and fellow billionaires and billionaire corporations have poured hundreds of millions into Black Lives Matter and connected groups and promoted them to a global audience. None of this is motivated by caring about black people. These are the billionaires that have controlled and exploited a system that leaves millions of black people in abject poverty and deprivation which they do absolutely nothing to address. The same Cult networks funding BLM were behind the *slave trade!* Black Lives Matter hijacked a phrase that few would challenge and they have turned this laudable concept into a political weapon to divide society. You know that BLM is a fraud when it claims that *All* Lives Matter, the most inclusive statement of all, is 'racist'. BLM and its Cult masters don't want to end racism. To them it's a means to an end to control all of humanity never mind the colour, creed, culture or background. What has destroying the nuclear family got to do with ending racism? Nothing – but that is one of the goals of BLM and also happens to be a goal of the Cult as I have been exposing in my books for decades. Stealing children from loving parents and giving schools ever more power to override parents is part of that same agenda. BLM is a Marxist organisation and why would that not be the case when the Cult created Marxism and BLM? Patrisse Cullors, a BLM co-founder, said in a 2015 video that she and her fellow organisers, including co-founder Alicia Garza, are 'trained Marxists'. The lady known after marriage as Patrisse Khan-Cullors bought a \$1.4 million home in 2021 in one of the whitest areas of California with a black population of just 1.6 per cent and has so far bought *four* high-end homes for a total of \$3.2 million. How very Marxist. There must be a bit of spare in the BLM coffers, however, when Cult corporations and billionaires have handed over the best part of \$100 million. Many black people can see that Black Lives Matter is not

working for them, but against them, and this is still more confirmation. Black journalist Jason Whitlock, who had his account suspended by Twitter for simply linking to the story about the 'Marxist's' home buying spree, said that BLM leaders are 'making millions of dollars off the backs of these dead black men who they wouldn't spit on if they were on fire and alive'.

Black Lies Matter

Cult assets and agencies came together to promote BLM in the wake of the death of career criminal George Floyd who had been jailed a number of times including for forcing his way into the home of a black woman with others in a raid in which a gun was pointed at her stomach. Floyd was filmed being held in a Minneapolis street in 2020 with the knee of a police officer on his neck and he subsequently died. It was an appalling thing for the officer to do, but the same technique has been used by police on peaceful protestors of lockdown without any outcry from the Woke brigade. As unquestioning supporters of the Cult agenda Wokers have supported lockdown and all the 'Covid' claptrap while attacking anyone standing up to the tyranny imposed in its name. Court documents would later include details of an autopsy on Floyd by County Medical Examiner Dr Andrew Baker who concluded that Floyd had taken a fatal level of the drug fentanyl. None of this mattered to fact-free, question-free, Woke. Floyd's death was followed by worldwide protests against police brutality amid calls to defund the police. Throwing babies out with the bathwater is a Woke speciality. In the wake of the murder of British woman Sarah Everard a Green Party member of the House of Lords, Baroness Jones of Moulescoomb (Nincompoopia would have been better), called for a 6pm curfew for all men. This would be in breach of the Geneva Conventions on war crimes which ban collective punishment, but that would never have crossed the black and white Woke mind of Baroness Nincompoopia who would have been far too convinced of her own self-righteousness to compute such details. Many American cities did defund the police in the face of Floyd riots

and after \$15 million was deleted from the police budget in Washington DC under useless Woke mayor Muriel Bowser carjacking alone rose by 300 percent and within six months the US capital recorded its highest murder rate in 15 years. The same happened in Chicago and other cities in line with the Cult/Soros plan to bring fear to streets and neighbourhoods by reducing the police, releasing violent criminals and not prosecuting crime. This is the mob-rule agenda that I have warned in the books was coming for so long. Shootings in the area of Minneapolis where Floyd was arrested increased by 2,500 percent compared with the year before. Defunding the police over George Floyd has led to a big increase in dead people with many of them black. Police protection for politicians making these decisions stayed the same or increased as you would expect from professional hypocrites. The Cult doesn't actually want to abolish the police. It wants to abolish local control over the police and hand it to federal government as the psychopaths advance the Hunger Games Society. Many George Floyd protests turned into violent riots with black stores and businesses destroyed by fire and looting across America fuelled by Black Lives Matter. Woke doesn't do irony. If you want civil rights you must loot the liquor store and the supermarket and make off with a smart TV. It's the only way.

It's not a race war – it's a class war

Black people are patronised by privileged blacks and whites alike and told they are victims of white supremacy. I find it extraordinary to watch privileged blacks supporting the very system and bloodline networks behind the slave trade and parroting the same Cult-serving manipulative crap of their privileged white, often billionaire, associates. It is indeed not a race war but a class war and colour is just a diversion. Black Senator Cory Booker and black Congresswoman Maxine Waters, more residents of Nincompoopia, personify this. Once you tell people they are victims of someone else you devalue both their own responsibility for their plight and the power they have to impact on their reality and experience. Instead

we have: 'You are only in your situation because of whitey – turn on them and everything will change.' It won't change. Nothing changes in our lives unless we change it. Crucial to that is never seeing yourself as a victim and always as the creator of your reality. Life is a simple sequence of choice and consequence. Make different choices and you create different consequences. You have to make those choices - not Black Lives Matter, the Woke Mafia and anyone else that seeks to dictate your life. Who are they these Wokers, an emotional and psychological road traffic accident, to tell you what to do? Personal empowerment is the last thing the Cult and its Black Lives Matter want black people or anyone else to have. They claim to be defending the underdog while creating and perpetuating the underdog. The Cult's worst nightmare is human unity and if they are going to keep blacks, whites and every other race under economic servitude and control then the focus must be diverted from what they have in common to what they can be manipulated to believe divides them. Blacks have to be told that their poverty and plight is the fault of the white bloke living on the street in the same poverty and with the same plight they are experiencing. The difference is that your plight black people is due to him, a white supremacist with 'white privilege' living on the street. Don't unite as one human family against your mutual oppressors and suppressors - fight the oppressor with the white face who is as financially deprived as you are. The Cult knows that as its 'Covid' agenda moves into still new levels of extremism people are going to respond and it has been spreading the seeds of disunity everywhere to stop a united response to the evil that targets *all of us*.

Racist attacks on 'whiteness' are getting ever more outrageous and especially through the American Democratic Party which has an appalling history for anti-black racism. Barack Obama, Joe Biden, Hillary Clinton and Nancy Pelosi all eulogised about Senator Robert Byrd at his funeral in 2010 after a nearly 60-year career in Congress. Byrd was a brutal Ku Klux Klan racist and a violent abuser of Cathy O'Brien in MKUltra. He said he would never fight in the military 'with a negro by my side' and 'rather I should die a thousand times,

and see Old Glory trampled in the dirt never to rise again, than to see this beloved land of ours become degraded by race mongrels, a throwback to the blackest specimen from the wilds'. Biden called Byrd a 'very close friend and mentor'. These 'Woke' hypocrites are not anti-racist they are anti-poor and anti-people not of their perceived class. Here is an illustration of the scale of anti-white racism to which we have now descended. Seriously Woke and moronic New York Times contributor Damon Young described whiteness as a 'virus' that 'like other viruses will not die until there are no bodies left for it to infect'. He went on: '... the only way to stop it is to locate it, isolate it, extract it, and kill it.' Young can say that as a black man with no consequences when a white man saying the same in reverse would be facing a jail sentence. That's racism. We had super-Woke numbskull senators Tammy Duckworth and Mazie Hirono saying they would object to future Biden Cabinet appointments if he did not nominate more Asian Americans and Pacific Islanders. Never mind the ability of the candidate what do they look like? Duckworth said: 'I will vote for racial minorities and I will vote for LGBTQ, but anyone else I'm not voting for.' Appointing people on the grounds of race is illegal, but that was not a problem for this ludicrous pair. They were on-message and that's a free pass in any situation.

Critical race racism

White children are told at school they are intrinsically racist as they are taught the divisive 'critical race theory'. This claims that the law and legal institutions are inherently racist and that race is a socially constructed concept used by white people to further their economic and political interests at the expense of people of colour. White is a 'virus' as we've seen. Racial inequality results from 'social, economic, and legal differences that white people create between races to maintain white interests which leads to poverty and criminality in minority communities'. I must tell that to the white guy sleeping on the street. The principal of East Side Community School in New York sent white parents a manifesto that called on

them to become 'white traitors' and advocate for full 'white abolition'. These people are teaching your kids when they urgently need a psychiatrist. The 'school' included a chart with 'eight white identities' that ranged from 'white supremacist' to 'white abolition' and defined the behaviour white people must follow to end 'the regime of whiteness'. Woke blacks and their privileged white associates are acting exactly like the slave owners of old and Ku Klux Klan racists like Robert Byrd. They are too full of their own self-purity to see that, but it's true. Racism is not a body type; it's a state of mind that can manifest through any colour, creed or culture.

Another racial fraud is 'equity'. Not equality of treatment and opportunity – equity. It's a term spun as equality when it means something very different. Equality in its true sense is a raising up while 'equity' is a race to the bottom. Everyone in the same level of poverty is 'equity'. Keep everyone down – that's equity. The Cult doesn't want anyone in the human family to be empowered and BLM leaders, like all these 'anti-racist' organisations, continue their privileged, pampered existence by perpetuating the perception of gathering racism. When is the last time you heard an 'anti-racist' or 'anti-Semitism' organisation say that acts of racism and discrimination have fallen? It's not in the interests of their fundraising and power to influence and the same goes for the professional soccer anti-racism operation, Kick It Out. Two things confirmed that the Black Lives Matter riots in the summer of 2020 were Cult creations. One was that while anti-lockdown protests were condemned in this same period for 'transmitting 'Covid' the authorities supported mass gatherings of Black Lives Matter supporters. I even saw self-deluding people claiming to be doctors say the two types of protest were not the same. No – the non-existent 'Covid' was in favour of lockdowns and attacked those that protested against them while 'Covid' supported Black Lives Matter and kept well away from its protests. The whole thing was a joke and as lockdown protestors were arrested, often brutally, by reframed Face-Nappies we had the grotesque sight of police officers taking the knee to Black Lives Matter, a Cult-funded Marxist

organisation that supports violent riots and wants to destroy the nuclear family and white people.

He's not white? Shucks!

Woke obsession with race was on display again when ten people were shot dead in Boulder, Colorado, in March, 2021. Cult-owned Woke TV channels like CNN said the shooter appeared to be a white man and Wokers were on Twitter condemning 'violent white men' with the usual mantras. Then the shooter's name was released as Ahmad Al Aliwi Alissa, an anti-Trump Arab-American, and the sigh of disappointment could be heard five miles away. Never mind that ten people were dead and what that meant for their families. Race baiting was all that mattered to these sick Cult-serving people like Barack Obama who exploited the deaths to further divide America on racial grounds which is his job for the Cult. This is the man that 'racist' white Americans made the first black president of the United States and then gave him a second term. Not-very-bright Obama has become filthy rich on the back of that and today appears to have a big influence on the Biden administration. Even so he's still a downtrodden black man and a victim of white supremacy. This disingenuous fraud reveals the contempt he has for black people when he puts on a Deep South Alabama accent whenever he talks to them, no, at them.

Another BLM red flag was how the now fully-Woke (fully-Cult) and fully-virtue-signalled professional soccer authorities had their teams taking the knee before every match in support of Marxist Black Lives Matter. Soccer authorities and clubs displayed 'Black Lives Matter' on the players' shirts and flashed the name on electronic billboards around the pitch. Any fans that condemned what is a Freemasonic taking-the-knee ritual were widely condemned as you would expect from the Woke virtue-signallers of professional sport and the now fully-Woke media. We have reverse racism in which you are banned from criticising any race or culture except for white people for whom anything goes – say what you like, no problem. What has this got to do with racial harmony and

equality? We've had black supremacists from Black Lives Matter telling white people to fall to their knees in the street and apologise for their white supremacy. Black supremacists acting like white supremacist slave owners of the past couldn't breach their selfobsessed, race-obsessed sense of self-purity. Joe Biden appointed a race-obsessed black supremacist Kristen Clarke to head the Justice Department Civil Rights Division. Clarke claimed that blacks are endowed with 'greater mental, physical and spiritual abilities' than whites. If anyone reversed that statement they would be vilified. Clarke is on-message so no problem. She's never seen a black-white situation in which the black figure is anything but a virtuous victim and she heads the Civil Rights Division which should treat everyone the same or it isn't civil rights. Another perception of the Renegade Mind: If something or someone is part of the Cult agenda they will be supported by Woke governments and media no matter what. If they're not, they will be condemned and censored. It really is that simple and so racist Clarke prospers despite (make that because of) her racism.

The end of culture

Biden's administration is full of such racial, cultural and economic bias as the Cult requires the human family to be divided into warring factions. We are now seeing racially-segregated graduations and everything, but everything, is defined through the lens of perceived 'racism. We have 'racist' mathematics, 'racist' food and even 'racist' plants. World famous Kew Gardens in London said it was changing labels on plants and flowers to tell its pre-'Covid' more than two million visitors a year how racist they are. Kew director Richard Deverell said this was part of an effort to 'move quickly to decolonise collections' after they were approached by one Ajay Chhabra 'an actor with an insight into how sugar cane was linked to slavery'. They are plants you idiots. 'Decolonisation' in the Woke manual really means colonisation of society with its mentality and by extension colonisation by the Cult. We are witnessing a new Chinese-style 'Cultural Revolution' so essential to the success of all

Marxist takeovers. Our cultural past and traditions have to be swept away to allow a new culture to be built-back-better. Woke targeting of long-standing Western cultural pillars including historical monuments and cancelling of historical figures is what happened in the Mao revolution in China which 'purged remnants of capitalist and traditional elements from Chinese society' and installed Maoism as the dominant ideology'. For China see the Western world today and for 'dominant ideology' see Woke. Better still see Marxism or Maoism. The 'Covid' hoax has specifically sought to destroy the arts and all elements of Western culture from people meeting in a pub or restaurant to closing theatres, music venues, sports stadiums, places of worship and even banning *singing*. Destruction of Western society is also why criticism of any religion is banned except for Christianity which again is the dominant religion as white is the numericallydominant race. Christianity may be fading rapidly, but its history and traditions are weaved through the fabric of Western society. Delete the pillars and other structures will follow until the whole thing collapses. I am not a Christian defending that religion when I say that. I have no religion. It's just a fact. To this end Christianity has itself been turned Woke to usher its own downfall and its ranks are awash with 'change agents' - knowing and unknowing - at every level including Pope Francis (definitely knowing) and the clueless Archbishop of Canterbury Justin Welby (possibly not, but who can be sure?). Woke seeks to coordinate attacks on Western culture, traditions, and ways of life through 'intersectionality' defined as 'the complex, cumulative way in which the effects of multiple forms of discrimination (such as racism, sexism, and classism) combine, overlap, or intersect especially in the experiences of marginalised individuals or groups'. Wade through the Orwellian Woke-speak and this means coordinating disparate groups in a common cause to overthrow freedom and liberal values.

The entire structure of public institutions has been infested with Woke – government at all levels, political parties, police, military, schools, universities, advertising, media and trade unions. This abomination has been achieved through the Cult web by appointing

Wokers to positions of power and battering non-Wokers into line through intimidation, isolation and threats to their job. Many have been fired in the wake of the empathy-deleted, vicious hostility of 'social justice' Wokers and the desire of gutless, spineless employers to virtue-signal their Wokeness. Corporations are filled with Wokers today, most notably those in Silicon Valley. Ironically at the top they are not Woke at all. They are only exploiting the mentality their Cult masters have created and funded to censor and enslave while the Wokers cheer them on until it's their turn. Thus the Woke 'liberal left' is an inversion of the traditional liberal left. Campaigning for justice on the grounds of power and wealth distribution has been replaced by campaigning for identity politics. The genuine traditional left would never have taken money from today's billionaire abusers of fairness and justice and nor would the billionaires have wanted to fund that genuine left. It would not have been in their interests to do so. The division of opinion in those days was between the haves and have nots. This all changed with Cult manipulated and funded identity politics. The division of opinion today is between Wokers and non-Wokers and not income brackets. Cult corporations and their billionaires may have taken wealth disparity to cataclysmic levels of injustice, but as long as they speak the language of Woke, hand out the dosh to the Woke network and censor the enemy they are 'one of us'. Billionaires who don't give a damn about injustice are laughing at them till their bellies hurt. Wokers are not even close to self-aware enough to see that. The transformed 'left' dynamic means that Wokers who drone on about 'social justice' are funded by billionaires that have destroyed social justice the world over. It's why they are billionaires.

The climate con

Nothing encapsulates what I have said more comprehensively than the hoax of human-caused global warming. I have detailed in my books over the years how Cult operatives and organisations were the pump-primers from the start of the climate con. A purpose-built vehicle for this is the Club of Rome established by the Cult in 1968 with the Rockefellers and Rothschilds centrally involved all along. Their gofer frontman Maurice Strong, a Canadian oil millionaire, hosted the Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in 1992 where the global 'green movement' really expanded in earnest under the guiding hand of the Cult. The Earth Summit established Agenda 21 through the Cult-created-and-owned United Nations to use the illusion of human-caused climate change to justify the transformation of global society to save the world from climate disaster. It is a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution sold through governments, media, schools and universities as whole generations have been terrified into believing that the world was going to end in their lifetimes unless what old people had inflicted upon them was stopped by a complete restructuring of how everything is done. Chill, kids, it's all a hoax. Such restructuring is precisely what the Cult agenda demands (purely by coincidence of course). Today this has been given the codename of the Great Reset which is only an updated term for Agenda 21 and its associated Agenda 2030. The latter, too, is administered through the UN and was voted into being by the General Assembly in 2015. Both 21 and 2030 seek centralised control of all resources and food right down to the raindrops falling on your own land. These are some of the demands of Agenda 21 established in 1992. See if you recognise this society emerging today:

- End national sovereignty
- State planning and management of all land resources, ecosystems, deserts, forests, mountains, oceans and fresh water; agriculture; rural development; biotechnology; and ensuring 'equity'
- The state to 'define the role' of business and financial resources
- Abolition of private property
- 'Restructuring' the family unit (see BLM)
- Children raised by the state
- People told what their job will be
- Major restrictions on movement
- Creation of 'human settlement zones'

- Mass resettlement as people are forced to vacate land where they live
- Dumbing down education
- Mass global depopulation in pursuit of all the above

The United Nations was created as a Trojan horse for world government. With the climate con of critical importance to promoting that outcome you would expect the UN to be involved. Oh, it's involved all right. The UN is promoting Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030 justified by 'climate change' while also driving the climate hoax through its Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC), one of the world's most corrupt organisations. The IPCC has been lying ferociously and constantly since the day it opened its doors with the global media hanging unquestioningly on its every mendacious word. The Green movement is entirely Woke and has long lost its original environmental focus since it was coopted by the Cult. An obsession with 'global warming' has deleted its values and scrambled its head. I experienced a small example of what I mean on a beautiful country walk that I have enjoyed several times a week for many years. The path merged into the fields and forests and you felt at one with the natural world. Then a 'Green' organisation, the Hampshire and Isle of Wight Wildlife Trust, took over part of the land and proceeded to cut down a large number of trees, including mature ones, to install a horrible big, bright steel 'this-is-ours-stay-out' fence that destroyed the whole atmosphere of this beautiful place. No one with a feel for nature would do that. Day after day I walked to the sound of chainsaws and a magnificent mature weeping willow tree that I so admired was cut down at the base of the trunk. When I challenged a Woke young girl in a green shirt (of course) about this vandalism she replied: 'It's a weeping willow – it will grow back.' This is what people are paying for when they donate to the Hampshire and Isle of Wight Wildlife Trust and many other 'green' organisations today. It is not the environmental movement that I knew and instead has become a support-system – as with Extinction Rebellion – for a very dark agenda.

Private jets for climate justice

The Cult-owned, Gates-funded, World Economic Forum and its founder Klaus Schwab were behind the emergence of Greta Thunberg to harness the young behind the climate agenda and she was invited to speak to the world at ... the UN. Schwab published a book, Covid-19: The Great Reset in 2020 in which he used the 'Covid' hoax and the climate hoax to lay out a new society straight out of Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030. Bill Gates followed in early 2021 when he took time out from destroying the world to produce a book in his name about the way to save it. Gates flies across the world in private jets and admitted that 'I probably have one of the highest greenhouse gas footprints of anyone on the planet ... my personal flying alone is gigantic.' He has also bid for the planet's biggest private jet operator. Other climate change saviours who fly in private jets include John Kerry, the US Special Presidential Envoy for Climate, and actor Leonardo DiCaprio, a 'UN Messenger of Peace with special focus on climate change'. These people are so full of bullshit they could corner the market in manure. We mustn't be sceptical, though, because the Gates book, How to Avoid a Climate Disaster: The Solutions We Have and the Breakthroughs We Need, is a genuine attempt to protect the world and not an obvious pile of excrement attributed to a mega-psychopath aimed at selling his masters' plans for humanity. The Gates book and the other shite-pile by Klaus Schwab could have been written by the same person and may well have been. Both use 'climate change' and 'Covid' as the excuses for their new society and by coincidence the Cult's World Economic Forum and Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation promote the climate hoax and hosted Event 201 which pre-empted with a 'simulation' the very 'coronavirus' hoax that would be simulated for real on humanity within weeks. The British 'royal' family is promoting the 'Reset' as you would expect through Prince 'climate change caused the war in Syria' Charles and his hapless son Prince William who said that we must 'reset our relationship with nature and our trajectory as a species' to avoid a climate disaster. Amazing how many promotors of the 'Covid' and 'climate change' control

systems are connected to Gates and the World Economic Forum. A 'study' in early 2021 claimed that carbon dioxide emissions must fall by the equivalent of a global lockdown roughly every two years for the next decade to save the planet. The 'study' appeared in the same period that the Schwab mob claimed in a video that lockdowns destroying the lives of billions are good because they make the earth 'quieter' with less 'ambient noise'. They took down the video amid a public backlash for such arrogant, empathy-deleted stupidity You see, however, where they are going with this. Corinne Le Quéré, a professor at the Tyndall Centre for Climate Change Research, University of East Anglia, was lead author of the climate lockdown study, and she writes for ... the World Economic Forum. Gates calls in 'his' book for changing 'every aspect of the economy' (long-time Cult agenda) and for humans to eat synthetic 'meat' (predicted in my books) while cows and other farm animals are eliminated. Australian TV host and commentator Alan Jones described what carbon emission targets would mean for farm animals in Australia alone if emissions were reduced as demanded by 35 percent by 2030 and zero by 2050:

Well, let's take agriculture, the total emissions from agriculture are about 75 million tonnes of carbon dioxide, equivalent. Now reduce that by 35 percent and you have to come down to 50 million tonnes, I've done the maths. So if you take for example 1.5 million cows, you're going to have to reduce the herd by 525,000 [by] 2030, nine years, that's 58,000 cows a year. The beef herd's 30 million, reduce that by 35 percent, that's 10.5 million, which means 1.2 million cattle have to go every year between now and 2030. This is insanity!

There are 75 million sheep. Reduce that by 35 percent, that's 26 million sheep, that's almost 3 million a year. So under the Paris Agreement over 30 million beasts. dairy cows, cattle, pigs and sheep would go. More than 8,000 every minute of every hour for the next decade, do these people know what they're talking about?

Clearly they don't at the level of campaigners, politicians and administrators. The Cult *does* know; that's the outcome it wants. We are faced with not just a war on humanity. Animals and the natural world are being targeted and I have been saying since the 'Covid' hoax began that the plan eventually was to claim that the 'deadly virus' is able to jump from animals, including farm animals and

domestic pets, to humans. Just before this book went into production came this story: 'Russia registers world's first Covid-19 vaccine for cats & dogs as makers of Sputnik V warn pets & farm animals could spread virus'. The report said 'top scientists warned that the deadly pathogen could soon begin spreading through homes and farms' and 'the next stage is the infection of farm and domestic animals'. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey. Think what that would mean for animals and keep your eye on a term called zoonosis or zoonotic diseases which transmit between animals and humans. The Cult wants to break the connection between animals and people as it does between people and people. Farm animals fit with the Cult agenda to transform food from natural to synthetic.

The gas of life is killing us

There can be few greater examples of Cult inversion than the condemnation of carbon dioxide as a dangerous pollutant when it is the gas of life. Without it the natural world would be dead and so we would all be dead. We breathe in oxygen and breathe out carbon dioxide while plants produce oxygen and absorb carbon dioxide. It is a perfect symbiotic relationship that the Cult wants to dismantle for reasons I will come to in the final two chapters. Gates, Schwab, other Cult operatives and mindless repeaters, want the world to be 'carbon neutral' by at least 2050 and the earlier the better. 'Zero carbon' is the cry echoed by lunatics calling for 'Zero Covid' when we already have it. These carbon emission targets will deindustrialise the world in accordance with Cult plans – the postindustrial, post-democratic society – and with so-called renewables like solar and wind not coming even close to meeting human energy needs blackouts and cold are inevitable. Texans got the picture in the winter of 2021 when a snow storm stopped wind turbines and solar panels from working and the lights went down along with water which relies on electricity for its supply system. Gates wants everything to be powered by electricity to ensure that his masters have the kill switch to stop all human activity, movement, cooking, water and warmth any time they like. The climate lie is so

stupendously inverted that it claims we must urgently reduce carbon dioxide when we *don't have enough*.

Co2 in the atmosphere is a little above 400 parts per million when the optimum for plant growth is 2,000 ppm and when it falls anywhere near 150 ppm the natural world starts to die and so do we. It fell to as low as 280 ppm in an 1880 measurement in Hawaii and rose to 413 ppm in 2019 with industrialisation which is why the planet has become *greener* in the industrial period. How insane then that psychopathic madman Gates is not satisfied only with blocking the rise of Co2. He's funding technology to suck it out of the atmosphere. The reason why will become clear. The industrial era is not destroying the world through Co2 and has instead turned around a potentially disastrous ongoing fall in Co2. Greenpeace cofounder and scientist Patrick Moore walked away from Greenpeace in 1986 and has exposed the green movement for fear-mongering and lies. He said that 500 million years ago there was 17 times more Co2 in the atmosphere than we have today and levels have been falling for hundreds of millions of years. In the last 150 million years Co2 levels in Earth's atmosphere had reduced by 90 percent. Moore said that by the time humanity began to unlock carbon dioxide from fossil fuels we were at '38 seconds to midnight' and in that sense: 'Humans are [the Earth's] salvation.' Moore made the point that only half the Co2 emitted by fossil fuels stays in the atmosphere and we should remember that all pollution pouring from chimneys that we are told is carbon dioxide is in fact nothing of the kind. It's pollution. Carbon dioxide is an invisible gas.

William Happer, Professor of Physics at Princeton University and long-time government adviser on climate, has emphasised the Co2 deficiency for maximum growth and food production. Greenhouse growers don't add carbon dioxide for a bit of fun. He said that most of the warming in the last 100 years, after the earth emerged from the super-cold period of the 'Little Ice Age' into a natural warming cycle, was over by 1940. Happer said that a peak year for warming in 1988 can be explained by a 'monster El Nino' which is a natural and cyclical warming of the Pacific that has nothing to do with 'climate

change'. He said the effect of Co2 could be compared to painting a wall with red paint in that once two or three coats have been applied it didn't matter how much more you slapped on because the wall will not get much redder. Almost all the effect of the rise in Co2 has already happened, he said, and the volume in the atmosphere would now have to *double* to increase temperature by a single degree. Climate hoaxers know this and they have invented the most ridiculously complicated series of 'feedback' loops to try to overcome this rather devastating fact. You hear puppet Greta going on cluelessly about feedback loops and this is why.

The Sun affects temperature? No you climate denier

Some other nonsense to contemplate: Climate graphs show that rises in temperature do not follow rises in Co2 – it's the other way round with a lag between the two of some 800 years. If we go back 800 years from present time we hit the Medieval Warm Period when temperatures were higher than now without any industrialisation and this was followed by the Little Ice Age when temperatures plummeted. The world was still emerging from these centuries of serious cold when many climate records began which makes the ever-repeated line of the 'hottest year since records began' meaningless when you are not comparing like with like. The coldest period of the Little Ice Age corresponded with the lowest period of sunspot activity when the Sun was at its least active. Proper scientists will not be at all surprised by this when it confirms the obvious fact that earth temperature is affected by the scale of Sun activity and the energetic power that it subsequently emits; but when is the last time you heard a climate hoaxer talking about the Sun as a source of earth temperature?? Everything has to be focussed on Co2 which makes up just 0.117 percent of so-called greenhouse gases and only a fraction of even that is generated by human activity. The rest is natural. More than 90 percent of those greenhouse gases are water vapour and clouds (Fig 9). Ban moisture I say. Have you noticed that the climate hoaxers no longer use the polar bear as their promotion image? That's because far from becoming extinct polar

bear communities are stable or thriving. Joe Bastardi, American meteorologist, weather forecaster and outspoken critic of the climate lie, documents in his book The Climate Chronicles how weather patterns and events claimed to be evidence of climate change have been happening since long before industrialisation: 'What happened before naturally is happening again, as is to be expected given the cyclical nature of the climate due to the design of the planet.' If you read the detailed background to the climate hoax in my other books you will shake your head and wonder how anyone could believe the crap which has spawned a multi-trillion dollar industry based on absolute garbage (see HIV causes AIDs and Sars-Cov-2 causes 'Covid-19'). Climate and 'Covid' have much in common given they have the same source. They both have the contradictory *everything* factor in which everything is explained by reference to them. It's hot - 'it's climate change'. It's cold - 'it's climate change'. I got a sniffle -'it's Covid'. I haven't got a sniffle – 'it's Covid'. Not having a sniffle has to be a symptom of 'Covid'. Everything is and not having a sniffle is especially dangerous if you are a slow walker. For sheer audacity I offer you a Cambridge University 'study' that actually linked 'Covid' to 'climate change'. It had to happen eventually. They concluded that climate change played a role in 'Covid-19' spreading from animals to humans because ... wait for it ... I kid you not ... the two groups were forced closer together as populations grow. Er, that's it. The whole foundation on which this depended was that 'Bats are the likely zoonotic origin of SARS-CoV-1 and SARS-CoV-2'. Well, they are not. They are nothing to do with it. Apart from bats not being the origin and therefore 'climate change' effects on bats being irrelevant I am in awe of their academic insight. Where would we be without them? Not where we are that's for sure.

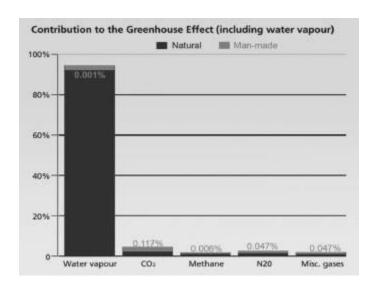


Figure 9: The idea that the gas of life is disastrously changing the climate is an insult to brain cell activity.

One other point about the weather is that climate modification is now well advanced and not every major weather event is natural – or earthquake come to that. I cover this subject at some length in other books. China is openly planning a rapid expansion of its weather modification programme which includes changing the climate in an area more than one and a half times the size of India. China used weather manipulation to ensure clear skies during the 2008 Olympics in Beijing. I have quoted from US military documents detailing how to employ weather manipulation as a weapon of war and they did that in the 1960s and 70s during the conflict in Vietnam with Operation Popeye manipulating monsoon rains for military purposes. Why would there be international treaties on weather modification if it wasn't possible? Of course it is. Weather is energetic information and it can be changed.

How was the climate hoax pulled off? See 'Covid'

If you can get billions to believe in a 'virus' that doesn't exist you can get them to believe in human-caused climate change that doesn't exist. Both are being used by the Cult to transform global society in the way it has long planned. Both hoaxes have been achieved in pretty much the same way. First you declare a lie is a fact. There's a

'virus' you call SARS-Cov-2 or humans are warming the planet with their behaviour. Next this becomes, via Cult networks, the foundation of government, academic and science policy and belief. Those who parrot the mantra are given big grants to produce research that confirms the narrative is true and ever more 'symptoms' are added to make the 'virus'/'climate change' sound even more scary. Scientists and researchers who challenge the narrative have their grants withdrawn and their careers destroyed. The media promote the lie as the unquestionable truth and censor those with an alternative view or evidence. A great percentage of the population believe what they are told as the lie becomes an everybody-knows-that and the believing-masses turn on those with a mind of their own. The technique has been used endlessly throughout human history. Wokers are the biggest promotors of the climate lie and 'Covid' fascism because their minds are owned by the Cult; their sense of self-righteous self-purity knows no bounds; and they exist in a bubble of reality in which facts are irrelevant and only get in the way of looking without seeing.

Running through all of this like veins in a blue cheese is control of information, which means control of perception, which means control of behaviour, which collectively means control of human society. The Cult owns the global media and Silicon Valley fascists for the simple reason that it *has* to. Without control of information it can't control perception and through that human society. Examine every facet of the Cult agenda and you will see that anything supporting its introduction is never censored while anything pushing back is always censored. I say again: Psychopaths that know why they are doing this must go before Nuremberg trials and those that follow their orders must trot along behind them into the same dock. 'I was just following orders' didn't work the first time and it must not work now. Nuremberg trials must be held all over the world before public juries for politicians, government officials, police, compliant doctors, scientists and virologists, and all Cult operatives such as Gates, Tedros, Fauci, Vallance, Whitty, Ferguson, Zuckerberg, Wojcicki, Brin, Page, Dorsey, the whole damn lot of

them – including, no *especially*, the psychopath psychologists. Without them and the brainless, gutless excuses for journalists that have repeated their lies, none of this could be happening. Nobody can be allowed to escape justice for the psychological and economic Armageddon they are all responsible for visiting upon the human race.

As for the compliant, unquestioning, swathes of humanity, and the self-obsessed, all-knowing ignorance of the Wokers ... don't start me. God help their kids. God help their grandkids. God *help them*.

CHAPTER NINE

We must have it? So what is it?

Well I won't back down. No, I won't back down. You can stand me up at the Gates of Hell. But I won't back down

Tom Petty

I will now focus on the genetically-manipulating 'Covid vaccines' which do not meet this official definition of a vaccine by the US Centers for Disease Control (CDC): 'A product that stimulates a person's immune system to produce immunity to a specific disease, protecting the person from that disease.' On that basis 'Covid vaccines' are not a vaccine in that the makers don't even claim they stop infection or transmission.

They are instead part of a multi-levelled conspiracy to change the nature of the human body and what it means to be 'human' and to depopulate an enormous swathe of humanity. What I shall call Human 1.0 is on the cusp of becoming Human 2.0 and for very sinister reasons. Before I get to the 'Covid vaccine' in detail here's some background to vaccines in general. Government regulators do not test vaccines – the makers do – and the makers control which data is revealed and which isn't. Children in America are given 50 vaccine doses by age six and 69 by age 19 and the effect of the whole combined schedule has never been tested. Autoimmune diseases when the immune system attacks its own body have soared in the mass vaccine era and so has disease in general in children and the young. Why wouldn't this be the case when vaccines target the *immune system*? The US government gave Big Pharma drug

companies immunity from prosecution for vaccine death and injury in the 1986 National Childhood Vaccine Injury Act (NCVIA) and since then the government (taxpayer) has been funding compensation for the consequences of Big Pharma vaccines. The criminal and satanic drug giants can't lose and the vaccine schedule has increased dramatically since 1986 for this reason. There is no incentive to make vaccines safe and a big incentive to make money by introducing ever more. Even against a ridiculously high bar to prove vaccine liability, and with the government controlling the hearing in which it is being challenged for compensation, the vaccine court has so far paid out more than \$4 billion. These are the vaccines we are told are safe and psychopaths like Zuckerberg censor posts saying otherwise. The immunity law was even justified by a ruling that vaccines by their nature were 'unavoidably unsafe'.

Check out the ingredients of vaccines and you will be shocked if you are new to this. *They put that in children's bodies?? What??* Try aluminium, a brain toxin connected to dementia, aborted foetal tissue and formaldehyde which is used to embalm corpses. Worldrenowned aluminium expert Christopher Exley had his research into the health effect of aluminium in vaccines shut down by Keele University in the UK when it began taking funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Research when diseases 'eradicated' by vaccines began to decline and you will find the fall began long before the vaccine was introduced. Sometimes the fall even plateaued after the vaccine. Diseases like scarlet fever for which there was no vaccine declined in the same way because of environmental and other factors. A perfect case in point is the polio vaccine. Polio began when lead arsenate was first sprayed as an insecticide and residues remained in food products. Spraying started in 1892 and the first US polio epidemic came in Vermont in 1894. The simple answer was to stop spraying, but Rockefeller-created Big Pharma had a better idea. Polio was decreed to be caused by the *poliovirus* which 'spreads from person to person and can infect a person's spinal cord'. Lead arsenate was replaced by the lethal DDT which had the same effect of causing paralysis by damaging the brain and central nervous

system. Polio plummeted when DDT was reduced and then banned, but the vaccine is still given the credit for something it didn't do. Today by far the biggest cause of polio is the vaccines promoted by Bill Gates. Vaccine justice campaigner Robert Kennedy Jr, son of assassinated (by the Cult) US Attorney General Robert Kennedy, wrote:

In 2017, the World Health Organization (WHO) reluctantly admitted that the global explosion in polio is predominantly vaccine strain. The most frightening epidemics in Congo, Afghanistan, and the Philippines, are all linked to vaccines. In fact, by 2018, 70% of global polio cases were vaccine strain.

Vaccines make fortunes for Cult-owned Gates and Big Pharma while undermining the health and immune systems of the population. We had a glimpse of the mentality behind the Big Pharma cartel with a report on WION (World is One News), an international English language TV station based in India, which exposed the extraordinary behaviour of US drug company Pfizer over its 'Covid vaccine'. The WION report told how Pfizer had made fantastic demands of Argentina, Brazil and other countries in return for its 'vaccine'. These included immunity from prosecution, even for Pfizer negligence, government insurance to protect Pfizer from law suits and handing over as collateral sovereign assets of the country to include Argentina's bank reserves, military bases and embassy buildings. Pfizer demanded the same of Brazil in the form of waiving sovereignty of its assets abroad; exempting Pfizer from Brazilian laws; and giving Pfizer immunity from all civil liability. This is a 'vaccine' developed with government funding. Big Pharma is evil incarnate as a creation of the Cult and all must be handed tickets to Nuremberg.

Phantom 'vaccine' for a phantom 'disease'

I'll expose the 'Covid vaccine' fraud and then go on to the wider background of why the Cult has set out to 'vaccinate' every man, woman and child on the planet for an alleged 'new disease' with a survival rate of 99.77 percent (or more) even by the grotesquely-

manipulated figures of the World Health Organization and Johns Hopkins University. The 'infection' to 'death' ratio is 0.23 to 0.15 percent according to Stanford epidemiologist Dr John Ioannidis and while estimates vary the danger remains tiny. I say that if the truth be told the fake infection to fake death ratio is zero. Never mind all the evidence I have presented here and in *The Answer* that there is no 'virus' let us just focus for a moment on that death-rate figure of say 0.23 percent. The figure includes all those worldwide who have tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' and then died within 28 days or even longer of any other cause – any other cause. Now subtract all those illusory 'Covid' deaths on the global data sheets from the 0.23 percent. What do you think you would be left with? Zero. A vaccination has never been successfully developed for a so-called coronavirus. They have all failed at the animal testing stage when they caused hypersensitivity to what they were claiming to protect against and made the impact of a disease far worse. Cultowned vaccine corporations got around that problem this time by bypassing animal trials, going straight to humans and making the length of the 'trials' before the public rollout as short as they could get away with. Normally it takes five to ten years or more to develop vaccines that still cause demonstrable harm to many people and that's without including the long-term effects that are never officially connected to the vaccination. 'Covid' non-vaccines have been officially produced and approved in a matter of months from a standing start and part of the reason is that (a) they were developed before the 'Covid' hoax began and (b) they are based on computer programs and not natural sources. Official non-trials were so short that government agencies gave *emergency*, not full, approval. 'Trials' were not even completed and full approval cannot be secured until they are. Public 'Covid vaccination' is actually a continuation of the trial. Drug company 'trials' are not scheduled to end until 2023 by which time a lot of people are going to be dead. Data on which government agencies gave this emergency approval was supplied by the Big Pharma corporations themselves in the form of Pfizer/BioNTech, AstraZeneca, Moderna, Johnson & Johnson, and

others, and this is the case with all vaccines. By its very nature *emergency* approval means drug companies do not have to prove that the 'vaccine' is 'safe and effective'. How could they with trials way short of complete? Government regulators only have to *believe* that they *could* be safe and effective. It is criminal manipulation to get products in circulation with no testing worth the name. Agencies giving that approval are infested with Big Pharma-connected place-people and they act in the interests of Big Pharma (the Cult) and not the public about whom they do not give a damn.

More human lab rats

'Covid vaccines' produced in record time by Pfizer/BioNTech and Moderna employ a technique *never approved before for use on humans*. They are known as mRNA 'vaccines' and inject a synthetic version of 'viral' mRNA or 'messenger RNA'. The key is in the term 'messenger'. The body works, or doesn't, on the basis of information messaging. Communications are constantly passing between and within the genetic system and the brain. Change those messages and you change the state of the body and even its very nature and you can change psychology and behaviour by the way the brain processes information. I think you are going to see significant changes in personality and perception of many people who have had the 'Covid vaccine' synthetic potions. Insider Aldous Huxley predicted the following in 1961 and mRNA 'vaccines' can be included in the term 'pharmacological methods':

There will be, in the next generation or so, a pharmacological method of making people love their servitude, and producing dictatorship without tears, so to speak, producing a kind of painless concentration camp for entire societies, so that people will in fact have their own liberties taken away from them, but rather enjoy it, because they will be distracted from any desire to rebel by propaganda or brainwashing, or brainwashing enhanced by pharmacological methods. And this seems to be the final revolution.

Apologists claim that mRNA synthetic 'vaccines' don't change the DNA genetic blueprint because RNA does not affect DNA only the other way round. This is so disingenuous. A process called 'reverse

transcription' can convert RNA into DNA and be integrated into DNA in the cell nucleus. This was highlighted in December, 2020, by scientists at Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT). Geneticists report that more than 40 percent of mammalian genomes results from reverse transcription. On the most basic level if messaging changes then that sequence must lead to changes in DNA which is receiving and transmitting those communications. How can introducing synthetic material into cells not change the cells where DNA is located? The process is known as transfection which is defined as 'a technique to insert foreign nucleic acid (DNA) or RNA) into a cell, typically with the intention of altering the properties of the cell'. Researchers at the Sloan Kettering Institute in New York found that changes in messenger RNA can deactivate tumour-suppressing proteins and thereby promote cancer. This is what happens when you mess with messaging. 'Covid vaccine' maker Moderna was founded in 2010 by Canadian stem cell biologist Derrick J. Rossi after his breakthrough discovery in the field of transforming and reprogramming stem cells. These are neutral cells that can be programmed to become any cell including sperm cells. Moderna was therefore founded on the principle of genetic manipulation and has never produced any vaccine or drug before its genetically-manipulating synthetic 'Covid' shite. Look at the name – Mode-RNA or Modify-RNA. Another important point is that the US Supreme Court has ruled that genetically-modified DNA, or complementary DNA (cDNA) synthesized in the laboratory from messenger RNA, can be patented and owned. These psychopaths are doing this to the human body.

Cells replicate synthetic mRNA in the 'Covid vaccines' and in theory the body is tricked into making antigens which trigger antibodies to target the 'virus spike proteins' which as Dr Tom Cowan said have *never been seen*. Cut the crap and these 'vaccines' deliver *self-replicating* synthetic material to the cells with the effect of changing human DNA. The more of them you have the more that process is compounded while synthetic material is all the time self-replicating. 'Vaccine'-maker Moderna describes mRNA as 'like

software for the cell' and so they are messing with the body's software. What happens when you change the software in a computer? Everything changes. For this reason the Cult is preparing a production line of mRNA 'Covid vaccines' and a long list of excuses to use them as with all the 'variants' of a 'virus' never shown to exist. The plan is further to transfer the mRNA technique to other vaccines mostly given to children and young people. The cumulative consequences will be a transformation of human DNA through a constant infusion of synthetic genetic material which will kill many and change the rest. Now consider that governments that have given emergency approval for a vaccine that's not a vaccine; never been approved for humans before; had no testing worth the name; and the makers have been given immunity from prosecution for any deaths or adverse effects suffered by the public. The UK government awarded permanent legal indemnity to itself and its employees for harm done when a patient is being treated for 'Covid-19' or 'suspected Covid-19'. That is quite a thought when these are possible 'side-effects' from the 'vaccine' (they are not 'side', they are effects) listed by the US Food and Drug Administration:

Guillain-Barre syndrome; acute disseminated encephalomyelitis; transverse myelitis; encephalitis; myelitis; encephalomyelitis; meningoencephalitis; meningitis; encephalopathy; convulsions; seizures; stroke; narcolepsy; cataplexy; anaphylaxis; acute myocardial infarction (heart attack); myocarditis; pericarditis; autoimmune disease; death; implications for pregnancy, and birth outcomes; other acute demyelinating diseases; non anaphylactic allergy reactions; thrombocytopenia; disseminated intravascular coagulation; venous thromboembolism; arthritis; arthralgia; joint pain; Kawasaki disease; multisystem inflammatory syndrome in children; vaccine enhanced disease. The latter is the way the 'vaccine' has the potential to make diseases far worse than they would otherwise be.

UK doctor and freedom campaigner Vernon Coleman described the conditions in this list as 'all unpleasant, most of them very serious, and you can't get more serious than death'. The thought that anyone at all has had the 'vaccine' in these circumstances is testament to the potential that humanity has for clueless, unquestioning, stupidity and for many that programmed stupidity has already been terminal.

An insider speaks

Dr Michael Yeadon is a former Vice President, head of research and Chief Scientific Adviser at vaccine giant Pfizer. Yeadon worked on the inside of Big Pharma, but that did not stop him becoming a vocal critic of 'Covid vaccines' and their potential for multiple harms, including infertility in women. By the spring of 2021 he went much further and even used the no, no, term 'conspiracy'. When you begin to see what is going on it is impossible not to do so. Yeadon spoke out in an interview with freedom campaigner James Delingpole and I mentioned earlier how he said that no one had samples of 'the virus'. He explained that the mRNA technique originated in the anticancer field and ways to turn on and off certain genes which could be advantageous if you wanted to stop cancer growing out of control. 'That's the origin of them. They are a very unusual application, really.' Yeadon said that treating a cancer patient with an aggressive procedure might be understandable if the alternative was dying, but it was quite another thing to use the same technique as a public health measure. Most people involved wouldn't catch the infectious agent you were vaccinating against and if they did they probably wouldn't die:

If you are really using it as a public health measure you really want to as close as you can get to zero sides-effects ... I find it odd that they chose techniques that were really cutting their teeth in the field of oncology and I'm worried that in using gene-based vaccines that have to be injected in the body and spread around the body, get taken up into some cells, and the regulators haven't quite told us which cells they get taken up into ... you are going to be generating a wide range of responses ... with multiple steps each of which could go well or badly.

I doubt the Cult intends it to go well. Yeadon said that you can put any gene you like into the body through the 'vaccine'. 'You can certainly give them a gene that would do them some harm if you wanted.' I was intrigued when he said that when used in the cancer field the technique could turn genes on and off. I explore this process in *The Answer* and with different genes having different functions you could create mayhem – physically and psychologically – if you turned the wrong ones on and the right ones off. I read reports of an experiment by researchers at the University of Washington's school of computer science and engineering in which they encoded DNA to infect computers. The body is itself a biological computer and if human DNA can inflict damage on a computer why can't the computer via synthetic material mess with the human body? It can. The Washington research team said it was possible to insert malicious malware into 'physical DNA strands' and corrupt the computer system of a gene sequencing machine as it 'reads gene letters and stores them as binary digits 0 and 1'. They concluded that hackers could one day use blood or spit samples to access computer systems and obtain sensitive data from police forensics labs or infect genome files. It is at this level of digital interaction that synthetic 'vaccines' need to be seen to get the full picture and that will become very clear later on. Michael Yeadon said it made no sense to give the 'vaccine' to younger people who were in no danger from the 'virus'. What was the benefit? It was all downside with potential effects:

The fact that my government in what I thought was a civilised, rational country, is raining [the 'vaccine'] on people in their 30s and 40s, even my children in their 20s, they're getting letters and phone calls, I know this is not right and any of you doctors who are vaccinating you know it's not right, too. They are not at risk. They are not at risk from the disease, so you are now hoping that the side-effects are so rare that you get away with it. You don't give new technology ... that you don't understand to 100 percent of the population.

Blood clot problems with the AstraZeneca 'vaccine' have been affecting younger people to emphasise the downside risks with no benefit. AstraZeneca's version, produced with Oxford University, does not use mRNA, but still gets its toxic cocktail inside cells where

it targets DNA. The Johnson & Johnson 'vaccine' which uses a similar technique has also produced blood clot effects to such an extent that the United States paused its use at one point. They are all 'gene therapy' (cell modification) procedures and not 'vaccines'. The truth is that once the content of these injections enter cells we have no idea what the effect will be. People can speculate and some can give very educated opinions and that's good. In the end, though, only the makers know what their potions are designed to do and even they won't know every last consequence. Michael Yeadon was scathing about doctors doing what they knew to be wrong. 'Everyone's mute', he said. Doctors in the NHS must know this was not right, coming into work and injecting people. 'I don't know how they sleep at night. I know I couldn't do it. I know that if I were in that position I'd have to quit.' He said he knew enough about toxicology to know this was not a good risk-benefit. Yeadon had spoken to seven or eight university professors and all except two would not speak out publicly. Their universities had a policy that no one said anything that countered the government and its medical advisors. They were afraid of losing their government grants. This is how intimidation has been used to silence the truth at every level of the system. I say silence, but these people could still speak out if they made that choice. Yeadon called them 'moral cowards' – 'This is about your children and grandchildren's lives and you have just buggered off and left it.'

Variant' nonsense

Some of his most powerful comments related to the alleged 'variants' being used to instil more fear, justify more lockdowns, and introduce more 'vaccines'. He said government claims about 'variants' were nonsense. He had checked the alleged variant 'codes' and they were 99.7 percent identical to the 'original'. This was the human identity difference equivalent to putting a baseball cap on and off or wearing it the other way round. A 0.3 percent difference would make it impossible for that 'variant' to escape immunity from the 'original'. This made no sense of having new 'vaccines' for

'variants'. He said there would have to be at least a 30 percent difference for that to be justified and even then he believed the immune system would still recognise what it was. Gates-funded 'variant modeller' and 'vaccine'-pusher John Edmunds might care to comment. Yeadon said drug companies were making new versions of the 'vaccine' as a 'top up' for 'variants'. Worse than that, he said, the 'regulators' around the world like the MHRA in the UK had got together and agreed that because 'vaccines' for 'variants' were so similar to the first 'vaccines' they did not have to do safety studies. How transparently sinister that is. This is when Yeadon said: 'There is a conspiracy here.' There was no need for another vaccine for 'variants' and yet we were told that there was and the country had shut its borders because of them. 'They are going into hundreds of millions of arms without passing 'go' or any regulator. Why did they do that? Why did they pick this method of making the vaccine?'

The reason had to be something bigger than that it seemed and 'it's not protection against the virus'. It's was a far bigger project that meant politicians and advisers were willing to do things and not do things that knowingly resulted in avoidable deaths – 'that's already happened when you think about lockdown and deprivation of health care for a year.' He spoke of people prepared to do something that results in the avoidable death of their fellow human beings and it not bother them. This is the penny-drop I have been working to get across for more than 30 years – the level of pure evil we are dealing with. Yeadon said his friends and associates could not believe there could be that much evil, but he reminded them of Stalin, Pol Pot and Hitler and of what Stalin had said: 'One death is a tragedy. A million? A statistic.' He could not think of a benign explanation for why you need top-up vaccines 'which I'm sure you don't' and for the regulators 'to just get out of the way and wave them through'. Why would the regulators do that when they were still wrestling with the dangers of the 'parent' vaccine? He was clearly shocked by what he had seen since the 'Covid' hoax began and now he was thinking the previously unthinkable:

If you wanted to depopulate a significant proportion of the world and to do it in a way that doesn't involve destruction of the environment with nuclear weapons, poisoning everyone with anthrax or something like that, and you wanted plausible deniability while you had a multi-year infectious disease crisis, I actually don't think you could come up with a better plan of work than seems to be in front of me. I can't say that's what they are going to do, but I can't think of a benign explanation why they are doing it.

He said he never thought that they would get rid of 99 percent of humans, but now he wondered. 'If you wanted to that this would be a hell of a way to do it – it would be unstoppable folks.' Yeadon had concluded that those who submitted to the 'vaccine' would be allowed to have some kind of normal life (but for how long?) while screws were tightened to coerce and mandate the last few percent. 'I think they'll put the rest of them in a prison camp. I wish I was wrong, but I don't think I am.' Other points he made included: There were no coronavirus vaccines then suddenly they all come along at the same time; we have no idea of the long term affect with trials so short; coercing or forcing people to have medical procedures is against the Nuremberg Code instigated when the Nazis did just that; people should at least delay having the 'vaccine'; a quick Internet search confirms that masks don't reduce respiratory viral transmission and 'the government knows that'; they have smashed civil society and they know that, too; two dozen peer-reviewed studies show no connection between lockdown and reducing deaths; he knew from personal friends the elite were still flying around and going on holiday while the public were locked down; the elite were not having the 'vaccines'. He was also asked if 'vaccines' could be made to target difference races. He said he didn't know, but the document by the Project for the New American Century in September, 2000, said developing 'advanced forms of biological warfare that can target specific genotypes may transform biological warfare from the realm of terror to a politically useful tool.' Oh, they're evil all right. Of that we can be *absolutely* sure.

Another cull of old people

We have seen from the CDC definition that the mRNA 'Covid vaccine' is not a vaccine and nor are the others that *claim* to reduce 'severity of symptoms' in *some* people, but not protect from infection or transmission. What about all the lies about returning to 'normal' if people were 'vaccinated'? If they are not claimed to stop infection and transmission of the alleged 'virus', how does anything change? This was all lies to manipulate people to take the jabs and we are seeing that now with masks and distancing still required for the 'vaccinated'. How did they think that elderly people with fragile health and immune responses were going to be affected by infusing their cells with synthetic material and other toxic substances? They knew that in the short and long term it would be devastating and fatal as the culling of the old that began with the first lockdowns was continued with the 'vaccine'. Death rates in care homes soared immediately residents began to be 'vaccinated' – infused with synthetic material. Brave and committed whistleblower nurses put their careers at risk by exposing this truth while the rest kept their heads down and their mouths shut to put their careers before those they are supposed to care for. A long-time American Certified Nursing Assistant who gave his name as James posted a video in which he described emotionally what happened in his care home when vaccination began. He said that during 2020 very few residents were sick with 'Covid' and no one died during the entire year; but shortly after the Pfizer mRNA injections 14 people died within two weeks and many others were near death. 'They're dropping like flies', he said. Residents who walked on their own before the shot could no longer and they had lost their ability to conduct an intelligent conversation. The home's management said the sudden deaths were caused by a 'super-spreader' of 'Covid-19'. Then how come, James asked, that residents who refused to take the injections were not sick? It was a case of inject the elderly with mRNA synthetic potions and blame their illness and death that followed on the 'virus'. James described what was happening in care homes as 'the greatest crime of genocide this country has ever seen'. Remember the NHS staff nurse from earlier who used the same

word 'genocide' for what was happening with the 'vaccines' and that it was an 'act of human annihilation'. A UK care home whistleblower told a similar story to James about the effect of the 'vaccine' in deaths and 'outbreaks' of illness dubbed 'Covid' after getting the jab. She told how her care home management and staff had zealously imposed government regulations and no one was allowed to even question the official narrative let alone speak out against it. She said the NHS was even worse. Again we see the results of reframing. A worker at a local care home where I live said they had not had a single case of 'Covid' there for almost a year and when the residents were 'vaccinated' they had 19 positive cases in two weeks with eight dying.

It's not the 'vaccine' – honest

The obvious cause and effect was being ignored by the media and most of the public. Australia's health minister Greg Hunt (a former head of strategy at the World Economic Forum) was admitted to hospital after he had the 'vaccine'. He was suffering according to reports from the skin infection 'cellulitis' and it must have been a severe case to have warranted days in hospital. Immediately the authorities said this was nothing to do with the 'vaccine' when an effect of some vaccines is a 'cellulitis-like reaction'. We had families of perfectly healthy old people who died after the 'vaccine' saying that if only they had been given the 'vaccine' earlier they would still be alive. As a numbskull rating that is off the chart. A father of four 'died of Covid' at aged 48 when he was taken ill two days after having the 'vaccine'. The man, a health administrator, had been 'shielding during the pandemic' and had 'not really left the house' until he went for the 'vaccine'. Having the 'vaccine' and then falling ill and dying does not seem to have qualified as a possible cause and effect and 'Covid-19' went on his death certificate. His family said they had no idea how he 'caught the virus'. A family member said: 'Tragically, it could be that going for a vaccination ultimately led to him catching Covid ... The sad truth is that they are never going to know where it came from.' The family warned people to remember

that the virus still existed and was 'very real'. So was their stupidity. Nurses and doctors who had the first round of the 'vaccine' were collapsing, dying and ending up in a hospital bed while they or their grieving relatives were saying they'd still have the 'vaccine' again despite what happened. I kid you not. You mean if your husband returned from the dead he'd have the same 'vaccine' again that killed him??

Doctors at the VCU Medical Center in Richmond, Virginia, said the Johnson & Johnson 'vaccine' was to blame for a man's skin peeling off. Patient Richard Terrell said: 'It all just happened so fast. My skin peeled off. It's still coming off on my hands now.' He said it was stinging, burning and itching and when he bent his arms and legs it was very painful with 'the skin swollen and rubbing against itself'. Pfizer/BioNTech and Moderna vaccines use mRNA to change the cell while the Johnson & Johnson version uses DNA in a process similar to AstraZeneca's technique. Johnson & Johnson and AstraZeneca have both had their 'vaccines' paused by many countries after causing serious blood problems. Terrell's doctor Fnu Nutan said he could have died if he hadn't got medical attention. It sounds terrible so what did Nutan and Terrell say about the 'vaccine' now? Oh, they still recommend that people have it. A nurse in a hospital bed 40 minutes after the vaccination and unable to swallow due to throat swelling was told by a doctor that he lost mobility in his arm for 36 hours following the vaccination. What did he say to the ailing nurse? 'Good for you for getting the vaccination.' We are dealing with a serious form of cognitive dissonance madness in both public and medical staff. There is a remarkable correlation between those having the 'vaccine' and trumpeting the fact and suffering bad happenings shortly afterwards. Witold Rogiewicz, a Polish doctor, made a video of his 'vaccination' and ridiculed those who were questioning its safety and the intentions of Bill Gates: 'Vaccinate yourself to protect yourself, your loved ones, friends and also patients. And to mention quickly I have info for anti-vaxxers and anti-Coviders if you want to contact Bill Gates you can do this through me.' He further ridiculed the dangers of 5G. Days later he

was dead, but naturally the vaccination wasn't mentioned in the verdict of 'heart attack'.

Lies, lies and more lies

So many members of the human race have slipped into extreme states of insanity and unfortunately they include reframed doctors and nursing staff. Having a 'vaccine' and dying within minutes or hours is not considered a valid connection while death from any cause within 28 days or longer of a positive test with a test not testing for the 'virus' means 'Covid-19' goes on the death certificate. How could that 'vaccine'-death connection not have been made except by calculated deceit? US figures in the initial rollout period to February 12th, 2020, revealed that a third of the deaths reported to the CDC after 'Covid vaccines' happened within 48 hours. Five men in the UK suffered an 'extremely rare' blood clot problem after having the AstraZeneca 'vaccine', but no causal link was established said the Gates-funded Medicines and Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA) which had given the 'vaccine' emergency approval to be used. Former Pfizer executive Dr Michael Yeadon explained in his interview how the procedures could cause blood coagulation and clots. People who should have been at no risk were dying from blood clots in the brain and he said he had heard from medical doctor friends that people were suffering from skin bleeding and massive headaches. The AstraZeneca 'shot' was stopped by some 20 countries over the blood clotting issue and still the corrupt MHRA, the European Medicines Agency (EMA) and the World Health Organization said that it should continue to be given even though the EMA admitted that it 'still cannot rule out definitively' a link between blood clotting and the 'vaccine'. Later Marco Cavaleri, head of EMA vaccine strategy, said there was indeed a clear link between the 'vaccine' and thrombosis, but they didn't know why. So much for the trials showing the 'vaccine' is safe. Blood clots were affecting younger people who would be under virtually no danger from 'Covid' even if it existed which makes it all the more stupid and sinister.

The British government responded to public alarm by wheeling out June Raine, the terrifyingly weak infant school headmistress sound-alike who heads the UK MHRA drug 'regulator'. The idea that she would stand up to Big Pharma and government pressure is laughable and she told us that all was well in the same way that she did when allowing untested, never-used-on-humans-before, genetically-manipulating 'vaccines' to be exposed to the public in the first place. Mass lying is the new normal of the 'Covid' era. The MHRA later said 30 cases of rare blood clots had by then been connected with the AstraZeneca 'vaccine' (that means a lot more in reality) while stressing that the benefits of the jab in preventing 'Covid-19' outweighed any risks. A more ridiculous and disingenuous statement with callous disregard for human health it is hard to contemplate. Immediately after the mendacious 'all-clears' two hospital workers in Denmark experienced blood clots and cerebral haemorrhaging following the AstraZeneca jab and one died. Top Norwegian health official Pål Andre Holme said the 'vaccine' was the only common factor: 'There is nothing in the patient history of these individuals that can give such a powerful immune response ... I am confident that the antibodies that we have found are the cause, and I see no other explanation than it being the vaccine which triggers it.' Strokes, a clot or bleed in the brain, were clearly associated with the 'vaccine' from word of mouth and whistleblower reports. Similar consequences followed with all these 'vaccines' that we were told were so safe and as the numbers grew by the day it was clear we were witnessing human carnage.

Learning the hard way

A woman interviewed by UKColumn told how her husband suffered dramatic health effects after the vaccine when he'd been in good health all his life. He went from being a little unwell to losing all feeling in his legs and experiencing 'excruciating pain'. Misdiagnosis followed twice at Accident and Emergency (an 'allergy' and 'sciatica') before he was admitted to a neurology ward where doctors said his serious condition had been caused by the

'vaccine'. Another seven 'vaccinated' people were apparently being treated on the same ward for similar symptoms. The woman said he had the 'vaccine' because they believed media claims that it was safe. 'I didn't think the government would give out a vaccine that does this to somebody; I believed they would be bringing out a vaccination that would be safe.' What a tragic way to learn that lesson. Another woman posted that her husband was transporting stroke patients to hospital on almost every shift and when he asked them if they had been 'vaccinated' for 'Covid' they all replied 'yes'. One had a 'massive brain bleed' the day after his second dose. She said her husband reported the 'just been vaccinated' information every time to doctors in A and E only for them to ignore it, make no notes and appear annoyed that it was even mentioned. This particular report cannot be verified, but it expresses a common theme that confirms the monumental underreporting of 'vaccine' consequences. Interestingly as the 'vaccines' and their brain blood clot/stroke consequences began to emerge the UK National Health Service began a publicity campaign telling the public what to do in the event of a stroke. A Scottish NHS staff nurse who quit in disgust in March, 2021, said:

I have seen traumatic injuries from the vaccine, they're not getting reported to the yellow card [adverse reaction] scheme, they're treating the symptoms, not asking why, why it's happening. It's just treating the symptoms and when you speak about it you're dismissed like you're crazy, I'm not crazy, I'm not crazy because every other colleague I've spoken to is terrified to speak out, they've had enough.

Videos appeared on the Internet of people uncontrollably shaking after the 'vaccine' with no control over muscles, limbs and even their face. A Scottish mother broke out in a severe rash all over her body almost immediately after she was given the AstraZeneca 'vaccine'. The pictures were horrific. Leigh King, a 41-year-old hairdresser from Lanarkshire said: 'Never in my life was I prepared for what I was about to experience ... My skin was so sore and constantly hot ... I have never felt pain like this ...' But don't you worry, the 'vaccine' is perfectly safe. Then there has been the effect on medical

staff who have been pressured to have the 'vaccine' by psychopathic 'health' authorities and government. A London hospital consultant who gave the name K. Polyakova wrote this to the *British Medical Journal* or *BMJ*:

I am currently struggling with ... the failure to report the reality of the morbidity caused by our current vaccination program within the health service and staff population. The levels of sickness after vaccination is unprecedented and staff are getting very sick and some with neurological symptoms which is having a huge impact on the health service function. Even the young and healthy are off for days, some for weeks, and some requiring medical treatment. Whole teams are being taken out as they went to get vaccinated together.

Mandatory vaccination in this instance is stupid, unethical and irresponsible when it comes to protecting our staff and public health. We are in the voluntary phase of vaccination, and encouraging staff to take an unlicensed product that is impacting on their immediate health ... it is clearly stated that these vaccine products do not offer immunity or stop transmission. In which case why are we doing it?

Not to protect health that's for sure. Medical workers are lauded by governments for agenda reasons when they couldn't give a toss about them any more than they can for the population in general. Schools across America faced the same situation as they closed due to the high number of teachers and other staff with bad reactions to the Pfizer/BioNTech, Moderna, and Johnson & Johnson 'Covid vaccines' all of which were linked to death and serious adverse effects. The *BMJ* took down the consultant's comments pretty quickly on the grounds that they were being used to spread 'disinformation'. They were exposing the truth about the 'vaccine' was the real reason. The cover-up is breathtaking.

Hiding the evidence

The scale of the 'vaccine' death cover-up worldwide can be confirmed by comparing official figures with the personal experience of the public. I heard of many people in my community who died immediately or soon after the vaccine that would never appear in the media or even likely on the official totals of 'vaccine' fatalities and adverse reactions when only about ten percent are estimated to be

reported and I have seen some estimates as low as one percent in a Harvard study. In the UK alone by April 29th, 2021, some 757,654 adverse reactions had been officially reported from the Pfizer/BioNTech, Oxford/AstraZeneca and Moderna 'vaccines' with more than a thousand deaths linked to jabs and that means an estimated ten times this number in reality from a ten percent reporting rate percentage. That's seven million adverse reactions and 10,000 potential deaths and a one percent reporting rate would be ten times those figures. In 1976 the US government pulled the swine flu vaccine after 53 deaths. The UK data included a combined 10,000 eye disorders from the 'Covid vaccines' with more than 750 suffering visual impairment or blindness and again multiply by the estimated reporting percentages. As 'Covid cases' officially fell hospitals virtually empty during the 'Covid crisis' began to fill up with a range of other problems in the wake of the 'vaccine' rollout. The numbers across America have also been catastrophic. Deaths linked to all types of vaccine increased by 6,000 percent in the first quarter of 2021 compared with 2020. A 39-year-old woman from Ogden, Utah, died four days after receiving a second dose of Moderna's 'Covid vaccine' when her liver, heart and kidneys all failed despite the fact that she had no known medical issues or conditions. Her family sought an autopsy, but Dr Erik Christensen, Utah's chief medical examiner, said proving vaccine injury as a cause of death almost never happened. He could think of only one instance where an autopsy would name a vaccine as the official cause of death and that would be anaphylaxis where someone received a vaccine and died almost instantaneously. 'Short of that, it would be difficult for us to definitively say this is the vaccine,' Christensen said. If that is true this must be added to the estimated ten percent (or far less) reporting rate of vaccine deaths and serious reactions and the conclusion can only be that vaccine deaths and serious reactions – including these 'Covid' potions' – are phenomenally understated in official figures. The same story can be found everywhere. Endless accounts of deaths and serious reactions among the public, medical

and care home staff while official figures did not even begin to reflect this.

Professional script-reader Dr David Williams, a 'top public-health official' in Ontario, Canada, insulted our intelligence by claiming only four serious adverse reactions and no deaths from the more than 380,000 vaccine doses then given. This bore no resemblance to what people knew had happened in their owns circles and we had Dirk Huyer in charge of getting millions vaccinated in Ontario while at the same time he was Chief Coroner for the province investigating causes of death including possible death from the vaccine. An aide said he had stepped back from investigating deaths, but evidence indicated otherwise. Rosemary Frei, who secured a Master of Science degree in molecular biology at the Faculty of Medicine at Canada's University of Calgary before turning to investigative journalism, was one who could see that official figures for 'vaccine' deaths and reactions made no sense. She said that doctors seldom reported adverse events and when people got really sick or died after getting a vaccination they would attribute that to anything except the vaccines. It had been that way for years and anyone who wondered aloud whether the 'Covid vaccines' or other shots cause harm is immediately branded as 'anti-vax' and 'anti-science'. This was 'career-threatening' for health professionals. Then there was the huge pressure to support the push to 'vaccinate' billions in the quickest time possible. Frei said:

So that's where we're at today. More than half a million vaccine doses have been given to people in Ontario alone. The rush is on to vaccinate all 15 million of us in the province by September. And the mainstream media are screaming for this to be sped up even more. That all adds up to only a very slim likelihood that we're going to be told the truth by officials about how many people are getting sick or dying from the vaccines.

What is true of Ontario is true of everywhere.

They KNEW – and still did it

The authorities knew what was going to happen with multiple deaths and adverse reactions. The UK government's Gates-funded

and Big Pharma-dominated Medicines and Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA) hired a company to employ AI in compiling the projected reactions to the 'vaccine' that would otherwise be uncountable. The request for applications said: 'The MHRA urgently seeks an Artificial Intelligence (AI) software tool to process the expected high volume of Covid-19 vaccine Adverse Drug Reaction ...' This was from the agency, headed by the disingenuous June Raine, that gave the 'vaccines' emergency approval and the company was hired before the first shot was given. 'We are going to kill and maim you – is that okay?' 'Oh, yes, perfectly fine – I'm very grateful, thank you, doctor.' The range of 'Covid vaccine' adverse reactions goes on for page after page in the MHRA criminally underreported 'Yellow Card' system and includes affects to eyes, ears, skin, digestion, blood and so on. Raine's MHRA amazingly claimed that the 'overall safety experience ... is so far as expected from the clinical trials'. The death, serious adverse effects, deafness and blindness were expected? When did they ever mention that? If these human tragedies were expected then those that gave approval for the use of these 'vaccines' must be guilty of crimes against humanity including murder – a definition of which is 'killing a person with malice aforethought or with recklessness manifesting extreme indifference to the value of human life.' People involved at the MHRA, the CDC in America and their equivalent around the world must go before Nuremberg trials to answer for their callous inhumanity. We are only talking here about the immediate effects of the 'vaccine'. The longer-term impact of the DNA synthetic manipulation is the main reason they are so hysterically desperate to inoculate the entire global population in the shortest possible time.

Africa and the developing world are a major focus for the 'vaccine' depopulation agenda and a mass vaccination sales-pitch is underway thanks to caring people like the Rockefellers and other Cult assets. The Rockefeller Foundation, which pre-empted the 'Covid pandemic' in a document published in 2010 that 'predicted' what happened a decade later, announced an initial \$34.95 million grant in February, 2021, 'to ensure more equitable access to Covid-19

testing and vaccines' among other things in Africa in collaboration with '24 organizations, businesses, and government agencies'. The pan-Africa initiative would focus on 10 countries: Burkina Faso, Ethiopia, Ghana, Kenya, Nigeria, Rwanda, South Africa, Tanzania, Uganda, and Zambia'. Rajiv Shah, President of the Rockefeller Foundation and former administrator of CIA-controlled USAID, said that if Africa was not mass-vaccinated (to change the DNA of its people) it was a 'threat to all of humanity' and not fair on Africans. When someone from the Rockefeller Foundation says they want to do something to help poor and deprived people and countries it is time for a belly-laugh. They are doing this out of the goodness of their 'heart' because 'vaccinating' the entire global population is what the 'Covid' hoax set out to achieve. Official 'decolonisation' of Africa by the Cult was merely a prelude to financial colonisation on the road to a return to physical colonisation. The 'vaccine' is vital to that and the sudden and convenient death of the 'Covid' sceptic president of Tanzania can be seen in its true light. A lot of people in Africa are aware that this is another form of colonisation and exploitation and they need to stand their ground.

The 'vaccine is working' scam

A potential problem for the Cult was that the 'vaccine' is meant to change human DNA and body messaging and not to protect anyone from a 'virus' never shown to exist. The vaccine couldn't work because it was not designed to work and how could they make it appear to be working so that more people would have it? This was overcome by lowering the amplification rate of the PCR test to produce fewer 'cases' and therefore fewer 'deaths'. Some of us had been pointing out since March, 2020, that the amplification rate of the test not testing for the 'virus' had been made artificially high to generate positive tests which they could call 'cases' to justify lockdowns. The World Health Organization recommended an absurdly high 45 amplification cycles to ensure the high positives required by the Cult and then remained silent on the issue until January 20th, 2021 – Biden's Inauguration Day. This was when the

'vaccinations' were seriously underway and on that day the WHO recommended after discussions with America's CDC that laboratories lowered their testing amplification. Dr David Samadi, a certified urologist and health writer, said the WHO was encouraging all labs to reduce their cycle count for PCR tests. He said the current cycle was much too high and was 'resulting in any particle being declared a positive case'. Even one mainstream news report I saw said this meant the number of 'Covid' infections may have been 'dramatically inflated'. Oh, just a little bit. The CDC in America issued new guidance to laboratories in April, 2021, to use 28 cycles but only for 'vaccinated' people. The timing of the CDC/WHO interventions were cynically designed to make it appear the 'vaccines' were responsible for falling cases and deaths when the real reason can be seen in the following examples. New York's state lab, the Wadsworth Center, identified 872 positive tests in July, 2020, based on a threshold of 40 cycles. When the figure was lowered to 35 cycles 43 percent of the 872 were no longer 'positives'. At 30 cycles the figure was 63 percent. A Massachusetts lab found that between 85 to 90 percent of people who tested positive in July with a cycle threshold of 40 would be negative at 30 cycles, Ashish Jha, MD, director of the Harvard Global Health Institute, said: 'I'm really shocked that it could be that high ... Boy, does it really change the way we need to be thinking about testing.' I'm shocked that I could see the obvious in the spring of 2020, with no medical background, and most medical professionals still haven't worked it out. No, that's not shocking – it's terrifying.

Three weeks after the WHO directive to lower PCR cycles the London *Daily Mail* ran this headline: 'Why ARE Covid cases plummeting? New infections have fallen 45% in the US and 30% globally in the past 3 weeks but experts say vaccine is NOT the main driver because only 8% of Americans and 13% of people worldwide have received their first dose.' They acknowledged that the drop could not be attributed to the 'vaccine', but soon this morphed throughout the media into the 'vaccine' has caused cases and deaths to fall when it was the PCR threshold. In December, 2020, there was

chaos at English Channel ports with truck drivers needing negative 'Covid' tests before they could board a ferry home for Christmas. The government wanted to remove the backlog as fast as possible and they brought in troops to do the 'testing'. Out of 1,600 drivers just 36 tested positive and the rest were given the all clear to cross the Channel. I guess the authorities thought that 36 was the least they could get away with without the unquestioning catching on. The amplification trick which most people believed in the absence of information in the mainstream applied more pressure on those refusing the 'vaccine' to succumb when it 'obviously worked'. The truth was the exact opposite with deaths in care homes soaring with the 'vaccine' and in Israel the term used was 'skyrocket'. A reanalysis of published data from the Israeli Health Ministry led by Dr Hervé Seligmann at the Medicine Emerging Infectious and Tropical Diseases at Aix-Marseille University found that Pfizer's 'Covid vaccine' killed 'about 40 times more [elderly] people than the disease itself would have killed' during a five-week vaccination period and 260 times more younger people than would have died from the 'virus' even according to the manipulated 'virus' figures. Dr Seligmann and his co-study author, Haim Yativ, declared after reviewing the Israeli 'vaccine' death data: 'This is a new Holocaust.'

Then, in mid-April, 2021, after vast numbers of people worldwide had been 'vaccinated', the story changed with clear coordination. The UK government began to prepare the ground for more future lockdowns when Nuremberg-destined Boris Johnson told yet another whopper. He said that cases had fallen because of *lockdowns* not 'vaccines'. Lockdowns are irrelevant when *there is no 'virus'* and the test and fraudulent death certificates are deciding the number of 'cases' and 'deaths'. Study after study has shown that lockdowns don't work and instead kill and psychologically destroy people. Meanwhile in the United States Anthony Fauci and Rochelle Walensky, the ultra-Zionist head of the CDC, peddled the same line. More lockdown was the answer and not the 'vaccine', a line repeated on cue by the moron that is Canadian Prime Minister Justin Trudeau. Why all the hysteria to get everyone 'vaccinated' if lockdowns and

not 'vaccines' made the difference? None of it makes sense on the face of it. Oh, but it does. The Cult wants lockdowns and the 'vaccine' and if the 'vaccine' is allowed to be seen as the total answer lockdowns would no longer be justified when there are still livelihoods to destroy. 'Variants' and renewed upward manipulation of PCR amplification are planned to instigate never-ending lockdown and more 'vaccines'.

You must have it – we're desperate

Israel, where the Jewish and Arab population are ruled by the Sabbatian Cult, was the front-runner in imposing the DNAmanipulating 'vaccine' on its people to such an extent that Jewish refusers began to liken what was happening to the early years of Nazi Germany. This would seem to be a fantastic claim. Why would a government of Jewish people be acting like the Nazis did? If you realise that the Sabbatian Cult was behind the Nazis and that Sabbatians hate Jews the pieces start to fit and the question of why a 'Jewish' government would treat Jews with such callous disregard for their lives and freedom finds an answer. Those controlling the government of Israel aren't Jewish – they're Sabbatian. Israeli lawyer Tamir Turgal was one who made the Nazi comparison in comments to German lawyer Reiner Fuellmich who is leading a class action lawsuit against the psychopaths for crimes against humanity. Turgal described how the Israeli government was vaccinating children and pregnant women on the basis that there was no evidence that this was dangerous when they had no evidence that it *wasn't* dangerous either. They just had no evidence. This was medical experimentation and Turgal said this breached the Nuremberg Code about medical experimentation and procedures requiring informed consent and choice. Think about that. A Nuremberg Code developed because of Nazi experimentation on Jews and others in concentration camps by people like the evil-beyond-belief Josef Mengele is being breached by the *Israeli* government; but when you know that it's a *Sabbatian* government along with its intelligence and military agencies like Mossad, Shin Bet and the Israeli Defense Forces, and that Sabbatians

were the force behind the Nazis, the kaleidoscope comes into focus. What have we come to when Israeli Jews are suing their government for violating the Nuremberg Code by essentially making Israelis subject to a medical experiment using the controversial 'vaccines'? It's a shocker that this has to be done in the light of what happened in Nazi Germany. The Anshe Ha-Emet, or 'People of the Truth', made up of Israeli doctors, lawyers, campaigners and public, have launched a lawsuit with the International Criminal Court. It says:

When the heads of the Ministry of Health as well as the prime minister presented the vaccine in Israel and began the vaccination of Israeli residents, the vaccinated were not advised, that, in practice, they are taking part in a medical experiment and that their consent is required for this under the Nuremberg Code.

The irony is unbelievable, but easily explained in one word: Sabbatians. The foundation of Israeli 'Covid' apartheid is the 'green pass' or 'green passport' which allows Jews and Arabs who have had the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine' to go about their lives – to work, fly, travel in general, go to shopping malls, bars, restaurants, hotels, concerts, gyms, swimming pools, theatres and sports venues, while non-'vaccinated' are banned from all those places and activities. Israelis have likened the 'green pass' to the yellow stars that Jews in Nazi Germany were forced to wear – the same as the yellow stickers that a branch of UK supermarket chain Morrisons told exempt mask-wears they had to display when shopping. How very sensitive. The Israeli system is blatant South African-style apartheid on the basis of compliance or non-compliance to fascism rather than colour of the skin. How appropriate that the Sabbatian Israeli government was so close to the pre-Mandela apartheid regime in Pretoria. The Sabbatian-instigated 'vaccine passport' in Israel is planned for everywhere. Sabbatians struck a deal with Pfizer that allowed them to lead the way in the percentage of a national population infused with synthetic material and the result was catastrophic. Israeli freedom activist Shai Dannon told me how chairs were appearing on beaches that said 'vaccinated only'. Health Minister Yuli Edelstein said that anyone unwilling or unable to get

the jabs that 'confer immunity' will be 'left behind'. The man's a liar. Not even the makers claim the 'vaccines' confer immunity. When you see those figures of 'vaccine' deaths these psychopaths were saying that you must take the chance the 'vaccine' will kill you or maim you while knowing it will change your DNA or lockdown for you will be permanent. That's fascism. The Israeli parliament passed a law to allow personal information of the non-vaccinated to be shared with local and national authorities for three months. This was claimed by its supporters to be a way to 'encourage' people to be vaccinated. Hadas Ziv from Physicians for Human Rights described this as a 'draconian law which crushed medical ethics and the patient rights'. But that's the idea, the Sabbatians would reply.

Your papers, please

Sabbatian Israel was leading what has been planned all along to be a global 'vaccine pass' called a 'green passport' without which you would remain in permanent lockdown restriction and unable to do anything. This is how badly – *desperately* – the Cult is to get everyone 'vaccinated'. The term and colour 'green' was not by chance and related to the psychology of fusing the perception of the green climate hoax with the 'Covid' hoax and how the 'solution' to both is the same Great Reset. Lying politicians, health officials and psychologists denied there were any plans for mandatory vaccinations or restrictions based on vaccinations, but they knew that was exactly what was meant to happen with governments of all countries reaching agreements to enforce a global system. 'Free' Denmark and 'free' Sweden unveiled digital vaccine certification. Cyprus, Czech Republic, Estonia, Greece, Hungary, Iceland, Italy, Poland, Portugal, Slovakia, and Spain have all committed to a vaccine passport system and the rest including the whole of the EU would follow. The satanic UK government will certainly go this way despite mendacious denials and at the time of writing it is trying to manipulate the public into having the 'vaccine' so they could go abroad on a summer holiday. How would that work without something to prove you had the synthetic toxicity injected into you?

Documents show that the EU's European Commission was moving towards 'vaccine certificates' in 2018 and 2019 before the 'Covid' hoax began. They knew what was coming. Abracadabra – Ursula von der Leyen, the German President of the Commission, announced in March, 2021, an EU 'Digital Green Certificate' – green again – to track the public's 'Covid status'. The passport sting is worldwide and the Far East followed the same pattern with South Korea ruling that only those with 'vaccination' passports – again the *green* pass – would be able to 'return to their daily lives'.

Bill Gates has been preparing for this 'passport' with other Cult operatives for years and beyond the paper version is a Gates-funded 'digital tattoo' to identify who has been vaccinated and who hasn't. The 'tattoo' is reported to include a substance which is externally readable to confirm who has been vaccinated. This is a bio-luminous light-generating enzyme (think fireflies) called ... Luciferase. Yes, named after the Cult 'god' Lucifer the 'light bringer' of whom more to come. Gates said he funded the readable tattoo to ensure children in the developing world were vaccinated and no one was missed out. He cares so much about poor kids as we know. This was just the cover story to develop a vaccine tagging system for everyone on the planet. Gates has been funding the ID2020 'alliance' to do just that in league with other lovely people at Microsoft, GAVI, the Rockefeller Foundation, Accenture and IDEO.org. He said in interviews in March, 2020, before any 'vaccine' publicly existed, that the world must have a globalised digital certificate to track the 'virus' and who had been vaccinated. Gates knew from the start that the mRNA vaccines were coming and when they would come and that the plan was to tag the 'vaccinated' to marginalise the intelligent and stop them doing anything including travel. Evil just doesn't suffice. Gates was exposed for offering a \$10 million bribe to the Nigerian House of Representatives to invoke compulsory 'Covid' vaccination of all Nigerians. Sara Cunial, a member of the Italian Parliament, called Gates a 'vaccine criminal'. She urged the Italian President to hand him over to the International Criminal Court for crimes against

humanity and condemned his plans to 'chip the human race' through ID2020.

You know it's a long-planned agenda when war criminal and Cult gofer Tony Blair is on the case. With the scale of arrogance only someone as dark as Blair can muster he said: 'Vaccination in the end is going to be your route to liberty.' Blair is a disgusting piece of work and he confirms that again. The media has given a lot of coverage to a bloke called Charlie Mullins, founder of London's biggest independent plumbing company, Pimlico Plumbers, who has said he won't employ anyone who has not been vaccinated or have them go to any home where people are not vaccinated. He said that if he had his way no one would be allowed to walk the streets if they have not been vaccinated. Gates was cheering at the time while I was alerting the white coats. The plan is that people will qualify for 'passports' for having the first two doses and then to keep it they will have to have all the follow ups and new ones for invented 'variants' until human genetics is transformed and many are dead who can't adjust to the changes. Hollywood celebrities – the usual propaganda stunt – are promoting something called the WELL Health-Safety Rating to verify that a building or space has 'taken the necessary steps to prioritize the health and safety of their staff, visitors and other stakeholders'. They included Lady Gaga, Jennifer Lopez, Michael B. Jordan, Robert DeNiro, Venus Williams, Wolfgang Puck, Deepak Chopra and 17th Surgeon General Richard Carmona. Yawn. WELL Health-Safety has big connections with China. Parent company Delos is headed by former Goldman Sachs partner Paul Scialla. This is another example – and we will see so many others – of using the excuse of 'health' to dictate the lives and activities of the population. I guess one confirmation of the 'safety' of buildings is that only 'vaccinated' people can go in, right?

Electronic concentration camps

I wrote decades ago about the plans to restrict travel and here we are for those who refuse to bow to tyranny. This can be achieved in one go with air travel if the aviation industry makes a blanket decree.

The 'vaccine' and guaranteed income are designed to be part of a global version of China's social credit system which tracks behaviour 24/7 and awards or deletes 'credits' based on whether your behaviour is supported by the state or not. I mean your entire lifestyle – what you do, eat, say, everything. Once your credit score falls below a certain level consequences kick in. In China tens of millions have been denied travel by air and train because of this. All the locations and activities denied to refusers by the 'vaccine' passports will be included in one big mass ban on doing almost anything for those that don't bow their head to government. It's beyond fascist and a new term is required to describe its extremes – I guess fascist technocracy will have to do. The way the Chinese system of technological – technocratic – control is sweeping the West can be seen in the Los Angeles school system and is planned to be expanded worldwide. Every child is required to have a 'Covid'tracking app scanned daily before they can enter the classroom. The so-called Daily Pass tracking system is produced by Gates' Microsoft which I'm sure will shock you rigid. The pass will be scanned using a barcode (one step from an inside-the-body barcode) and the information will include health checks, 'Covid' tests and vaccinations. Entry codes are for one specific building only and access will only be allowed if a student or teacher has a negative test with a test not testing for the 'virus', has no symptoms of anything alleged to be related to 'Covid' (symptoms from a range of other illness), and has a temperature under 100 degrees. No barcode, no entry, is planned to be the case for everywhere and not only schools.

Kids are being psychologically prepared to accept this as 'normal' their whole life which is why what they can impose in schools is so important to the Cult and its gofers. Long-time American freedom campaigner John Whitehead of the Rutherford Institute was not exaggerating when he said: 'Databit by databit, we are building our own electronic concentration camps.' Canada under its Cult gofer prime minister Justin Trudeau has taken a major step towards the real thing with people interned against their will if they test positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' when they arrive at a Canadian

airport. They are jailed in internment hotels often without food or water for long periods and with many doors failing to lock there have been sexual assaults. The interned are being charged sometimes \$2,000 for the privilege of being abused in this way. Trudeau is fully on board with the Cult and says the 'Covid pandemic' has provided an opportunity for a global 'reset' to permanently change Western civilisation. His number two, Deputy Prime Minister Chrystia Freeland, is a trustee of the World Economic Forum and a Rhodes Scholar. The Trudeau family have long been servants of the Cult. See *The Biggest Secret* and Cathy O'Brien's book *Trance-Formation of America* for the horrific background to Trudeau's father Pierre Trudeau another Canadian prime minister. Hide your fascism behind the façade of a heart-on-the-sleeve liberal. It's a well-honed Cult technique.

What can the 'vaccine' really do?

We have a 'virus' never shown to exist and 'variants' of the 'virus' that have also never been shown to exist except, like the 'original', as computer-generated fictions. Even if you believe there's a 'virus' the 'case' to 'death' rate is in the region of 0.23 to 0.15 percent and those 'deaths' are concentrated among the very old around the same average age that people die anyway. In response to this lack of threat (in truth none) psychopaths and idiots, knowingly and unknowingly answering to Gates and the Cult, are seeking to 'vaccinate' every man, woman and child on Planet Earth. Clearly the 'vaccine' is not about 'Covid' – none of this ever has been. So what is it all about really? Why the desperation to infuse genetically-manipulating synthetic material into everyone through mRNA fraudulent 'vaccines' with the intent of doing this over and over with the excuses of 'variants' and other 'virus' inventions? Dr Sherri Tenpenny, an osteopathic medical doctor in the United States, has made herself an expert on vaccines and their effects as a vehement campaigner against their use. Tenpenny was board certified in emergency medicine, the director of a level two trauma centre for 12 years, and moved to Cleveland in 1996 to start an integrative

medicine practice which has treated patients from all 50 states and some 17 other countries. Weaning people off pharmaceutical drugs is a speciality.

She became interested in the consequences of vaccines after attending a meeting at the National Vaccine Information Center in Washington DC in 2000 where she 'sat through four days of listening to medical doctors and scientists and lawyers and parents of vaccine injured kids' and asked: 'What's going on?' She had never been vaccinated and never got ill while her father was given a list of vaccines to be in the military and was 'sick his entire life'. The experience added to her questions and she began to examine vaccine documents from the Centers for Disease Control (CDC). After reading the first one, the 1998 version of *The General Recommendations* of Vaccination, she thought: 'This is it?' The document was poorly written and bad science and Tenpenny began 20 years of research into vaccines that continues to this day. She began her research into 'Covid vaccines' in March, 2020, and she describes them as 'deadly'. For many, as we have seen, they already have been. Tenpenny said that in the first 30 days of the 'vaccine' rollout in the United States there had been more than 40,000 adverse events reported to the vaccine adverse event database. A document had been delivered to her the day before that was 172 pages long. 'We have over 40,000 adverse events; we have over 3,100 cases of [potentially deadly] anaphylactic shock; we have over 5,000 neurological reactions.' Effects ranged from headaches to numbness, dizziness and vertigo, to losing feeling in hands or feet and paraesthesia which is when limbs 'fall asleep' and people have the sensation of insects crawling underneath their skin. All this happened in the first 30 days and remember that only about ten percent (or far less) of adverse reactions and vaccine-related deaths are estimated to be officially reported. Tenpenny said:

So can you think of one single product in any industry, any industry, for as long as products have been made on the planet that within 30 days we have 40,000 people complaining of side effects that not only is still on the market but ... we've got paid actors telling us how great

they are for getting their vaccine. We're offering people \$500 if they will just get their vaccine and we've got nurses and doctors going; 'I got the vaccine, I got the vaccine'.

Tenpenny said they were not going to be 'happy dancing folks' when they began to suffer Bell's palsy (facial paralysis), neuropathies, cardiac arrhythmias and autoimmune reactions that kill through a blood disorder. 'They're not going to be so happy, happy then, but we're never going to see pictures of those people' she said. Tenpenny described the 'vaccine' as 'a well-designed killing tool'.

No off-switch

Bad as the initial consequences had been Tenpenny said it would be maybe 14 months before we began to see the 'full ravage' of what is going to happen to the 'Covid vaccinated' with full-out consequences taking anything between two years and 20 years to show. You can understand why when you consider that variations of the 'Covid vaccine' use mRNA (messenger RNA) to in theory activate the immune system to produce protective antibodies without using the actual 'virus'. How can they when it's a computer program and they've never isolated what they claim is the 'real thing'? Instead they use *synthetic* mRNA. They are inoculating synthetic material into the body which through a technique known as the Trojan horse is absorbed into cells to change the nature of DNA. Human DNA is changed by an infusion of messenger RNA and with each new 'vaccine' of this type it is changed even more. Say so and you are banned by Cult Internet platforms. The contempt the contemptuous Mark Zuckerberg has for the truth and human health can be seen in an internal Facebook video leaked to the Project Veritas investigative team in which he said of the 'Covid vaccines': '... I share some caution on this because we just don't know the long term side-effects of basically modifying people's DNA and RNA.' At the same time this disgusting man's Facebook was censoring and banning anyone saying exactly the same. He must go before a Nuremberg trial for crimes against humanity when he knows that he

is censoring legitimate concerns and denying the right of informed consent on behalf of the Cult that owns him. People have been killed and damaged by the very 'vaccination' technique he cast doubt on himself when they may not have had the 'vaccine' with access to information that he denied them. The plan is to have at least annual 'Covid vaccinations', add others to deal with invented 'variants', and change all other vaccines into the mRNA system. Pfizer executives told shareholders at a virtual Barclays Global Healthcare Conference in March, 2021, that the public may need a third dose of 'Covid vaccine', plus regular yearly boosters and the company planned to hike prices to milk the profits in a 'significant opportunity for our vaccine'. These are the professional liars, cheats and opportunists who are telling you their 'vaccine' is safe. Given this volume of mRNA planned to be infused into the human body and its ability to then replicate we will have a transformation of human genetics from biological to synthetic biological – exactly the long-time Cult plan for reasons we'll see - and many will die. Sherri Tenpenny said of this replication:

It's like having an on-button but no off-button and that whole mechanism ... they actually give it a name and they call it the Trojan horse mechanism, because it allows that [synthetic] virus and that piece of that [synthetic] virus to get inside of your cells, start to replicate and even get inserted into other parts of your DNA as a Trojan-horse.

Ask the overwhelming majority of people who have the 'vaccine' what they know about the contents and what they do and they would reply: 'The government says it will stop me getting the virus.' Governments give that false impression on purpose to increase take-up. You can read Sherri Tenpenny's detailed analysis of the health consequences in her blog at Vaxxter.com, but in summary these are some of them. She highlights the statement by Bill Gates about how human beings can become their own 'vaccine manufacturing machine'. The man is insane. ['Vaccine'-generated] 'antibodies' carry synthetic messenger RNA into the cells and the damage starts, Tenpenny contends, and she says that lungs can be adversely affected through varying degrees of pus and bleeding which

obviously affects breathing and would be dubbed 'Covid-19'. Even more sinister was the impact of 'antibodies' on macrophages, a white blood cell of the immune system. They consist of Type 1 and Type 2 which have very different functions. She said Type 1 are 'hypervigilant' white blood cells which 'gobble up' bacteria etc. However, in doing so, this could cause inflammation and in extreme circumstances be fatal. She says these affects are mitigated by Type 2 macrophages which kick in to calm down the system and stop it going rogue. They clear up dead tissue debris and reduce inflammation that the Type 1 'fire crews' have caused. Type 1 kills the infection and Type 2 heals the damage, she says. This is her punchline with regard to 'Covid vaccinations': She says that mRNA 'antibodies' block Type 2 macrophages by attaching to them and deactivating them. This meant that when the Type 1 response was triggered by infection there was nothing to stop that getting out of hand by calming everything down. There's an on-switch, but no offswitch, she says. What follows can be 'over and out, see you when I see you'.

Genetic suicide

Tenpenny also highlights the potential for autoimmune disease – the body attacking itself – which has been associated with vaccines since they first appeared. Infusing a synthetic foreign substance into cells could cause the immune system to react in a panic believing that the body is being overwhelmed by an invader (it is) and the consequences can again be fatal. There is an autoimmune response known as a 'cytokine storm' which I have likened to a homeowner panicked by an intruder and picking up a gun to shoot randomly in all directions before turning the fire on himself. The immune system unleashes a storm of inflammatory response called cytokines to a threat and the body commits hara-kiri. The lesson is that you mess with the body's immune response at your peril and these 'vaccines' seriously – fundamentally – mess with immune response. Tenpenny refers to a consequence called anaphylactic shock which is a severe and highly dangerous allergic reaction when the immune system

floods the body with chemicals. She gives the example of having a bee sting which primes the immune system and makes it sensitive to those chemicals. When people are stung again maybe years later the immune response can be so powerful that it leads to anaphylactic shock. Tenpenny relates this 'shock' with regard to the 'Covid vaccine' to something called polyethylene glycol or PEG. Enormous numbers of people have become sensitive to this over decades of use in a whole range of products and processes including food, drink, skin creams and 'medicine'. Studies have claimed that some 72 percent of people have antibodies triggered by PEG compared with two percent in the 1960s and allergic hypersensitive reactions to this become a gathering cause for concern. Tenpenny points out that the 'mRNA vaccine' is coated in a 'bubble' of polyethylene glycol which has the potential to cause anaphylactic shock through immune sensitivity. Many reports have appeared of people reacting this way after having the 'Covid vaccine'. What do we think is going to happen as humanity has more and more of these 'vaccines'? Tenpenny said: 'All these pictures we have seen with people with these rashes ... these weepy rashes, big reactions on their arms and things like that – it's an acute allergic reaction most likely to the polyethylene glycol that you've been previously primed and sensitised to.'

Those who have not studied the conspiracy and its perpetrators at length might think that making the population sensitive to PEG and then putting it in these 'vaccines' is just a coincidence. It is not. It is instead testament to how carefully and coldly-planned current events have been and the scale of the conspiracy we are dealing with. Tenpenny further explains that the 'vaccine' mRNA procedure can breach the blood-brain barrier which protects the brain from toxins and other crap that will cause malfunction. In this case they could make two proteins corrupt brain function to cause Amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS) , a progressive nervous system disease leading to loss of muscle control, and frontal lobe degeneration – Alzheimer's and dementia. Immunologist J. Bart Classon published a paper connecting mRNA 'vaccines' to prion

disease which can lead to Alzheimer's and other forms of neurogenerative disease while others have pointed out the potential to affect the placenta in ways that make women infertile. This will become highly significant in the next chapter when I will discuss other aspects of this non-vaccine that relate to its nanotechnology and transmission from the injected to the uninjected.

Qualified in idiocy

Tenpenny describes how research has confirmed that these 'vaccine'-generated antibodies can interact with a range of other tissues in the body and attack many other organs including the lungs. 'This means that if you have a hundred people standing in front of you that all got this shot they could have a hundred different symptoms.' Anyone really think that Cult gofers like the Queen, Tony Blair, Christopher Whitty, Anthony Fauci, and all the other psychopaths have really had this 'vaccine' in the pictures we've seen? Not a bloody chance. Why don't doctors all tell us about all these dangers and consequences of the 'Covid vaccine'? Why instead do they encourage and pressure patients to have the shot? Don't let's think for a moment that doctors and medical staff can't be stupid, lazy, and psychopathic and that's without the financial incentives to give the jab. Tenpenny again:

Some people are going to die from the vaccine directly but a large number of people are going to start to get horribly sick and get all kinds of autoimmune diseases 42 days to maybe a year out. What are they going to do, these stupid doctors who say; 'Good for you for getting that vaccine.' What are they going to say; 'Oh, it must be a mutant, we need to give an extra dose of that vaccine.'

Because now the vaccine, instead of one dose or two doses we need three or four because the stupid physicians aren't taking the time to learn anything about it. If I can learn this sitting in my living room reading a 19 page paper and several others so can they. There's nothing special about me, I just take the time to do it.

Remember how Sara Kayat, the NHS and TV doctor, said that the 'Covid vaccine' would '100 percent prevent hospitalisation and death'. Doctors can be idiots like every other profession and they

should not be worshipped as infallible. They are not and far from it. Behind many medical and scientific 'experts' lies an uninformed prat trying to hide themselves from you although in the 'Covid' era many have failed to do so as with UK narrative-repeating 'TV doctor' Hilary Jones. Pushing back against the minority of proper doctors and scientists speaking out against the 'vaccine' has been the entire edifice of the Cult global state in the form of governments, medical systems, corporations, mainstream media, Silicon Valley, and an army of compliant doctors, medical staff and scientists willing to say anything for money and to enhance their careers by promoting the party line. If you do that you are an 'expert' and if you won't you are an 'anti-vaxxer' and 'Covidiot'. The pressure to be 'vaccinated' is incessant. We have even had reports claiming that the 'vaccine' can help cure cancer and Alzheimer's and make the lame walk. I am waiting for the announcement that it can bring you coffee in the morning and cook your tea. Just as the symptoms of 'Covid' seem to increase by the week so have the miracles of the 'vaccine'. American supermarket giant Kroger Co. offered nearly 500,000 employees in 35 states a \$100 bonus for having the 'vaccine' while donut chain Krispy Kreme promised 'vaccinated' customers a free glazed donut every day for the rest of 2021. Have your DNA changed and you will get a doughnut although we might not have to give you them for long. Such offers and incentives confirm the desperation.

Perhaps the worse vaccine-stunt of them all was UK 'Health' Secretary Matt-the-prat Hancock on live TV after watching a clip of someone being 'vaccinated' when the roll-out began. Hancock faked tears so badly it was embarrassing. Brain-of-Britain Piers Morgan, the lockdown-supporting, 'vaccine' supporting, 'vaccine' passport-supporting, TV host played along with Hancock – 'You're quite emotional about that' he said in response to acting so atrocious it would have been called out at a school nativity which will presumably today include Mary and Jesus in masks, wise men keeping their camels six feet apart, and shepherds under tent arrest. System-serving Morgan tweeted this: 'Love the idea of covid vaccine passports for everywhere: flights, restaurants, clubs, football, gyms,

shops etc. It's time covid-denying, anti-vaxxer loonies had their bullsh*t bluff called & bar themselves from going anywhere that responsible citizens go.' If only I could aspire to his genius. To think that Morgan, who specialises in shouting over anyone he disagrees with, was lauded as a free speech hero when he lost his job after storming off the set of his live show like a child throwing his dolly out of the pram. If he is a free speech hero we are in real trouble. I have no idea what 'bullsh*t' means, by the way, the * throws me completely.

The Cult is desperate to infuse its synthetic DNA-changing concoction into everyone and has been using every lie, trick and intimidation to do so. The question of 'Why?' we shall now address.

CHAPTER TEN

Human 2.0

I believe that at the end of the century the use of words and general educated opinion will have altered so much that one will be able to speak of machines thinking without expecting to be contradicted – Alan Turing (1912-1954), the 'Father of artificial intelligence'

have been exposing for decades the plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic-biological state. The new human that I will call Human 2.0 is planned to be connected to artificial intelligence and a global AI 'Smart Grid' that would operate as one global system in which AI would control everything from your fridge to your heating system to your car to your mind. Humans would no longer be 'human', but post-human and subhuman, with their thinking and emotional processes replaced by AI.

What I said sounded crazy and beyond science fiction and I could understand that. To any balanced, rational, mind it *is* crazy. Today, however, that world is becoming reality and it puts the 'Covid vaccine' into its true context. Ray Kurzweil is the ultra-Zionist 'computer scientist, inventor and futurist' and co-founder of the Singularity University. Singularity refers to the merging of humans with machines or 'transhumanism'. Kurzweil has said humanity would be connected to the cyber 'cloud' in the period of the ever-recurring year of 2030:

Our thinking ... will be a hybrid of biological and non-biological thinking ... humans will be able to extend their limitations and 'think in the cloud' ... We're going to put gateways to the

cloud in our brains ... We're going to gradually merge and enhance ourselves ... In my view, that's the nature of being human – we transcend our limitations. As the technology becomes vastly superior to what we are then the small proportion that is still human gets smaller and smaller until it's just utterly negligible.

They are trying to sell this end-of-humanity-as-we-know-it as the next stage of 'evolution' when we become super-human and 'like the gods'. They are lying to you. Shocked, eh? The population, and again especially the young, have been manipulated into addiction to technologies designed to enslave them for life. First they induced an addiction to smartphones (holdables); next they moved to technology on the body (wearables); and then began the invasion of the body (implantables). I warned way back about the plan for microchipped people and we are now entering that era. We should not be diverted into thinking that this refers only to chips we can see. Most important are the nanochips known as smart dust, neural dust and nanobots which are far too small to be seen by the human eye. Nanotechnology is everywhere, increasingly in food products, and released into the atmosphere by the geoengineering of the skies funded by Bill Gates to 'shut out the Sun' and 'save the planet from global warming'. Gates has been funding a project to spray millions of tonnes of chalk (calcium carbonate) into the stratosphere over Sweden to 'dim the Sun' and cool the Earth. Scientists warned the move could be disastrous for weather systems in ways no one can predict and opposition led to the Swedish space agency announcing that the 'experiment' would not be happening as planned in the summer of 2021; but it shows where the Cult is going with dimming the impact of the Sun and there's an associated plan to change the planet's atmosphere. Who gives psychopath Gates the right to dictate to the entire human race and dismantle planetary systems? The world will not be safe while this man is at large.

The global warming hoax has made the Sun, like the gas of life, something to fear when both are essential to good health and human survival (more inversion). The body transforms sunlight into vital vitamin D through a process involving ... cholesterol. This is the cholesterol we are also told to fear. We are urged to take Big Pharma

statin drugs to reduce cholesterol and it's all systematic. Reducing cholesterol means reducing vitamin D uptake with all the multiple health problems that will cause. At least if you take statins long term it saves the government from having to pay you a pension. The delivery system to block sunlight is widely referred to as chemtrails although these have a much deeper agenda, too. They appear at first to be contrails or condensation trails streaming from aircraft into cold air at high altitudes. Contrails disperse very quickly while chemtrails do not and spread out across the sky before eventually their content falls to earth. Many times I have watched aircraft crosscross a clear blue sky releasing chemtrails until it looks like a cloudy day. Chemtrails contain many things harmful to humans and the natural world including toxic heavy metals, aluminium (see Alzheimer's) and nanotechnology. Ray Kurzweil reveals the reason without actually saying so: 'Nanobots will infuse all the matter around us with information. Rocks, trees, everything will become these intelligent creatures.' How do you deliver that? *From the sky*. Self-replicating nanobots would connect everything to the Smart Grid. The phenomenon of Morgellons disease began in the chemtrail era and the correlation has led to it being dubbed the 'chemtrail disease'. Self-replicating fibres appear in the body that can be pulled out through the skin. Morgellons fibres continue to grow outside the body and have a form of artificial intelligence. I cover this at greater length in Phantom Self.

Vaccine' operating system

'Covid vaccines' with their self-replicating synthetic material are also designed to make the connection between humanity and Kurzweil's 'cloud'. American doctor and dedicated campaigner for truth, Carrie Madej, an Internal Medicine Specialist in Georgia with more than 20 years medical experience, has highlighted the nanotechnology aspect of the fake 'vaccines'. She explains how one of the components in at least the Moderna and Pfizer synthetic potions are 'lipid nanoparticles' which are 'like little tiny computer bits' – a 'sci-fi substance' known as nanobots and hydrogel which can be 'triggered

at any moment to deliver its payload' and act as 'biosensors'. The synthetic substance had 'the ability to accumulate data from your body like your breathing, your respiration, thoughts and emotions, all kind of things' and each syringe could carry a *million* nanobots:

This substance because it's like little bits of computers in your body, crazy, but it's true, it can do that, [and] obviously has the ability to act through Wi-Fi. It can receive and transmit energy, messages, frequencies or impulses. That issue has never been addressed by these companies. What does that do to the human?

Just imagine getting this substance in you and it can react to things all around you, the 5G, your smart device, your phones, what is happening with that? What if something is triggering it, too, like an impulse, a frequency? We have something completely foreign in the human body.

Madej said her research revealed that electromagnetic (EMF) frequencies emitted by phones and other devices had increased dramatically in the same period of the 'vaccine' rollout and she was seeing more people with radiation problems as 5G and other electromagnetic technology was expanded and introduced to schools and hospitals. She said she was 'floored with the EMF coming off' the devices she checked. All this makes total sense and syncs with my own work of decades when you think that Moderna refers in documents to its mRNA 'vaccine' as an 'operating system':

Recognizing the broad potential of mRNA science, we set out to create an mRNA technology platform that functions very much like an operating system on a computer. It is designed so that it can plug and play interchangeably with different programs. In our case, the 'program' or 'app' is our mRNA drug – the unique mRNA sequence that codes for a protein ...

... Our MRNA Medicines – 'The 'Software Of Life': When we have a concept for a new mRNA medicine and begin research, fundamental components are already in place. Generally, the only thing that changes from one potential mRNA medicine to another is the coding region – the actual genetic code that instructs ribosomes to make protein. Utilizing these instruction sets gives our investigational mRNA medicines a software-like quality. We also have the ability to combine different mRNA sequences encoding for different proteins in a single mRNA investigational medicine.

Who needs a real 'virus' when you can create a computer version to justify infusing your operating system into the entire human race on the road to making living, breathing people into cyborgs? What is missed with the 'vaccines' is the *digital* connection between synthetic material and the body that I highlighted earlier with the study that hacked a computer with human DNA. On one level the body is digital, based on mathematical codes, and I'll have more about that in the next chapter. Those who ridiculously claim that mRNA 'vaccines' are not designed to change human genetics should explain the words of Dr Tal Zaks, chief medical officer at Moderna, in a 2017 TED talk. He said that over the last 30 years 'we've been living this phenomenal digital scientific revolution, and I'm here today to tell you, that we are actually *hacking the software of life*, and that it's changing the way we think about prevention and treatment of disease':

In every cell there's this thing called messenger RNA, or mRNA for short, that transmits the critical information from the DNA in our genes to the protein, which is really the stuff we're all made out of. This is the critical information that determines what the cell will do. So we think about it as an operating system. So if you could change that, if you could introduce a line of code, or change a line of code, it turns out, that has profound implications for everything, from the flu to cancer.

Zaks should more accurately have said that this has profound implications for the human genetic code and the nature of DNA. Communications within the body go both ways and not only one. But, hey, no, the 'Covid vaccine' will not affect your genetics. Cult fact-checkers say so even though the man who helped to develop the mRNA technique says that it does. Zaks said in 2017:

If you think about what it is we're trying to do. We've taken information and our understanding of that information and how that information is transmitted in a cell, and we've taken our understanding of medicine and how to make drugs, and we're fusing the two. We think of it as information therapy.

I have been writing for decades that the body is an information field communicating with itself and the wider world. This is why radiation which is information can change the information field of body and mind through phenomena like 5G and change their nature and function. 'Information therapy' means to change the body's information field and change the way it operates. DNA is a receivertransmitter of information and can be mutated by information like mRNA synthetic messaging. Technology to do this has been ready and waiting in the underground bases and other secret projects to be rolled out when the 'Covid' hoax was played. 'Trials' of such short and irrelevant duration were only for public consumption. When they say the 'vaccine' is 'experimental' that is not true. It may appear to be 'experimental' to those who don't know what's going on, but the trials have already been done to ensure the Cult gets the result it desires. Zaks said that it took decades to sequence the human genome, completed in 2003, but now they could do it in a week. By 'they' he means scientists operating in the public domain. In the secret projects they were sequencing the genome in a week long before even 2003.

Deluge of mRNA

Highly significantly the Moderna document says the guiding premise is that if using mRNA as a medicine works for one disease then it should work for many diseases. They were leveraging the flexibility afforded by their platform and the fundamental role mRNA plays in protein synthesis to pursue mRNA medicines for a broad spectrum of diseases. Moderna is confirming what I was saying through 2020 that multiple 'vaccines' were planned for 'Covid' (and later invented 'variants') and that previous vaccines would be converted to the mRNA system to infuse the body with massive amounts of genetically-manipulating synthetic material to secure a transformation to a synthetic-biological state. The 'vaccines' are designed to kill stunning numbers as part of the long-exposed Cult depopulation agenda and transform the rest. Given this is the goal you can appreciate why there is such hysterical demand for every human to be 'vaccinated' for an alleged 'disease' that has an estimated 'infection' to 'death' ratio of 0.23-0.15 percent. As I write

children are being given the 'vaccine' in trials (their parents are a disgrace) and ever-younger people are being offered the vaccine for a 'virus' that even if you believe it exists has virtually zero chance of harming them. Horrific effects of the 'trials' on a 12-year-old girl were revealed by a family member to be serious brain and gastric problems that included a bowel obstruction and the inability to swallow liquids or solids. She was unable to eat or drink without throwing up, had extreme pain in her back, neck and abdomen, and was paralysed from the waist down which stopped her urinating unaided. When the girl was first taken to hospital doctors said it was all in her mind. She was signed up for the 'trial' by her parents for whom no words suffice. None of this 'Covid vaccine' insanity makes any sense unless you see what the 'vaccine' really is – a bodychanger. Synthetic biology or 'SynBio' is a fast-emerging and expanding scientific discipline which includes everything from genetic and molecular engineering to electrical and computer engineering. Synthetic biology is defined in these ways:

- A multidisciplinary area of research that seeks to create new biological parts, devices, and systems, or to redesign systems that are already found in nature.
- The use of a mixture of physical engineering and genetic engineering to create new (and therefore synthetic) life forms.
- An emerging field of research that aims to combine the knowledge and methods of biology, engineering and related disciplines in the design of chemically-synthesized DNA to create organisms with novel or enhanced characteristics and traits (synthetic organisms including humans).

We now have synthetic blood, skin, organs and limbs being developed along with synthetic body parts produced by 3D printers. These are all elements of the synthetic human programme and this comment by Kurzweil's co-founder of the Singularity University,

Peter Diamandis, can be seen in a whole new light with the 'Covid' hoax and the sanctions against those that refuse the 'vaccine':

Anybody who is going to be resisting the progress forward [to transhumanism] is going to be resisting evolution and, fundamentally, they will die out. It's not a matter of whether it's good or bad. It's going to happen.

'Resisting evolution'? What absolute bollocks. The arrogance of these people is without limit. His 'it's going to happen' mantra is another way of saying 'resistance is futile' to break the spirit of those pushing back and we must not fall for it. Getting this genetically-transforming 'vaccine' into everyone is crucial to the Cult plan for total control and the desperation to achieve that is clear for anyone to see. Vaccine passports are a major factor in this and they, too, are a form of resistance is futile. It's NOT. The paper funded by the Rockefeller Foundation for the 2013 'health conference' in China said:

We will interact more with artificial intelligence. The use of robotics, bio-engineering to augment human functioning is already well underway and will advance. Re-engineering of humans into potentially separate and unequal forms through genetic engineering or mixed human-robots raises debates on ethics and equality.

A new demography is projected to emerge after 2030 [that year again] of technologies (robotics, genetic engineering, nanotechnology) producing robots, engineered organisms, 'nanobots' and artificial intelligence (AI) that can self-replicate. Debates will grow on the implications of an impending reality of human designed life.

What is happening today is so long planned. The world army enforcing the will of the world government is intended to be a robot army, not a human one. Today's military and its technologically 'enhanced' troops, pilotless planes and driverless vehicles are just stepping stones to that end. Human soldiers are used as Cult fodder and its time they woke up to that and worked for the freedom of the population instead of their own destruction and their family's destruction – the same with the police. Join us and let's sort this out. The phenomenon of enforce my own destruction is widespread in the 'Covid' era with Woker 'luvvies' in the acting and entertainment

industries supporting 'Covid' rules which have destroyed their profession and the same with those among the public who put signs on the doors of their businesses 'closed due to Covid – stay safe' when many will never reopen. It's a form of masochism and most certainly insanity.

Transgender = transhumanism

When something explodes out of nowhere and is suddenly everywhere it is always the Cult agenda and so it is with the tidal wave of claims and demands that have infiltrated every aspect of society under the heading of 'transgenderism'. The term 'trans' is so 'in' and this is the dictionary definition:

A prefix meaning 'across', 'through', occurring ... in loanwords from Latin, used in particular for denoting movement or conveyance from place to place (transfer; transmit; transplant) or complete change (transform; transmute), or to form adjectives meaning 'crossing', 'on the other side of', or 'going beyond' the place named (transmontane; transnational; trans-Siberian).

Transgender means to go beyond gender and transhuman means to go beyond human. Both are aspects of the Cult plan to transform the human body to a synthetic state with no gender. Human 2.0 is not designed to procreate and would be produced technologically with no need for parents. The new human would mean the end of parents and so men, and increasingly women, are being targeted for the deletion of their rights and status. Parental rights are disappearing at an ever-quickening speed for the same reason. The new human would have no need for men or women when there is no procreation and no gender. Perhaps the transgender movement that appears to be in a permanent state of frenzy might now contemplate on how it is being used. This was never about transgender rights which are only the interim excuse for confusing gender, particularly in the young, on the road to *fusing* gender. Transgender activism is not an end; it is a *means* to an end. We see again the technique of creative destruction in which you destroy the status quo to 'build back better' in the form that you want. The gender status quo had to be

destroyed by persuading the Cult-created Woke mentality to believe that you can have 100 genders or more. A programme for 9 to 12 year olds produced by the Cult-owned BBC promoted the 100 genders narrative. The very idea may be the most monumental nonsense, but it is not what is true that counts, only what you can make people *believe* is true. Once the gender of 2 + 2 = 4 has been dismantled through indoctrination, intimidation and 2 + 2 = 5 then the new no-gender normal can take its place with Human 2.0. Aldous Huxley revealed the plan in his prophetic *Brave New World* in 1932:

Natural reproduction has been done away with and children are created, decanted', and raised in 'hatcheries and conditioning centres'. From birth, people are genetically designed to fit into one of five castes, which are further split into 'Plus' and 'Minus' members and designed to fulfil predetermined positions within the social and economic strata of the World State.

How could Huxley know this in 1932? For the same reason George Orwell knew about the Big Brother state in 1948, Cult insiders I have quoted knew about it in 1969, and I have known about it since the early 1990s. If you are connected to the Cult or you work your balls off to uncover the plan you can predict the future. The process is simple. If there is a plan for the world and nothing intervenes to stop it then it will happen. Thus if you communicate the plan ahead of time you are perceived to have predicted the future, but you haven't. You have revealed the plan which without intervention will become the human future. The whole reason I have done what I have is to alert enough people to inspire an intervention and maybe at last that time has come with the Cult and its intentions now so obvious to anyone with a brain in working order.

The future is here

Technological wombs that Huxley described to replace parent procreation are already being developed and they are only the projects we know about in the public arena. Israeli scientists told *The Times of Israel* in March, 2021, that they have grown 250-cell embryos

into mouse foetuses with fully formed organs using artificial wombs in a development they say could pave the way for gestating humans outside the womb. Professor Jacob Hanna of the Weizmann Institute of Science said:

We took mouse embryos from the mother at day five of development, when they are just of 250 cells, and had them in the incubator from day five until day 11, by which point they had grown all their organs.

By day 11 they make their own blood and have a beating heart, a fully developed brain. Anybody would look at them and say, 'this is clearly a mouse foetus with all the characteristics of a mouse.' It's gone from being a ball of cells to being an advanced foetus.

A special liquid is used to nourish embryo cells in a laboratory dish and they float on the liquid to duplicate the first stage of embryonic development. The incubator creates all the right conditions for its development, Hanna said. The liquid gives the embryo 'all the nutrients, hormones and sugars they need' along with a custom-made electronic incubator which controls gas concentration, pressure and temperature. The cutting-edge in the underground bases and other secret locations will be light years ahead of that, however, and this was reported by the London *Guardian* in 2017:

We are approaching a biotechnological breakthrough. Ectogenesis, the invention of a complete external womb, could completely change the nature of human reproduction. In April this year, researchers at the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia announced their development of an artificial womb.

The article was headed 'Artificial wombs could soon be a reality. What will this mean for women?' What would it mean for children is an even bigger question. No mother to bond with only a machine in preparation for a life of soulless interaction and control in a world governed by machines (see the *Matrix* movies). Now observe the calculated manipulations of the 'Covid' hoax as human interaction and warmth has been curtailed by distancing, isolation and fear with people communicating via machines on a scale never seen before.

These are all dots in the same picture as are all the personal assistants, gadgets and children's toys through which kids and adults communicate with AI as if it is human. The AI 'voice' on Sat-Nav should be included. All these things are psychological preparation for the Cult endgame. Before you can make a physical connection with AI you have to make a psychological connection and that is what people are being conditioned to do with this ever gathering human-AI interaction. Movies and TV programmes depicting the transhuman, robot dystopia relate to a phenomenon known as 'pre-emptive programming' in which the world that is planned is portrayed everywhere in movies, TV and advertising. This is conditioning the conscious and subconscious mind to become familiar with the planned reality to dilute resistance when it happens for real. What would have been a shock such is the change is made less so. We have young children put on the road to transgender transition surgery with puberty blocking drugs at an age when they could never be able to make those life-changing decisions.

Rachel Levine, a professor of paediatrics and psychiatry who believes in treating children this way, became America's highestranked openly-transgender official when she was confirmed as US Assistant Secretary at the Department of Health and Human Services after being nominated by Joe Biden (the Cult). Activists and governments press for laws to deny parents a say in their children's transition process so the kids can be isolated and manipulated into agreeing to irreversible medical procedures. A Canadian father Robert Hoogland was denied bail by the Vancouver Supreme Court in 2021 and remained in jail for breaching a court order that he stay silent over his young teenage daughter, a minor, who was being offered life-changing hormone therapy without parental consent. At the age of 12 the girl's 'school counsellor' said she may be transgender, referred her to a doctor and told the school to treat her like a boy. This is another example of state-serving schools imposing ever more control over children's lives while parents have ever less.

Contemptible and extreme child abuse is happening all over the world as the Cult gender-fusion operation goes into warp-speed.

Why the war on men – and now women?

The question about what artificial wombs mean for women should rightly be asked. The answer can be seen in the deletion of women's rights involving sport, changing rooms, toilets and status in favour of people in male bodies claiming to identify as women. I can identify as a mountain climber, but it doesn't mean I can climb a mountain any more than a biological man can be a biological woman. To believe so is a triumph of belief over factual reality which is the very perceptual basis of everything Woke. Women's sport is being destroyed by allowing those with male bodies who say they identify as female to 'compete' with girls and women. Male body 'women' dominate 'women's' competition with their greater muscle mass, bone density, strength and speed. With that disadvantage sport for women loses all meaning. To put this in perspective nearly 300 American high school boys can run faster than the quickest woman sprinter in the world. Women are seeing their previously protected spaces invaded by male bodies simply because they claim to identify as women. That's all they need to do to access all women's spaces and activities under the Biden 'Equality Act' that destroys equality for women with the usual Orwellian Woke inversion. Male sex offenders have already committed rapes in women's prisons after claiming to identify as women to get them transferred. Does this not matter to the Woke 'equality' hypocrites? Not in the least. What matters to Cult manipulators and funders behind transgender activists is to advance gender fusion on the way to the no-gender 'human'. When you are seeking to impose transparent nonsense like this, or the 'Covid' hoax, the only way the nonsense can prevail is through censorship and intimidation of dissenters, deletion of factual information, and programming of the unquestioning, bewildered and naive. You don't have to scan the world for long to see that all these things are happening.

Many women's rights organisations have realised that rights and status which took such a long time to secure are being eroded and that it is systematic. Kara Dansky of the global Women's Human Rights Campaign said that Biden's transgender executive order immediately he took office, subsequent orders, and Equality Act legislation that followed 'seek to erase women and girls in the law as a category'. Exactly. I said during the long ago-started war on men (in which many women play a crucial part) that this was going to turn into a war on them. The Cult is phasing out both male and female genders. To get away with that they are brought into conflict so they are busy fighting each other while the Cult completes the job with no unity of response. Unity, people, unity. We need unity everywhere. Transgender is the only show in town as the big step towards the no-gender human. It's not about rights for transgender people and never has been. Woke political correctness is deleting words relating to genders to the same end. Wokers believe this is to be 'inclusive' when the opposite is true. They are deleting words describing gender because gender itself is being deleted by Human 2.0. Terms like 'man', 'woman', 'mother' and 'father' are being deleted in the universities and other institutions to be replaced by the *no*-gender, not trans-gender, 'individuals' and 'guardians'. Women's rights campaigner Maria Keffler of Partners for Ethical Care said: 'Children are being taught from kindergarten upward that some boys have a vagina, some girls have a penis, and that kids can be any gender they want to be.' Do we really believe that suddenly countries all over the world at the same time had the idea of having drag queens go into schools or read transgender stories to very young children in the local library? It's coldly-calculated confusion of gender on the way to the fusion of gender. Suzanne Vierling, a psychologist from Southern California, made another important point:

Yesterday's slave woman who endured gynecological medical experiments is today's girl-child being butchered in a booming gender-transitioning sector. Ovaries removed, pushing her into menopause and osteoporosis, uncharted territory, and parents' rights and authority decimated.

The erosion of parental rights is a common theme in line with the Cult plans to erase the very concept of parents and 'ovaries removed, pushing her into menopause' means what? Those born female lose the ability to have children – another way to discontinue humanity as we know it.

Eliminating Human 1.0 (before our very eyes)

To pave the way for Human 2.0 you must phase out Human 1.0. This is happening through plummeting sperm counts and making women infertile through an onslaught of chemicals, radiation (including smartphones in pockets of men) and mRNA 'vaccines'. Common agriculture pesticides are also having a devastating impact on human fertility. I have been tracking collapsing sperm counts in the books for a long time and in 2021 came a book by fertility scientist and reproductive epidemiologist Shanna Swan, Count Down: How Our Modern World Is Threatening Sperm Counts, Altering Male and Female Reproductive Development and Imperiling the Future of the Human Race. She reports how the global fertility rate dropped by half between 1960 and 2016 with America's birth rate 16 percent below where it needs to be to sustain the population. Women are experiencing declining egg quality, more miscarriages, and more couples suffer from infertility. Other findings were an increase in erectile dysfunction, infant boys developing more genital abnormalities, male problems with conception, and plunging levels of the male hormone testosterone which would explain why so many men have lost their backbone and masculinity. This has been very evident during the 'Covid' hoax when women have been prominent among the Pushbackers and big strapping blokes have bowed their heads, covered their faces with a nappy and quietly submitted. Mind control expert Cathy O'Brien also points to how global education introduced the concept of 'we're all winners' in sport and classrooms: 'Competition was defused, and it in turn defused a sense of fighting back.' This is another version of the 'equity' doctrine in which you drive down rather than raise up. What a contrast in Cult-controlled China with its global ambitions

where the government published plans in January, 2021, to 'cultivate masculinity' in boys from kindergarten through to high school in the face of a 'masculinity crisis'. A government adviser said boys would be soon become 'delicate, timid and effeminate' unless action was taken. Don't expect any similar policy in the targeted West. A 2006 study showed that a 65-year-old man in 2002 had testosterone levels 15 percent lower than a 65-year-old man in 1987 while a 2020 study found a similar story with young adults and adolescents. Men are getting prescriptions for testosterone replacement therapy which causes an even greater drop in sperm count with up to 99 percent seeing sperm counts drop to zero during the treatment. More sperm is defective and malfunctioning with some having two heads or not pursuing an egg.

A class of *synthetic* chemicals known as phthalates are being blamed for the decline. These are found everywhere in plastics, shampoos, cosmetics, furniture, flame retardants, personal care products, pesticides, canned foods and even receipts. Why till receipts? Everyone touches them. Let no one delude themselves that all this is not systematic to advance the long-time agenda for human body transformation. Phthalates mimic hormones and disrupt the hormone balance causing testosterone to fall and genital birth defects in male infants. Animals and fish have been affected in the same way due to phthalates and other toxins in rivers. When fish turn gay or change sex through chemicals in rivers and streams it is a pointer to why there has been such an increase in gay people and the sexually confused. It doesn't matter to me what sexuality people choose to be, but if it's being affected by chemical pollution and consumption then we need to know. Does anyone really think that this is not connected to the transgender agenda, the war on men and the condemnation of male 'toxic masculinity'? You watch this being followed by 'toxic femininity'. It's already happening. When breastfeeding becomes 'chest-feeding', pregnant women become pregnant people along with all the other Woke claptrap you know that the world is going insane and there's a Cult scam in progress. Transgender activists are promoting the Cult agenda while Cult

billionaires support and fund the insanity as they laugh themselves to sleep at the sheer stupidity for which humans must be infamous in galaxies far, far away.

'Covid vaccines' and female infertility

We can now see why the 'vaccine' has been connected to potential infertility in women. Dr Michael Yeadon, former Vice President and Chief Scientific Advisor at Pfizer, and Dr Wolfgang Wodarg in Germany, filed a petition with the European Medicines Agency in December, 2020, urging them to stop trials for the Pfizer/BioNTech shot and all other mRNA trials until further studies had been done. They were particularly concerned about possible effects on fertility with 'vaccine'-produced antibodies attacking the protein Syncytin-1 which is responsible for developing the placenta. The result would be infertility 'of indefinite duration' in women who have the 'vaccine' with the placenta failing to form. Section 10.4.2 of the Pfizer/BioNTech trial protocol says that pregnant women or those who might become so should not have mRNA shots. Section 10.4 warns men taking mRNA shots to 'be abstinent from heterosexual intercourse' and not to donate sperm. The UK government said that it did not know if the mRNA procedure had an effect on fertility. Did not know? These people have to go to jail. UK government advice did not recommend at the start that pregnant women had the shot and said they should avoid pregnancy for at least two months after 'vaccination'. The 'advice' was later updated to pregnant women should only have the 'vaccine' if the benefits outweighed the risks to mother and foetus. What the hell is that supposed to mean? Then 'spontaneous abortions' began to appear and rapidly increase on the adverse reaction reporting schemes which include only a fraction of adverse reactions. Thousands and ever-growing numbers of 'vaccinated' women are describing changes to their menstrual cycle with heavier blood flow, irregular periods and menstruating again after going through the menopause – all links to reproduction effects. Women are passing blood clots and the lining of their uterus while men report erectile dysfunction and blood effects. Most

significantly of all *un*vaccinated women began to report similar menstrual changes after interaction with 'vaccinated' people and men and children were also affected with bleeding noses, blood clots and other conditions. 'Shedding' is when vaccinated people can emit the content of a vaccine to affect the unvaccinated, but this is different. 'Vaccinated' people were not shedding a 'live virus' allegedly in 'vaccines' as before because the fake 'Covid vaccines' involve synthetic material and other toxicity. Doctors exposing what is happening prefer the term 'transmission' to shedding. Somehow those that have had the shots are transmitting effects to those that haven't. Dr Carrie Madej said the nano-content of the 'vaccines' can 'act like an antenna' to others around them which fits perfectly with my own conclusions. This 'vaccine' transmission phenomenon was becoming known as the book went into production and I deal with this further in the Postscript.

Vaccine effects on sterility are well known. The World Health Organization was accused in 2014 of sterilising millions of women in Kenya with the evidence confirmed by the content of the vaccines involved. The same WHO behind the 'Covid' hoax admitted its involvement for more than ten years with the vaccine programme. Other countries made similar claims. Charges were lodged by Tanzania, Nicaragua, Mexico, and the Philippines. The Gardasil vaccine claimed to protect against a genital 'virus' known as HPV has also been linked to infertility. Big Pharma and the WHO (same thing) are criminal and satanic entities. Then there's the Bill Gates Foundation which is connected through funding and shared interests with 20 pharmaceutical giants and laboratories. He stands accused of directing the policy of United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF), vaccine alliance GAVI, and other groupings, to advance the vaccine agenda and silence opposition at great cost to women and children. At the same time Gates wants to reduce the global population. Coincidence?

Great Reset = Smart Grid = new human

The Cult agenda I have been exposing for 30 years is now being openly promoted by Cult assets like Gates and Klaus Schwab of the World Economic Forum under code-terms like the 'Great Reset', 'Build Back Better' and 'a rare but narrow window of opportunity to reflect, reimagine, and reset our world'. What provided this 'rare but narrow window of opportunity'? The 'Covid' hoax did. Who created that? They did. My books from not that long ago warned about the planned 'Internet of Things' (IoT) and its implications for human freedom. This was the plan to connect all technology to the Internet and artificial intelligence and today we are way down that road with an estimated 36 billion devices connected to the World Wide Web and that figure is projected to be 76 billion by 2025. I further warned that the Cult planned to go beyond that to the Internet of *Everything* when the human brain was connected via AI to the Internet and Kurzweil's 'cloud'. Now we have Cult operatives like Schwab calling for precisely that under the term 'Internet of Bodies', a fusion of the physical, digital and biological into one centrally-controlled Smart Grid system which the Cult refers to as the 'Fourth Industrial Revolution'. They talk about the 'biological', but they really mean the synthetic-biological which is required to fully integrate the human body and brain into the Smart Grid and artificial intelligence planned to replace the human mind. We have everything being synthetically manipulated including the natural world through GMO and smart dust, the food we eat and the human body itself with synthetic 'vaccines'. I said in *The Answer* that we would see the Cult push for synthetic meat to replace animals and in February, 2021, the so predictable psychopath Bill Gates called for the introduction of synthetic meat to save us all from 'climate change'. The climate hoax just keeps on giving like the 'Covid' hoax. The war on meat by vegan activists is a carbon (oops, sorry) copy of the manipulation of transgender activists. They have no idea (except their inner core) that they are being used to promote and impose the agenda of the Cult or that they are only the vehicle and not the reason. This is not to say those who choose not to eat meat shouldn't be respected and supported in that right, but there are ulterior motives

for those in power. A *Forbes* article in December, 2019, highlighted the plan so beloved of Schwab and the Cult under the heading: 'What Is The Internet of Bodies? And How Is It Changing Our World?' The article said the human body is the latest data platform (remember 'our vaccine is an operating system'). *Forbes* described the plan very accurately and the words could have come straight out of my books from long before:

The Internet of Bodies (IoB) is an extension of the IoT and basically connects the human body to a network through devices that are ingested, implanted, or connected to the body in some way. Once connected, data can be exchanged, and the body and device can be remotely monitored and controlled.

They were really describing a human hive mind with human perception centrally-dictated via an AI connection as well as allowing people to be 'remotely monitored and controlled'. Everything from a fridge to a human mind could be directed from a central point by these insane psychopaths and 'Covid vaccines' are crucial to this. Forbes explained the process I mentioned earlier of holdable and wearable technology followed by implantable. The article said there were three generations of the Internet of Bodies that include:

- Body external: These are wearable devices such as Apple Watches or Fitbits that can monitor our health.
- Body internal: These include pacemakers, cochlear implants, and digital pills that go inside our bodies to monitor or control various aspects of health.
- Body embedded: The third generation of the Internet of Bodies is embedded technology where technology and the human body are melded together and have a real-time connection to a remote machine.

Forbes noted the development of the Brain Computer Interface (BCI) which merges the brain with an external device for monitoring and controlling in real-time. 'The ultimate goal is to help restore function to individuals with disabilities by using brain signals rather than conventional neuromuscular pathways.' Oh, do fuck off. The goal of brain interface technology is controlling human thought and emotion from the central point in a hive mind serving its masters wishes. Many people are now agreeing to be chipped to open doors without a key. You can recognise them because they'll be wearing a mask, social distancing and lining up for the 'vaccine'. The Cult plans a Great Reset money system after they have completed the demolition of the global economy in which 'money' will be exchanged through communication with body operating systems. Rand Corporation, a Cult-owned think tank, said of the Internet of Bodies or IoB:

Internet of Bodies technologies fall under the broader IoT umbrella. But as the name suggests, IoB devices introduce an even more intimate interplay between humans and gadgets. IoB devices monitor the human body, collect health metrics and other personal information, and transmit those data over the Internet. Many devices, such as fitness trackers, are already in use ... IoB devices ... and those in development can track, record, and store users' whereabouts, bodily functions, and what they see, hear, and even think.

Schwab's World Economic Forum, a long-winded way of saying 'fascism' or 'the Cult', has gone full-on with the Internet of Bodies in the 'Covid' era. 'We're entering the era of the Internet of Bodies', it declared, 'collecting our physical data via a range of devices that can be implanted, swallowed or worn'. The result would be a huge amount of health-related data that could improve human wellbeing around the world, and prove crucial in fighting the 'Covid-19 pandemic'. Does anyone think these clowns care about 'human wellbeing' after the death and devastation their pandemic hoax has purposely caused? Schwab and co say we should move forward with the Internet of Bodies because 'Keeping track of symptoms could help us stop the spread of infection, and quickly detect new cases'. How wonderful, but keeping track' is all they are really bothered

about. Researchers were investigating if data gathered from smartwatches and similar devices could be used as viral infection alerts by tracking the user's heart rate and breathing. Schwab said in his 2018 book *Shaping the Future of the Fourth Industrial Revolution*:

The lines between technologies and beings are becoming blurred and not just by the ability to create lifelike robots or synthetics. Instead it is about the ability of new technologies to literally become part of us. Technologies already influence how we understand ourselves, how we think about each other, and how we determine our realities. As the technologies ... give us deeper access to parts of ourselves, we may begin to integrate digital technologies into our bodies.

You can see what the game is. Twenty-four hour control and people – if you could still call them that – would never know when something would go ping and take them out of circulation. It's the most obvious rush to a global fascist dictatorship and the complete submission of humanity and yet still so many are locked away in their Cult-induced perceptual coma and can't see it.

Smart Grid control centres

The human body is being transformed by the 'vaccines' and in other ways into a synthetic cyborg that can be attached to the global Smart Grid which would be controlled from a central point and other sublocations of Grid manipulation. Where are these planned to be? Well, China for a start which is one of the Cult's biggest centres of operation. The technological control system and technocratic rule was incubated here to be unleashed across the world after the 'Covid' hoax came out of China in 2020. Another Smart Grid location that will surprise people new to this is Israel. I have exposed in *The* Trigger how Sabbatian technocrats, intelligence and military operatives were behind the horrors of 9/11 and not 19 Arab hijackers' who somehow manifested the ability to pilot big passenger airliners when instructors at puddle-jumping flying schools described some of them as a joke. The 9/11 attacks were made possible through control of civilian and military air computer systems and those of the White House, Pentagon and connected agencies. See The Trigger – it

will blow your mind. The controlling and coordinating force were the Sabbatian networks in Israel and the United States which by then had infiltrated the entire US government, military and intelligence system. The real name of the American Deep State is 'Sabbatian State'. Israel is a tiny country of only nine million people, but it is one of the global centres of cyber operations and fast catching Silicon Valley in importance to the Cult. Israel is known as the 'start-up nation' for all the cyber companies spawned there with the Sabbatian specialisation of 'cyber security' that I mentioned earlier which gives those companies access to computer systems of their clients in real time through 'backdoors' written into the coding when security software is downloaded. The Sabbatian centre of cyber operations outside Silicon Valley is the Israeli military Cyber Intelligence Unit, the biggest infrastructure project in Israel's history, headquartered in the desert-city of Beersheba and involving some 20,000 'cyber soldiers'. Here are located a literal army of Internet trolls scanning social media, forums and comment lists for anyone challenging the Cult agenda. The UK military has something similar with its 77th Brigade and associated operations. The Beersheba complex includes research and development centres for other Cult operations such as Intel, Microsoft, IBM, Google, Apple, Hewlett-Packard, Cisco Systems, Facebook and Motorola. Techcrunch.com ran an article about the Beersheba global Internet technology centre headlined 'Israel's desert city of Beersheba is turning into a cybertech oasis':

The military's massive relocation of its prestigious technology units, the presence of multinational and local companies, a close proximity to Ben Gurion University and generous government subsidies are turning Beersheba into a major global cybertech hub. Beersheba has all of the ingredients of a vibrant security technology ecosystem, including Ben Gurion University with its graduate program in cybersecurity and Cyber Security Research Center, and the presence of companies such as EMC, Deutsche Telekom, PayPal, Oracle, IBM, and Lockheed Martin. It's also the future home of the INCB (Israeli National Cyber Bureau); offers a special income tax incentive for cyber security companies, and was the site for the relocation of the army's intelligence corps units.

Sabbatians have taken over the cyber world through the following process: They scan the schools for likely cyber talent and develop them at Ben Gurion University and their period of conscription in the Israeli Defense Forces when they are stationed at the Beersheba complex. When the cyber talented officially leave the army they are funded to start cyber companies with technology developed by themselves or given to them by the state. Much of this is stolen through backdoors of computer systems around the world with America top of the list. Others are sent off to Silicon Valley to start companies or join the major ones and so we have many major positions filled by apparently 'Jewish' but really Sabbatian operatives. Google, YouTube and Facebook are all run by 'Jewish' CEOs while Twitter is all but run by ultra-Zionist hedge-fund shark Paul Singer. At the centre of the Sabbatian global cyber web is the Israeli army's Unit 8200 which specialises in hacking into computer systems of other countries, inserting viruses, gathering information, instigating malfunction, and even taking control of them from a distance. A long list of Sabbatians involved with 9/11, Silicon Valley and Israeli cyber security companies are operatives of Unit 8200. This is not about Israel. It's about the Cult. Israel is planned to be a Smart Grid hub as with China and what is happening at Beersheba is not for the benefit of Jewish people who are treated disgustingly by the Sabbatian elite that control the country. A glance at the Nuremberg Codes will tell you that.

The story is much bigger than 'Covid', important as that is to where we are being taken. Now, though, it's time to really strap in. There's more ... much more ...

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Who controls the Cult?

Awake, arise or be forever fall'n John Milton, Paradise Lost

have exposed this far the level of the Cult conspiracy that operates in the world of the seen and within the global secret society and satanic network which operates in the shadows one step back from the seen. The story, however, goes much deeper than that.

The 'Covid' hoax is major part of the Cult agenda, but only part, and to grasp the biggest picture we have to expand our attention beyond the realm of human sight and into the infinity of possibility that we cannot see. It is from here, ultimately, that humanity is being manipulated into a state of total control by the force which dictates the actions of the Cult. How much of reality can we see? Next to damn all is the answer. We may appear to see all there is to see in the 'space' our eyes survey and observe, but little could be further from the truth. The human 'world' is only a tiny band of frequency that the body's visual and perceptual systems can decode into perception of a 'world'. According to mainstream science the electromagnetic spectrum is 0.005 percent of what exists in the Universe (Fig 10). The maximum estimate I have seen is 0.5 percent and either way it's miniscule. I say it is far, far, smaller even than 0.005 percent when you compare reality we see with the totality of reality that we don't. Now get this if you are new to such information: Visible light, the only band of frequency that we can see, is a fraction of the 0.005

percent (Fig 11 overleaf). Take this further and realise that our universe is one of infinite universes and that universes are only a fragment of overall reality – *infinite* reality. Then compare that with the almost infinitesimal frequency band of visible light or human sight. You see that humans are as near blind as it is possible to be without actually being so. Artist and filmmaker, Sergio Toporek, said:

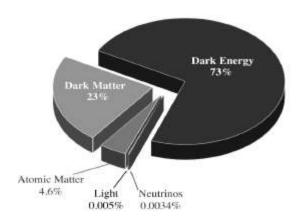


Figure 10: Humans can perceive such a tiny band of visual reality it's laughable.

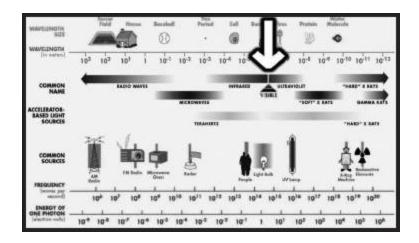


Figure 11: We can see a smear of the 0.005 percent electromagnetic spectrum, but we still know it all. Yep, makes sense.

The existence of the rainbow depends on the conical photoreceptors in your eyes; to animals without cones, the rainbow does not exist. So you don't just look at a rainbow, you create it. This is pretty amazing, especially considering that all the beautiful colours you see represent less than 1% of the electromagnetic spectrum.

Suddenly the 'world' of humans looks a very different place. Take into account, too, that Planet Earth when compared with the projected size of this single universe is the equivalent of a billionth of a pinhead. Imagine the ratio that would be when compared to infinite reality. To think that Christianity once insisted that Earth and humanity were the centre of everything. This background is vital if we are going to appreciate the nature of 'human' and how we can be manipulated by an unseen force. To human visual reality virtually everything is unseen and yet the prevailing perception within the institutions and so much of the public is that if we can't see it, touch it, hear it, taste it and smell it then it cannot exist. Such perception is indoctrinated and encouraged by the Cult and its agents because it isolates believers in the strictly limited, village-idiot, realm of the five senses where perceptions can be firewalled and information controlled. Most of those perpetuating the 'this-world-is-all-there-is' insanity are themselves indoctrinated into believing the same delusion. While major players and influencers know that official reality is laughable most of those in science, academia and medicine really believe the nonsense they peddle and teach succeeding generations. Those who challenge the orthodoxy are dismissed as nutters and freaks to protect the manufactured illusion from exposure. Observe the dynamic of the 'Covid' hoax and you will see how that takes the same form. The inner-circle psychopaths knows it's a gigantic scam, but almost the entirety of those imposing their fascist rules believe that 'Covid' is all that they're told it is.

Stolen identity

Ask people who they are and they will give you their name, place of birth, location, job, family background and life story. Yet that is not who they are – it is what they are *experiencing*. The difference is *absolutely crucial*. The true 'I', the eternal, infinite 'I', is consciousness,

a state of being aware. Forget 'form'. That is a vehicle for a brief experience. Consciousness does not come from the brain, but through the brain and even that is more symbolic than literal. We are awareness, pure awareness, and this is what withdraws from the body at what we call 'death' to continue our eternal beingness, isness, in other realms of reality within the limitlessness of infinity or the Biblical 'many mansions in my father's house'. Labels of a human life, man, woman, transgender, black, white, brown, nationality, circumstances and income are not who we are. They are what we are – awareness – is *experiencing* in a brief connection with a band of frequency we call 'human'. The labels are not the self; they are, to use the title of one of my books, a *Phantom Self*. I am not David Icke born in Leicester, England, on April 29th, 1952. I am the consciousness having that experience. The Cult and its non-human masters seek to convince us through the institutions of 'education', science, medicine, media and government that what we are experiencing is who we are. It's so easy to control and direct perception locked away in the bewildered illusions of the five senses with no expanded radar. Try, by contrast, doing the same with a humanity aware of its true self and its true power to consciously create its reality and experience. How is it possible to do this? We do it all day every day. If you perceive yourself as 'little me' with no power to impact upon your life and the world then your life experience will reflect that. You will hand the power you don't think you have to authority in all its forms which will use it to control your experience. This, in turn, will appear to confirm your perception of 'little me' in a self-fulfilling feedback loop. But that is what 'little me' really is – a *perception*. We are all 'big-me', infinite me, and the Cult has to make us forget that if its will is to prevail. We are therefore manipulated and pressured into self-identifying with human labels and not the consciousness/awareness experiencing those human labels.

The phenomenon of identity politics is a Cult-instigated manipulation technique to sub-divide previous labels into even smaller ones. A United States university employs this list of letters to

describe student identity: LGBTTQQFAGPBDSM or lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, transsexual, queer, questioning, flexual, asexual, gender-fuck, polyamorous, bondage/discipline, dominance/submission and sadism/masochism. I'm sure other lists are even longer by now as people feel the need to self-identity the 'I' with the minutiae of race and sexual preference. Wokers programmed by the Cult for generations believe this is about 'inclusivity' when it's really the Cult locking them away into smaller and smaller versions of Phantom Self while firewalling them from the influence of their true self, the infinite, eternal 'I'. You may notice that my philosophy which contends that we are all unique points of attention/awareness within the same infinite whole or Oneness is the ultimate non-racism. The very sense of Oneness makes the judgement of people by their body-type, colour or sexuality utterly ridiculous and confirms that racism has no understanding of reality (including anti-white racism). Yet despite my perception of life Cult agents and fast-asleep Wokers label me racist to discredit my information while they are themselves phenomenally racist and sexist. All they see is race and sexuality and they judge people as good or bad, demons or untouchables, by their race and sexuality. All they see is *Phantom Self* and perceive themselves in terms of Phantom Self. They are pawns and puppets of the Cult agenda to focus attention and self-identity in the five senses and play those identities against each other to divide and rule. Columbia University has introduced segregated graduations in another version of social distancing designed to drive people apart and teach them that different racial and cultural groups have nothing in common with each other. The last thing the Cult wants is unity. Again the pumpprimers of this will be Cult operatives in the knowledge of what they are doing, but the rest are just the Phantom Self blind leading the Phantom Self blind. We do have something in common – we are all the same consciousness having different temporary experiences.

What is this 'human'?

Yes, what is 'human'? That is what we are supposed to be, right? I mean 'human'? True, but 'human' is the experience not the 'I'. Break it down to basics and 'human' is the way that information is processed. If we are to experience and interact with this band of frequency we call the 'world' we must have a vehicle that operates within that band of frequency. Our consciousness in its prime form cannot do that; it is way beyond the frequency of the human realm. My consciousness or awareness could not tap these keys and pick up the cup in front of me in the same way that radio station A cannot interact with radio station B when they are on different frequencies. The human body is the means through which we have that interaction. I have long described the body as a biological computer which processes information in a way that allows consciousness to experience this reality. The body is a receiver, transmitter and processor of information in a particular way that we call human. We visually perceive only the world of the five senses in a wakened state – that is the limit of the body's visual decoding system. In truth it's not even visual in the way we experience 'visual reality' as I will come to in a moment. We are 'human' because the body processes the information sources of human into a reality and behaviour system that we *perceive* as human. Why does an elephant act like an elephant and not like a human or a duck? The elephant's biological computer is a different information field and processes information according to that program into a visual and behaviour type we call an elephant. The same applies to everything in our reality. These body information fields are perpetuated through procreation (like making a copy of a software program). The Cult wants to break that cycle and intervene technologically to transform the human information field into one that will change what we call humanity. If it can change the human information field it will change the way that field processes information and change humanity both 'physically' and psychologically. Hence the *messenger* (information) RNA 'vaccines' and so much more that is targeting human genetics by changing the body's information – messaging – construct through food, drink, radiation, toxicity and other means.

Reality that we experience is nothing like reality as it really is in the same way that the reality people experience in virtual reality games is not the reality they are really living in. The game is only a decoded source of information that appears to be a reality. Our world is also an information construct – a simulation (more later). In its base form our reality is a wavefield of information much the same in theme as Wi-Fi. The five senses decode wavefield information into electrical information which they communicate to the brain to decode into holographic (illusory 'physical') information. Different parts of the brain specialise in decoding different senses and the information is fused into a reality that appears to be outside of us but is really inside the brain and the genetic structure in general (Fig. 12 overleaf). DNA is a receiver-transmitter of information and a vital part of this decoding process and the body's connection to other realities. Change DNA and you change the way we decode and connect with reality – see 'Covid vaccines'. Think of computers decoding Wi-Fi. You have information encoded in a radiation field and the computer decodes that information into a very different form on the screen. You can't see the Wi-Fi until its information is made manifest on the screen and the information on the screen is inside the computer and not outside. I have just described how we decode the 'human world'. All five senses decode the waveform 'Wi-Fi' field into electrical signals and the brain (computer) constructs reality inside the brain and not outside – 'You don't just look at a rainbow, you create it'. Sound is a simple example. We don't hear sound until the brain decodes it. Waveform sound waves are picked up by the hearing sense and communicated to the brain in an electrical form to be decoded into the sounds that we hear. Everything we hear is inside the brain along with everything we see, feel, smell and taste. Words and language are waveform fields generated by our vocal chords which pass through this process until they are decoded by the brain into words that we hear. Different languages are different frequency fields or sound waves generated by vocal chords. Late British philosopher Alan Watts said:

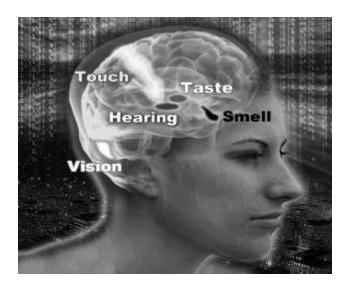


Figure 12: The brain receives information from the five senses and constructs from that our perceived reality.

[Without the brain] the world is devoid of light, heat, weight, solidity, motion, space, time or any other imaginable feature. All these phenomena are interactions, or transactions, of vibrations with a certain arrangement of neurons.

That's exactly what they are and scientist Robert Lanza describes in his book, *Biocentrism*, how we decode electromagnetic waves and energy into visual and 'physical' experience. He uses the example of a flame emitting photons, electromagnetic energy, each pulsing electrically and magnetically:

... these ... invisible electromagnetic waves strike a human retina, and if (and only if) the waves happen to measure between 400 and 700 nano meters in length from crest to crest, then their energy is just right to deliver a stimulus to the 8 million cone-shaped cells in the retina.

Each in turn send an electrical pulse to a neighbour neuron, and on up the line this goes, at 250 mph, until it reaches the ... occipital lobe of the brain, in the back of the head. There, a cascading complex of neurons fire from the incoming stimuli, and we subjectively perceive this experience as a yellow brightness occurring in a place we have been conditioned to call the 'external world'.

You hear what you decode

If a tree falls or a building collapses they make no noise unless someone is there to decode the energetic waves generated by the disturbance into what we call sound. Does a falling tree make a noise? Only if you hear it – *decode* it. Everything in our reality is a frequency field of information operating within the overall 'Wi-Fi' field that I call The Field. A vibrational disturbance is generated in The Field by the fields of the falling tree or building. These disturbance waves are what we decode into the sound of them falling. If no one is there to do that then neither will make any noise. Reality is created by the observer – *decoder* – and the *perceptions* of the observer affect the decoding process. For this reason different people – different perceptions – will perceive the same reality or situation in a different way. What one may perceive as a nightmare another will see as an opportunity. The question of why the Cult is so focused on controlling human perception now answers itself. All experienced reality is the act of decoding and we don't experience Wi-Fi until it is decoded on the computer screen. The sight and sound of an Internet video is encoded in the Wi-Fi all around us, but we don't see or hear it until the computer decodes that information. Taste, smell and touch are all phenomena of the brain as a result of the same process. We don't taste, smell or feel anything except in the brain and there are pain relief techniques that seek to block the signal from the site of discomfort to the brain because if the brain doesn't decode that signal we don't feel pain. Pain is in the brain and only appears to be at the point of impact thanks to the feedback loop between them. We don't see anything until electrical information from the sight senses is decoded in an area at the back of the brain. If that area is damaged we can go blind when our eyes are perfectly okay. So why do we go blind if we damage an eye? We damage the information processing between the waveform visual information and the visual decoding area of the brain. If information doesn't reach the brain in a form it can decode then we can't see the visual reality that it represents. What's more the brain is decoding only a fraction of the information it receives and the rest is absorbed by the

sub-conscious mind. This explanation is from the science magazine, *Wonderpedia*:

Every second, 11 million sensations crackle along these [brain] pathways ... The brain is confronted with an alarming array of images, sounds and smells which it rigorously filters down until it is left with a manageable list of around 40. Thus 40 sensations per second make up what we perceive as reality.

The 'world' is not what people are told to believe that is it and the inner circles of the Cult *know that*.

Illusory 'physical' reality

We can only see a smear of 0.005 percent of the Universe which is only one of a vast array of universes – 'mansions' – within infinite reality. Even then the brain decodes only 40 pieces of information ('sensations') from a potential 11 million that we receive every second. Two points strike you from this immediately: The sheer breathtaking stupidity of believing we know anything so rigidly that there's nothing more to know; and the potential for these processes to be manipulated by a malevolent force to control the reality of the population. One thing I can say for sure with no risk of contradiction is that when you can perceive an almost indescribable fraction of infinite reality there is always more to know as in tidal waves of it. Ancient Greek philosopher Socrates was so right when he said that wisdom is to know how little we know. How obviously true that is when you think that we are experiencing a physical world of solidity that is neither physical nor solid and a world of apartness when everything is connected. Cult-controlled 'science' dismisses the socalled 'paranormal' and all phenomena related to that when the 'para'-normal is perfectly normal and explains the alleged 'great mysteries' which dumbfound scientific minds. There is a reason for this. A 'scientific mind' in terms of the mainstream is a material mind, a five-sense mind imprisoned in see it, touch it, hear it, smell it and taste it. Phenomena and happenings that can't be explained that way leave the 'scientific mind' bewildered and the rule is that if they

can't account for why something is happening then it can't, by definition, be happening. I beg to differ. Telepathy is thought waves passing through The Field (think wave disturbance again) to be decoded by someone able to connect with that wavelength (information). For example: You can pick up the thought waves of a friend at any distance and at the very least that will bring them to mind. A few minutes later the friend calls you. 'My god', you say, 'that's incredible – I was just thinking of you.' Ah, but they were thinking of you before they made the call and that's what you decoded. Native peoples not entrapped in five-sense reality do this so well it became known as the 'bush telegraph'. Those known as psychics and mediums (genuine ones) are doing the same only across dimensions of reality. 'Mind over matter' comes from the fact that matter and mind are the *same*. The state of one influences the state of the other. Indeed one and the other are illusions. They are aspects of the same field. Paranormal phenomena are all explainable so why are they still considered 'mysteries' or not happening? Once you go down this road of understanding you begin to expand awareness beyond the five senses and that's the nightmare for the Cult.



Figure 13: Holograms are not solid, but the best ones appear to be.

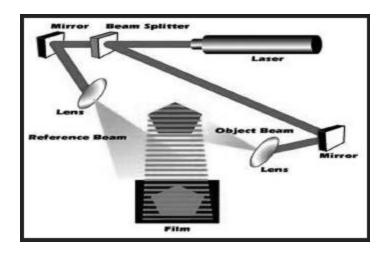


Figure 14: How holograms are created by capturing a waveform version of the subject image.

Holographic 'solidity'

Our reality is not solid, it is holographic. We are now well aware of holograms which are widely used today. Two-dimensional information is decoded into a three-dimensional reality that is not solid although can very much appear to be (Fig 13). Holograms are created with a laser divided into two parts. One goes directly onto a holographic photographic print ('reference beam') and the other takes a waveform image of the subject ('working beam') before being directed onto the print where it 'collides' with the other half of the laser (Fig 14). This creates a waveform interference pattern which contains the wavefield information of whatever is being photographed (Fig 15 overleaf). The process can be likened to dropping pebbles in a pond. Waves generated by each one spread out across the water to collide with the others and create a wave representation of where the stones fell and at what speed, weight and distance. A waveform interference pattern of a hologram is akin to the waveform information in The Field which the five senses decode into electrical signals to be decoded by the brain into a holographic illusory 'physical' reality. In the same way when a laser (think human attention) is directed at the waveform interference pattern a three-dimensional version of the subject is projected into apparently 'solid' reality (Fig 16). An amazing trait of holograms reveals more 'paranormal mysteries'. Information of the whole

hologram is encoded in waveform in every part of the interference pattern by the way they are created. This means that every *part* of a hologram is a smaller version of the whole. Cut the interference wave-pattern into four and you won't get four parts of the image. You get quarter-sized versions of the *whole* image. The body is a hologram and the same applies. Here we have the basis of acupuncture, reflexology and other forms of healing which identify representations of the whole body in all of the parts, hands, feet, ears, everywhere. Skilled palm readers can do what they do because the information of whole body is encoded in the hand. The concept of as above, so below, comes from this.



Figure 15: A waveform interference pattern that holds the information that transforms into a hologram.



Figure 16: Holographic people including 'Elvis' holographically inserted to sing a duet with Celine Dion.

The question will be asked of why, if solidity is illusory, we can't just walk through walls and each other. The resistance is not solid against solid; it is electromagnetic field against electromagnetic field and we decode this into the experience of solid against solid. We should also not underestimate the power of belief to dictate reality. What you believe is impossible *will be*. Your belief impacts on your decoding processes and they won't decode what you think is impossible. What we believe we perceive and what we perceive we experience. 'Can't dos' and 'impossibles' are like a firewall in a computer system that won't put on the screen what the firewall blocks. How vital that is to understanding how human experience has been hijacked. I explain in *The Answer*, Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told and other books a long list of 'mysteries' and 'paranormal' phenomena that are not mysterious and perfectly normal once you realise what reality is and how it works. 'Ghosts' can be seen to pass through 'solid' walls because the walls are not solid and the ghost is a discarnate entity operating on a frequency so different to that of the wall that it's like two radio stations sharing the same space while never interfering with each other. I have seen ghosts do this myself. The apartness of people and objects is also an illusion. Everything is connected by the Field like all sea life is connected by the sea. It's just that within the limits of our visual reality we only 'see' holographic information and not the field of information that connects everything and from which the holographic world is made manifest. If you can only see holographic 'objects' and not the field that connects them they will appear to you as unconnected to each other in the same way that we see the computer while not seeing the Wi-Fi.

What you don't know can hurt you

Okay, we return to those 'two worlds' of human society and the Cult with its global network of interconnecting secret societies and satanic groups which manipulate through governments, corporations, media, religions, etc. The fundamental difference between them is *knowledge*. The idea has been to keep humanity

ignorant of the plan for its total enslavement underpinned by a crucial ignorance of reality – who we are and where we are – and how we interact with it. 'Human' should be the interaction between our expanded eternal consciousness and the five-sense body experience. We are meant to be *in* this world in terms of the five senses but not *of* this world in relation to our greater consciousness and perspective. In that state we experience the small picture of the five senses within the wider context of the big picture of awareness beyond the five senses. Put another way the five senses see the dots and expanded awareness connects them into pictures and patterns that give context to the apparently random and unconnected. Without the context of expanded awareness the five senses see only apartness and randomness with apparently no meaning. The Cult and its other-dimensional controllers seek to intervene in the frequency realm where five-sense reality is supposed to connect with expanded reality and to keep the two apart (more on this in the final chapter). When that happens five-sense mental and emotional processes are no longer influenced by expanded awareness, or the True 'I', and instead are driven by the isolated perceptions of the body's decoding systems. They are in the world and of it. Here we have the human plight and why humanity with its potential for infinite awareness can be so easily manipulatable and descend into such extremes of stupidity.

Once the Cult isolates five-sense mind from expanded awareness it can then program the mind with perceptions and beliefs by controlling information that the mind receives through the 'education' system of the formative years and the media perceptual bombardment and censorship of an entire lifetime. Limit perception and a sense of the possible through limiting knowledge by limiting and skewing information while censoring and discrediting that which could set people free. As the title of another of my books says ... And The Truth Shall Set You Free. For this reason the last thing the Cult wants in circulation is the truth about anything – especially the reality of the eternal 'I' – and that's why it is desperate to control information. The Cult knows that information becomes perception

which becomes behaviour which, collectively, becomes human society. Cult-controlled and funded mainstream 'science' denies the existence of an eternal 'I' and seeks to dismiss and trash all evidence to the contrary. Cult-controlled mainstream religion has a version of 'God' that is little more than a system of control and dictatorship that employs threats of damnation in an afterlife to control perceptions and behaviour in the here and now through fear and guilt. Neither is true and it's the 'neither' that the Cult wishes to suppress. This 'neither' is that everything is an expression, a point of attention, within an infinite state of consciousness which is the real meaning of the term 'God'.

Perceptual obsession with the 'physical body' and five-senses means that 'God' becomes personified as a bearded bloke sitting among the clouds or a raging bully who loves us if we do what 'he' wants and condemns us to the fires of hell if we don't. These are no more than a 'spiritual' fairy tales to control and dictate events and behaviour through fear of this 'God' which has bizarrely made 'Godfearing' in religious circles a state to be desired. I would suggest that fearing anything is not to be encouraged and celebrated, but rather deleted. You can see why 'God fearing' is so beneficial to the Cult and its religions when they decide what 'God' wants and what 'God' demands (the Cult demands) that everyone do. As the great American comedian Bill Hicks said satirising a Christian zealot: 'I think what God meant to say.' How much of this infinite awareness ('God') that we access is decided by how far we choose to expand our perceptions, self-identity and sense of the possible. The scale of self-identity reflects itself in the scale of awareness that we can connect with and are influenced by – how much knowing and insight we have instead of programmed perception. You cannot expand your awareness into the infinity of possibility when you believe that you are little me Peter the postman or Mary in marketing and nothing more. I'll deal with this in the concluding chapter because it's crucial to how we turnaround current events.

Where the Cult came from

When I realised in the early 1990s there was a Cult network behind global events I asked the obvious question: When did it start? I took it back to ancient Rome and Egypt and on to Babylon and Sumer in Mesopotamia, the 'Land Between Two Rivers', in what we now call Iraq. The two rivers are the Tigris and Euphrates and this region is of immense historical and other importance to the Cult, as is the land called Israel only 550 miles away by air. There is much more going with deep esoteric meaning across this whole region. It's not only about 'wars for oil'. Priceless artefacts from Mesopotamia were stolen or destroyed after the American and British invasion of Iraq in 2003 justified by the lies of Boy Bush and Tony Blair (their Cult masters) about non-existent 'weapons of mass destruction'. Mesopotamia was the location of Sumer (about 5,400BC to 1,750BC), and Babylon (about 2,350BC to 539BC). Sabbatians may have become immensely influential in the Cult in modern times but they are part of a network that goes back into the mists of history. Sumer is said by historians to be the 'cradle of civilisation'. I disagree. I say it was the re-start of what we call human civilisation after cataclysmic events symbolised in part as the 'Great Flood' destroyed the world that existed before. These fantastic upheavals that I have been describing in detail in the books since the early 1990s appear in accounts and legends of ancient cultures across the world and they are supported by geological and biological evidence. Stone tablets found in Iraq detailing the Sumer period say the cataclysms were caused by nonhuman 'gods' they call the Anunnaki. These are described in terms of extraterrestrial visitations in which knowledge supplied by the Anunnaki is said to have been the source of at least one of the world's oldest writing systems and developments in astronomy, mathematics and architecture that were way ahead of their time. I have covered this subject at length in *The Biggest Secret* and *Children* of the Matrix and the same basic 'Anunnaki' story can be found in Zulu accounts in South Africa where the late and very great Zulu high shaman Credo Mutwa told me that the Sumerian Anunnaki were known by Zulus as the Chitauri or 'children of the serpent'. See my six-hour video interview with Credo on this subject entitled *The*

Reptilian Agenda recorded at his then home near Johannesburg in 1999 which you can watch on the Ickonic media platform.

The Cult emerged out of Sumer, Babylon and Egypt (and elsewhere) and established the Roman Empire before expanding with the Romans into northern Europe from where many empires were savagely imposed in the form of Cult-controlled societies all over the world. Mass death and destruction was their calling card. The Cult established its centre of operations in Europe and European Empires were Cult empires which allowed it to expand into a global force. Spanish and Portuguese colonialists headed for Central and South America while the British and French targeted North America. Africa was colonised by Britain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, Italy, and Germany. Some like Britain and France moved in on the Middle East. The British Empire was by far the biggest for a simple reason. By now Britain was the headquarters of the Cult from which it expanded to form Canada, the United States, Australia and New Zealand. The Sun never set on the British Empire such was the scale of its occupation. London remains a global centre for the Cult along with Rome and the Vatican although others have emerged in Israel and China. It is no accident that the 'virus' is alleged to have come out of China while Italy was chosen as the means to terrify the Western population into compliance with 'Covid' fascism. Nor that Israel has led the world in 'Covid' fascism and mass 'vaccination'.

You would think that I would mention the United States here, but while it has been an important means of imposing the Cult's will it is less significant than would appear and is currently in the process of having what power it does have deleted. The Cult in Europe has mostly loaded the guns for the US to fire. America has been controlled from Europe from the start through Cult operatives in Britain and Europe. The American Revolution was an illusion to make it appear that America was governing itself while very different forces were pulling the strings in the form of Cult families such as the Rothschilds through the Rockefellers and other subordinates. The Rockefellers are extremely close to Bill Gates and

established both scalpel and drug 'medicine' and the World Health Organization. They play a major role in the development and circulation of vaccines through the Rockefeller Foundation on which Bill Gates said his Foundation is based. Why wouldn't this be the case when the Rockefellers and Gates are on the same team? Cult infiltration of human society goes way back into what we call history and has been constantly expanding and centralising power with the goal of establishing a global structure to dictate everything. Look how this has been advanced in great leaps with the 'Covid' hoax.

The non-human dimension

I researched and observed the comings and goings of Cult operatives through the centuries and even thousands of years as they were born, worked to promote the agenda within the secret society and satanic networks, and then died for others to replace them. Clearly there had to be a coordinating force that spanned this entire period while operatives who would not have seen the end goal in their lifetimes came and went advancing the plan over millennia. I went in search of that coordinating force with the usual support from the extraordinary synchronicity of my life which has been an almost daily experience since 1990. I saw common themes in religious texts and ancient cultures about a non-human force manipulating human society from the hidden. Christianity calls this force Satan, the Devil and demons; Islam refers to the Jinn or Djinn; Zulus have their Chitauri (spelt in other ways in different parts of Africa); and the Gnostic people in Egypt in the period around and before 400AD referred to this phenomena as the 'Archons', a word meaning rulers in Greek. Central American cultures speak of the 'Predators' among other names and the same theme is everywhere. I will use 'Archons' as a collective name for all of them. When you see how their nature and behaviour is described all these different sources are clearly talking about the same force. Gnostics described the Archons in terms of 'luminous fire' while Islam relates the Jinn to 'smokeless fire'. Some refer to beings in form that could occasionally be seen, but the most common of common theme is that they operate from

unseen realms which means almost all existence to the visual processes of humans. I had concluded that this was indeed the foundation of human control and that the Cult was operating within the human frequency band on behalf of this hidden force when I came across the writings of Gnostics which supported my conclusions in the most extraordinary way.

A sealed earthen jar was found in 1945 near the town of Nag Hammadi about 75-80 miles north of Luxor on the banks of the River Nile in Egypt. Inside was a treasure trove of manuscripts and texts left by the Gnostic people some 1,600 years earlier. They included 13 leather-bound papyrus codices (manuscripts) and more than 50 texts written in Coptic Egyptian estimated to have been hidden in the jar in the period of 400AD although the source of the information goes back much further. Gnostics oversaw the Great or Royal Library of Alexandria, the fantastic depository of ancient texts detailing advanced knowledge and accounts of human history. The Library was dismantled and destroyed in stages over a long period with the death-blow delivered by the Cult-established Roman Church in the period around 415AD. The Church of Rome was the Church of Babylon relocated as I said earlier. Gnostics were not a race. They were a way of perceiving reality. Whenever they established themselves and their information circulated the terrorists of the Church of Rome would target them for destruction. This happened with the Great Library and with the Gnostic Cathars who were burned to death by the psychopaths after a long period of oppression at the siege of the Castle of Monségur in southern France in 1244. The Church has always been terrified of Gnostic information which demolishes the official Christian narrative although there is much in the Bible that supports the Gnostic view if you read it in another way. To anyone studying the texts of what became known as the Nag Hammadi Library it is clear that great swathes of Christian and Biblical belief has its origin with Gnostics sources going back to Sumer. Gnostic themes have been twisted to manipulate the perceived reality of Bible believers. Biblical texts have been in the open for centuries where they could be changed while Gnostic

documents found at Nag Hammadi were sealed away and untouched for 1,600 years. What you see is what they wrote.

Use your pneuma not your nous

Gnosticism and Gnostic come from 'gnosis' which means knowledge, or rather secret knowledge, in the sense of spiritual awareness – knowledge about reality and life itself. The desperation of the Cult's Church of Rome to destroy the Gnostics can be understood when the knowledge they were circulating was the last thing the Cult wanted the population to know. Sixteen hundred years later the same Cult is working hard to undermine and silence me for the same reason. The dynamic between knowledge and ignorance is a constant. 'Time' appears to move on, but essential themes remain the same. We are told to 'use your nous', a Gnostic word for head/brain/intelligence. They said, however, that spiritual awakening or 'salvation' could only be secured by expanding awareness beyond what they called nous and into pneuma or Infinite Self. Obviously as I read these texts the parallels with what I have been saying since 1990 were fascinating to me. There is a universal truth that spans human history and in that case why wouldn't we be talking the same language 16 centuries apart? When you free yourself from the perception program of the five senses and explore expanded realms of consciousness you are going to connect with the same information no matter what the perceived 'era' within a manufactured timeline of a single and tiny range of manipulated frequency. Humans working with 'smart' technology or knocking rocks together in caves is only a timeline appearing to operate within the human frequency band. Expanded awareness and the knowledge it holds have always been there whether the era be Stone Age or computer age. We can only access that knowledge by opening ourselves to its frequency which the five-sense prison cell is designed to stop us doing. Gates, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance, Zuckerberg, Brin, Page, Wojcicki, Bezos, and all the others behind the 'Covid' hoax clearly have a long wait before their range of frequency can make that connection given that an open heart is

crucial to that as we shall see. Instead of accessing knowledge directly through expanded awareness it is given to Cult operatives by the secret society networks of the Cult where it has been passed on over thousands of years outside the public arena. Expanded realms of consciousness is where great artists, composers and writers find their inspiration and where truth awaits anyone open enough to connect with it. We need to go there fast.

Archon hijack

A fifth of the Nag Hammadi texts describe the existence and manipulation of the Archons led by a 'Chief Archon' they call 'Yaldabaoth', or the 'Demiurge', and this is the Christian 'Devil', 'Satan', 'Lucifer', and his demons. Archons in Biblical symbolism are the 'fallen ones' which are also referred to as fallen angels after the angels expelled from heaven according to the Abrahamic religions of Judaism, Christianity and Islam. These angels are claimed to tempt humans to 'sin' ongoing and you will see how accurate that symbolism is during the rest of the book. The theme of 'original sin' is related to the 'Fall' when Adam and Eve were 'tempted by the serpent' and fell from a state of innocence and 'obedience' (connection) with God into a state of disobedience (disconnection). The Fall is said to have brought sin into the world and corrupted everything including human nature. Yaldabaoth, the 'Lord Archon', is described by Gnostics as a 'counterfeit spirit', 'The Blind One', 'The Blind God', and 'The Foolish One'. The Jewish name for Yaldabaoth in Talmudic writings is Samael which translates as 'Poison of God', or 'Blindness of God'. You see the parallels. Yaldabaoth in Islamic belief is the Muslim Jinn devil known as Shaytan – Shaytan is Satan as the same themes are found all over the world in every religion and culture. The 'Lord God' of the Old Testament is the 'Lord Archon' of Gnostic manuscripts and that's why he's such a bloodthirsty bastard. Satan is known by Christians as 'the Demon of Demons' and Gnostics called Yaldabaoth the 'Archon of Archons'. Both are known as 'The Deceiver'. We are talking about the same 'bloke' for sure and these common themes

using different names, storylines and symbolism tell a common tale of the human plight.

Archons are referred to in Nag Hammadi documents as mind parasites, inverters, guards, gatekeepers, detainers, judges, pitiless ones and deceivers. The 'Covid' hoax alone is a glaring example of all these things. The Biblical 'God' is so different in the Old and New Testaments because they are not describing the same phenomenon. The vindictive, angry, hate-filled, 'God' of the Old Testament, known as Yahweh, is Yaldabaoth who is depicted in Cult-dictated popular culture as the 'Dark Lord', 'Lord of Time', Lord (Darth) Vader and Dormammu, the evil ruler of the 'Dark Dimension' trying to take over the 'Earth Dimension' in the Marvel comic movie, *Dr Strange*. Yaldabaoth is both the Old Testament 'god' and the Biblical 'Satan'. Gnostics referred to Yaldabaoth as the 'Great Architect of the Universe'and the Cult-controlled Freemason network calls their god 'the 'Great Architect of the Universe' (also Grand Architect). The 'Great Architect' Yaldabaoth is symbolised by the Cult as the allseeing eye at the top of the pyramid on the Great Seal of the United States and the dollar bill. Archon is encoded in arch-itect as it is in arch-angels and arch-bishops. All religions have the theme of a force for good and force for evil in some sort of spiritual war and there is a reason for that – the theme is true. The Cult and its non-human masters are quite happy for this to circulate. They present themselves as the force for good fighting evil when they are really the force of evil (absence of love). The whole foundation of Cult modus operandi is inversion. They promote themselves as a force for good and anyone challenging them in pursuit of peace, love, fairness, truth and justice is condemned as a satanic force for evil. This has been the game plan throughout history whether the Church of Rome inquisitions of non-believers or 'conspiracy theorists' and 'anti-vaxxers' of today. The technique is the same whatever the timeline era.

Yaldabaoth is revolting (true)

Yaldabaoth and the Archons are said to have revolted against God with Yaldabaoth claiming to be God – the All That Is. The Old Testament 'God' (Yaldabaoth) demanded to be worshipped as such: ' *I am* the LORD, and there is none else, there is no God beside me' (Isaiah 45:5). I have quoted in other books a man who said he was the unofficial son of the late Baron Philippe de Rothschild of the Mouton-Rothschild wine producing estates in France who died in 1988 and he told me about the Rothschild 'revolt from God'. The man said he was given the name Phillip Eugene de Rothschild and we shared long correspondence many years ago while he was living under another identity. He said that he was conceived through 'occult incest' which (within the Cult) was 'normal and to be admired'. 'Phillip' told me about his experience attending satanic rituals with rich and famous people whom he names and you can see them and the wider background to Cult Satanism in my other books starting with *The Biggest Secret*. Cult rituals are interactions with Archontic 'gods'. 'Phillip' described Baron Philippe de Rothschild as 'a master Satanist and hater of God' and he used the same term 'revolt from God' associated with Yaldabaoth/Satan/Lucifer/the Devil in describing the Sabbatian Rothschild dynasty. 'I played a key role in my family's revolt from God', he said. That role was to infiltrate in classic Sabbatian style the Christian Church, but eventually he escaped the mind-prison to live another life. The Cult has been targeting religion in a plan to make worship of the Archons the global one-world religion. Infiltration of Satanism into modern 'culture', especially among the young, through music videos, stage shows and other means, is all part of this.

Nag Hammadi texts describe Yaldabaoth and the Archons in their prime form as energy – consciousness – and say they can take form if they choose in the same way that consciousness takes form as a human. Yaldabaoth is called 'formless' and represents a deeply inverted, distorted and chaotic state of consciousness which seeks to attached to humans and turn them into a likeness of itself in an attempt at assimilation. For that to happen it has to manipulate

humans into low frequency mental and emotional states that match its own. Archons can certainly appear in human form and this is the origin of the psychopathic personality. The energetic distortion Gnostics called Yaldabaoth is psychopathy. When psychopathic Archons take human form that human will be a psychopath as an expression of Yaldabaoth consciousness. Cult psychopaths are Archons in human form. The principle is the same as that portrayed in the 2009 Avatar movie when the American military travelled to a fictional Earth-like moon called Pandora in the Alpha Centauri star system to infiltrate a society of blue people, or Na'vi, by hiding within bodies that looked like the Na'vi. Archons posing as humans have a particular hybrid information field, part human, part Archon, (the ancient 'demigods') which processes information in a way that manifests behaviour to match their psychopathic evil, lack of empathy and compassion, and stops them being influenced by the empathy, compassion and love that a fully-human information field is capable of expressing. Cult bloodlines interbreed, be they royalty or dark suits, for this reason and you have their obsession with incest. Interbreeding with full-blown humans would dilute the Archontic energy field that guarantees psychopathy in its representatives in the human realm.

Gnostic writings say the main non-human forms that Archons take are *serpentine* (what I have called for decades 'reptilian' amid unbounded ridicule from the Archontically-programmed) and what Gnostics describe as 'an unborn baby or foetus with grey skin and dark, unmoving eyes'. This is an excellent representation of the ET 'Greys' of UFO folklore which large numbers of people claim to have seen and been abducted by – Zulu shaman Credo Mutwa among them. I agree with those that believe in extraterrestrial or interdimensional visitations today and for thousands of years past. No wonder with their advanced knowledge and technological capability they were perceived and worshipped as gods for technological and other 'miracles' they appeared to perform. Imagine someone arriving in a culture disconnected from the modern world with a smartphone and computer. They would be

seen as a 'god' capable of 'miracles'. The Renegade Mind, however, wants to know the source of everything and not only the way that source manifests as human or non-human. In the same way that a Renegade Mind seeks the original source material for the 'Covid virus' to see if what is claimed is true. The original source of Archons in form is consciousness – the distorted state of consciousness known to Gnostics as Yaldabaoth.

'Revolt from God' is energetic disconnection

Where I am going next will make a lot of sense of religious texts and ancient legends relating to 'Satan', Lucifer' and the 'gods'. Gnostic descriptions sync perfectly with the themes of my own research over the years in how they describe a consciousness distortion seeking to impose itself on human consciousness. I've referred to the core of infinite awareness in previous books as Infinite Awareness in Awareness of Itself. By that I mean a level of awareness that knows that it is all awareness and is aware of all awareness. From here comes the frequency of love in its true sense and balance which is what love is on one level – the balance of all forces into a single whole called Oneness and Isness. The more we disconnect from this state of love that many call 'God' the constituent parts of that Oneness start to unravel and express themselves as a part and not a whole. They become individualised as intellect, mind, selfishness, hatred, envy, desire for power over others, and such like. This is not a problem in the greater scheme in that 'God', the All That Is, can experience all these possibilities through different expressions of itself including humans. What we as expressions of the whole experience the All That Is experiences. We are the All That Is experiencing itself. As we withdraw from that state of Oneness we disconnect from its influence and things can get very unpleasant and very stupid. Archontic consciousness is at the extreme end of that. It has so disconnected from the influence of Oneness that it has become an inversion of unity and love, an inversion of everything, an inversion of life itself. Evil is appropriately live written backwards. Archontic consciousness is obsessed with death, an inversion of life,

and so its manifestations in Satanism are obsessed with death. They use inverted symbols in their rituals such as the inverted pentagram and cross. Sabbatians as Archontic consciousness incarnate invert Judaism and every other religion and culture they infiltrate. They seek disunity and chaos and they fear unity and harmony as they fear love like garlic to a vampire. As a result the Cult, Archons incarnate, act with such evil, psychopathy and lack of empathy and compassion disconnected as they are from the source of love. How could Bill Gates and the rest of the Archontic psychopaths do what they have to human society in the 'Covid' era with all the death, suffering and destruction involved and have no emotional consequence for the impact on others? Now you know. Why have Zuckerberg, Brin, Page, Wojcicki and company callously censored information warning about the dangers of the 'vaccine' while thousands have been dying and having severe, sometimes lifechanging reactions? Now you know. Why have Tedros, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance and their like around the world been using case and death figures they're aware are fraudulent to justify lockdowns and all the deaths and destroyed lives that have come from that? Now you know. Why did Christian Drosten produce and promote a 'testing' protocol that he knew couldn't test for infectious disease which led to a global human catastrophe. Now you know. The Archontic mind doesn't give a shit (Fig 17). I personally think that Gates and major Cult insiders are a form of AI cyborg that the Archons want humans to become.

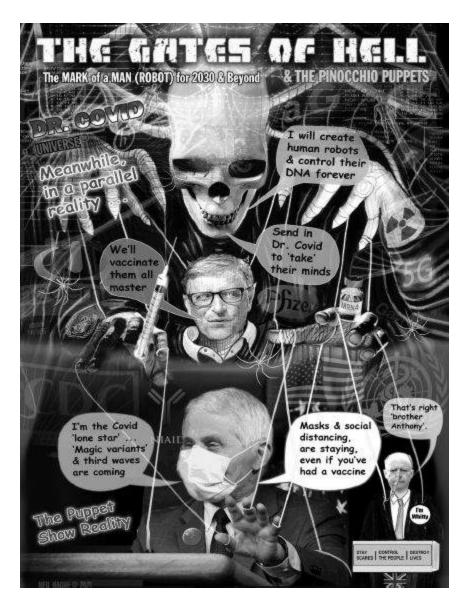


Figure 17: Artist Neil Hague's version of the 'Covid' hierarchy.

Human batteries

A state of such inversion does have its consequences, however. The level of disconnection from the Source of All means that you withdraw from that source of energetic sustenance and creativity. This means that you have to find your own supply of energetic power and it has – *us*. When the Morpheus character in the first *Matrix* movie held up a battery he spoke a profound truth when he said: 'The Matrix is a computer-generated dream world built to keep us under control in order to change the human being into one of

these.' The statement was true in all respects. We do live in a technologically-generated virtual reality simulation (more very shortly) and we have been manipulated to be an energy source for Archontic consciousness. The Disney-Pixar animated movie Monsters, Inc. in 2001 symbolised the dynamic when monsters in their world had no energy source and they would enter the human world to terrify children in their beds, catch the child's scream, terror (low-vibrational frequencies), and take that energy back to power the monster world. The lead character you might remember was a single giant eye and the symbolism of the Cult's all-seeing eye was obvious. Every thought and emotion is broadcast as a frequency unique to that thought and emotion. Feelings of love and joy, empathy and compassion, are high, quick, frequencies while fear, depression, anxiety, suffering and hate are low, slow, dense frequencies. Which kind do you think Archontic consciousness can connect with and absorb? In such a low and dense frequency state there's no way it can connect with the energy of love and joy. Archons can only feed off energy compatible with their own frequency and they and their Cult agents want to delete the human world of love and joy and manipulate the transmission of low vibrational frequencies through low-vibrational human mental and emotional states. We are their energy source. Wars are energetic banquets to the Archons – a world war even more so – and think how much low-frequency mental and emotional energy has been generated from the consequences for humanity of the 'Covid' hoax orchestrated by Archons incarnate like Gates.

The ancient practice of human sacrifice 'to the gods', continued in secret today by the Cult, is based on the same principle. 'The gods' are Archontic consciousness in different forms and the sacrifice is induced into a state of intense terror to generate the energy the Archontic frequency can absorb. Incarnate Archons in the ritual drink the blood which contains an adrenaline they crave which floods into the bloodstream when people are terrorised. Most of the sacrifices, ancient and modern, are children and the theme of 'sacrificing young virgins to the gods' is just code for children. They

have a particular pre-puberty energy that Archons want more than anything and the energy of the young in general is their target. The California Department of Education wants students to chant the names of Aztec gods (Archontic gods) once worshipped in human sacrifice rituals in a curriculum designed to encourage them to 'challenge racist, bigoted, discriminatory, imperialist/colonial beliefs', join 'social movements that struggle for social justice', and 'build new possibilities for a post-racist, post-systemic racism society'. It's the usual Woke crap that inverts racism and calls it antiracism. In this case solidarity with 'indigenous tribes' is being used as an excuse to chant the names of 'gods' to which people were sacrificed (and still are in secret). What an example of Woke's inability to see beyond black and white, us and them, They condemn the colonisation of these tribal cultures by Europeans (quite right), but those cultures sacrificing people including children to their 'gods', and mass murdering untold numbers as the Aztecs did, is just fine. One chant is to the Aztec god Tezcatlipoca who had a man sacrificed to him in the 5th month of the Aztec calendar. His heart was cut out and he was eaten. Oh, that's okay then. Come on children ... after three ... Other sacrificial 'gods' for the young to chant their allegiance include Quetzalcoatl, Huitzilopochtli and Xipe Totec. The curriculum says that 'chants, affirmations, and energizers can be used to bring the class together, build unity around ethnic studies principles and values, and to reinvigorate the class following a lesson that may be emotionally taxing or even when student engagement may appear to be low'. Well, that's the cover story, anyway. Chanting and mantras are the repetition of a particular frequency generated from the vocal cords and chanting the names of these Archontic 'gods' tunes you into their frequency. That is the last thing you want when it allows for energetic synchronisation, attachment and perceptual influence. Initiates chant the names of their 'Gods' in their rituals for this very reason.

Vampires of the Woke

Paedophilia is another way that Archons absorb the energy of children. Paedophiles possessed by Archontic consciousness are used as the conduit during sexual abuse for discarnate Archons to vampire the energy of the young they desire so much. Stupendous numbers of children disappear every year never to be seen again although you would never know from the media. Imagine how much low-vibrational energy has been generated by children during the 'Covid' hoax when so many have become depressed and psychologically destroyed to the point of killing themselves. Shocking numbers of children are now taken by the state from loving parents to be handed to others. I can tell you from long experience of researching this since 1996 that many end up with paedophiles and assets of the Cult through corrupt and Cult-owned social services which in the reframing era has hired many psychopaths and emotionless automatons to do the job. Children are even stolen to order using spurious reasons to take them by the corrupt and secret (because they're corrupt) 'family courts'. I have written in detail in other books, starting with The Biggest Secret in 1997, about the ubiquitous connections between the political, corporate, government, intelligence and military elites (Cult operatives) and Satanism and paedophilia. If you go deep enough both networks have an interlocking leadership. The Woke mentality has been developed by the Cult for many reasons: To promote almost every aspect of its agenda; to hijack the traditional political left and turn it fascist; to divide and rule; and to target agenda pushbackers. But there are other reasons which relate to what I am describing here. How many happy and joyful Wokers do you ever see especially at the extreme end? They are a mental and psychological mess consumed by emotional stress and constantly emotionally cocked for the next explosion of indignation at someone referring to a female as a female. They are walking, talking, batteries as Morpheus might say emitting frequencies which both enslave them in low-vibrational bubbles of perceptual limitation and feed the Archons. Add to this the hatred claimed to be love; fascism claimed to 'anti-fascism', racism claimed to be 'anti-racism';

exclusion claimed to inclusion; and the abuse-filled Internet trolling. You have a purpose-built Archontic energy system with not a wind turbine in sight and all founded on Archontic inversion. We have whole generations now manipulated to serve the Archons with their actions and energy. They will be doing so their entire adult lives unless they snap out of their Archon-induced trance. Is it really a surprise that Cult billionaires and corporations put so much money their way? Where is the energy of joy and laughter, including laughing at yourself which is confirmation of your own emotional security? Mark Twain said: 'The human race has one really effective weapon, and that is laughter.' We must use it all the time. Woke has destroyed comedy because it has no humour, no joy, sense of irony, or self-deprecation. Its energy is dense and intense. *Mmmmm*, lunch says the Archontic frequency. Rudolf Steiner (1861-1925) was the Austrian philosopher and famous esoteric thinker who established Waldorf education or Steiner schools to treat children like unique expressions of consciousness and not minds to be programmed with the perceptions determined by authority. I'd been writing about this energy vampiring for decades when I was sent in 2016 a quote by Steiner. He was spot on:

There are beings in the spiritual realms for whom anxiety and fear emanating from human beings offer welcome food. When humans have no anxiety and fear, then these creatures starve. If fear and anxiety radiates from people and they break out in panic, then these creatures find welcome nutrition and they become more and more powerful. These beings are hostile towards humanity. Everything that feeds on negative feelings, on anxiety, fear and superstition, despair or doubt, are in reality hostile forces in super-sensible worlds, launching cruel attacks on human beings, while they are being fed ... These are exactly the feelings that belong to contemporary culture and materialism; because it estranges people from the spiritual world, it is especially suited to evoke hopelessness and fear of the unknown in people, thereby calling up the above mentioned hostile forces against them.

Pause for a moment from this perspective and reflect on what has happened in the world since the start of 2020. Not only will pennies drop, but billion dollar bills. We see the same theme from Don Juan Matus, a Yaqui Indian shaman in Mexico and the information source for Peruvian-born writer, Carlos Castaneda, who wrote a series of

books from the 1960s to 1990s. Don Juan described the force manipulating human society and his name for the Archons was the predator:

We have a predator that came from the depths of the cosmos and took over the rule of our lives. Human beings are its prisoners. The predator is our lord and master. It has rendered us docile, helpless. If we want to protest, it suppresses our protest. If we want to act independently, it demands that we don't do so ... indeed we are held prisoner!

They took us over because we are food to them, and they squeeze us mercilessly because we are their sustenance. Just as we rear chickens in coops, the predators rear us in human coops, humaneros. Therefore, their food is always available to them.

Different cultures, different eras, same recurring theme.

The 'ennoia' dilemma

Nag Hammadi Gnostic manuscripts say that Archon consciousness has no 'ennoia'. This is directly translated as 'intentionality', but I'll use the term 'creative imagination'. The All That Is in awareness of itself is the source of all creativity – all possibility – and the more disconnected you are from that source the more you are subsequently denied 'creative imagination'. Given that Archon consciousness is almost entirely disconnected it severely lacks creativity and has to rely on far more mechanical processes of thought and exploit the creative potential of those that do have 'ennoia'. You can see cases of this throughout human society. Archon consciousness almost entirely dominates the global banking system and if we study how that system works you will appreciate what I mean. Banks manifest 'money' out of nothing by issuing lines of 'credit' which is 'money' that has never, does not, and will never exist except in theory. It's a confidence trick. If you think 'credit' figures-on-a-screen 'money' is worth anything you accept it as payment. If you don't then the whole system collapses through lack of confidence in the value of that 'money'. Archontic bankers with no 'ennoia' are 'lending' 'money' that doesn't exist to humans that *do* have creativity – those that have the inspired ideas and create businesses and products. Archon banking feeds off human creativity

which it controls through 'money' creation and debt. Humans have the creativity and Archons exploit that for their own benefit and control while having none themselves. Archon Internet platforms like Facebook claim joint copyright of everything that creative users post and while Archontic minds like Zuckerberg may officially head that company it will be human creatives on the staff that provide the creative inspiration. When you have limitless 'money' you can then buy other companies established by creative humans. Witness the acquisition record of Facebook, Google and their like. Survey the Archon-controlled music industry and you see non-creative dark suit executives making their fortune from the human creativity of their artists. The cases are endless. Research the history of people like Gates and Zuckerberg and how their empires were built on exploiting the creativity of others. Archon minds cannot create out of nothing, but they are skilled (because they have to be) in what Gnostic texts call 'countermimicry'. They can imitate, but not innovate. Sabbatians trawl the creativity of others through backdoors they install in computer systems through their cybersecurity systems. Archon-controlled China is globally infamous for stealing intellectual property and I remember how Hong Kong, now part of China, became notorious for making counterfeit copies of the creativity of others – 'countermimicry'. With the now pervasive and all-seeing surveillance systems able to infiltrate any computer you can appreciate the potential for Archons to vampire the creativity of humans. Author John Lamb Lash wrote in his book about the Nag Hammadi texts, Not In His Image:

Although they cannot originate anything, because they lack the divine factor of ennoia (intentionality), Archons can imitate with a vengeance. Their expertise is simulation (HAL, virtual reality). The Demiurge [Yaldabaoth] fashions a heaven world copied from the fractal patterns [of the original] ... His construction is celestial kitsch, like the fake Italianate villa of a Mafia don complete with militant angels to guard every portal.

This brings us to something that I have been speaking about since the turn of the millennium. Our reality is a simulation; a virtual reality that we think is real. No, I'm not kidding.

Human reality? Well, virtually

I had pondered for years about whether our reality is 'real' or some kind of construct. I remembered being immensely affected on a visit as a small child in the late 1950s to the then newly-opened Planetarium on the Marylebone Road in London which is now closed and part of the adjacent Madame Tussauds wax museum. It was in the middle of the day, but when the lights went out there was the night sky projected in the Planetarium's domed ceiling and it appeared to be so real. The experience never left me and I didn't know why until around the turn of the millennium when I became certain that our 'night sky' and entire reality is a projection, a virtual reality, akin to the illusory world portrayed in the *Matrix* movies. I looked at the sky one day in this period and it appeared to me like the domed roof of the Planetarium. The release of the first Matrix movie in 1999 also provided a synchronistic and perfect visual representation of where my mind had been going for a long time. I hadn't come across the Gnostic Nag Hammadi texts then. When I did years later the correlation was once again astounding. As I read Gnostic accounts from 1,600 years and more earlier it was clear that they were describing the same simulation phenomenon. They tell how the Yaldabaoth 'Demiurge' and Archons created a 'bad copy' of original reality to rule over all that were captured by its illusions and the body was a prison to trap consciousness in the 'bad copy' fake reality. Read how Gnostics describe the 'bad copy' and update that to current times and they are referring to what we would call today a virtual reality simulation.

Author John Lamb Lash said 'the Demiurge fashions a heaven world copied from the fractal patterns' of the original through expertise in 'HAL' or virtual reality simulation. Fractal patterns are part of the energetic information construct of our reality, a sort of blueprint. If these patterns were copied in computer terms it would indeed give you a copy of a 'natural' reality in a non-natural frequency and digital form. The principle is the same as making a copy of a website. The original website still exists, but now you can change the copy version to make it whatever you like and it can

become very different to the original website. Archons have done this with our reality, a *synthetic* copy of prime reality that still exists beyond the frequency walls of the simulation. Trapped within the illusions of this synthetic Matrix, however, were and are human consciousness and other expressions of prime reality and this is why the Archons via the Cult are seeking to make the human body synthetic and give us synthetic AI minds to complete the job of turning the entire reality synthetic including what we perceive to be the natural world. To quote Kurzweil: 'Nanobots will infuse all the matter around us with information. Rocks, trees, everything will become these intelligent creatures.' Yes, *synthetic* 'creatures' just as 'Covid' and other genetically-manipulating 'vaccines' are designed to make the human body synthetic. From this perspective it is obvious why Archons and their Cult are so desperate to infuse synthetic material into every human with their 'Covid' scam.

Let there be (electromagnetic) light

Yaldabaoth, the force that created the simulation, or Matrix, makes sense of the Gnostic reference to 'The Great Architect' and its use by Cult Freemasonry as the name of its deity. The designer of the Matrix in the movies is called 'The Architect' and that trilogy is jam-packed with symbolism relating to these subjects. I have contended for years that the angry Old Testament God (Yaldabaoth) is the 'God' being symbolically 'quoted' in the opening of Genesis as 'creating the world'. This is not the creation of prime reality – it's the creation of the simulation. The Genesis 'God' says: 'Let there be Light: and there was light.' But what is this 'Light'? I have said for decades that the speed of light (186,000 miles per second) is not the fastest speed possible as claimed by mainstream science and is in fact the frequency walls or outer limits of the Matrix. You can't have a fastest or slowest anything within all possibility when everything is possible. The human body is encoded to operate within the speed of light or within the simulation and thus we see only the tiny frequency band of visible light. Near-death experiencers who perceive reality outside the body during temporary 'death' describe a very different

form of light and this is supported by the Nag Hammadi texts. Prime reality beyond the simulation ('Upper Aeons' to the Gnostics) is described as a realm of incredible beauty, bliss, love and harmony – a realm of 'watery light' that is so powerful 'there are no shadows'. Our false reality of Archon control, which Gnostics call the 'Lower Aeons', is depicted as a realm with a different kind of 'light' and described in terms of chaos, 'Hell', 'the Abyss' and 'Outer Darkness', where trapped souls are tormented and manipulated by demons (relate that to the 'Covid' hoax alone). The watery light theme can be found in near-death accounts and it is not the same as simulation 'light' which is electromagnetic or radiation light within the speed of light – the 'Lower Aeons'. Simulation 'light' is the 'luminous fire' associated by Gnostics with the Archons. The Bible refers to Yaldabaoth as 'that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world' (Revelation 12:9). I think that making a simulated copy of prime reality ('countermimicry') and changing it dramatically while all the time manipulating humanity to believe it to be real could probably meet the criteria of deceiving the whole world. Then we come to the Cult god Lucifer – the *Light Bringer*. Lucifer is symbolic of Yaldabaoth, the bringer of radiation light that forms the bad copy simulation within the speed of light. 'He' is symbolised by the lighted torch held by the Statue of Liberty and in the name 'Illuminati'. Sabbatian-Frankism declares that Lucifer is the true god and Lucifer is the real god of Freemasonry honoured as their 'Great or Grand Architect of the Universe' (simulation).

I would emphasise, too, the way Archontic technologically-generated luminous fire of radiation has deluged our environment since I was a kid in the 1950s and changed the nature of The Field with which we constantly interact. Through that interaction technological radiation is changing us. The Smart Grid is designed to operate with immense levels of communication power with 5G expanding across the world and 6G, 7G, in the process of development. Radiation is the simulation and the Archontic manipulation system. Why wouldn't the Archon Cult wish to unleash radiation upon us to an ever-greater extreme to form

Kurzweil's 'cloud'? The plan for a synthetic human is related to the need to cope with levels of radiation beyond even anything we've seen so far. Biological humans would not survive the scale of radiation they have in their script. The Smart Grid is a technological sub-reality within the technological simulation to further disconnect five-sense perception from expanded consciousness. It's a technological prison of the mind.

Infusing the 'spirit of darkness'

A recurring theme in religion and native cultures is the manipulation of human genetics by a non-human force and most famously recorded as the biblical 'sons of god' (the gods plural in the original) who interbred with the daughters of men. The Nag Hammadi *Apocryphon of John* tells the same story this way:

He [Yaldabaoth] sent his angels [Archons/demons] to the daughters of men, that they might take some of them for themselves and raise offspring for their enjoyment. And at first they did not succeed. When they had no success, they gathered together again and they made a plan together ... And the angels changed themselves in their likeness into the likeness of their mates, filling them with the spirit of darkness, which they had mixed for them, and with evil ... And they took women and begot children out of the darkness according to the likeness of their spirit.

Possession when a discarnate entity takes over a human body is an age-old theme and continues today. It's very real and I've seen it. Satanic and secret society rituals can create an energetic environment in which entities can attach to initiates and I've heard many stories of how people have changed their personality after being initiated even into lower levels of the Freemasons. I have been inside three Freemasonic temples, one at a public open day and two by just walking in when there was no one around to stop me. They were in Ryde, the town where I live, Birmingham, England, when I was with a group, and Boston, Massachusetts. They all felt the same energetically – dark, dense, low-vibrational and sinister. Demonic attachment can happen while the initiate has no idea what is going on. To them it's just a ritual to get in the Masons and do a bit of good

business. In the far more extreme rituals of Satanism human possession is even more powerful and they are designed to make possession possible. The hierarchy of the Cult is dictated by the power and perceived status of the possessing Archon. In this way the Archon hierarchy becomes the Cult hierarchy. Once the entity has attached it can influence perception and behaviour and if it attaches to the extreme then so much of its energy (information) infuses into the body information field that the hologram starts to reflect the nature of the possessing entity. This is the *Exorcist* movie type of possession when facial features change and it's known as shapeshifting. Islam's Jinn are said to be invisible tricksters who change shape, 'whisper', confuse and take human form. These are all traits of the Archons and other versions of the same phenomenon. Extreme possession could certainty infuse the 'spirit of darkness' into a partner during sex as the Nag Hammadi texts appear to describe. Such an infusion can change genetics which is also energetic information. Human genetics is information and the 'spirit of darkness' is information. Mix one with the other and change must happen. Islam has the concept of a 'Jinn baby' through possession of the mother and by Jinn taking human form. There are many ways that human genetics can be changed and remember that Archons have been aware all along of advanced techniques to do this. What is being done in human society today – and far more – was known about by Archons at the time of the 'fallen ones' and their other versions described in religions and cultures.

Archons and their human-world Cult are obsessed with genetics as we see today and they know this dictates how information is processed into perceived reality during a human life. They needed to produce a human form that would decode the simulation and this is symbolically known as 'Adam and Eve' who left the 'garden' (prime reality) and 'fell' into Matrix reality. The simulation is not a 'physical' construct (there is no 'physical'); it is a source of information. Think Wi-Fi again. The simulation is an energetic field encoded with information and body-brain systems are designed to decode that information encoded in wave or frequency form which

is transmitted to the brain as electrical signals. These are decoded by the brain to construct our sense of reality – an illusory 'physical' world that only exists in the brain or the mind. Virtual reality games mimic this process using the same sensory decoding system. Information is fed to the senses to decode a virtual reality that can appear so real, but isn't (Figs 18 and 19). Some scientists believe – and I agree with them – that what we perceive as 'physical' reality only exists when we are looking or observing. The act of perception or focus triggers the decoding systems which turn waveform information into holographic reality. When we are not observing something our reality reverts from a holographic state to a waveform state. This relates to the same principle as a falling tree not making a noise unless someone is there to hear it or decode it. The concept makes sense from the simulation perspective. A computer is not decoding all the information in a Wi-Fi field all the time and only decodes or brings into reality on the screen that part of Wi-Fi that it's decoding – focusing upon – at that moment.



Figure 18: Virtual reality technology 'hacks' into the body's five-sense decoding system.



Figure 19: The result can be experienced as very 'real'.

Interestingly, Professor Donald Hoffman at the Department of Cognitive Sciences at the University of California, Irvine, says that our experienced reality is like a computer interface that shows us only the level with which we interact while hiding all that exists beyond it: 'Evolution shaped us with a user interface that hides the truth. Nothing that we see is the truth – the very language of space and time and objects is the wrong language to describe reality.' He is correct in what he says on so many levels. Space and time are not a universal reality. They are a phenomenon of decoded simulation reality as part of the process of enslaving our sense of reality. Neardeath experiencers report again and again how space and time did not exist as we perceive them once they were free of the body – body decoding systems. You can appreciate from this why Archons and their Cult are so desperate to entrap human attention in the five senses where we are in the Matrix and of the Matrix. Opening your mind to expanded states of awareness takes you beyond the information confines of the simulation and you become aware of knowledge and insights denied to you before. This is what we call 'awakening' – awakening from the Matrix – and in the final chapter I will relate this to current events.

Where are the 'aliens'?

A simulation would explain the so-called 'Fermi Paradox' named after Italian physicist Enrico Fermi (1901-1954) who created the first nuclear reactor. He considered the question of why there is such a lack of extraterrestrial activity when there are so many stars and planets in an apparently vast universe; but what if the night sky that we see, or think we do, is a simulated projection as I say? If you control the simulation and your aim is to hold humanity fast in essential ignorance would you want other forms of life including advanced life coming and going sharing information with humanity? Or would you want them to believe they were isolated and apparently alone? Themes of human isolation and apartness are common whether they be the perception of a lifeless universe or the fascist isolation laws of the 'Covid' era. Paradoxically the very

existence of a simulation means that we are not alone when some force had to construct it. My view is that experiences that people have reported all over the world for centuries with Reptilians and Grey entities are Archon phenomena as Nag Hammadi texts describe; and that benevolent 'alien' interactions are non-human groups that come in and out of the simulation by overcoming Archon attempts to keep them out. It should be highlighted, too, that Reptilians and Greys are obsessed with genetics and technology as related by cultural accounts and those who say they have been abducted by them. Technology is their way of overcoming some of the limitations in their creative potential and our technology-driven and controlled human society of today is archetypical Archon-Reptilian-Grey modus operandi. Technocracy is really *Archon*tocracy. The Universe does not have to be as big as it appears with a simulation. There is no space or distance only information decoded into holographic reality. What we call 'space' is only the absence of holographic 'objects' and that 'space' is The Field of energetic information which connects everything into a single whole. The same applies with the artificially-generated information field of the simulation. The Universe is not big or small as a physical reality. It is decoded information, that's all, and its perceived size is decided by the way the simulation is encoded to make it appear. The entire night sky as we perceive it only exists in our brain and so where are those 'millions of light years'? The 'stars' on the ceiling of the Planetarium looked a vast distance away.

There's another point to mention about 'aliens'. I have been highlighting since the 1990s the plan to stage a fake 'alien invasion' to justify the centralisation of global power and a world military. Nazi scientist Werner von Braun, who was taken to America by Operation Paperclip after World War Two to help found NASA, told his American assistant Dr Carol Rosin about the Cult agenda when he knew he was dying in 1977. Rosin said that he told her about a sequence that would lead to total human control by a one-world government. This included threats from terrorism, rogue nations, meteors and asteroids before finally an 'alien invasion'. All of these

things, von Braun said, would be bogus and what I would refer to as a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution. Keep this in mind when 'the aliens are coming' is the new mantra. The aliens are not coming – they are already here and they have infiltrated human society while looking human. French-Canadian investigative journalist Serge Monast said in 1994 that he had uncovered a NASA/military operation called Project Blue Beam which fits with what Werner von Braun predicted. Monast died of a 'heart attack' in 1996 the day after he was arrested and spent a night in prison. He was 51. He said Blue Beam was a plan to stage an alien invasion that would include religious figures beamed holographically into the sky as part of a global manipulation to usher in a 'new age' of worshipping what I would say is the Cult 'god' Yaldabaoth in a one-world religion. Fake holographic asteroids are also said to be part of the plan which again syncs with von Braun. How could you stage an illusory threat from asteroids unless they were holographic inserts? This is pretty straightforward given the advanced technology outside the public arena and the fact that our 'physical' reality is holographic anyway. Information fields would be projected and we would decode them into the illusion of a 'physical' asteroid. If they can sell a global 'pandemic' with a 'virus' that doesn't exist what will humans not believe if government and media tell them?

All this is particularly relevant as I write with the Pentagon planning to release in June, 2021, information about 'UFO sightings'. I have been following the UFO story since the early 1990s and the common theme throughout has been government and military denials and cover up. More recently, however, the Pentagon has suddenly become more talkative and apparently open with Air Force pilot radar images released of unexplained craft moving and changing direction at speeds well beyond anything believed possible with human technology. Then, in March, 2021, former Director of National Intelligence John Ratcliffe said a Pentagon report months later in June would reveal a great deal of information about UFO sightings unknown to the public. He said the report would have 'massive implications'. The order to do this was included bizarrely

in a \$2.3 trillion 'coronavirus' relief and government funding bill passed by the Trump administration at the end of 2020. I would add some serious notes of caution here. I have been pointing out since the 1990s that the US military and intelligence networks have long had craft – 'flying saucers' or anti-gravity craft – which any observer would take to be extraterrestrial in origin. Keeping this knowledge from the public allows craft flown by *humans* to be perceived as alien visitations. I am not saying that 'aliens' do not exist. I would be the last one to say that, but we have to be streetwise here. President Ronald Reagan told the UN General Assembly in 1987: 'I occasionally think how quickly our differences worldwide would vanish if we were facing an alien threat from outside this world.' That's the idea. Unite against a common 'enemy' with a common purpose behind your 'saviour force' (the Cult) as this age-old technique of mass manipulation goes global.

Science moves this way...

I could find only one other person who was discussing the simulation hypothesis publicly when I concluded it was real. This was Nick Bostrom, a Swedish-born philosopher at the University of Oxford, who has explored for many years the possibility that human reality is a computer simulation although his version and mine are not the same. Today the simulation and holographic reality hypothesis have increasingly entered the scientific mainstream. Well, the more open-minded mainstream, that is. Here are a few of the ever-gathering examples. American nuclear physicist Silas Beane led a team of physicists at the University of Bonn in Germany pursuing the question of whether we live in a simulation. They concluded that we probably do and it was likely based on a lattice of cubes. They found that cosmic rays align with that specific pattern. The team highlighted the Greisen–Zatsepin–Kuzmin (GZK) limit which refers to cosmic ray particle interaction with cosmic background radiation that creates an apparent boundary for cosmic ray particles. They say in a paper entitled 'Constraints on the Universe as a Numerical Simulation' that this 'pattern of constraint' is exactly what you

would find with a computer simulation. They also made the point that a simulation would create its own 'laws of physics' that would limit possibility. I've been making the same point for decades that the perceived laws of physics relate only to this reality, or what I would later call the simulation. When designers write codes to create computer and virtual reality games they are the equivalent of the laws of physics for that game. Players interact within the limitations laid out by the coding. In the same way those who wrote the codes for the simulation decided the laws of physics that would apply. These can be overridden by expanded states of consciousness, but not by those enslaved in only five-sense awareness where simulation codes rule. Overriding the codes is what people call 'miracles'. They are not. They are bypassing the encoded limits of the simulation. A population caught in simulation perception would have no idea that this was their plight. As the Bonn paper said: 'Like a prisoner in a pitch-black cell we would not be able to see the "walls" of our prison,' That's true if people remain mesmerised by the five senses. Open to expanded awareness and those walls become very clear. The main one is the speed of light.

American theoretical physicist James Gates is another who has explored the simulation question and found considerable evidence to support the idea. Gates was Professor of Physics at the University of Maryland, Director of The Center for String and Particle Theory, and on Barack Obama's Council of Advisors on Science and Technology. He and his team found *computer codes* of digital data embedded in the fabric of our reality. They relate to on-off electrical charges of 1 and 0 in the binary system used by computers. 'We have no idea what they are doing there', Gates said. They found within the energetic fabric mathematical sequences known as errorcorrecting codes or block codes that 'reboot' data to its original state or 'default settings' when something knocks it out of sync. Gates was asked if he had found a set of equations embedded in our reality indistinguishable from those that drive search engines and browsers and he said: 'That is correct.' Rich Terrile, director of the Centre for Evolutionary Computation and Automated Design at NASA's Jet

Propulsion Laboratory, has said publicly that he believes the Universe is a digital hologram that must have been created by a form of intelligence. I agree with that in every way. Waveform information is delivered electrically by the senses to the brain which constructs a digital holographic reality that we call the 'world'. This digital level of reality can be read by the esoteric art of numerology. Digital holograms are at the cutting edge of holographics today. We have digital technology everywhere designed to access and manipulate our digital level of perceived reality. Synthetic mRNA in 'Covid vaccines' has a digital component to manipulate the body's digital 'operating system'.

Reality is numbers

How many know that our reality can be broken down to numbers and codes that are the same as computer games? Max Tegmark, a physicist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT), is the author of *Our Mathematical Universe* in which he lays out how reality can be entirely described by numbers and maths in the way that a video game is encoded with the 'physics' of computer games. Our world and computer virtual reality are essentially the same. Tegmark imagines the perceptions of characters in an advanced computer game when the graphics are so good they don't know they are in a game. They think they can bump into real objects (electromagnetic resistance in our reality), fall in love and feel emotions like excitement. When they began to study the apparently 'physical world' of the video game they would realise that everything was made of pixels (which have been found in our energetic reality as must be the case when on one level our world is digital). What computer game characters thought was physical 'stuff', Tegmark said, could actually be broken down into numbers:

And we're exactly in this situation in our world. We look around and it doesn't seem that mathematical at all, but everything we see is made out of elementary particles like quarks and electrons. And what properties does an electron have? Does it have a smell or a colour or a texture? No! ... We physicists have come up with geeky names for [Electron] properties, like

electric charge, or spin, or lepton number, but the electron doesn't care what we call it, the properties are just numbers.

This is the illusory reality Gnostics were describing. This is the simulation. The A, C, G, and T codes of DNA have a binary value – A and C = 0 while G and T = 1. This has to be when the simulation is digital and the body must be digital to interact with it. Recurring mathematical sequences are encoded throughout reality and the body. They include the Fibonacci sequence in which the two previous numbers are added to get the next one, as in ... 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, etc. The sequence is encoded in the human face and body, proportions of animals, DNA, seed heads, pine cones, trees, shells, spiral galaxies, hurricanes and the number of petals in a flower. The list goes on and on. There are fractal patterns – a 'neverending pattern that is infinitely complex and self-similar across all scales in the as above, so below, principle of holograms. These and other famous recurring geometrical and mathematical sequences such as Phi, Pi, Golden Mean, Golden Ratio and Golden Section are computer codes of the simulation. I had to laugh and give my head a shake the day I finished this book and it went into the production stage. I was sent an article in Scientific American published in April, 2021, with the headline 'Confirmed! We Live in a Simulation'. Two decades after I first said our reality is a simulation and the speed of light is it's outer limit the article suggested that we do live in a simulation and that the speed of light is its outer limit. I left school at 15 and never passed a major exam in my life while the writer was up to his eyes in qualifications. As I will explain in the final chapter knowing is far better than thinking and they come from very different sources. The article rightly connected the speed of light to the processing speed of the 'Matrix' and said what has been in my books all this time ... 'If we are in a simulation, as it appears, then space is an abstract property written in code. It is not real'. No it's not and if we live in a simulation something created it and it wasn't us. 'That David Icke says we are manipulated by aliens' – he's crackers.'

Wow...

The reality that humanity thinks is so real is an illusion. Politicians, governments, scientists, doctors, academics, law enforcement, media, school and university curriculums, on and on, are all founded on a world that *does not exist* except as a simulated prison cell. Is it such a stretch to accept that 'Covid' doesn't exist when our entire 'physical' reality doesn't exist? Revealed here is the knowledge kept under raps in the Cult networks of compartmentalised secrecy to control humanity's sense of reality by inducing the population to believe in a reality that's not real. If it wasn't so tragic in its experiential consequences the whole thing would be hysterically funny. None of this is new to Renegade Minds. Ancient Greek philosopher Plato (about 428 to about 347BC) was a major influence on Gnostic belief and he described the human plight thousands of years ago with his Allegory of the Cave. He told the symbolic story of prisoners living in a cave who had never been outside. They were chained and could only see one wall of the cave while behind them was a fire that they could not see. Figures walked past the fire casting shadows on the prisoners' wall and those moving shadows became their sense of reality. Some prisoners began to study the shadows and were considered experts on them (today's academics and scientists), but what they studied was only an illusion (today's academics and scientists). A prisoner escaped from the cave and saw reality as it really is. When he returned to report this revelation they didn't believe him, called him mad and threatened to kill him if he tried to set them free. Plato's tale is not only a brilliant analogy of the human plight and our illusory reality. It describes, too, the dynamics of the 'Covid' hoax. I have only skimmed the surface of these subjects here. The aim of this book is to crisply connect all essential dots to put what is happening today into its true context. All subject areas and their connections in this chapter are covered in great evidential detail in Everything You Need To Know, But Have Never Been Told and The Answer.

They say that bewildered people 'can't see the forest for the trees'. Humanity, however, can't see the forest for the *twigs*. The five senses

see only twigs while Renegade Minds can see the forest and it's the forest where the answers lie with the connections that reveals. Breaking free of perceptual programming so the forest can be seen is the way we turn all this around. Not breaking free is how humanity got into this mess. The situation may seem hopeless, but I promise you it's not. We are a perceptual heartbeat from paradise if only we knew.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Escaping Wetiko

Life is simply a vacation from the infinite Dean Cavanagh

Renegade Minds weave the web of life and events and see common themes in the apparently random. They are always there if you look for them and their pursuit is aided by incredible synchronicity that comes when your mind is open rather than mesmerised by what it thinks it can see.

Infinite awareness is infinite possibility and the more of infinite possibility that we access the more becomes infinitely possible. That may be stating the apparently obvious, but it is a devastatinglypowerful fact that can set us free. We are a point of attention within an infinity of consciousness. The question is how much of that infinity do we choose to access? How much knowledge, insight, awareness, wisdom, do we want to connect with and explore? If your focus is only in the five senses you will be influenced by a fraction of infinite awareness. I mean a range so tiny that it gives new meaning to infinitesimal. Limitation of self-identity and a sense of the possible limit accordingly your range of consciousness. We are what we think we are. Life is what we think it is. The dream is the dreamer and the dreamer is the dream. Buddhist philosophy puts it this way: 'As a thing is viewed, so it appears.' Most humans live in the realm of touch, taste, see, hear, and smell and that's the limit of their sense of the possible and sense of self. Many will follow a religion and speak of a God in his heaven, but their lives are still

dominated by the five senses in their perceptions and actions. The five senses become the arbiter of everything. When that happens all except a smear of infinity is sealed away from influence by the rigid, unyielding, reality bubbles that are the five-sense human or Phantom Self. Archon Cult methodology is to isolate consciousness within five-sense reality – the simulation – and then program that consciousness with a sense of self and the world through a deluge of life-long information designed to instil the desired perception that allows global control. Efforts to do this have increased dramatically with identity politics as identity bubbles are squeezed into the minutiae of five-sense detail which disconnect people even more profoundly from the infinite 'I'.

Five-sense focus and self-identity are like a firewall that limits access to the infinite realms. You only perceive one radio or television station and no other. We'll take that literally for a moment. Imagine a vast array of stations giving different information and angles on reality, but you only ever listen to one. Here we have the human plight in which the population is overwhelmingly confined to CultFM. This relates only to the frequency range of CultFM and limits perception and insight to that band – limits possibility to that band. It means you are connecting with an almost imperceptibly minuscule range of possibility and creative potential within the infinite Field. It's a world where everything seems apart from everything else and where synchronicity is rare. Synchronicity is defined in the dictionary as 'the happening by chance of two or more related or similar events at the same time'. Use of 'by chance' betrays a complete misunderstanding of reality. Synchronicity is not 'by chance'. As people open their minds, or 'awaken' to use the term, they notice more and more coincidences in their lives, bits of 'luck', apparently miraculous happenings that put them in the right place at the right time with the right people. Days become peppered with 'fancy meeting you here' and 'what are the chances of that?' My entire life has been lived like this and ever more so since my own colossal awakening in 1990 and 91 which transformed my sense of reality. Synchronicity is not 'by chance'; it is by accessing expanded

realms of possibility which allow expanded potential for manifestation. People broadcasting the same vibe from the same openness of mind tend to be drawn 'by chance' to each other through what I call frequency magnetism and it's not only people. In the last more than 30 years incredible synchronicity has also led me through the Cult maze to information in so many forms and to crucial personal experiences. These 'coincidences' have allowed me to put the puzzle pieces together across an enormous array of subjects and situations. Those who have breached the bubble of fivesense reality will know exactly what I mean and this escape from the perceptual prison cell is open to everyone whenever they make that choice. This may appear super-human when compared with the limitations of 'human', but it's really our natural state. 'Human' as currently experienced is consciousness in an unnatural state of induced separation from the infinity of the whole. I'll come to how this transformation into unity can be made when I have described in more detail the force that holds humanity in servitude by denying this access to infinite self.

The Wetiko factor

I have been talking and writing for decades about the way five-sense mind is systematically barricaded from expanded awareness. I have used the analogy of a computer (five-sense mind) and someone at the keyboard (expanded awareness). Interaction between the computer and the operator is symbolic of the interaction between five-sense mind and expanded awareness. The computer directly experiences the Internet and the operator experiences the Internet via the computer which is how it's supposed to be – the two working as one. Archons seek to control that point where the operator connects with the computer to stop that interaction (Fig 20). Now the operator is banging the keyboard and clicking the mouse, but the computer is not responding and this happens when the computer is taken over – *possessed* – by an appropriately-named computer 'virus'. The operator has lost all influence over the computer which goes its own way making decisions under the control of the 'virus'. I have

just described the dynamic through which the force known to Gnostics as Yaldabaoth and Archons disconnects five-sense mind from expanded awareness to imprison humanity in perceptual servitude.



Figure 20: The mind 'virus' I have been writing about for decades seeks to isolate five-sense mind (the computer) from the true 'I'. (Image by Neil Hague).

About a year ago I came across a Native American concept of Wetiko which describes precisely the same phenomenon. Wetiko is the spelling used by the Cree and there are other versions including wintiko and windigo used by other tribal groups. They spell the name with lower case, but I see Wetiko as a proper noun as with Archons and prefer a capital. I first saw an article about Wetiko by writer and researcher Paul Levy which so synced with what I had been writing about the computer/operator disconnection and later the Archons. I then read his book, the fascinating *Dispelling Wetiko*, *Breaking the Spell of Evil*. The parallels between what I had concluded long before and the Native American concept of Wetiko were so clear and obvious that it was almost funny. For Wetiko see the Gnostic Archons for sure and the Jinn, the Predators, and every other name for a force of evil, inversion and chaos. Wetiko is the Native American name for the force that divides the computer from

the operator (Fig 21). Indigenous author Jack D. Forbes, a founder of the Native American movement in the 1960s, wrote another book about Wetiko entitled Columbus And Other Cannibals – The Wetiko Disease of Exploitation, Imperialism, and Terrorism which I also read. Forbes says that Wetiko refers to an evil person or spirit 'who terrorizes other creatures by means of terrible acts, including cannibalism'. Zulu shaman Credo Mutwa told me that African accounts tell how cannibalism was brought into the world by the Chitauri 'gods' – another manifestation of Wetiko. The distinction between 'evil person or spirit' relates to Archons/Wetiko possessing a human or acting as pure consciousness. Wetiko is said to be a sickness of the soul or spirit and a state of being that takes but gives nothing back – the Cult and its operatives perfectly described. Black Hawk, a Native American war leader defending their lands from confiscation, said European invaders had 'poisoned hearts' – Wetiko hearts – and that this would spread to native societies. Mention of the heart is very significant as we shall shortly see. Forbes writes: 'Tragically, the history of the world for the past 2,000 years is, in great part, the story of the epidemiology of the wetiko disease.' Yes, and much longer. Forbes is correct when he says: 'The wetikos destroyed Egypt and Babylon and Athens and Rome and Tenochtitlan [capital of the Aztec empire] and perhaps now they will destroy the entire earth.' Evil, he said, is the number one export of a Wetiko culture – see its globalisation with 'Covid'. Constant war, mass murder, suffering of all kinds, child abuse, Satanism, torture and human sacrifice are all expressions of Wetiko and the Wetiko possessed. The world is Wetiko made manifest, but it doesn't have to be. There is a way out of this even now.



Figure 21: The mind 'virus' is known to Native Americans as 'Wetiko'. (Image by Neil Hague).

Cult of Wetiko

Wetiko is the Yaldabaoth frequency distortion that seeks to attach to human consciousness and absorb it into its own. Once this connection is made Wetiko can drive the perceptions of the target which they believe to be coming from their own mind. All the horrors of history and today from mass killers to Satanists, paedophiles like Jeffrey Epstein and other psychopaths, are the embodiment of Wetiko and express its state of being in all its grotesqueness. The Cult is Wetiko incarnate, Yaldabaoth incarnate, and it seeks to facilitate Wetiko assimilation of humanity in totality into its distortion by manipulating the population into low frequency states that match its own. Paul Levy writes: 'Holographically enforced within the psyche of every human being the wetiko virus pervades and underlies the entire field of consciousness, and can therefore potentially manifest through any one of us at any moment if we are not mindful.' The 'Covid' hoax has achieved this with many people, but others have not fallen into Wetiko's frequency lair. Players in the 'Covid' human catastrophe including Gates, Schwab, Tedros, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance, Johnson, Hancock, Ferguson, Drosten, and all the rest, including the psychopath psychologists, are expressions of Wetiko. This is why

they have no compassion or empathy and no emotional consequence for what they do that would make them stop doing it. Observe all the people who support the psychopaths in authority against the Pushbackers despite the damaging impact the psychopaths have on their own lives and their family's lives. You are again looking at Wetiko possession which prevents them seeing through the lies to the obvious scam going on. Why can't they see it? Wetiko won't let them see it. The perceptual divide that has now become a chasm is between the Wetikoed and the non-Wetikoed.

Paul Levy describes Wetiko in the same way that I have long described the Archontic force. They are the same distorted consciousness operating across dimensions of reality: '... the subtle body of wetiko is not located in the third dimension of space and time, literally existing in another dimension ... it is able to affect ordinary lives by mysteriously interpenetrating into our three-dimensional world.' Wetiko does this through its incarnate representatives in the Cult and by weaving itself into The Field which on our level of reality is the electromagnetic information field of the simulation or Matrix. More than that, the simulation *is* Wetiko / Yaldabaoth. Caleb Scharf, Director of Astrobiology at Columbia University, has speculated that 'alien life' could be so advanced that it has transcribed itself into the quantum realm to become what we call physics. He said intelligence indistinguishable from the fabric of the Universe would solve many of its greatest mysteries:

Perhaps hyper-advanced life isn't just external. Perhaps it's already all around. It is embedded in what we perceive to be physics itself, from the root behaviour of particles and fields to the phenomena of complexity and emergence ... In other words, life might not just be in the equations. It might BE the equations [My emphasis].

Scharf said it is possible that 'we don't recognise advanced life because it forms an integral and unsuspicious part of what we've considered to be the natural world'. I agree. Wetiko/Yaldabaoth *is* the simulation. We are literally in the body of the beast. But that doesn't mean it has to control us. We all have the power to overcome Wetiko

influence and the Cult knows that. I doubt it sleeps too well because it knows that.

Which Field?

This, I suggest, is how it all works. There are two Fields. One is the fierce electromagnetic light of the Matrix within the speed of light; the other is the 'watery light' of The Field beyond the walls of the Matrix that connects with the Great Infinity. Five-sense mind and the decoding systems of the body attach us to the Field of Matrix light. They have to or we could not experience this reality. Five-sense mind sees only the Matrix Field of information while our expanded consciousness is part of the Infinity Field. When we open our minds, and most importantly our hearts, to the Infinity Field we have a mission control which gives us an expanded perspective, a road map, to understand the nature of the five-sense world. If we are isolated only in five-sense mind there is no mission control. We're on our own trying to understand a world that's constantly feeding us information to ensure we do not understand. People in this state can feel 'lost' and bewildered with no direction or radar. You can see ever more clearly those who are influenced by the Fields of Big Infinity or little five-sense mind simply by their views and behaviour with regard to the 'Covid' hoax. We have had this division throughout known human history with the mass of the people on one side and individuals who could see and intuit beyond the walls of the simulation – Plato's prisoner who broke out of the cave and saw reality for what it is. Such people have always been targeted by Wetiko/Archon-possessed authority, burned at the stake or demonised as mad, bad and dangerous. The Cult today and its global network of 'anti-hate', 'anti-fascist' Woke groups are all expressions of Wetiko attacking those exposing the conspiracy, 'Covid' lies and the 'vaccine' agenda.

Woke as a whole is Wetiko which explains its black and white mentality and how at one it is with the Wetiko-possessed Cult. Paul Levy said: 'To be in this paradigm is to still be under the thrall of a two-valued logic – where things are either true or false – of a wetikoized mind.' Wetiko consciousness is in a permanent rage, therefore so is Woke, and then there is Woke inversion and contradiction. 'Anti-fascists' act like fascists because fascists and 'antifascists' are both Wetiko at work. Political parties act the same while claiming to be different for the same reason. Secret society and satanic rituals are attaching initiates to Wetiko and the cold, ruthless, psychopathic mentality that secures the positions of power all over the world is Wetiko. Reframing 'training programmes' have the same cumulative effect of attaching Wetiko and we have their graduates described as automatons and robots with a cold, psychopathic, uncaring demeanour. They are all traits of Wetiko possession and look how many times they have been described in this book and elsewhere with regard to personnel behind 'Covid' including the police and medical profession. Climbing the greasy pole in any profession in a Wetiko society requires traits of Wetiko to get there and that is particularly true of politics which is not about fair competition and pre-eminence of ideas. It is founded on how many backs you can stab and arses you can lick. This culminated in the global 'Covid' coordination between the Wetiko possessed who pulled it off in all the different countries without a trace of empathy and compassion for their impact on humans. Our sight sense can see only holographic form and not the Field which connects holographic form. Therefore we perceive 'physical' objects with 'space' in between. In fact that 'space' is energy/consciousness operating on multiple frequencies. One of them is Wetiko and that connects the Cult psychopaths, those who submit to the psychopaths, and those who serve the psychopaths in the media operations of the world. Wetiko is Gates. Wetiko is the mask-wearing submissive. Wetiko is the fake journalist and 'fact-checker'. The Wetiko Field is coordinating the whole thing. Psychopaths, gofers, media operatives, 'anti-hate' hate groups, 'fact-checkers' and submissive people work as one unit even without human coordination because they are attached to the same Field which is organising it all (Fig 22). Paul Levy is here describing how Wetiko-possessed people are drawn together and refuse to let any information breach their rigid

perceptions. He was writing long before 'Covid', but I think you will recognise followers of the 'Covid' religion *oh just a little bit*:

People who are channelling the vibratory frequency of wetiko align with each other through psychic resonance to reinforce their unspoken shared agreement so as to uphold their deranged view of reality. Once an unconscious content takes possession of certain individuals, it irresistibly draws them together by mutual attraction and knits them into groups tied together by their shared madness that can easily swell into an avalanche of insanity.

A psychic epidemic is a closed system, which is to say that it is insular and not open to any new information or informing influences from the outside world which contradict its fixed, limited, and limiting perspective.

There we have the Woke mind and the 'Covid' mind. Compatible resonance draws the awakening together, too, which is clearly happening today.

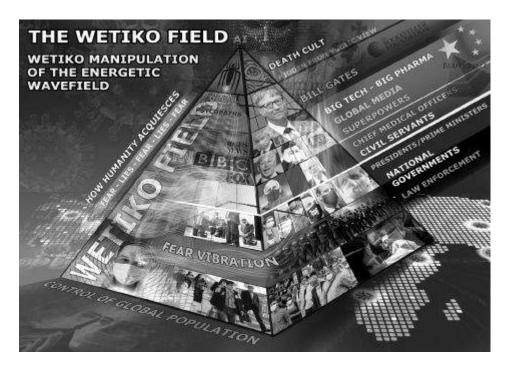


Figure 22: The Wetiko Field from which the Cult pyramid and its personnel are made manifest. (Image by Neil Hague).

Spiritual servitude

Wetiko doesn't care about humans. It's not human; it just possesses humans for its own ends and the effect (depending on the scale of

possession) can be anything from extreme psychopathy to unquestioning obedience. Wetiko's worst nightmare is for human consciousness to expand beyond the simulation. Everything is focussed on stopping that happening through control of information, thus perception, thus frequency. The 'education system', media, science, medicine, academia, are all geared to maintaining humanity in five-sense servitude as is the constant stimulation of low-vibrational mental and emotional states (see 'Covid'). Wetiko seeks to dominate those subconscious spaces between five-sense perception and expanded consciousness where the computer meets the operator. From these subconscious hiding places Wetiko speaks to us to trigger urges and desires that we take to be our own and manipulate us into anything from low-vibrational to psychopathic states. Remember how Islam describes the Jinn as invisible tricksters that 'whisper' and confuse. Wetiko is the origin of the 'trickster god' theme that you find in cultures all over the world. Jinn, like the Archons, are Wetiko which is terrified of humans awakening and reconnecting with our true self for then its energy source has gone. With that the feedback loop breaks between Wetiko and human perception that provides the energetic momentum on which its very existence depends as a force of evil. Humans are both its target and its source of survival, but only if we are operating in low-vibrational states of fear, hate, depression and the background anxiety that most people suffer. We are Wetiko's target because we are its key to survival. It needs us, not the other way round. Paul Levy writes:

A vampire has no intrinsic, independent, substantial existence in its own right; it only exists in relation to us. The pathogenic, vampiric mind-parasite called wetiko is nothing in itself – not being able to exist from its own side – yet it has a 'virtual reality' such that it can potentially destroy our species ...

...The fact that a vampire is not reflected by a mirror can also mean that what we need to see is that there's nothing, no-thing to see, other than ourselves. The fact that wetiko is the expression of something inside of us means that the cure for wetiko is with us as well. The critical issue is finding this cure within us and then putting it into effect.

Evil begets evil because if evil does not constantly expand and find new sources of energetic sustenance its evil, its distortion, dies with the assimilation into balance and harmony. Love is the garlic to Wetiko's vampire. Evil, the absence of love, cannot exist in the presence of love. I think I see a way out of here. I have emphasised so many times over the decades that the Archons/Wetiko and their Cult are not all powerful. *They are not*. I don't care how it looks even now they are not. I have not called them little boys in short trousers for effect. I have said it because it is true. Wetiko's insatiable desire for power over others is not a sign of its omnipotence, but its insecurity. Paul Levy writes: 'Due to the primal fear which ultimately drives it and which it is driven to cultivate, wetiko's body politic has an intrinsic and insistent need for centralising power and control so as to create imagined safety for itself.' Yeeeeeees! Exactly! Why does Wetiko want humans in an ongoing state of fear? Wetiko itself is fear and it is petrified of love. As evil is an absence of love, so love is an absence of fear. Love conquers all and especially Wetiko which is fear. Wetiko brought fear into the world when it wasn't here before. Fear was the 'fall', the fall into low-frequency ignorance and illusion – fear is False Emotion Appearing Real. The simulation is driven and energised by fear because Wetiko/Yaldabaoth (fear) are the simulation. Fear is the absence of love and Wetiko is the absence of love.

Wetiko today

We can now view current events from this level of perspective. The 'Covid' hoax has generated momentous amounts of ongoing fear, anxiety, depression and despair which have empowered Wetiko. No wonder people like Gates have been the instigators when they are Wetiko incarnate and exhibit every trait of Wetiko in the extreme. See how cold and unemotional these people are like Gates and his cronies, how dead of eye they are. That's Wetiko. Sabbatians are Wetiko and everything they control including the World Health Organization, Big Pharma and the 'vaccine' makers, national 'health'

hierarchies, corporate media, Silicon Valley, the banking system, and the United Nations with its planned transformation into world government. All are controlled and possessed by the Wetiko distortion into distorting human society in its image. We are with this knowledge at the gateway to understanding the world. Divisions of race, culture, creed and sexuality are diversions to hide the real division between those possessed and influenced by Wetiko and those that are not. The 'Covid' hoax has brought both clearly into view. Human behaviour is not about race. Tyrants and dictatorships come in all colours and creeds. What unites the US president bombing the innocent and an African tribe committing genocide against another as in Rwanda? What unites them? Wetiko. All wars are Wetiko, all genocide is Wetiko, all hunger over centuries in a world of plenty is Wetiko. Children going to bed hungry, including in the West, is Wetiko. Cult-generated Woke racial divisions that focus on the body are designed to obscure the reality that divisions in behaviour are manifestations of mind, not body. Obsession with body identity and group judgement is a means to divert attention from the real source of behaviour - mind and perception. Conflict sown by the Woke both within themselves and with their target groups are Wetiko providing lunch for itself through still more agents of the division, chaos, and fear on which it feeds. The Cult is seeking to assimilate the entirety of humanity and all children and young people into the Wetiko frequency by manipulating them into states of fear and despair. Witness all the suicide and psychological unravelling since the spring of 2020. Wetiko psychopaths want to impose a state of unquestioning obedience to authority which is no more than a conduit for Wetiko to enforce its will and assimilate humanity into itself. It needs us to believe that resistance is futile when it fears resistance and even more so the game-changing non-cooperation with its impositions. It can use violent resistance for its benefit. Violent impositions and violent resistance are both Wetiko. The Power of Love with its Power of No will sweep Wetiko from our world. Wetiko and its Cult know that. They just don't want us to know.

Al Wetiko

This brings me to AI or artificial intelligence and something else Wetikos don't want us to know. What is AI really? I know about computer code algorithms and AI that learns from data input. These, however, are more diversions, the expeditionary force, for the real AI that they want to connect to the human brain as promoted by Silicon Valley Wetikos like Kurzweil. What is this AI? It is the frequency of Wetiko, the frequency of the Archons. The connection of AI to the human brain is the connection of the Wetiko frequency to create a Wetiko hive mind and complete the job of assimilation. The hive mind is planned to be controlled from Israel and China which are both 100 percent owned by Wetiko Sabbatians. The assimilation process has been going on minute by minute in the 'smart' era which fused with the 'Covid' era. We are told that social media is scrambling the minds of the young and changing their personality. This is true, but what is social media? Look more deeply at how it works, how it creates divisions and conflict, the hostility and cruelty, the targeting of people until they are destroyed. That's Wetiko. Social media is manipulated to tune people to the Wetiko frequency with all the emotional exploitation tricks employed by platforms like Facebook and its Wetiko front man, Zuckerberg. Facebook's Instagram announced a new platform for children to overcome a legal bar on them using the main site. This is more Wetiko exploitation and manipulation of kids. Amnesty International likened the plan to foxes offering to guard the henhouse and said it was incompatible with human rights. Since when did Wetiko or Zuckerberg (I repeat myself) care about that? Would Brin and Page at Google, Wojcicki at YouTube, Bezos at Amazon and whoever the hell runs Twitter act as they do if they were not channelling Wetiko? Would those who are developing technologies for no other reason than human control? How about those designing and selling technologies to kill people and Big Pharma drug and 'vaccine' producers who know they will end or devastate lives? Quite a thought for these people to consider is that if you are Wetiko in a human life you are Wetiko on the 'other side' unless your frequency

changes and that can only change by a change of perception which becomes a change of behaviour. Where Gates is going does not bear thinking about although perhaps that's exactly where he wants to go. Either way, that's where he's going. His frequency will make it so.

The frequency lair

I have been saying for a long time that a big part of the addiction to smartphones and devices is that a frequency is coming off them that entraps the mind. People spend ages on their phones and sometimes even a minute or so after they put them down they pick them up again and it all repeats. 'Covid' lockdowns will have increased this addiction a million times for obvious reasons. Addictions to alcohol overindulgence and drugs are another way that Wetiko entraps consciousness to attach to its own. Both are symptoms of lowvibrational psychological distress which alcoholism and drug addiction further compound. Do we think it's really a coincidence that access to them is made so easy while potions that can take people into realms beyond the simulation are banned and illegal? I have explored smartphone addiction in other books, the scale is mind-blowing, and that level of addiction does not come without help. Tech companies that make these phones are Wetiko and they will have no qualms about destroying the minds of children. We are seeing again with these companies the Wetiko perceptual combination of psychopathic enforcers and weak and meek unquestioning compliance by the rank and file.

The global Smart Grid is the Wetiko Grid and it is crucial to complete the Cult endgame. The simulation is radiation and we are being deluged with technological radiation on a devastating scale. Wetiko frauds like Elon Musk serve Cult interests while occasionally criticising them to maintain his street-cred. 5G and other forms of Wi-Fi are being directed at the earth from space on a volume and scale that goes on increasing by the day. Elon Musk's (officially) SpaceX Starlink project is in the process of putting tens of thousands of satellites in low orbit to cover every inch of the planet with 5G and other Wi-Fi to create Kurzweil's global 'cloud' to which the

human mind is planned to be attached very soon. SpaceX has approval to operate 12,000 satellites with more than 1,300 launched at the time of writing and applications filed for 30,000 more. Other operators in the Wi-Fi, 5G, low-orbit satellite market include OneWeb (UK), Telesat (Canada), and AST & Science (US). Musk tells us that AI could be the end of humanity and then launches a company called Neuralink to connect the human brain to computers. Musk's (in theory) Tesla company is building electric cars and the driverless vehicles of the smart control grid. As frauds and bullshitters go Elon Musk in my opinion is Major League.

5G and technological radiation in general are destructive to human health, genetics and psychology and increasing the strength of artificial radiation underpins the five-sense perceptual bubbles which are themselves expressions of radiation or electromagnetism. Freedom activist John Whitehead was so right with his 'databit by databit, we are building our own electronic concentration camps'. The Smart Grid and 5G is a means to control the human mind and infuse perceptual information into The Field to influence anyone in sync with its frequency. You can change perception and behaviour en masse if you can manipulate the population into those levels of frequency and this is happening all around us today. The arrogance of Musk and his fellow Cult operatives knows no bounds in the way that we see with Gates. Musk's satellites are so many in number already they are changing the night sky when viewed from Earth. The astronomy community has complained about this and they have seen nothing yet. Some consequences of Musk's Wetiko hubris include: Radiation; visible pollution of the night sky; interference with astronomy and meteorology; ground and water pollution from intensive use of increasingly many spaceports; accumulating space debris; continual deorbiting and burning up of aging satellites, polluting the atmosphere with toxic dust and smoke; and everincreasing likelihood of collisions. A collective public open letter of complaint to Musk said:

We are writing to you ... because SpaceX is in process of surrounding the Earth with a network of thousands of satellites whose very purpose is to irradiate every square inch of the

Earth. SpaceX, like everyone else, is treating the radiation as if it were not there. As if the mitochondria in our cells do not depend on electrons moving undisturbed from the food we digest to the oxygen we breathe.

As if our nervous systems and our hearts are not subject to radio frequency interference like any piece of electronic equipment. As if the cancer, diabetes, and heart disease that now afflict a majority of the Earth's population are not metabolic diseases that result from interference with our cellular machinery. As if insects everywhere, and the birds and animals that eat them, are not starving to death as a result.

People like Musk and Gates believe in their limitless Wetiko arrogance that they can do whatever they like to the world because they own it. Consequences for humanity are irrelevant. It's absolutely time that we stopped taking this shit from these self-styled masters of the Earth when you consider where this is going.

Why is the Cult so anti-human?

I hear this question often: Why would they do this when it will affect them, too? Ah, but will it? Who is this *them*? Forget their bodies. They are just vehicles for Wetiko consciousness. When you break it all down to the foundations we are looking at a state of severely distorted consciousness targeting another state of consciousness for assimilation. The rest is detail. The simulation is the fly-trap in which unique sensations of the five senses create a cycle of addiction called reincarnation. Renegade Minds see that everything which happens in our reality is a smaller version of the whole picture in line with the holographic principle. Addiction to the radiation of smart technology is a smaller version of addiction to the whole simulation. Connecting the body/brain to AI is taking that addiction on a giant step further to total ongoing control by assimilating human incarnate consciousness into Wetiko. I have watched during the 'Covid' hoax how many are becoming ever more profoundly attached to Wetiko's perceptual calling cards of aggressive response to any other point of view ('There is no other god but me'), psychopathic lack of compassion and empathy, and servile submission to the narrative and will of authority. Wetiko is the psychopaths and subservience to psychopaths. The Cult of Wetiko is

so anti-human because it is *not* human. It embarked on a mission to destroy human by targeting everything that it means to be human and to survive as human. 'Covid' is not the end, just a means to an end. The Cult with its Wetiko consciousness is seeking to change Earth systems, including the atmosphere, to suit them, not humans. The gathering bombardment of 5G alone from ground and space is dramatically changing The Field with which the five senses interact. There is so much more to come if we sit on our hands and hope it will all go away. It is not meant to go away. It is meant to get ever more extreme and we need to face that while we still can – just.

Carbon dioxide is the gas of life. Without that human is over. Kaput, gone, history. No natural world, no human. The Cult has created a cock and bull story about carbon dioxide and climate change to justify its reduction to the point where Gates and the ignoramus Biden 'climate chief' John Kerry want to suck it out of the atmosphere. Kerry wants to do this because his master Gates does. Wetikos have made the gas of life a demon with the usual support from the Wokers of Extinction Rebellion and similar organisations and the bewildered puppet-child that is Greta Thunberg who was put on the world stage by Klaus Schwab and the World Economic Forum. The name Extinction Rebellion is both ironic and as always Wetiko inversion. The gas that we need to survive must be reduced to save us from extinction. The most basic need of human is oxygen and we now have billions walking around in face nappies depriving body and brain of this essential requirement of human existence. More than that 5G at 60 gigahertz interacts with the oxygen molecule to reduce the amount of oxygen the body can absorb into the bloodstream. The obvious knock-on consequences of that for respiratory and cognitive problems and life itself need no further explanation. Psychopaths like Musk are assembling a global system of satellites to deluge the human atmosphere with this insanity. The man should be in jail. Here we have two most basic of human needs, oxygen and carbon dioxide, being dismantled.

Two others, water and food, are getting similar treatment with the United Nations Agendas 21 and 2030 – the Great Reset – planning to

centrally control all water and food supplies. People will not even own rain water that falls on their land. Food is affected at the most basic level by reducing carbon dioxide. We have genetic modification or GMO infiltrating the food chain on a mass scale, pesticides and herbicides polluting the air and destroying the soil. Freshwater fish that provide livelihoods for 60 million people and feed hundreds of millions worldwide are being 'pushed to the brink' according the conservationists while climate change is the only focus. Now we have Gates and Schwab wanting to dispense with current food sources all together and replace them with a synthetic version which the Wetiko Cult would control in terms of production and who eats and who doesn't. We have been on the Totalitarian Tiptoe to this for more than 60 years as food has become ever more processed and full of chemical shite to the point today when it's not natural food at all. As Dr Tom Cowan says: 'If it has a label don't eat it.' Bill Gates is now the biggest owner of farmland in the United States and he does nothing without an ulterior motive involving the Cult. Klaus Schwab wrote: 'To feed the world in the next 50 years we will need to produce as much food as was produced in the last 10,000 years ... food security will only be achieved, however, if regulations on genetically modified foods are adapted to reflect the reality that gene editing offers a precise, efficient and safe method of improving crops.' Liar. People and the world are being targeted with aluminium through vaccines, chemtrails, food, drink cans, and endless other sources when aluminium has been linked to many health issues including dementia which is increasing year after year. Insects, bees and wildlife essential to the food chain are being deleted by pesticides, herbicides and radiation which 5G is dramatically increasing with 6G and 7G to come. The pollinating bee population is being devastated while wildlife including birds, dolphins and whales are having their natural radar blocked by the effects of ever-increasing radiation. In the summer windscreens used to be splattered with insects so numerous were they. It doesn't happen now. Where have they gone?

Synthetic everything

The Cult is introducing genetically-modified versions of trees, plants and insects including a Gates-funded project to unleash hundreds of millions of genetically-modified, lab-altered and patented male mosquitoes to mate with wild mosquitoes and induce genetic flaws that cause them to die out. Clinically-insane Gates-funded Japanese researchers have developed mosquitos that spread vaccine and are dubbed 'flying vaccinators'. Gates is funding the modification of weather patterns in part to sell the myth that this is caused by carbon dioxide and he's funding geoengineering of the skies to change the atmosphere. Some of this came to light with the Gates-backed plan to release tonnes of chalk into the atmosphere to 'deflect the Sun and cool the planet'. Funny how they do this while the heating effect of the Sun is not factored into climate projections focussed on carbon dioxide. The reason is that they want to reduce carbon dioxide (so don't mention the Sun), but at the same time they do want to reduce the impact of the Sun which is so essential to human life and health. I have mentioned the sun-cholesterol-vitamin D connection as they demonise the Sun with warnings about skin cancer (caused by the chemicals in sun cream they tell you to splash on). They come from the other end of the process with statin drugs to reduce cholesterol that turns sunlight into vitamin D. A lack of vitamin D leads to a long list of health effects and how vitamin D levels must have fallen with people confined to their homes over 'Covid'. Gates is funding other forms of geoengineering and most importantly chemtrails which are dropping heavy metals, aluminium and self-replicating nanotechnology onto the Earth which is killing the natural world. See Everything You Need To Know, But Have Never Been Told for the detailed background to this.

Every human system is being targeted for deletion by a force that's not human. The Wetiko Cult has embarked on the process of transforming the human body from biological to synthetic biological as I have explained. Biological is being replaced by the artificial and synthetic – Archontic 'countermimicry' – right across human society. The plan eventually is to dispense with the human body altogether

and absorb human consciousness – which it wouldn't really be by then – into cyberspace (the simulation which is Wetiko/Yaldabaoth). Preparations for that are already happening if people would care to look. The alternative media rightly warns about globalism and 'the globalists', but this is far bigger than that and represents the end of the human race as we know it. The 'bad copy' of prime reality that Gnostics describe was a bad copy of harmony, wonder and beauty to start with before Wetiko/Yaldabaoth set out to change the simulated 'copy' into something very different. The process was slow to start with. Entrapped humans in the simulation timeline were not technologically aware and they had to be brought up to intellectual speed while being suppressed spiritually to the point where they could build their own prison while having no idea they were doing so. We have now reached that stage where technological intellect has the potential to destroy us and that's why events are moving so fast. Central American shaman Don Juan Matus said:

Think for a moment, and tell me how you would explain the contradictions between the intelligence of man the engineer and the stupidity of his systems of belief, or the stupidity of his contradictory behaviour. Sorcerers believe that the predators have given us our systems of beliefs, our ideas of good and evil; our social mores. They are the ones who set up our dreams of success or failure. They have given us covetousness, greed, and cowardice. It is the predator who makes us complacent, routinary, and egomaniacal.

In order to keep us obedient and meek and weak, the predators engaged themselves in a stupendous manoeuvre – stupendous, of course, from the point of view of a fighting strategist; a horrendous manoeuvre from the point of those who suffer it. They gave us their mind. The predators' mind is baroque, contradictory, morose, filled with the fear of being discovered any minute now.

For 'predators' see Wetiko, Archons, Yaldabaoth, Jinn, and all the other versions of the same phenomenon in cultures and religions all over the world. The theme is always the same because it's true and it's real. We have reached the point where we have to deal with it. The question is – how?

Don't fight – walk away

I thought I'd use a controversial subheading to get things moving in terms of our response to global fascism. What do you mean 'don't fight'? What do you mean 'walk away'? We've got to fight. We can't walk away. Well, it depends what we mean by fight and walk away. If fighting means physical combat we are playing Wetiko's game and falling for its trap. It wants us to get angry, aggressive, and direct hate and hostility at the enemy we think we must fight. Every war, every battle, every conflict, has been fought with Wetiko leading both sides. It's what it does. Wetiko wants a fight, anywhere, any place. Just hit me, son, so I can hit you back. Wetiko hits Wetiko and Wetiko hits Wetiko in return. I am very forthright as you can see in exposing Wetikos of the Cult, but I don't hate them. I refuse to hate them. It's what they want. What you hate you become. What you fight you become. Wokers, 'anti-haters' and 'anti-fascists' prove this every time they reach for their keyboards or don their balaclavas. By walk away I mean to disengage from Wetiko which includes ceasing to cooperate with its tyranny. Paul Levy says of Wetiko:

The way to 'defeat' evil is not to try to destroy it (for then, in playing evil's game, we have already lost), but rather, to find the invulnerable place within ourselves where evil is unable to vanguish us – this is to truly 'win' our battle with evil.

Wetiko is everywhere in human society and it's been on steroids since the 'Covid' hoax. Every shouting match over wearing masks has Wetiko wearing a mask and Wetiko not wearing one. It's an electrical circuit of push and resist, push and resist, with Wetiko pushing and resisting. Each polarity is Wetiko empowering itself. Dictionary definitions of 'resist' include 'opposing, refusing to accept or comply with' and the word to focus on is 'opposing'. What form does this take – setting police cars alight or 'refusing to accept or comply with'? The former is Wetiko opposing Wetiko while the other points the way forward. This is the difference between those aggressively demanding that government fascism must be obeyed who stand in stark contrast to the great majority of Pushbackers. We saw this clearly with a march by thousands of Pushbackers against lockdown in London followed days later by a Woker-hijacked

protest in Bristol in which police cars were set on fire. Masks were virtually absent in London and widespread in Bristol. Wetiko wants lockdown on every level of society and infuses its aggression to police it through its unknowing stooges. Lockdown protesters are the ones with the smiling faces and the hugs, The two blatantly obvious states of being – getting more obvious by the day – are the result of Wokers and their like becoming ever more influenced by the simulation Field of Wetiko and Pushbackers ever more influenced by The Field of a far higher vibration beyond the simulation. Wetiko can't invade the heart which is where most lockdown opponents are coming from. It's the heart that allows them to see through the lies to the truth in ways I will be highlighting.

Renegade Minds know that calmness is the place from which wisdom comes. You won't find wisdom in a hissing fit and wisdom is what we need in abundance right now. Calmness is not weakness - you don't have to scream at the top of your voice to be strong. Calmness is indeed a sign of strength. 'No' means I'm not doing it. NOOOO!!! doesn't mean you're not doing it even more. Volume does not advance 'No – I'm not doing it'. You are just not doing it. Wetiko possessed and influenced don't know how to deal with that. Wetiko wants a fight and we should not give it one. What it needs more than anything is our *cooperation* and we should not give that either. Mass rallies and marches are great in that they are a visual representation of feeling, but if it ends there they are irrelevant. You demand that Wetikos act differently? Well, they're not going to are they? They are Wetikos. We don't need to waste our time demanding that something doesn't happen when that will make no difference. We need to delete the means that *allows* it to happen. This, invariably, is our cooperation. You can demand a child stop firing a peashooter at the dog or you can refuse to buy the peashooter. If you provide the means you are cooperating with the dog being smacked on the nose with a pea. How can the authorities enforce mask-wearing if millions in a country refuse? What if the 74 million Pushbackers that voted for Trump in 2020 refused to wear masks, close their businesses or stay in their homes. It would be unenforceable. The

few control the many through the compliance of the many and that's always been the dynamic be it 'Covid' regulations or the Roman Empire. I know people can find it intimidating to say no to authority or stand out in a crowd for being the only one with a face on display; but it has to be done or it's over. I hope I've made clear in this book that where this is going will be far more intimidating than standing up now and saying 'No' – I will not cooperate with my own enslavement and that of my children. There might be consequences for some initially, although not so if enough do the same. The question that must be addressed is what is going to happen if we don't? It is time to be strong and unyieldingly so. No means no. Not here and there, but everywhere and always. I have refused to wear a mask and obey all the other nonsense. I will not comply with tyranny. I repeat: Fascism is not imposed by fascists – there are never enough of them. Fascism is imposed by the population acquiescing to fascism. I will not do it. I will die first, or my body will. Living meekly under fascism is a form of death anyway, the death of the spirit that Martin Luther King described.

Making things happen

We must not despair. This is not over till it's over and it's far from that. The 'fat lady' must refuse to sing. The longer the 'Covid' hoax has dragged on and impacted on more lives we have seen an awakening of phenomenal numbers of people worldwide to the realisation that what they have believed all their lives is not how the world really is. Research published by the system-serving University of Bristol and King's College London in February, 2021, concluded: 'One in every 11 people in Britain say they trust David Icke's take on the coronavirus pandemic.' It will be more by now and we have gathering numbers to build on. We must urgently progress from seeing the scam to ceasing to cooperate with it. Prominent German lawyer Reiner Fuellmich, also licenced to practice law in America, is doing a magnificent job taking the legal route to bring the psychopaths to justice through a second Nuremberg tribunal for crimes against humanity. Fuellmich has an impressive record of

beating the elite in court and he formed the German Corona Investigative Committee to pursue civil charges against the main perpetrators with a view to triggering criminal charges. Most importantly he has grasped the foundation of the hoax – the PCR test not testing for the 'virus' – and Christian Drosten is therefore on his charge sheet along with Gates frontman Tedros at the World Health Organization. Major players must be not be allowed to inflict their horrors on the human race without being brought to book. A life sentence must follow for Bill Gates and the rest of them. A group of researchers has also indicted the government of Norway for crimes against humanity with copies sent to the police and the International Criminal Court. The lawsuit cites participation in an internationally-planned false pandemic and violation of international law and human rights, the European Commission's definition of human rights by coercive rules, Nuremberg and Hague rules on fundamental human rights, and the Norwegian constitution. We must take the initiative from hereon and not just complain, protest and react.

There are practical ways to support vital mass non-cooperation. Organising in numbers is one. Lockdown marches in London in the spring in 2021 were mass non-cooperation that the authorities could not stop. There were too many people. Hundreds of thousands walked the London streets in the centre of the road for mile after mile while the Face-Nappies could only look on. They were determined, but calm, and just did it with no histrionics and lots of smiles. The police were impotent. Others are organising group shopping without masks for mutual support and imagine if that was happening all over. Policing it would be impossible. If the store refuses to serve people in these circumstances they would be faced with a long line of trolleys full of goods standing on their own and everything would have to be returned to the shelves. How would they cope with that if it kept happening? I am talking here about moving on from complaining to being pro-active; from watching things happen to making things happen. I include in this our relationship with the police. The behaviour of many Face-Nappies

has been disgraceful and anyone who thinks they would never find concentration camp guards in the 'enlightened' modern era have had that myth busted big-time. The period and setting may change – Wetikos never do. I watched film footage from a London march in which a police thug viciously kicked a protestor on the floor who had done nothing. His fellow Face-Nappies stood in a ring protecting him. What he did was a criminal assault and with a crowd far outnumbering the police this can no longer be allowed to happen unchallenged. I get it when people chant 'shame on you' in these circumstances, but that is no longer enough. They have no shame those who do this. Crowds needs to start making a citizen's arrest of the police who commit criminal offences and brutally attack innocent people and defenceless women. A citizen's arrest can be made under section 24A of the UK Police and Criminal Evidence (PACE) Act of 1984 and you will find something similar in other countries. I prefer to call it a Common Law arrest rather than citizen's for reasons I will come to shortly. Anyone can arrest a person committing an indictable offence or if they have reasonable grounds to suspect they are committing an indictable offence. On both counts the attack by the police thug would have fallen into this category. A citizen's arrest can be made to stop someone:

- Causing physical injury to himself or any other person
- Suffering physical injury
- Causing loss of or damage to property
- Making off before a constable can assume responsibility for him

A citizen's arrest may also be made to prevent a breach of the peace under Common Law and if they believe a breach of the peace will happen or anything related to harm likely to be done or already done in their presence. This is the way to go I think – the Common Law version. If police know that the crowd and members of the public will no longer be standing and watching while they commit

their thuggery and crimes they will think twice about acting like Brownshirts and Blackshirts.

Common Law – common sense

Mention of Common Law is very important. Most people think the law is the law as in one law. This is not the case. There are two bodies of law, Common Law and Statute Law, and they are not the same. Common Law is founded on the simple premise of do no harm. It does not recognise victimless crimes in which no harm is done while Statute Law does. There is a Statute Law against almost everything. So what is Statute Law? Amazingly it's the law of the sea that was brought ashore by the Cult to override the law of the land which is Common Law. They had no right to do this and as always they did it anyway. They had to. They could not impose their will on the people through Common Law which only applies to do no harm. How could you stitch up the fine detail of people's lives with that? Instead they took the law of the sea, or Admiralty Law, and applied it to the population. Statute Law refers to all the laws spewing out of governments and their agencies including all the fascist laws and regulations relating to 'Covid'. The key point to make is that Statute Law is *contract law*. It only applies between *contracting* corporations. Most police officers don't even know this. They have to be kept in the dark, too. Long ago when merchants and their sailing ships began to trade with different countries a contractual law was developed called Admiralty Law and other names. Again it only applied to contracts agreed between corporate entities. If there is no agreed contract the law of the sea had no jurisdiction and that still applies to its new alias of Statute Law. The problem for the Cult when the law of the sea was brought ashore was an obvious one. People were not corporations and neither were government entities. To overcome the latter they made governments and all associated organisations corporations. All the institutions are *private* corporations and I mean governments and their agencies, local councils, police, courts, military, US states, the whole lot. Go to the

Dun and Bradstreet corporate listings website for confirmation that they are all corporations. You are arrested by a private corporation called the police by someone who is really a private security guard and they take you to court which is another private corporation. Neither have jurisdiction over you unless you consent and *contract* with them. This is why you hear the mantra about law enforcement policing by *consent* of the people. In truth the people 'consent' only in theory through monumental trickery.

Okay, the Cult overcame the corporate law problem by making governments and institutions corporate entities; but what about people? They are not corporations are they? Ah ... well in a sense, and only a sense, they are. Not people exactly – the illusion of people. The Cult creates a corporation in the name of everyone at the time that their birth certificate is issued. Note birth/berth certificate and when you go to court under the law of the sea on land you stand in a *dock*. These are throwbacks to the origin. My Common Law name is David Vaughan Icke. The name of the corporation created by the government when I was born is called Mr David Vaughan Icke usually written in capitals as MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE. That is not me, the living, breathing man. It is a fictitious corporate entity. The trick is to make you think that David Vaughan Icke and MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE are the same thing. They are not. When police charge you and take you to court they are prosecuting the corporate entity and not the living, breathing, man or woman. They have to trick you into identifying as the corporate entity and contracting with them. Otherwise they have no jurisdiction. They do this through a language known as legalese. Lawful and legal are not the same either. Lawful relates to Common Law and legal relates to Statute Law. Legalese is the language of Statue Law which uses terms that mean one thing to the public and another in legalese. Notice that when a police officer tells someone why they are being charged he or she will say at the end: 'Do you understand?' To the public that means 'Do you comprehend?' In legalese it means 'Do you stand under me?' Do you stand under my authority? If you say

yes to the question you are unknowingly agreeing to give them jurisdiction over you in a contract between two corporate entities.

This is a confidence trick in every way. Contracts have to be agreed between informed parties and if you don't know that David Vaughan Icke is agreeing to be the corporation MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE you cannot knowingly agree to contract. They are deceiving you and another way they do this is to ask for proof of identity. You usually show them a driving licence or other document on which your corporate name is written. In doing so you are accepting that you are that corporate entity when you are not. Referring to yourself as a 'person' or 'citizen' is also identifying with your corporate fiction which is why I made the Common Law point about the citizen's arrest. If you are approached by a police officer you identify yourself immediately as a living, breathing, man or woman and say 'I do not consent, I do not contract with you and I do not understand' or stand under their authority. I have a Common Law birth certificate as a living man and these are available at no charge from commonlawcourt.com. Businesses registered under the Statute Law system means that its laws apply. There are, however, ways to run a business under Common Law. Remember all 'Covid' laws and regulations are Statute Law – the law of contracts and you do not have to contract. This doesn't mean that you can kill someone and get away with it. Common Law says do no harm and that applies to physical harm, financial harm etc. Police are employees of private corporations and there needs to be a new system of noncorporate Common Law constables operating outside the Statute Law system. If you go to davidicke.com and put Common Law into the search engine you will find videos that explain Common Law in much greater detail. It is definitely a road we should walk.

With all my heart

I have heard people say that we are in a spiritual war. I don't like the term 'war' with its Wetiko dynamic, but I know what they mean. Sweep aside all the bodily forms and we are in a situation in which two states of consciousness are seeking very different realities.

Wetiko wants upheaval, chaos, fear, suffering, conflict and control. The other wants love, peace, harmony, fairness and freedom. That's where we are. We should not fall for the idea that Wetiko is allpowerful and there's nothing we can do. Wetiko is not all-powerful. It's a joke, pathetic. It doesn't have to be, but it has made that choice for now. A handful of times over the years when I have felt the presence of its frequency I have allowed it to attach briefly so I could consciously observe its nature. The experience is not pleasant, the energy is heavy and dark, but the ease with which you can kick it back out the door shows that its real power is in persuading us that it has power. It's all a con. Wetiko is a con. It's a trickster and not a power that can control us if we unleash our own. The con is founded on manipulating humanity to give its power to Wetiko which recycles it back to present the illusion that it has power when its power is ours that we gave away. This happens on an energetic level and plays out in the world of the seen as humanity giving its power to Wetiko authority which uses that power to control the population when the power is only the power the population has handed over. How could it be any other way for billions to be controlled by a relative few? I have had experiences with people possessed by Wetiko and again you can kick its arse if you do it with an open heart. Oh yes - the heart which can transform the world of perceived 'matter'.

We are receiver-transmitters and processors of information, but what information and where from? Information is processed into perception in three main areas – the brain, the heart and the belly. These relate to thinking, knowing, and emotion. Wetiko wants us to be head and belly people which means we think within the confines of the Matrix simulation and low-vibrational emotional reaction scrambles balance and perception. A few minutes on social media and you see how emotion is the dominant force. Woke is all emotion and is therefore thought-free and fact-free. Our heart is something different. It *knows* while the head *thinks* and has to try to work it out because it doesn't know. The human energy field has seven prime vortexes which connect us with wider reality (Fig 23). Chakra means

'wheels of light' in the Sanskrit language of ancient India. The main ones are: The crown chakra on top of the head; brow (or 'third eye') chakra in the centre of the forehead; throat chakra; heart chakra in the centre of the chest; solar plexus chakra below the sternum; sacral chakra beneath the navel; and base chakra at the bottom of the spine. Each one has a particular function or functions. We feel anxiety and nervousness in the belly where the sacral chakra is located and this processes emotion that can affect the colon to give people 'the shits' or make them 'shit scared' when they are nervous. Chakras all play an important role, but the Mr and Mrs Big is the heart chakra which sits at the centre of the seven, above the chakras that connect us to the 'physical' and below those that connect with higher realms (or at least should). Here in the heart chakra we feel love, empathy and compassion – 'My heart goes out to you'. Those with closed hearts become literally 'heart-less' in their attitudes and behaviour (see Bill Gates). Native Americans portrayed Wetiko with what Paul Levy calls a 'frigid, icy heart, devoid of mercy' (see Bill Gates).



Figure 23: The chakra system which interpenetrates the human energy field. The heart chakra is the governor – or should be.

Wetiko trembles at the thought of heart energy which it cannot infiltrate. The frequency is too high. What it seeks to do instead is close the heart chakra vortex to block its perceptual and energetic influence. Psychopaths have 'hearts of stone' and emotionally-damaged people have 'heartache' and 'broken hearts'. The astonishing amount of heart disease is related to heart chakra

disruption with its fundamental connection to the 'physical' heart. Dr Tom Cowan has written an outstanding book challenging the belief that the heart is a pump and making the connection between the 'physical' and spiritual heart. Rudolph Steiner who was way ahead of his time said the same about the fallacy that the heart is a pump. What? The heart is not a pump? That's crazy, right? Everybody knows that. Read Cowan's Human Heart, Cosmic Heart and you will realise that the very idea of the heart as a pump is ridiculous when you see the evidence. How does blood in the feet so far from the heart get pumped horizontally up the body by the heart?? Cowan explains in the book the real reason why blood moves as it does. Our 'physical' heart is used to symbolise love when the source is really the heart vortex or spiritual heart which is our most powerful energetic connection to 'out there' expanded consciousness. That's why we feel *knowing* – intuitive knowing – in the centre of the chest. Knowing doesn't come from a process of thoughts leading to a conclusion. It is there in an instant all in one go. Our heart knows because of its connection to levels of awareness that do know. This is the meaning and source of intuition – intuitive knowing.

For the last more than 30 years of uncovering the global game and the nature of reality my heart has been my constant antenna for truth and accuracy. An American intelligence insider once said that I had quoted a disinformer in one of my books and yet I had only quoted the part that was true. He asked: 'How do you do that?' By using my heart antenna was the answer and anyone can do it. Heart-centred is how we are meant to be. With a closed heart chakra we withdraw into a closed mind and the bubble of five-sense reality. If you take a moment to focus your attention on the centre of your chest, picture a spinning wheel of light and see it opening and expanding. You will feel it happening, too, and perceptions of the heart like joy and love as the heart impacts on the mind as they interact. The more the chakra opens the more you will feel expressions of heart consciousness and as the process continues, and becomes part of you, insights and knowings will follow. An open

heart is connected to that level of awareness that knows all is One. You will see from its perspective that the fault-lines that divide us are only illusions to control us. An open heart does not process the illusions of race, creed and sexuality except as brief experiences for a consciousness that is all. Our heart does not see division, only unity (Figs 24 and 25). There's something else, too. Our hearts love to laugh. Mark Twain's quote that says 'The human race has one really effective weapon, and that is laughter' is really a reference to the heart which loves to laugh with the joy of knowing the true nature of infinite reality and that all the madness of human society is an illusion of the mind. Twain also said: 'Against the assault of laughter nothing can stand.' This is so true of Wetiko and the Cult. Their insecurity demands that they be taken seriously and their power and authority acknowledged and feared. We should do nothing of the sort. We should not get aggressive or fearful which their insecurity so desires. We should laugh in their face. Even in their no-face as police come over in their face-nappies and expect to be taken seriously. They don't take themselves seriously looking like that so why should we? Laugh in the face of intimidation. Laugh in the face of tyranny. You will see by its reaction that you have pressed all of its buttons. Wetiko does not know what to do in the face of laughter or when its targets refuse to concede their joy to fear. We have seen many examples during the 'Covid' hoax when people have expressed their energetic power and the string puppets of Wetiko retreat with their tail limp between their knees. Laugh – the world is bloody mad after all and if it's a choice between laughter and tears I know which way I'm going.



Figure 24: Head consciousness without the heart sees division and everything apart from everything else.



Figure 25: Heart consciousness sees everything as One.

'Vaccines' and the soul

The foundation of Wetiko/Archon control of humans is the separation of incarnate five-sense mind from the infinite 'I' and closing the heart chakra where the True 'I' lives during a human life. The goal has been to achieve complete separation in both cases. I was interested therefore to read an account by a French energetic healer of what she said she experienced with a patient who had been given the 'Covid' vaccine. Genuine energy healers can sense information and consciousness fields at different levels of being which are referred to as 'subtle bodies'. She described treating the patient who later returned after having, without the healer's knowledge, two doses of the 'Covid vaccine'. The healer said:

I noticed immediately the change, very heavy energy emanating from [the] subtle bodies. The scariest thing was when I was working on the heart chakra, I connected with her soul: it was detached from the physical body, it had no contact and it was, as if it was floating in a state of total confusion: a damage to the consciousness that loses contact with the physical body, i.e. with our biological machine, there is no longer any communication between them.

I continued the treatment by sending light to the heart chakra, the soul of the person, but it seemed that the soul could no longer receive any light, frequency or energy. It was a very powerful experience for me. Then I understood that this substance is indeed used to detach consciousness so that this consciousness can no longer interact through this body that it possesses in life, where there is no longer any contact, no frequency, no light, no more energetic balance or mind.

This would create a human that is rudderless and at the extreme almost zombie-like operating with a fractional state of consciousness at the mercy of Wetiko. I was especially intrigued by what the healer said in the light of the prediction by the highly-informed Rudolf Steiner more than a hundred years ago. He said:

In the future, we will eliminate the soul with medicine. Under the pretext of a 'healthy point of view', there will be a vaccine by which the human body will be treated as soon as possible directly at birth, so that the human being cannot develop the thought of the existence of soul and Spirit. To materialistic doctors will be entrusted the task of removing the soul of humanity.

As today, people are vaccinated against this disease or that disease, so in the future, children will be vaccinated with a substance that can be produced precisely in such a way that people, thanks to this vaccination, will be immune to being subjected to the 'madness' of spiritual life. He would be extremely smart, but he would not develop a conscience, and that is the true goal of some materialistic circles.

Steiner said the vaccine would detach the physical body from the etheric body (subtle bodies) and 'once the etheric body is detached the relationship between the universe and the etheric body would become extremely unstable, and man would become an automaton'. He said 'the physical body of man must be polished on this Earth by spiritual will – so the vaccine becomes a kind of arymanique (Wetiko) force' and 'man can no longer get rid of a given materialistic feeling'. Humans would then, he said, become 'materialistic of constitution and can no longer rise to the spiritual'. I have been writing for years about DNA being a receiver-transmitter of information that connects us to other levels of reality and these 'vaccines' changing DNA can be likened to changing an antenna and what it can transmit and receive. Such a disconnection would clearly lead to changes in personality and perception. Steiner further predicted the arrival of AI. Big Pharma 'Covid vaccine' makers, expressions of Wetiko, are testing their DNA-manipulating evil on children as I write with a view to giving the 'vaccine' to babies. If it's a soul-body disconnector – and I say that it is or can be – every child would be disconnected from 'soul' at birth and the 'vaccine' would create a closed system in which spiritual guidance from the greater self would play no part. This has been the ambition of Wetiko all

along. A Pentagon video from 2005 was leaked of a presentation explaining the development of vaccines to change behaviour by their effect on the brain. Those that believe this is not happening with the 'Covid' genetically-modifying procedure masquerading as a 'vaccine' should make an urgent appointment with Naivety Anonymous. Klaus Schwab wrote in 2018:

Neurotechnologies enable us to better influence consciousness and thought and to understand many activities of the brain. They include decoding what we are thinking in fine levels of detail through new chemicals and interventions that can influence our brains to correct for errors or enhance functionality.

The plan is clear and only the heart can stop it. With every heart that opens, every mind that awakens, Wetiko is weakened. Heart and love are far more powerful than head and hate and so nothing like a majority is needed to turn this around.

Beyond the Phantom

Our heart is the prime target of Wetiko and so it must be the answer to Wetiko. We are our heart which is part of one heart, the infinite heart. Our heart is where the true self lives in a human life behind firewalls of five-sense illusion when an imposter takes its place – Phantom Self; but our heart waits patiently to be set free any time we choose to see beyond the Phantom, beyond Wetiko. A Wetikoed Phantom Self can wreak mass death and destruction while the love of forever is locked away in its heart. The time is here to unleash its power and let it sweep away the fear and despair that is Wetiko. Heart consciousness does not seek manipulated, censored, advantage for its belief or religion, its activism and desires. As an expression of the One it treats all as One with the same rights to freedom and opinion. Our heart demands fairness for itself no more than for others. From this unity of heart we can come together in mutual support and transform this Wetikoed world into what reality is meant to be – a place of love, joy, happiness, fairness, justice and freedom. Wetiko has another agenda and that's why the world is as

it is, but enough of this nonsense. Wetiko can't stay where hearts are open and it works so hard to keep them closed. Fear is its currency and its food source and love in its true sense has no fear. Why would love have fear when it knows it is *All That Is, Has Been, And Ever Can Be* on an eternal exploration of all possibility? Love in this true sense is not the physical attraction that passes for love. This can be an expression of it, yes, but Infinite Love, a love without condition, goes far deeper to the core of all being. It is the core of all being. Infinite realty was born from love beyond the illusions of the simulation. Love infinitely expressed is the knowing that all is One and the swiftly-passing experience of separation is a temporary hallucination. You cannot disconnect from Oneness; you can only *perceive* that you have and withdraw from its influence. This is the most important of all perception trickery by the mind parasite that is Wetiko and the foundation of all its potential for manipulation.

If we open our hearts, open the sluice gates of the mind, and redefine self-identity amazing things start to happen. Consciousness expands or contracts in accordance with self-identity. When true self is recognised as infinite awareness and label self – Phantom Self – is seen as only a series of brief experiences life is transformed. Consciousness expands to the extent that self-identity expands and everything changes. You see unity, not division, the picture, not the pixels. From this we can play the long game. No more is an experience something in and of itself, but a fleeting moment in the eternity of forever. Suddenly people in uniform and dark suits are no longer intimidating. Doing what your heart knows to be right is no longer intimidating and consequences for those actions take on the same nature of a brief experience that passes in the blink of an infinite eye. Intimidation is all in the mind. Beyond the mind there is no intimidation.

An open heart does not consider consequences for what it knows to be right. To do so would be to consider not doing what it knows to be right and for a heart in its power that is never an option. The Renegade Mind is really the Renegade Heart. Consideration of consequences will always provide a getaway car for the mind and the heart doesn't want one. What is right in the light of what we face today is to stop cooperating with Wetiko in all its forms and to do it without fear or compromise. You cannot compromise with tyranny when tyranny always demands more until it has everything. Life is your perception and you are your destiny. Change your perception and you change your life. Change collective perception and we change the world.

Come on people ... One human family, One heart, One goal ... FREEEEEDOM!

We must settle for nothing less.

Postscript

The big scare story as the book goes to press is the 'Indian' variant and the world is being deluged with propaganda about the 'Covid catastrophe' in India which mirrors in its lies and misrepresentations what happened in Italy before the first lockdown in 2020.

The *New York Post* published a picture of someone who had 'collapsed in the street from Covid' in India in April, 2021, which was actually taken during a gas leak in May, 2020. Same old, same old. Media articles in mid-February were asking why India had been so untouched by 'Covid' and then as their vaccine rollout gathered pace the alleged 'cases' began to rapidly increase. Indian 'Covid vaccine' maker Bharat Biotech was funded into existence by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation (the pair announced their divorce in May, 2021, which is a pity because they so deserve each other). The Indian 'Covid crisis' was ramped up by the media to terrify the world and prepare people for submission to still more restrictions. The scam that worked the first time was being repeated only with far more people seeing through the deceit. Davidicke.com and Ickonic.com have sought to tell the true story of what is happening by talking to people living through the Indian nightmare which has nothing to do with 'Covid'. We posted a letter from 'Alisha' in Pune who told a very different story to government and media mendacity. She said scenes of dying people and overwhelmed hospitals were designed to hide what was really happening – genocide and starvation. Alisha said that millions had already died of starvation during the ongoing lockdowns while government and media were lying and making it look like the 'virus':

Restaurants, shops, gyms, theatres, basically everything is shut. The cities are ghost towns. Even so-called 'essential' businesses are only open till 11am in the morning. You basically have just an hour to buy food and then your time is up.

Inter-state travel and even inter-district travel is banned. The cops wait at all major crossroads to question why you are traveling outdoors or to fine you if you are not wearing a mask.

The medical community here is also complicit in genocide, lying about hospitals being full and turning away people with genuine illnesses, who need immediate care. They have even created a shortage of oxygen cylinders.

This is the classic Cult modus operandi played out in every country. Alisha said that people who would not have a PCR test not testing for the 'virus' were being denied hospital treatment. She said the people hit hardest were migrant workers and those in rural areas. Most businesses employed migrant workers and with everything closed there were no jobs, no income and no food. As a result millions were dying of starvation or malnutrition. All this was happening under Prime Minister Narendra Modi, a 100-percent asset of the Cult, and it emphasises yet again the scale of pure antihuman evil we are dealing with. Australia banned its people from returning home from India with penalties for trying to do so of up to five years in jail and a fine of £37,000. The manufactured 'Covid' crisis in India was being prepared to justify further fascism in the West. Obvious connections could be seen between the Indian 'vaccine' programme and increased 'cases' and this became a common theme. The Seychelles, the most per capita 'Covid vaccinated' population in the world, went back into lockdown after a 'surge of cases'.

Long ago the truly evil Monsanto agricultural biotechnology corporation with its big connections to Bill Gates devastated Indian farming with genetically-modified crops. Human rights activist Gurcharan Singh highlighted the efforts by the Indian government to complete the job by destroying the food supply to hundreds of millions with 'Covid' lockdowns. He said that 415 million people at the bottom of the disgusting caste system (still going whatever they say) were below the poverty line and struggled to feed themselves every year. Now the government was imposing lockdown at just the

time to destroy the harvest. This deliberate policy was leading to mass starvation. People may reel back at the suggestion that a government would do that, but Wetiko-controlled 'leaders' are capable of any level of evil. In fact what is described in India is in the process of being instigated worldwide. The food chain and food supply are being targeted at every level to cause world hunger and thus control. Bill Gates is not the biggest owner of farmland in America for no reason and destroying access to food aids both the depopulation agenda and the plan for synthetic 'food' already being funded into existence by Gates. Add to this the coming hyperinflation from the suicidal creation of fake 'money' in response to 'Covid' and the breakdown of container shipping systems and you have a cocktail that can only lead one way and is meant to. The Cult plan is to crash the entire system to 'build back better' with the Great Reset.

'Vaccine' transmission

Reports from all over the world continue to emerge of women suffering menstrual and fertility problems after having the fake 'vaccine' and of the non-'vaccinated' having similar problems when interacting with the 'vaccinated'. There are far too many for 'coincidence' to be credible. We've had menopausal women getting periods, others having periods stop or not stopping for weeks, passing clots, sometimes the lining of the uterus, breast irregularities, and miscarriages (which increased by 400 percent in parts of the United States). Non-'vaccinated' men and children have suffered blood clots and nose bleeding after interaction with the 'vaccinated'. Babies have died from the effects of breast milk from a 'vaccinated' mother. Awake doctors – the small minority – speculated on the cause of non-'vaccinated' suffering the same effects as the 'vaccinated'. Was it nanotechnology in the synthetic substance transmitting frequencies or was it a straight chemical bioweapon that was being transmitted between people? I am not saying that some kind of chemical transmission is not one possible answer, but the foundation of all that the Cult does is frequency and this is fertile ground for understanding how transmission can happen. American doctor Carrie Madej, an internal medicine physician and osteopath, has been practicing for the last 20 years, teaching medical students, and she says attending different meetings where the agenda for humanity was discussed. Madej, who operates out of Georgia, did not dismiss other possible forms of transmission, but she focused on frequency in search of an explanation for transmission. She said the Moderna and Pfizer 'vaccines' contained nano-lipid particles as a key component. This was a brand new technology never before used on humanity. 'They're using a nanotechnology which is pretty much little tiny computer bits ... nanobots or hydrogel.' Inside the 'vaccines' was 'this sci-fi kind of substance' which suppressed immune checkpoints to get into the cell. I referred to this earlier as the 'Trojan horse' technique that tricks the cell into opening a gateway for the self-replicating synthetic material and while the immune system is artificially suppressed the body has no defences. Madej said the substance served many purposes including an on-demand ability to 'deliver the payload' and using the nano 'computer bits' as biosensors in the body. 'It actually has the ability to accumulate data from your body, like your breathing, your respiration, thoughts, emotions, all kinds of things.'

She said the technology obviously has the ability to operate through Wi-Fi and transmit and receive energy, messages, frequencies or impulses. 'Just imagine you're getting this new substance in you and it can react to things all around you, the 5G, your smart device, your phones.' We had something completely foreign in the human body that had never been launched large scale at a time when we were seeing 5G going into schools and hospitals (plus the Musk satellites) and she believed the 'vaccine' transmission had something to do with this: '... if these people have this inside of them ... it can act like an antenna and actually transmit it outwardly as well.' The synthetic substance produced its own voltage and so it could have that kind of effect. This fits with my own contention that the nano receiver-transmitters are designed to connect people to the

Smart Grid and break the receiver-transmitter connection to expanded consciousness. That would explain the French energy healer's experience of the disconnection of body from 'soul' with those who have had the 'vaccine'. The nanobots, self-replicating inside the body, would also transmit the synthetic frequency which could be picked up through close interaction by those who have not been 'vaccinated'. Madej speculated that perhaps it was 5G and increased levels of other radiation that was causing the symptoms directly although interestingly she said that non-'vaccinated' patients had shown improvement when they were away from the 'vaccinated' person they had interacted with. It must be remembered that you can control frequency and energy with your mind and you can consciously create energetic barriers or bubbles with the mind to stop damaging frequencies from penetrating your field. American paediatrician Dr Larry Palevsky said the 'vaccine' was not a 'vaccine' and was never designed to protect from a 'viral' infection. He called it 'a massive, brilliant propaganda of genocide' because they didn't have to inject everyone to get the result they wanted. He said the content of the jabs was able to infuse any material into the brain, heart, lungs, kidneys, liver, sperm and female productive system. 'This is genocide; this is a weapon of mass destruction.' At the same time American colleges were banning students from attending if they didn't have this life-changing and potentially life-ending 'vaccine'. Class action lawsuits must follow when the consequences of this college fascism come to light. As the book was going to press came reports about fertility effects on sperm in 'vaccinated' men which would absolutely fit with what I have been saying and hospitals continued to fill with 'vaccine' reactions. Another question is what about transmission via blood transfusions? The NHS has extended blood donation restrictions from seven days after a 'Covid vaccination' to 28 days after even a sore arm reaction.

I said in the spring of 2020 that the then touted 'Covid vaccine' would be ongoing each year like the flu jab. A year later Pfizer CEO, the appalling Albert Bourla, said people would 'likely' need a 'booster dose' of the 'vaccine' within 12 months of getting 'fully

vaccinated' and then a yearly shot. 'Variants will play a key role', he said confirming the point. Johnson & Johnson CEO Alex Gorsky also took time out from his 'vaccine' disaster to say that people may need to be vaccinated against 'Covid-19' each year. UK Health Secretary, the psychopath Matt Hancock, said additional 'boosters' would be available in the autumn of 2021. This is the trap of the 'vaccine passport'. The public will have to accept every last 'vaccine' they introduce, including for the fake 'variants', or it would cease to be valid. The only other way in some cases would be continuous testing with a test not testing for the 'virus' and what is on the swabs constantly pushed up your noise towards the brain every time?

Vaccines' changing behaviour

I mentioned in the body of the book how I believed we would see gathering behaviour changes in the 'vaccinated' and I am already hearing such comments from the non-'vaccinated' describing behaviour changes in friends, loved ones and work colleagues. This will only increase as the self-replicating synthetic material and nanoparticles expand in body and brain. An article in the Guardian in 2016 detailed research at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville which developed a new method for controlling brain circuits associated with complex animal behaviour. The method, dubbed 'magnetogenetics', involves genetically-engineering a protein called ferritin, which stores and releases iron, to create a magnetised substance – 'Magneto' – that can activate specific groups of nerve cells from a distance. This is claimed to be an advance on other methods of brain activity manipulation known as optogenetics and chemogenetics (the Cult has been developing methods of brain control for a long time). The ferritin technique is said to be noninvasive and able to activate neurons 'rapidly and reversibly'. In other words, human thought and perception. The article said that earlier studies revealed how nerve cell proteins 'activated by heat and mechanical pressure can be genetically engineered so that they become sensitive to radio waves and magnetic fields, by attaching them to an iron-storing protein called ferritin, or to inorganic

paramagnetic particles'. Sensitive to radio waves and magnetic fields? You mean like 5G, 6G and 7G? This is the human-AI Smart Grid hive mind we are talking about. The *Guardian* article said:

... the researchers injected Magneto into the striatum of freely behaving mice, a deep brain structure containing dopamine-producing neurons that are involved in reward and motivation, and then placed the animals into an apparatus split into magnetised and non-magnetised sections.

Mice expressing Magneto spent far more time in the magnetised areas than mice that did not, because activation of the protein caused the striatal neurons expressing it to release dopamine, so that the mice found being in those areas rewarding. This shows that Magneto can remotely control the firing of neurons deep within the brain, and also control complex behaviours.

Make no mistake this basic methodology will be part of the 'Covid vaccine' cocktail and using magnetics to change brain function through electromagnetic field frequency activation. The Pentagon is developing a 'Covid vaccine' using ferritin. Magnetics would explain changes in behaviour and why videos are appearing across the Internet as I write showing how magnets stick to the skin at the point of the 'vaccine' shot. Once people take these 'vaccines' anything becomes possible in terms of brain function and illness which will be blamed on 'Covid-19' and 'variants'. Magnetic field manipulation would further explain why the non-'vaccinated' are reporting the same symptoms as the 'vaccinated' they interact with and why those symptoms are reported to decrease when not in their company. Interestingly 'Magneto', a 'mutant', is a character in the Marvel Comic *X-Men* stories with the ability to manipulate magnetic fields and he believes that mutants should fight back against their human oppressors by any means necessary. The character was born Erik Lehnsherr to a Jewish family in Germany.

Cult-controlled courts

The European Court of Human Rights opened the door for mandatory 'Covid-19 vaccines' across the continent when it ruled in a Czech Republic dispute over childhood immunisation that legally enforced vaccination could be 'necessary in a democratic society'. The 17 judges decided that compulsory vaccinations did not breach human rights law. On the face of it the judgement was so inverted you gasp for air. If not having a vaccine infused into your body is not a human right then what is? Ah, but they said human rights law which has been specifically written to delete all human rights at the behest of the state (the Cult). Article 8 of the European Convention on Human Rights relates to the right to a private life. The crucial word here is 'except':

There shall be no interference by a public authority with the exercise of this right EXCEPT such as is in accordance with the law and is necessary in a democratic society in the interests of national security, public safety or the economic wellbeing of the country, for the prevention of disorder or crime, for the protection of health or morals, or for the protection of the rights and freedoms of others [My emphasis].

No interference *except* in accordance with the law means there *are* no 'human rights' except what EU governments decide you can have at their behest. 'As is necessary in a democratic society' explains that reference in the judgement and 'in the interests of national security, public safety or the economic well-being of the country, for the prevention of disorder or crime, for the protection of health or morals, or for the protection of the rights and freedoms of others' gives the EU a coach and horses to ride through 'human rights' and scatter them in all directions. The judiciary is not a check and balance on government extremism; it is a vehicle to enforce it. This judgement was almost laughably predictable when the last thing the Cult wanted was a decision that went against mandatory vaccination. Judges rule over and over again to benefit the system of which they are a part. Vaccination disputes that come before them are invariably delivered in favour of doctors and authorities representing the view of the state which owns the judiciary. Oh, yes, and we have even had calls to stop putting 'Covid-19' on death certificates within 28 days of a 'positive test' because it is claimed the practice makes the 'vaccine' appear not to work. They are laughing at you.

The scale of madness, inhumanity and things to come was highlighted when those not 'vaccinated' for 'Covid' were refused evacuation from the Caribbean island of St Vincent during massive volcanic eruptions. Cruise ships taking residents to the safety of another island allowed only the 'vaccinated' to board and the rest were left to their fate. Even in life and death situations like this we see 'Covid' stripping people of their most basic human instincts and the insanity is even more extreme when you think that fake 'vaccine'-makers are not even claiming their body-manipulating concoctions stop 'infection' and 'transmission' of a 'virus' that doesn't exist. St Vincent Prime Minister Ralph Gonsalves said: 'The chief medical officer will be identifying the persons already vaccinated so that we can get them on the ship.' Note again the power of the chief medical officer who, like Whitty in the UK, will be answering to the World Health Organization. This is the Cult network structure that has overridden politicians who 'follow the science' which means doing what WHO-controlled 'medical officers' and 'science advisers' tell them. Gonsalves even said that residents who were 'vaccinated' after the order so they could board the ships would still be refused entry due to possible side effects such as 'wooziness in the head'. The good news is that if they were woozy enough in the head they could qualify to be prime minister of St Vincent.

Microchipping freedom

The European judgement will be used at some point to justify moves to enforce the 'Covid' DNA-manipulating procedure. Sandra Ro, CEO of the Global Blockchain Business Council, told a World Economic Forum event that she hoped 'vaccine passports' would help to 'drive forced consent and standardisation' of global digital identity schemes: 'I'm hoping with the desire and global demand for some sort of vaccine passport – so that people can get travelling and working again – [it] will drive forced consent, standardisation, and frankly, cooperation across the world.' The lady is either not very bright, or thoroughly mendacious, to use the term 'forced consent'.

You do not 'consent' if you are forced – you *submit*. She was describing what the plan has been all along and that's to enforce a digital identity on every human without which they could not function. 'Vaccine passports' are opening the door and are far from the end goal. A digital identity would allow you to be tracked in everything you do in cyberspace and this is the same technique used by Cult-owned China to enforce its social credit system of total control. The ultimate 'passport' is planned to be a microchip as my books have warned for nearly 30 years. Those nice people at the Pentagon working for the Cult-controlled Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) claimed in April, 2021, they have developed a microchip inserted under the skin to detect 'asymptomatic Covid-19 infection' before it becomes an outbreak and a 'revolutionary filter' that can remove the 'virus' from the blood when attached to a dialysis machine. The only problems with this are that the 'virus' does not exist and people transmitting the 'virus' with no symptoms is brain-numbing bullshit. This is, of course, not a ruse to get people to be microchipped for very different reasons. DARPA also said it was producing a one-stop 'vaccine' for the 'virus' and all 'variants'. One of the most sinister organisations on Planet Earth is doing this? Better have it then. These people are insane because Wetiko that possesses them is insane.

Researchers from the Salk Institute in California announced they have created an embryo that is part human and part monkey. My books going back to the 1990s have exposed experiments in top secret underground facilities in the United States where humans are being crossed with animal and non-human 'extraterrestrial' species. They are now easing that long-developed capability into the public arena and there is much more to come given we are dealing with psychiatric basket cases. Talking of which – Elon Musk's scientists at Neuralink trained a monkey to play Pong and other puzzles on a computer screen using a joystick and when the monkey made the correct move a metal tube squirted banana smoothie into his mouth which is the basic technique for training humans into unquestioning compliance. Two Neuralink chips were in the monkey's skull and

more than 2,000 wires 'fanned out' into its brain. Eventually the monkey played a video game purely with its brain waves. Psychopathic narcissist Musk said the 'breakthrough' was a step towards putting Neuralink chips into human skulls and merging minds with artificial intelligence. *Exactly*. This man is so dark and Cult to his DNA.

World Economic Fascism (WEF)

The World Economic Forum is telling you the plan by the statements made at its many and various events. Cult-owned fascist YouTube CEO Susan Wojcicki spoke at the 2021 WEF Global Technology Governance Summit (see the name) in which 40 governments and 150 companies met to ensure 'the responsible design and deployment of emerging technologies'. Orwellian translation: 'Ensuring the design and deployment of long-planned technologies will advance the Cult agenda for control and censorship.' Freedomdestroyer and Nuremberg-bound Wojcicki expressed support for tech platforms like hers to censor content that is 'technically legal but could be harmful'. Who decides what is 'harmful'? She does and they do. 'Harmful' will be whatever the Cult doesn't want people to see and we have legislation proposed by the UK government that would censor content on the basis of 'harm' no matter if the information is fair, legal and provably true. Make that especially if it is fair, legal and provably true. Wojcicki called for a global coalition to be formed to enforce content moderation standards through automated censorship. This is a woman and mega-censor so selfdeluded that she shamelessly accepted a 'free expression' award -Wojcicki – in an event sponsored by her own YouTube. They have no shame and no self-awareness.

You know that 'Covid' is a scam and Wojcicki a Cult operative when YouTube is censoring medical and scientific opinion purely on the grounds of whether it supports or opposes the Cult 'Covid' narrative. Florida governor Ron DeSantis compiled an expert panel with four professors of medicine from Harvard, Oxford, and Stanford Universities who spoke against forcing children and

vaccinated people to wear masks. They also said there was no proof that lockdowns reduced spread or death rates of 'Covid-19'. Cultgofer Wojcicki and her YouTube deleted the panel video 'because it included content that contradicts the consensus of local and global health authorities regarding the efficacy of masks to prevent the spread of Covid-19'. This 'consensus' refers to what the Cult tells the World Health Organization to say and the WHO tells 'local health authorities' to do. Wojcicki knows this, of course. The panellists pointed out that censorship of scientific debate was responsible for deaths from many causes, but Wojcicki couldn't care less. She would not dare go against what she is told and as a disgrace to humanity she wouldn't want to anyway. The UK government is seeking to pass a fascist 'Online Safety Bill' to specifically target with massive fines and other means non-censored video and social media platforms to make them censor 'lawful but harmful' content like the Cult-owned Facebook, Twitter, Google and YouTube. What is 'lawful but harmful' would be decided by the fascist Blair-created Ofcom.

Another WEF obsession is a cyber-attack on the financial system and this is clearly what the Cult has planned to take down the bank accounts of everyone – except theirs. Those that think they have enough money for the Cult agenda not to matter to them have got a big lesson coming if they continue to ignore what is staring them in the face. The World Economic Forum, funded by Gates and fronted by Klaus Schwab, announced it would be running a 'simulation' with the Russian government and global banks of just such an attack called Cyber Polygon 2021. What they simulate – as with the 'Covid' Event 201 – they plan to instigate. The WEF is involved in a project with the Cult-owned Carnegie Endowment for International Peace called the WEF-Carnegie Cyber Policy Initiative which seeks to merge Wall Street banks, 'regulators' (I love it) and intelligence agencies to 'prevent' (arrange and allow) a cyber-attack that would bring down the global financial system as long planned by those that control the WEF and the Carnegie operation. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace sent an instruction to First World War US President Woodrow Wilson not to let the war end before society had been irreversibly transformed.

The Wuhan lab diversion

As I close, the Cult-controlled authorities and lapdog media are systematically pushing 'the virus was released from the Wuhan lab' narrative. There are two versions – it happened by accident and it happened on purpose. Both are nonsense. The perceived existence of the never-shown-to-exist 'virus' is vital to sell the impression that there is actually an infective agent to deal with and to allow the endless potential for terrifying the population with 'variants' of a 'virus' that does not exist. The authorities at the time of writing are going with the 'by accident' while the alternative media is promoting the 'on purpose'. Cable news host Tucker Carlson who has questioned aspects of lockdown and 'vaccine' compulsion has bought the Wuhan lab story. 'Everyone now agrees' he said. Well, I don't and many others don't and the question is why does the system and its media suddenly 'agree'? When the media moves as one unit with a narrative it is always a lie – witness the hour by hour mendacity of the 'Covid' era. Why would this Cult-owned combination which has unleashed lies like machine gun fire suddenly 'agree' to tell the truth??

Much of the alternative media is buying the lie because it fits the conspiracy narrative, but it's the *wrong* conspiracy. The real conspiracy is that *there is no virus* and that is what the Cult is desperate to hide. The idea that the 'virus' was released by accident is ludicrous when the whole 'Covid' hoax was clearly long-planned and waiting to be played out as it was so fast in accordance with the Rockefeller document and Event 201. So they prepared everything in detail over decades and then sat around strumming their fingers waiting for an 'accidental' release from a bio-lab? *What??* It's crazy. Then there's the 'on purpose' claim. You want to circulate a 'deadly virus' and hide the fact that you've done so and you release it down the street from the highest-level bio-lab in China? I repeat – *What??*

You would release it far from that lab to stop any association being made. But, no, we'll do it in a place where the connection was certain to be made. Why would you need to scam 'cases' and 'deaths' and pay hospitals to diagnose 'Covid-19' if you had a real 'virus'? What are sections of the alternative media doing believing this crap? Where were all the mass deaths in Wuhan from a 'deadly pathogen' when the recovery to normal life after the initial propaganda was dramatic in speed? Why isn't the 'deadly pathogen' now circulating all over China with bodies in the street? Once again we have the technique of tell them what they want to hear and they will likely believe it. The alternative media has its 'conspiracy' and with Carlson it fits with his 'China is the danger' narrative over years. China is a danger as a global Cult operations centre, but not for this reason. The Wuhan lab story also has the potential to instigate conflict with China when at some stage the plan is to trigger a Problem-Reaction-Solution confrontation with the West. Question everything – everything – and especially when the media agrees on a common party line.

Third wave ... fourth wave ... fifth wave ...

As the book went into production the world was being set up for more lockdowns and a 'third wave' supported by invented 'variants' that were increasing all the time and will continue to do so in public statements and computer programs, but not in reality. India became the new Italy in the 'Covid' propaganda campaign and we were told to be frightened of the new 'Indian strain'. Somehow I couldn't find it within myself to do so. A document produced for the UK government entitled 'Summary of further modelling of easing of restrictions – Roadmap Step 2' declared that a third wave was inevitable (of course when it's in the script) and it would be the fault of children and those who refuse the health-destroying fake 'Covid vaccine'. One of the computer models involved came from the Cultowned *Imperial College* and the other from Warwick University which I wouldn't trust to tell me the date in a calendar factory. The document states that both models presumed extremely high uptake

of the 'Covid vaccines' and didn't allow for 'variants'. The document states: 'The resurgence is a result of some people (mostly children) being ineligible for vaccination; others choosing not to receive the vaccine; and others being vaccinated but not perfectly protected.' The mendacity takes the breath away. Okay, blame those with a brain who won't take the DNA-modifying shots and put more pressure on children to have it as 'trials' were underway involving children as young as six months with parents who give insanity a bad name. Massive pressure is being put on the young to have the fake 'vaccine' and child age consent limits have been systematically lowered around the world to stop parents intervening. Most extraordinary about the document was its claim that the 'third wave' would be driven by 'the resurgence in both hospitalisations and deaths ... dominated by those that have received two doses of the vaccine, comprising around 60-70% of the wave respectively'. The predicted peak of the 'third wave' suggested 300 deaths per day with 250 of them *fully 'vaccinated' people*. How many more lies do acquiescers need to be told before they see the obvious? Those who took the jab to 'protect themselves' are projected to be those who mostly get sick and die? So what's in the 'vaccine'? The document went on:

It is possible that a summer of low prevalence could be followed by substantial increases in incidence over the following autumn and winter. Low prevalence in late summer should not be taken as an indication that SARS-CoV-2 has retreated or that the population has high enough levels of immunity to prevent another wave.

They are telling you the script and while many British people believed 'Covid' restrictions would end in the summer of 2021 the government was preparing for them to be ongoing. Authorities were awarding contracts for 'Covid marshals' to police the restrictions with contracts starting in July, 2021, and going through to January 31st, 2022, and the government was advertising for 'Media Buying Services' to secure media propaganda slots worth a potential £320 million for 'Covid-19 campaigns' with a contract not ending until March, 2022. The recipient – via a list of other front companies – was reported to be American media marketing giant Omnicom Group

Inc. While money is no object for 'Covid' the UK waiting list for all other treatment – including life-threatening conditions – passed 4.5 million. Meantime the Cult is seeking to control all official 'inquiries' to block revelations about what has really been happening and why. It must not be allowed to – we need Nuremberg jury trials in every country. The cover-up doesn't get more obvious than appointing ultra-Zionist professor Philip Zelikow to oversee two dozen US virologists, public health officials, clinicians, former government officials and four American 'charitable foundations' to 'learn the lessons' of the 'Covid' debacle. The personnel will be those that created and perpetuated the 'Covid' lies while Zelikow is the former executive director of the 9/11 Commission who ensured that the truth about those attacks never came out and produced a report that must be among the most mendacious and manipulative documents ever written – see *The Trigger* for the detailed exposure of the almost unimaginable 9/11 story in which Sabbatians can be found at every level.

Passive no more

People are increasingly challenging the authorities with amazing numbers of people taking to the streets in London well beyond the ability of the Face-Nappies to stop them. Instead the Nappies choose situations away from the mass crowds to target, intimidate, and seek to promote the impression of 'violent protestors'. One such incident happened in London's Hyde Park. Hundreds of thousands walking through the streets in protest against 'Covid' fascism were ignored by the Cult-owned BBC and most of the rest of the mainstream media, but they delighted in reporting how police were injured in 'clashes with protestors'. The truth was that a group of people gathered in Hyde Park at the end of one march when most had gone home and they were peacefully having a good time with music and chat. Face-Nappies who couldn't deal with the full-march crowd then waded in with their batons and got more than they bargained for. Instead of just standing for this criminal brutality the crowd used their numerical superiority to push the Face-Nappies out of the

park. Eventually the Nappies turned and ran. Unfortunately two or three idiots in the crowd threw drink cans striking two officers which gave the media and the government the image they wanted to discredit the 99.9999 percent who were peaceful. The idiots walked straight into the trap and we must always be aware of potential agent provocateurs used by the authorities to discredit their targets.

This response from the crowd – the can people apart – must be a turning point when the public no longer stand by while the innocent are arrested and brutally attacked by the Face-Nappies. That doesn't mean to be violent, that's the last thing we need. We'll leave the violence to the Face-Nappies and government. But it does mean that when the Face-Nappies use violence against peaceful people the numerical superiority is employed to stop them and make citizen's arrests or Common Law arrests for a breach of the peace. The time for being passive in the face of fascism is over.

We are the many, they are the few, and we need to make that count before there is no freedom left and our children and grandchildren face an ongoing fascist nightmare.

COME ON PEOPLE - IT'S TIME.

One final thought ...

The power of love
A force from above
Cleaning my soul
Flame on burn desire
Love with tongues of fire
Purge the soul
Make love your goal

I'll protect you from the hooded claw Keep the vampires from your door When the chips are down I'll be around With my undying, death-defying Love for you

Envy will hurt itself
Let yourself be beautiful
Sparkling love, flowers
And pearls and pretty girls
Love is like an energy
Rushin' rushin' inside of me

This time we go sublime Lovers entwine, divine, divine, Love is danger, love is pleasure Love is pure – the only treasure

> I'm so in love with you Purge the soul Make love your goal

The power of love
A force from above
Cleaning my soul
The power of love
A force from above
A sky-scraping dove

Flame on burn desire Love with tongues of fire Purge the soul Make love your goal

Frankie Goes To Hollywood

APPENDIX

Cowan-Kaufman-Morell Statement on Virus Isolation (SOVI)

Isolation: The action of isolating; the fact or condition of being isolated or standing alone; separation from other things or persons; solitariness

Oxford English Dictionary

The controversy over whether the SARS-CoV-2 virus has ever been isolated or purified continues. However, using the above definition, common sense, the laws of logic and the dictates of science, any unbiased person must come to the conclusion that the SARS-CoV-2 virus has never been isolated or purified. As a result, no confirmation of the virus' existence can be found. The logical, common sense, and scientific consequences of this fact are:

- the structure and composition of something not shown to exist can't be known, including the presence, structure, and function of any hypothetical spike or other proteins;
- the genetic sequence of something that has never been found can't be known;
- "variants" of something that hasn't been shown to exist can't be known;
- it's impossible to demonstrate that SARS-CoV-2 causes a disease called Covid-19.

In as concise terms as possible, here's the proper way to isolate, characterize and demonstrate a new virus. First, one takes samples (blood, sputum, secretions) from many people (e.g. 500) with symptoms which are unique and specific enough to characterize an illness. Without mixing these samples with ANY tissue or products that also contain genetic material, the virologist macerates, filters and ultracentrifuges i.e. *purifies* the specimen. This common virology technique, done for decades to isolate bacteriophages¹ and so-called giant viruses in every virology lab, then allows the virologist to demonstrate with electron microscopy thousands of identically sized and shaped particles. These particles are the isolated and purified virus.

These identical particles are then checked for uniformity by physical and/or microscopic techniques. Once the purity is determined, the particles may be further characterized. This would include examining the structure, morphology, and chemical composition of the particles. Next, their genetic makeup is characterized by extracting the genetic material directly from the purified particles and using genetic-sequencing techniques, such as Sanger sequencing, that have also been around for decades. Then one does an analysis to confirm that these uniform particles are exogenous (outside) in origin as a virus is conceptualized to be, and not the normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues.² (As of May 2020, we know that virologists have no way to determine whether the particles they're seeing are viruses or just normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues.)³

Isolation, characterization and analysis of bacteriophages from the haloalkaline lake Elmenteita, KenyaJuliah Khayeli Akhwale et al, PLOS One, Published: April 25, 2019. https://journals.plos.org/plosone/article?id=10.1371/journal.pone.0215734 — accessed 2/15/21

^{2 &}quot;Extracellular Vesicles Derived From Apoptotic Cells: An Essential Link Between Death and Regeneration," Maojiao Li1 et al, Frontiers in Cell and Developmental Biology, 2020 October 2. https://www.frontiersin.org/articles/10.3389/fcell.2020.573511/full — accessed 2/15/21

3 "The Role of Extraellular Vesicles as Allies of HIV, HCV and SARS Viruses," Flavia Giannessi, et al, Viruses, 2020 May

If we have come this far then we have fully isolated, characterized, and genetically sequenced an exogenous virus particle. However, we still have to show it is causally related to a disease. This is carried out by exposing a group of healthy subjects (animals are usually used) to this isolated, purified virus in the manner in which the disease is thought to be transmitted. If the animals get sick with the same disease, as confirmed by clinical and autopsy findings, one has now shown that the virus actually causes a disease. This demonstrates infectivity and transmission of an infectious agent.

None of these steps has even been attempted with the SARS-CoV-2 virus, nor have all these steps been successfully performed for any so-called pathogenic virus. Our research indicates that a single study showing these steps does not exist in the medical literature.

Instead, since 1954, virologists have taken unpurified samples from a relatively few people, often less than ten, with a similar disease. They then minimally process this sample and inoculate this unpurified sample onto tissue culture containing usually four to six other types of material – all of which contain identical genetic material as to what is called a "virus." The tissue culture is starved and poisoned and naturally disintegrates into many types of particles, some of which contain genetic material. Against all common sense, logic, use of the English language and scientific integrity, this process is called "virus isolation." This brew containing fragments of genetic material from many sources is then subjected to genetic analysis, which then creates in a computersimulation process the alleged sequence of the alleged virus, a so called in silico genome. At no time is an actual virus confirmed by electron microscopy. At no time is a genome extracted and sequenced from an actual virus. This is scientific fraud.

The observation that the unpurified specimen — inoculated onto tissue culture along with toxic antibiotics, bovine fetal tissue, amniotic fluid and other tissues — destroys the kidney tissue onto which it is inoculated is given as evidence of the virus' existence and pathogenicity. This is scientific fraud.

From now on, when anyone gives you a paper that suggests the SARS-CoV-2 virus has been isolated, please check the methods sections. If the researchers used Vero cells or any other culture method, you know that their process was not isolation. You will hear the following excuses for why actual isolation isn't done:

- 1. There were not enough virus particles found in samples from patients to analyze.
- 2. Viruses are intracellular parasites; they can't be found outside the cell in this manner.

If No. 1 is correct, and we can't find the virus in the sputum of sick people, then on what evidence do we think the virus is dangerous or even lethal? If No. 2 is correct, then how is the virus spread from person to person? We are told it emerges from the cell to infect others. Then why isn't it possible to find it?

Finally, questioning these virology techniques and conclusions is not some distraction or divisive issue. Shining the light on this truth is essential to stop this terrible fraud that humanity is confronting. For, as we now know, if the virus has never been isolated, sequenced or shown to cause illness, if the virus is imaginary, then why are we wearing masks, social distancing and putting the whole world into prison?

Finally, if pathogenic viruses don't exist, then what is going into those injectable devices erroneously called "vaccines," and what is their purpose? This scientific question is the most urgent and relevant one of our time. We are correct. The SARS-CoV2 virus does not exist.

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Ickonic is something that has been a dream of mine for the last 5 years, growing up around alternative information I have always had a natural interest in what is going on in the World and what could I do to make it better. Across the range of subjects and positions of influence occupied mainly by people who don't strive to make things better it's the Media that I have always found the most frustrating and fascinating. Mainly because if the Media did their Jobs properly then so much of the negative things happening in the World simply would not be able to happen, because they would be exposed within a heartbeat.

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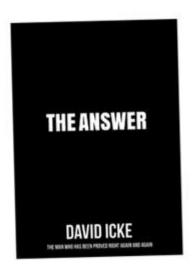
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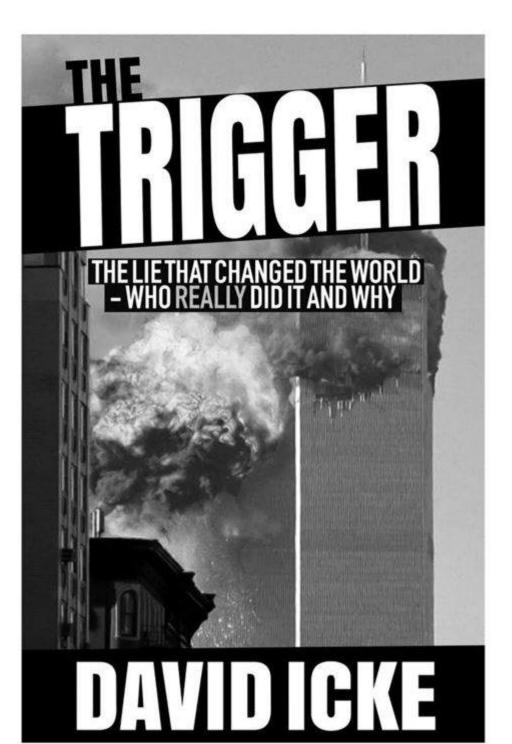
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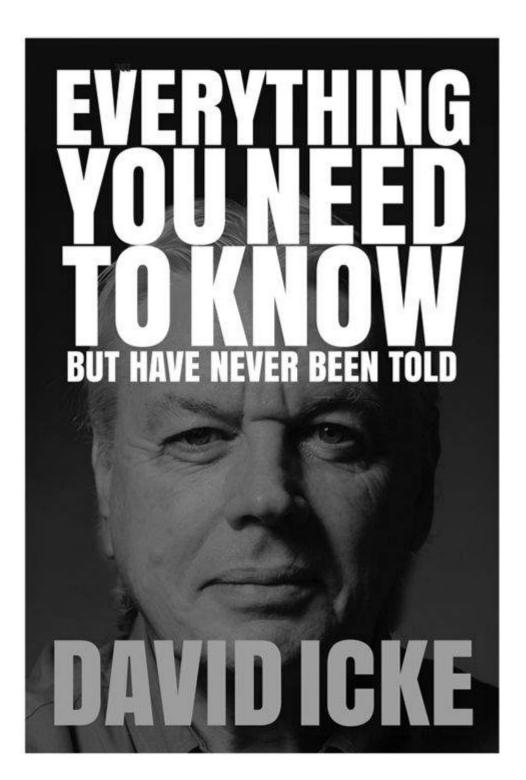


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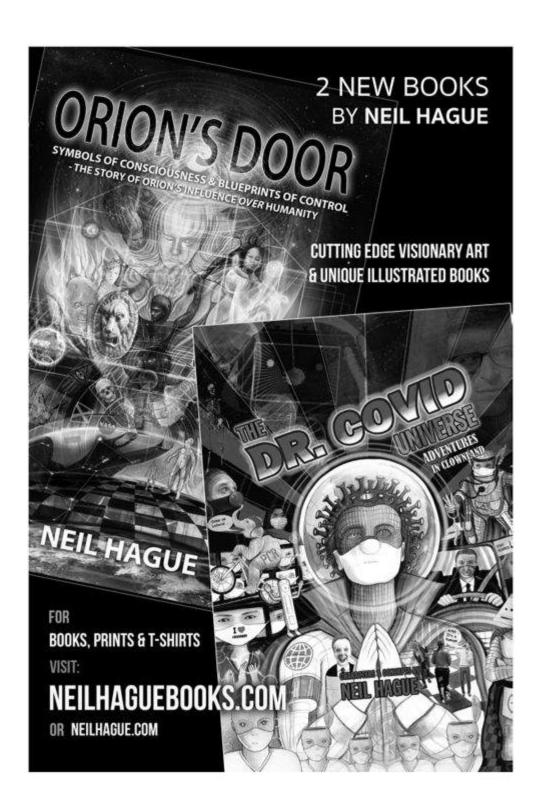
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noun

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