



THINGS
WE DO
IN THE
DARK

A NOVEL

JENNIFER
HILLIER

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IN THE
DARK

JENNIFER HILLIER



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For Mox

*you are my sunshine
and the air that I breathe
and the reason for everything*

PART ONE

She can kill with a smile, she can wound with her eyes

—BILLY JOEL

CHAPTER ONE

There's a time and a place for erect nipples, but the back of a Seattle police car definitely isn't it.

Paris Peralta didn't think to grab a sweater before they arrested her, so she's only wearing a bloodstained tank top. It is July, after all. But the air-conditioning is on high, and she feels cold and exposed. With her wrists cuffed, all she can do is clasp her hands together and hold her forearms up to cover her breasts. It looks like she's praying.

She's not praying. It's much too late for that.

Her head throbs underneath the butterfly bandage one of the EMTs stuck on before they put her in the cop car. She must have slammed it into the rim of the bathtub sometime last night, but she doesn't remember tripping or falling. All she remembers is her husband, lying in a bathtub filled with blood, and the screaming that woke her up this morning.

The blond-ponytailed detective behind the wheel glances at Paris again in the rearview mirror. Ever since Jimmy signed a streaming deal with new Netflix competitor Quan six months ago, people have been staring at her a lot. Paris hates it. When she and Jimmy got married, she expected to live a quiet life with the retired actor-comedian. That's the deal they made; that's the marriage she signed up for. But then Jimmy changed his mind and *un*-retired, and it was about the worst thing he could have done to her.

And now he's dead.

The detective has been keeping an eye on her in the back seat the entire time, her eyes shifting from the road to the mirror every few minutes. Paris can already tell the woman thinks she did it. Okay, fine, so it looked bad. There was so much blood, and when the detective arrived on the scene, there were already three officers in the bedroom pointing their guns straight at Paris through the bathroom doorway. Soon there were four pairs of eyes staring at her as if she'd done something terrible. Nobody seemed to be blinking or breathing, including her.

"Mrs. Peralta, please put the weapon down," the detective had said. Her voice was calm and direct as she unholstered her pistol. "And then come out

of the bathroom slowly with your hands up.”

But I don't have a weapon, Paris thought. It was the second time someone had told her to do that, and just like before, it didn't make sense. *What weapon?*

Then the detective's eyes flickered downward. Paris followed her glance and was shocked to discover that she was still holding Jimmy's straight razor. And not just holding it, but *clutching* it in her right hand, her fingers wrapped tightly around the handle, her knuckles white. She lifted it up, staring at it in wonder as she turned it over in her hand. The police officers didn't like that, and the detective repeated her demand again in a tone louder and more commanding than before.

The whole thing was so absurd. Everybody was overreacting. Paris wasn't holding a weapon. It was just a shaving tool, one of several straight razors that Jimmy owned, because her husband was an old-school guy who liked straight shaves and cassette tapes and landlines. He wasn't even allowed to use his straight razors anymore. The worsening tremor in his hand had rendered them unsafe.

So why the hell was Paris still holding the ebony-handled razor he'd bought in Germany decades ago?

Everything happened in slow-motion. As the detective continued to speak, Paris once again took in the blood spattered across the white marble tile floor, diluted pink from mixing with the bathwater. It was Jimmy's blood, and she knew that if she turned around, she would see her husband behind her, submerged in the deep soaker bathtub where he'd bled out the night before.

Paris did not turn around. But she did manage to catch a glimpse of herself in the mirror above the sink, where she saw a woman who looked just like her wearing a tank top splashed with blood. Her hair was tangled and her eyes were wild, the side of her face covered in blood that had oozed from a gash over her right eyebrow. In her hand, Jimmy's old straight razor did look like a weapon.

A murder weapon.

“Mrs. Peralta, drop the razor,” the detective commanded again.

Paris finally dropped it. The steel blade landed on the tile with a dull clang, and the uniformed officers moved in on her in a swarm. One of them slapped the cuffs on her, and the detective informed her of her rights. As

they led her out of the bedroom and down the stairs, Paris wondered how she would possibly explain this.

Years ago, the last time this happened, she didn't have to explain it at all.

"I'm sorry, but would you mind turning down the air-conditioning?" Paris's nipples are pressing hard against her forearms like ball bearings. Though she'd lived in Seattle for almost twenty years now, the Canadian in her still can't break the habit of apologizing before asking for something. "I'm sorry, it's just really cold back here."

The officer in the passenger seat pushes a button on the dashboard repeatedly until the cold air eases up.

"Thank you," she says.

The officer turns around. "Anything else we can do for you?" he asks. "Need a mint? Want to stop and grab a coffee?"

He's not asking real questions, so she doesn't respond.

On some level Paris understands that she's in shock and that the full extent of the situation hasn't hit her yet. At least her self-preservation instincts have kicked in—she knows she's been arrested, she knows she's going to be booked, and she knows she needs to keep her mouth shut and call a lawyer at the first opportunity. But still, it feels like she's watching all this happen from the *outside*, as if she's in a movie where someone who looks like her is about to be charged with murder.

This feeling of *disassociation*—a word she learned as a kid—is something that happens to her whenever she's in situations of extreme stress. Disassociation was her mind's way of protecting her from the traumas that were happening to her body. While this isn't what's happening now, the feeling of separation between her brain and physical form tends to happen whenever she feels vulnerable and unsafe.

Right now, the life she knows—the life she's built—is being threatened.

Paris can't float away, though. She needs to stay present if she's going to make it through this, so she focuses on her breathing. As she tells her yoga students, whatever is happening, you can always come back to your breath. Constricting her throat just a little, she takes a slow, deep inhale, holds it, then exhales. It makes a slight hissing sound, as if she's trying to fog up the car window, and the detective's eyes dart toward her in the rearview mirror once again.

After a few ocean breaths—*ujjayi* breaths—Paris is more clearheaded, more *here*, and she tries to process how the hell she ended up in the back of a cop car, on her way to jail. She watches enough TV to know that the police always assume it's the spouse. Of course, it hadn't helped one bit that Zoe, Jimmy's assistant, was the one pointing the finger and screaming herself hoarse. *She murdered him she murdered him oh my God she's a murderer!*

They think she killed Jimmy.

And now the rest of the world will, too, because that's how it looks when you're led out of your home in handcuffs with blood on your clothes as news of your celebrity husband's death ripples through the crowd of onlookers snapping photos and recording videos of your arrest. The irony is, the crowd was already conveniently in place outside the house well before Zoe called the cops. Paris and Jimmy live on Queen Anne Hill, right across the street from Kerry Park, which boasts the best views of Seattle. It's a popular spot for both locals and tourists to take photos of the city skyline and Mount Rainier, and the crowd today was like any other, except the cameras were pointing toward the house instead of the skyline. And just like there hadn't been time to put on another shirt, there had been no opportunity to put on different shoes. Paris heard someone yell, "Nice slippers!" as soon as she stepped outside, but it didn't sound like a compliment.

The neighbors on the street were all outside, too. Bob and Elaine from next door were standing at the end of their driveway, their faces filled with shock and horror at the sight of her. Since they didn't call out or offer to help in any way, they must have already heard what happened. They must already think Paris is guilty.

They're supposed to be her friends.

She can imagine the headlines already. JIMMY PERALTA, THE PRINCE OF POUGHKEEPSIE, FOUND DEAD AT 68. Though Jimmy's highly rated sitcom had ended its ten-year run more than two decades earlier, he would forever be known for his starring role as the son of a bakery owner in *The Prince of Poughkeepsie*, which won over a dozen Emmys and propelled Jimmy into movie stardom until he retired seven years ago. Paris doesn't have to be a publicist to predict that the news of her husband's death will be even bigger than the headline-making multimillion-dollar deal Jimmy signed with Quan when he decided to make his comeback. Even Paris would think this was a juicy story if it wasn't happening to her.

She continues to focus on her breathing, but her mind refuses to settle. None of this feels right. While she had no illusions that she and Jimmy would grow old together, she thought they had more time. In the two years they'd been married, they'd established an easy routine. Paris worked at the yoga studio six days a week, and Jimmy always had things going on. But Sundays were their day together. They should be having a lazy brunch right now at the nearby diner, where the owner always saved them a table by the window. Pancakes and bacon for Jimmy, waffles with strawberries for Paris. Afterward, they might head into Fremont for the farmers' market or take a drive to Snohomish to do some antiques hunting. More often than not, though, they'd head home, where Jimmy would putter in the garden, trimming this and weeding that, while she cracked open a paperback and sat by the pool.

But this is not a normal Sunday. This is a fucking nightmare. Paris should have known it would end like this, because there's no such thing as happily ever after when you run away from one life to start a whole new one.

Karma has come for her.

A feather from her ridiculous slippers tickles the top of her foot. When she received them for her birthday last month—not her real birthday, but the one that's listed on her ID—they were funny and cute. Her instructors at the studio had all chipped in to buy her the pair of seriously expensive Italian designer slides made out of pink ostrich feathers. They were supposed to stay at the studio so she'd have something to walk around in between classes, but she couldn't resist bringing them home to show Jimmy. She knew he would laugh, and he did.

The slippers aren't funny now. All they'll do is play into the narrative the media keeps trying to create, which is that Paris is a rich, self-entitled asshole. She managed to fly under the radar for nineteen years after she escaped Toronto, only to have it all undone when Jimmy's trusty assistant Zoe included their wedding photo with the press release about the streaming deal. Zoe couldn't understand why Paris was so upset, but until that day, most people hadn't even known that Jimmy Peralta had gotten married again. Paris had been living in blissful anonymity with her retired husband, and then it all went to hell.

As Zoe would say, the optics are terrible. Paris is Jimmy's fifth wife, and she's almost thirty years younger than he is. While the age difference

was never a problem for Jimmy—why would it be?—it makes Paris look like a gold-digging bitch who was just waiting for her husband to die.

And now he's dead.

CHAPTER TWO

The desk clerk at the King County jail asks for her phone, but Paris doesn't have it with her. As far as she remembers, it's still on the nightstand in her bedroom, in the house that's now a crime scene.

"All personal items need to be bagged and placed in the bin," the clerk informs her. Like the detective that brought her here, he hasn't stopped staring since she was brought in. "That includes your jewelry."

All Paris has is her wedding ring. Jimmy had offered to buy her an engagement ring, too, but she declined, insisting she would never wear it while teaching yoga anyway. In the end, he talked her into an eternity band crafted with fifteen fancy pink oval-shaped diamonds. The retail cost was an astounding \$250,000, but the jeweler had offered Jimmy a discount if they were willing to have the ring photographed and publicized. Paris declined that, too.

"I don't want the publicity," she told Jimmy. "I'm really okay with a simple gold band."

"Not a fucking chance." Jimmy had a short conversation with the jeweler and slapped down his black Amex. Because he was Jimmy Peralta, he got the discount anyway.

"Paris Peralta." The desk clerk says her name with a smirk as he types on his keyboard, drawing out the syllables. *Paaarrrrisssss Peraaaaaalta*. "My wife's gonna shit herself when I tell her who I booked today. She was a big fan of *The Prince of Poughkeepsie*. Never liked the show myself. I always thought Jimmy Peralta was an ass."

"Have some respect, Officer." The detective is standing beside her, elbow to elbow, as if she thinks there's a chance Paris might bolt. She tosses her head, and the tip of her ponytail flicks Paris's bare arm. "The man is dead."

Paris pulls off her wedding ring and passes it through the window. Beside her, she hears the detective mutter under her breath, "Jesus, it's pink." The desk clerk examines the ring closely before sealing it in a small

plastic bag. He then drops it into the plastic bin, where it lands with an audible *smack*.

Inwardly, she winces. *The value of that ring*, Paris thinks, *is probably triple what you earned last year*. Outwardly, she maintains her composure. She's not going to give anyone a story to sell to the tabloids. Instead, she makes eye contact with him through the smudged plexiglass window and stares him down. As she predicts, he's a weasel, and his gaze drops back to his computer.

"Sign this." He shoves her inventory list through the window. There's only one item on it. *Ring, diamond, pink*. Paris scrawls her signature.

Another officer comes out from behind the desk and waits expectantly. The detective turns to Paris. She probably did introduce herself at the time of the arrest, but her name eludes Paris now, assuming she even heard it in the first place.

"We'll need your clothes," the detective says. "Slippers, too. They'll give you something else to put on. And then I'll come and talk to you, okay?"

"I'd like to call my lawyer," Paris says.

The detective isn't surprised, but she does seem disappointed. "You can do that after you're processed."

A buzzer sounds, and Paris is led through a set of doors and into a small, brightly lit room. She's directed to take her clothes off in the corner behind a blue curtain. She undresses quickly, removing everything but her underwear, and puts on the sweatshirt, sweatpants, socks, and rubber slides they've given her. It's a relief to get the bloodstained clothes off and change into footwear that doesn't resemble a cat toy. Everything is stamped with the letters *DOC*.

She's fingerprinted and photographed. Her hair is a matted mess, but it's not like she can borrow a hairbrush. She looks straight at the camera and lifts her chin. Jimmy once said that it's near impossible to not look like a criminal in a mugshot. He would know. He was arrested twice for driving under the influence and once for assault after shoving a heckler in Las Vegas after a show. In all three mugshots, he looked guilty as hell.

The processing done, she's led to an elevator for a quick ride down one floor. The young officer escorting her shoots furtive glances in her direction from time to time, but he doesn't say a word until they get to the holding

cell. In a voice that squeaks (followed by a quick throat clear), he directs her to go inside. As soon as she steps in, the bars close and lock with a clang.

And just like that, Paris is in jail.

It's both better and worse than she always imagined, and she has imagined it many times. It's bigger than she expected, and there's only one other person in here, a woman who's currently passed out on the opposite side of the cell. One bare leg hangs off the edge of the bench, and the soles of her bare feet are filthy. Her tight neon-yellow dress is covered in stains from an indeterminate substance, but at least she wasn't forced to change her clothes. Whatever she's being held for, it's not murder.

Though the cell appears clean, the harsh fluorescent lights show smears from whatever was recently mopped up. Based on the lingering odors, it was both urine and vomit. The walls look sticky and are covered in a dingy shade of beige paint the color of weak tea, and there's a camera mounted in one corner of the ceiling.

At the back of the cell, right beside the telephone anchored to the wall, is a plastic-covered sign that lists the phone numbers of three different bail bond companies. With any luck, she won't need them. She picks up the handset and punches in one of the few phone numbers she has memorized. *Pick up, pick up, pick up ...*

Voice mail. *Shit.* She hears her own voice encouraging her to leave a message.

"Henry, it's Paris," she says quietly. "I'm going to try your cell. I'm in trouble."

She hangs up, waits for the dial tone, and calls the second number she knows by heart. This, too, goes to voice mail. A few feet away, her cellmate sits up, her greasy hair falling around her oily face. She regards Paris with bleary, mascara-smearred raccoon eyes.

"I know you." Her words are thick and slurred. Even from a few feet away, Paris can smell her, an aroma like rotting food in a whiskey distillery. "I seen you before. You're, like, a famous person."

Paris pretends not to hear her.

"You're that chick who married that old guy." The woman blinks, trying to focus. When Paris doesn't respond, she says, "Oh, okay, I get it, you're a fucking princess, too good to talk to me. Well, fuck you, princess." She lies back down. Ten seconds later, her face is slack and her mouth falls open.

There's a schoolhouse clock on the wall outside the cell, and Paris waits exactly four and a half minutes before picking up the phone again. This time, someone answers immediately.

"Ocean Breath Yoga."

"Henry." Relief floods through Paris at the sound of her business partner's voice. "Thank God."

"Holy shit, P, are you okay?" Henry's voice is filled with concern. "I just heard about Jimmy. Oh, honey, I'm so sorry. I can't believe it—"

"Henry, they've arrested me." She can't believe she's saying the words. "I'm in a holding cell at the King County jail."

"I saw the arrest. It's such bullshit—"

"You saw? It's on the news?"

"On the *news*? Honey, it's on TikTok." She hears some background noise and then hears a door shut, which means Henry has taken the cordless phone into the office. "One of the tourists at the park filmed your arrest and uploaded it. It's currently the number one trending video."

Of course this isn't surprising, but hearing Henry say it makes it all the more real. Paris swallows down the panic and reminds herself that there will be plenty of time to fall apart later.

"Henry, listen," she says. "I need you to call Elsie Dixon for me."

"Jimmy's friend? The lawyer who sings showtunes at all your parties?"

"That's the one. I don't have my phone, so I don't have her number."

"I'll google her law office."

"She won't be in, it's Sunday. But if you look in the desk, there might be a business card with her cell. Ask her to come down to the jail right away, okay?"

"I don't see a card." She can hear Henry rifling through the drawers. "Don't worry, I'll figure something out. I thought she was in litigation?"

"She started her career as a public defender," Paris says. "And she's the only lawyer I know."

"God, P...", Henry says, sounding genuinely stunned. "I can't believe you're in jail. Is it like in the movies?"

She looks around. "More or less. But bleaker."

"Can I bring you anything? A pillow? A book? A shank?"

He's trying to make her laugh, but the best she can manage is a snort. "I love you. Just track Elsie down, okay? And maybe you could let the instructors know what's going on."

“P, they’re saying...” A pause. “They’re saying you killed Jimmy. I know that’s not possible, because I know *you*. You’re not a murderer.”

“I appreciate that,” Paris says, and after saying goodbye, they hang up.

Henry has always been a supportive friend, and he’s loyal to the core. But he doesn’t know her, not really.

Nobody does.

CHAPTER THREE

Thanks to the wonders of sensory adaptation, Paris has gone nose blind and can no longer smell the various odors that assaulted her when she first entered the holding cell. Unfortunately, she can't say the same about the noises.

She sits on the bench with her hands in her lap, doing her best to ignore her cellmate's snores mixing with the random chatter wafting in from the other cells. Everything is going to be fine. Elsie will be here soon, and she'll know exactly what to do, because Elsie Dixon is a lawyer, and that's what lawyers do.

Except she's not just a lawyer. Elsie is also Jimmy's best friend. The two of them met in high school fifty years ago, which makes their friendship eleven years older than Paris. There will be no question where the woman's loyalties lie, and if she believes there's the slightest chance that Paris murdered her dearest friend, Elsie will not show up today, or ever.

She hopes Elsie shows up.

In the meantime, there's nothing to do but wait. And without a phone or a book to distract herself, all there is to do is think. And the longer she thinks, the more the pain of Jimmy's death tries to fight its way in. Paris doesn't want to feel it. Not here and not now, because she doesn't know how to feel the depth of her grief while also saving herself from the mess she's now in. She closes her eyes. Even if she didn't kill her husband, it sure as hell looks like she did.

The part that nobody could ever seem to accept is that Paris actually loved Jimmy very much. But it wasn't necessarily *romantic* love, and that's the part that bothers people. Apparently you're only supposed to marry someone you're head over heels for, someone you can't get enough of, someone you can't imagine your life without. By that definition, what she and Jimmy had wouldn't be considered love at all. Their feet were always on solid ground. They probably spent more time apart than they did together. And *of course* they could live without each other. *Please*. Jimmy had lived a whole sixty-five years before he met Paris, achieving a level of success most

comedians would never reach. Paris was thirty-six when she met Jimmy, and was fine being on her own. She was an old soul; he was young at heart. Their relationship worked.

And yet, all anyone could see—the press, Jimmy’s friends, and especially Elsie—was the twenty-nine-year age difference.

“We’re good together, don’t you think?” Jimmy had said to her during lunch one random Wednesday. They’d been seeing each other for about nine months. “Have you ever thought about getting married?”

“To who?”

“To me, you dope.”

She almost choked on the pastrami-on-rye they were sharing. Jimmy wasn’t capable of eating a sandwich that didn’t include deli meat.

“Are you proposing?” she asked.

“I guess I am.”

It wasn’t romantic. Jimmy wasn’t built that way and neither was she. They were two adults making a decision to do life together, and that was enough for both of them. They got married in Kauai three months later, at sunset, in an intimate ceremony on the beach. Jimmy’s good friend, a big-time Hollywood director whose own wife was younger than Paris, flew the small group there on his Gulfstream. Elsie was there—she came solo, as she’d never found anyone special after her second marriage ended a decade earlier—and so were Henry and his longtime partner, Brent. Bob and Elaine Cavanaugh from next door were invited, too. And, of course, Zoe.

The thought of Jimmy’s frizzy-haired assistant makes Paris want to stab something.

“Peralta. Your lawyer is here.”

She opens her eyes to see the same young officer from earlier unlocking the doors to the cell. Somehow, three hours have passed. Considering that Jimmy’s oldest friend only lives twenty minutes away from the courthouse, Elsie sure took her time getting here.

But at least she’s here. And the officer said *your lawyer*, which hopefully means Elsie is here to help.

“Garza,” the officer says in a louder voice. Hearing her name, Paris’s cellmate wakes up again. “You made bail. Let’s go.”

Yawning, the woman stands and waggles her fingers at Paris. Her nails are painted the same tennis ball yellow as her dress. She still seems drunk,

and she nearly collides with Elsie, who steps aside just in time. Elsie's nose wrinkles at the other woman's smell.

"Bye, princess," she says over her shoulder before disappearing down the hallway.

Finally, the lawyer is permitted to enter. Elsie Dixon is only five two, but she has the personality of someone six feet tall. Her silver hair is cut in a chin-length bob, her signature style, and she's dressed as if she's on her way to a ladies' brunch—if the brunch was on a tropical cruise. Her pink pumps match her drapery pink blouse and floral skirt, and her chunky turquoise statement necklace complements her blue eyes. This is a normal outfit for her.

Elsie's eyes are red-rimmed and swollen. She doesn't say hello or ask Paris how she's doing. She flicks a speck of dirt off the bench before taking a seat.

"I asked for an interview room, but they're all full." The older woman speaks briskly. "So we'll have to talk here. Even though we're alone, keep your voice low and your head down at all times. You never know who's listening."

"Thank you for coming," Paris says quietly.

Elsie doesn't answer. Instead, she opens her briefcase and takes out a lined notepad, her reading glasses, and an elegant black-and-gold pen with the name of her firm stamped on the side. Elsie is a partner at Strathroy, Oakwood, and Strauss, and while she's no longer a criminal defense attorney, she used to be. She got her start working as a public defender for a few years before switching over to private practice. She's now in litigation, and Jimmy has always said she's fierce in court.

Paris isn't sure how much Elsie can help with her situation, but she's grateful the lawyer at least showed up. The other woman has always been fiercely protective of Jimmy, and she was suspicious of Paris from the beginning. The night she and Elsie first met, Elsie had asked outright whether Jimmy's new and much younger girlfriend was just in it for the green card. The woman was on her third glass of chardonnay at the time, but still.

"It's like it didn't even occur to her that I'm already a US citizen," Paris had fumed to Jimmy later. "Would she have asked me that if I was white?"

"She asked you that because she's jealous." Jimmy moved a lock of hair off her face. "Full transparency—she and I dated back in high school. I

was the class clown, she was the school valedictorian, and I broke her heart when I moved to LA after graduation. She's never nice to any of my girlfriends at first. But she'll come around. She always does."

Over time, Paris and Elsie learned to tolerate each other, especially once they discovered they were on the same page about two important things: both were concerned about Jimmy's comeback at the age of sixty-eight (though for very different reasons), and both completely blamed Zoe for the fact that it was happening. If Paris can get Elsie to believe that she didn't kill Jimmy, she might have a shot at getting everyone else to believe it, too.

"I didn't murder Jimmy," she finally blurts, unable to stand the silence any longer.

"If I thought you did," Elsie says calmly, "I wouldn't be here."

Paris exhales, slumping back against the wall with relief. But her hair catches on something sticky, so she straightens up again.

Elsie clicks her pen, tests the ink. She checks her reading glasses and uses the hem of her blouse to wipe away a smudge. Her hands won't stop moving, as if she's channeling everything she's feeling into them, as if she's afraid to be still because it will force her to fully process that something terrible has happened.

Because something terrible has.

"Elsie, I'm so sorry—"

"We don't have much time, so let's talk about all that later, okay?" Unlike her hands, Elsie's voice is steady. "Right now, I need you to answer all my questions as accurately as you can. We're meeting with Detective Kellogg in ten minutes. Has she tried to question you without me here?"

"I asked to call a lawyer as soon as I got here," Paris says. "Elsie, Jimmy had—"

Elsie puts a hand up. "Save it for later. Just let me do my job. I need you to answer all my questions."

Paris shuts up.

"Have you talked to anyone since you were arrested?"

"No."

"What about since you were brought in?"

"No."

"What about Little Miss Sunshine, the woman who just left?"

"I haven't said anything to anyone."

“Good.” Elsie’s voice turns brisk again. “Okay. You’ve been arrested on suspicion of murder, but that’s not a formal charge. The case is too high-profile, so they can’t afford to make mistakes. From what I’ve read in the arrest report, everything they have is circumstantial. You were married to Jimmy, you live in that house; it’s normal and expected that you would be in the bathroom and ... touch things. Now, I want you to think hard. When did you discover Jimmy was dead?”

“Last night,” Paris says. “I had just gotten back from Vancouver—”

“What time?”

“Uh, two ... maybe two thirty in the morning. Very late.”

“Did you drive or fly?”

“I drove.”

“So you crossed the border around midnight?”

“That sounds about right.”

Elsie scratches notes into her pad. “And then what?”

“When I got home, I noticed the alarm wasn’t set. But that’s not unusual, as Jimmy can’t be bothered half the time. You know how he is.”

Elsie nods without looking up.

“I went straight upstairs to get ready for bed. Jimmy always wants to know when I’m home, no matter what time it is, so I went down the hall to his bedroom.”

“*His* bedroom?”

“Yes, his bedroom.”

Elsie raises an eyebrow. “You sleep in different rooms?”

“We do.”

“When did that start?”

“It’s what we’ve always done,” Paris says. “Neither of us sleeps well with another person in the bed. He gets hot, so he’s constantly shifting around, and the slightest movement wakes me up.”

Jimmy would be mortified if anyone knew their sleeping arrangements, but it wasn’t a big deal. What she’d just told Elsie is true—they both preferred sleeping alone. It didn’t mean anything, but people will assign meaning to everything.

“So you went into his bedroom,” Elsie says. “Was the door open or closed?”

“I can’t remember.”

“Think.”

Paris has never seen Elsie in lawyer mode, and frankly, she's a little scary. It's hard to reconcile this version of her with the one Paris usually sees. At Paris and Jimmy's anniversary party a month ago, the woman was draped across a grand piano with a glass of wine in one hand and a microphone in the other, singing "If Ever I Would Leave You" from *Camelot*.

"The door was slightly open," Paris says. "I don't think I turned the knob. I just pushed."

"Continue."

"I saw the bathroom light was on—"

"Wait, back up. Had the bed been slept in?"

"I—" Paris stops. "I didn't look at the bed. I saw the bathroom light and headed straight there."

"Was the bathroom door open or closed?"

"Open, about halfway. When I got closer, I saw him in the tub."

"And what, exactly, did you see?"

Paris takes a breath and closes her eyes. She can see Jimmy lying in the bathtub. He's wearing shorts and a T-shirt, his head leaning to one side at an awkward angle. His eyes are open. One arm dangles over the rim of the tub, which is half full of red water. Except it's not just water. It's blood. So much blood.

"He was in the tub." To her own ears, Paris's voice sounds distant. "It looked like he was dead, but I couldn't be sure. I rushed over and pressed on his wrist, and then his neck. There was no pulse. His skin felt cool to the touch."

And there was screaming. So much screaming. Coming from her.

Elsie closes her eyes briefly. "Could you tell how he died?"

"No. There was too much blood in the tub to see."

"And then what did you do?"

"I tried to lift him up."

Elsie looks up from her notepad. "Why?"

"I know it doesn't make sense, but ... I didn't want to leave him in there." Paris looks away. "But he was so heavy, and I couldn't get a good grip. When I tried to pull him out, he slipped, and the bathwater splashed everywhere, all over the floor, all over me."

"What did you do then?"

“I felt my foot touch something, and when I looked down, I caught a glimpse of something shiny. I bent down to pick it up ... and then I must have slipped, because I don’t remember anything after that.”

“The report says you hit your head.”

“I guess so.” Paris touches the butterfly bandage on her forehead. “All I know is that when I woke up, my face was on the floor, and the sun was up. There was blood everywhere. Someone was screaming, and I heard my name. I sat up, and saw that there were police officers standing just outside the bathroom. When I tried to stand, the officers immediately drew their guns.”

“The report says you were holding a straight razor.”

“I didn’t realize it until they told me.” Paris looks at Elsie. “One of the officers said, ‘Mrs. Peralta, please put the weapon down,’ and I looked down and saw the razor in my hand. I tried to explain that it wasn’t a weapon, that it was just one of Jimmy’s straight razors, but the words wouldn’t come.”

“The report says you were waving it around.” Elsie raises an eyebrow. “The word they used was *brandishing*.”

“For God’s sake, that wasn’t my intention,” Paris says helplessly. “I understand that’s probably what it looked like. My head was pounding, and I was having a hard time hearing them because Zoe wouldn’t stop screaming. When they said, ‘Drop the *razor*,’ I did. But they were still staring at me, like I was something out of a horror movie. That’s when I saw myself in the mirror. I looked like Carrie at the prom.”

“What happened next?”

“One of the officers told me to turn around slowly. He handcuffed me, read me my rights. When they led me out of the bedroom, Zoe was at the bottom of the stairs, still screaming at me, asking how I could have done it, how I could have murdered Jimmy. And then the detective said, ‘Mrs. Peralta, did you murder your husband?’”

“And you said...?”

“I said, ‘I don’t remember.’”

Elsie sighs, the lines in her forehead deepening. “Not the greatest choice of words.”

“It’s just what slipped out.” Paris can hear the desperation in her own voice. “Elsie, I think Jimmy killed himself. I know that probably sounds crazy, but—”

“It actually doesn’t.” Elsie puts her pen down and meets Paris’s gaze. “I just never thought he’d try it again.”

Paris’s mouth drops open. “*Again?*”

“He never told you?”

No, he did not. “He only ever told me about the overdoses.”

“It was a long time ago, about a year after *The Prince of Poughkeepsie* ended. Not long after his mother died.” Elsie’s eyes are moist. “He left a suicide note and everything. I’m actually not surprised he didn’t tell you. He was deeply ashamed of it. He was hospitalized for a week. We managed to keep it out of the press. That was ... a rough time.”

“I didn’t see a note.”

“I’ll make sure the forensic team knows to look for one.” Elsie’s face is impossible to read as she jots it down on her pad. “But I’m going to level with you, Paris. It looks bad. Without witnesses or a suicide note, they can probably make a case for murder. His femoral artery was severed. They’re going to say that’s an unusual place for him to cut himself, because it is.”

Paris slumps.

“But we do have one good thing on our side,” Elsie says, but before she can tell Paris what that is, the officer is back.

Both women look up as the cell door opens again. “Detective Kellogg will meet you in room three,” he says.

Elsie packs up her briefcase. “Answer all her questions unless I direct you not to. In which case, you stop talking. Immediately.”

“Got it.”

As they follow the officer down the hallway, Paris’s hands begin to shake. It’s finally beginning to sink in. Jimmy is really dead. He won’t be home when she gets there. He won’t ask her if she’s in the mood to cook anything for dinner, or whether he should grill salmon or steak. He won’t kiss the top of her head and say, “I’m good with whatever you want, babe.”

Paris’s husband might not have been her greatest love—that honor still belongs to someone she knew years ago, in a different life, when she was a very different person—but Jimmy Peralta was the love of *this* life, the one she built from the ashes of her old one.

She chokes back a sob just as they reach room 3. A voice floats through her mind then, always the unwanted intruder, forever the snake in her brain that uncoils at the worst possible times.

You're absolutely useless. Stop your crying before I smack the shit out of you again.

CHAPTER FOUR

Now that they're sitting across from each other, Paris notices that Detective Kellogg is pretty, more like an actress playing a detective on TV than an actual detective. Her long blond ponytail bounces when she nods her head. Which is often.

"I'm surprised you're representing her," the detective says to Elsie. "You were good friends with the deceased, weren't you? You must really believe she didn't do it."

"Because she didn't," Elsie says.

"You know, before we get into all that, where were *you* last night, Ms. Dixon?" Kellogg's voice is amiable. Like Elsie, she has a notepad open in front of her, but it's small, something that would fit in her back pocket. Her pencil taps the table.

"You're asking *me* where I was?"

The detective smiles. "I'm asking everybody who knew Jimmy Peralta. You might be Mrs. Peralta's lawyer, but you were *Mr.* Peralta's best friend. Or so we've heard."

Elsie exchanges a look with Paris and sighs. "I was out to dinner with friends until about nine. Happy to give you their names as well as the name of the restaurant. Got in about nine thirty and went straight to bed."

"When was the last time you saw Mr. Peralta?" Kellogg is still directing her questions to Elsie.

"Last week. Monday, I think."

"It was Tuesday," Paris says to Elsie. "I was leaving to teach a morning class as you were pulling up."

The lawyer nods. "That's right, Tuesday. Jimmy and I went to breakfast."

"Okay." Kellogg seems satisfied. "I'm just asking because we heard your voice on the cassette tape we took out of Mr. Peralta's portable stereo in the bathroom. It wasn't easy to find a tape deck to play it on here, but yes, it did catch you saying something about having plans."

“Jimmy likes to practice his jokes in the bathroom in front of the mirror,” Paris says. An image of her husband gesturing madly at his reflection pops into her mind, and a pang of grief hits her. “He uses his old boombox to rehearse.”

“He single-handedly keeps cassette manufacturers in business,” Elsie says.

“Every phone has a voice-recording app now,” Kellogg says. “Wouldn’t it be more convenient to use that?”

Paris and Elsie both snort at the same time.

“What?” the detective says, looking back and forth between them. “Why is that funny?”

“Jimmy was an old soul, Detective,” Elsie says. “He had a flip phone up until four years ago, and he still has a VCR in the living room. So, am I a suspect?”

“Not at this time, but anything can happen.” Kellogg smiles, then turns to Paris. “So. Your turn. According to your husband’s assistant, Zoe Moffatt, you were scheduled to be away for the weekend. Where’d you go?”

Paris glances at Elsie, who nods.

“I drove up to Vancouver,” Paris answers. “For the International Yoga Convention and Expo.”

“Who went with you?”

“Nobody.”

“Where’d you stay?”

“The Pan Pacific.”

“How long were you there for?”

“Thursday afternoon to last night.”

Kellogg opens the manila folder beside her notepad and thumbs through the documents. “And what time did you leave Vancouver?”

“I got home just after two a.m., maybe closer to two thirty.”

The detective smiles. “That’s not what I asked. I asked you what time you left Vancouver. According to the hotel, you booked the room for three nights. Why did you leave early?”

“There weren’t any more panels I wanted to attend.”

“What does this matter?” Elsie snaps. “I’m sure border patrol can send you pictures of her car the moment she crossed back into the US. Or you could just check the CCTV cameras for the park across the street from their house.”

“The park is more like a lookout, and there are only two cameras nearby. One of them doesn’t work, and the one that does points toward the city, not the houses behind it.”

“You’re kidding,” Paris says.

“Don’t worry about it,” Elsie says to her, but she’s focused on the detective. “This is a pretty clear-cut case of suicide, Detective Kellogg. Jimmy Peralta had a long and well-documented history of addiction and depression, including a suicide attempt years ago.”

“Maybe he did,” Kellogg says. “But here’s what bothers me: Zoe Moffatt, who has her own code to the front door keypad, let herself into the house this morning because she and Jimmy had a meeting scheduled at ten a.m. When Mr. Peralta didn’t come down at the scheduled time, she called up the stairs, and when nobody answered, she checked the garage to see if his car was inside. It was, but it was right beside Mrs. Peralta’s, who was supposed to still be in Canada. Ms. Moffatt called up again, still no answer. Concerned that neither of them were answering, she went upstairs to check, and that’s when she found her boss dead in his own bathtub, with Mrs. Peralta on the floor right next to him, covered in blood, the murder weapon in her hand.”

“Except it’s not the murder weapon, because it’s not murder,” Elsie says. “And it hasn’t been confirmed yet that the straight razor is what actually caused Jimmy’s death. You’re only assuming it was because it was in the bathroom. The medical examiner’s early estimation is that death occurred between nine p.m. and midnight. My client was nowhere near the house at that time. Again, why don’t you just ask border patrol to send you photos of the time she crossed so we can all go home?”

“Apparently, US Border Patrol experienced some kind of technical glitch last night, so they can’t confirm anything just yet.” The detective speaks to Elsie, but she’s observing Paris. “And until they figure it out, we don’t know where your client was at the time her husband was killed.”

“Check her phone records,” Elsie says.

Shit.

“We tried.” Kellogg leans back and addresses Paris directly. “But it appears the whole weekend you were gone, your phone never left your house.”

“I forgot it at home.” Paris works to keep her voice even. When telling a lie, it’s always best not to rush or overexplain. “I was almost at the border

by the time I realized I didn't have it."

"So you went the whole weekend without a phone?"

"Yes." Another lie. Paris doesn't blink.

The detective smiles. "Well, that makes you the unluckiest person in the world."

"You're really going to hold her on this?" Elsie's either a great actor or she truly is flabbergasted. Paris is betting on the former.

"I've held murder suspects on a lot less," Kellogg says. "Because it's *murder*, counselor. Your client is almost thirty years younger than her husband, who happened to be a very famous and very wealthy man."

"And? Jimmy's will leaves nearly everything to charity. I would know." Elsie crosses her arms over her chest. "I was the one who drafted it. My client had no motive to kill her husband."

"That we know of. We've only just begun our investigation, and rest assured, we will leave no stone unturned." Detective Kellogg gives Paris another small smile. "You're a little mysterious, you know that? It makes me want to ... dig."

A bonfire of fear ignites in Paris's stomach, and it takes every ounce of willpower to not let it show.

"Let's also not forget the interesting thing she admitted after the officers arrested her," Kellogg adds.

"You mean the few meaningless words she said after she hit her head?" Elsie scoffed. "That's not admission, that's confusion. Let her go home so she can properly mourn her husband."

"Yeah, about that." The detective cocks her head, her ponytail swaying behind her. "Are you even sad, Mrs. Peralta? Because you really don't seem like it."

Elsie puts a hand on her arm. "Don't answer—"

"How I grieve is none of your business," Paris snaps, ignoring her lawyer. "I'm sorry that I don't fit how a grieving widow is supposed to act a few hours after she's been accused of murdering her husband. Next time, I'll read the memo in advance that details the appropriate behaviors and be sure to rehearse first."

The tiny smile from Kellogg remains, and she taps on her notepad. "Walk me through exactly how you found him."

Paris repeats the same story she told her lawyer, and finds it's much easier the second time around.

“Tell me, Mrs. Peralta,” the detective says when Paris finishes. “If your husband took his own life, as you both are so certain he did, why do you think he cut his leg? Why not his wrists? That’s what most people would do.”

“I can answer that,” Elsie says confidently, and Paris turns to her in surprise. “When Jimmy attempted suicide before, he did cut his arm. Obviously he didn’t die. But the scar, which ran halfway down his forearm, forever bothered him.”

“*That’s* how he got that scar?” Paris says to Elsie. “He told me he fell through a plate-glass window while he was high.”

“He did. But that’s not how he got *that* scar.”

Paris sits back in her chair. What else doesn’t she know about Jimmy’s past? It seems her husband had just as many secrets as she does.

“To me, it makes sense that he’d choose a spot on his body he could easily hide.” Elsie turns her attention back to Detective Kellogg. “It would have been his way of protecting his future self, in the event that he survived.”

“If I didn’t know otherwise, I might have thought *you* were his wife, you know him so well,” Kellogg says to Elsie. She turns back to Paris. “Anyway, we have lots of time to put the pieces together. You never know what might turn up in the next day or two.”

Paris’s stomach burns.

“We’re done here,” Elsie says.

“I figured,” the detective says.

Elsie gets up to bang on the door. Detective Kellogg stays seated, continuing to stare at Paris thoughtfully, as if trying to figure her out. Well, Detective Frosted Flakes can try as hard as she wants, but so far, nobody ever has.

“How much longer do I have to stay here?” Paris asks Elsie as they follow an officer back to the holding cell.

“They can hold you for up to seventy-two hours, at which point they have to formally charge you or let you go.”

“Three *days*?” Paris grips her lawyer’s arm. “Elsie, I can’t stay here that long.”

“It won’t be that long.” Elsie pats her hand. “I’ll be back later. For now, just sit tight. And remember, not a word to anyone. We’ll prove what happened soon enough.”

They reach the cell, and looking through the bars at the dingy walls, Paris feels a sudden stab of claustrophobia. She would give anything to not go back in there, and if she feels that way now, how will she ever survive prison? She can't bring herself to step inside until the officer places a hand on her back and pushes her in. The door locks.

"Paris," Elsie says, her voice catching, and Paris turns. "Why didn't Jimmy tell me he was having a hard time? He always told me everything. How did I not pick up on it? If I'd known, I could have..." She chokes up.

Paris reaches a hand through the bars. "You knew Jimmy better than anyone, and you know how difficult it was for him to admit when he needed help. Zoe was at the house nearly every day, and even she didn't know. So how could you?"

Elsie nods and gives her hand a brief squeeze before letting go. Paris knows that what she just said made the other woman feel better, and for the most part, it's true. There's no way Elsie and Zoe could have known Jimmy was struggling.

Because Paris didn't know, either.

After Elsie leaves, she calls Henry again.

"I don't know how long I'll be here," Paris tells him. "I'm sorry, I know that puts you in a bad spot."

"I can handle it," Henry says, but she detects more anxiety in his voice than there was earlier. "The staff all support you. A few members have asked me questions because of the arrest video, but I've been reminding everyone that an arrest isn't the same thing as being charged."

"I doubt most people will understand the difference. But thank you."

They say their goodbyes again and hang up.

He's a good man, that Henry Chu, and Paris knows how lucky she is to have him as her business partner and studio manager. Ten years ago, he walked into Ocean Breath for the first time, stressed and exhausted from a programming job at Amazon that was driving up his blood pressure. She was still in the Fremont neighborhood then, in a tiny studio on the second level of a low-rise commercial building that housed a bead store, a private investigator's office, and a psychic who only worked on Fridays. Henry took to yoga like a fish to water, and he practiced five days a week. After a few months, noticing that Paris was struggling to attract new members, Henry suggested she do a Groupon, and Ocean Breath's clientele began to grow.

He eventually left Amazon with a generous severance package. When the studio's booking system crashed, he offered to come in as a partner and build her a better one. Paris jumped at the opportunity to bring him on board. It took a huge load off the studio's finances and allowed Paris more time to teach. They then moved Ocean Breath to its current location, a gorgeous space near Whole Foods, which attracted an entirely different level of clientele.

The new location is where she met Jimmy. At least that's the story they agreed to tell people. Nobody questioned it, because nobody cared. Retired comedian marries yoga instructor? Not exactly *Entertainment Tonight*-worthy. Jimmy hadn't been considered "relevant" for a while, which was just fine with Paris.

And then Zoe fucked it all up.

Somewhere along the way, Jimmy's longtime personal assistant had started acting more like his manager. Zoe had worked for him in Los Angeles for years, and when Jimmy finally decided to leave the industry for good, she helped him sell both his California properties and find a new house in his hometown of Seattle. She was only supposed to stick around for a few weeks to get him settled, but Zoe never went back to LA. She just ... stayed. And so Jimmy kept her on the payroll. She answered his phone, managed his website, and handled all his emails and fan mail. She scheduled the house cleaners and repairs, paid the utility bills, and took his car in for maintenance. She also did the grocery shopping, ran his errands, and even took out the garbage and recycling every week.

When Paris met Jimmy, Zoe was at the house maybe two days a week. But ever since Quan first reached out, she'd been at the house nearly every damn day, coming and going as she pleased, leaving her granola bars in the cupboards and her kombucha in the fridge and driving Paris absolutely nuts.

"You gotta ease up on the kid," Jimmy said, when Paris complained about the assistant's constant presence. "She does all the shit that I don't want to do. If I could pay her to go to the dentist for me, trust me, I would. And you think I know anything about this streaming shit? I need her."

Zoe isn't a kid. She's thirty-five. And she wanted Jimmy's comeback to happen even more than he did. All Jimmy wanted was to tell jokes again; it was Zoe who took it next-level. Quan released his first comedy special in more than a decade a couple of months back. It did so well, they asked for a third, even though the second show wasn't scheduled to stream for another

month. Jimmy didn't want to do a third. But Zoe did, and she was pushing for him to sign off on the contract.

"How much material do you think you have?" Zoe had asked Jimmy a few days ago.

The three of them were in the kitchen. Paris was leaving for Vancouver soon and hoping to have a quiet lunch with her husband before the long drive. But Zoe was still talking to her boss at the kitchen table as Paris reheated leftovers on the stove. Pork adobo, Jimmy's favorite.

"Right now, enough for half, maybe two-thirds of a show," Jimmy answered.

"Can you stretch it to an hour?"

"Not if you want it to be funny."

"That's fine," Zoe said. "We've got time. I can tell them you'll be ready to film a third in, say, six months? You could do it in Las Vegas. The Venetian is interested, but MGM wants you pretty bad. I think it should be the Venetian, since it was built where the Sands used to be."

The Sands was where Jimmy did a five-year residency back in the late eighties, before he became a sitcom superstar. It's also where he overdosed. The first time.

"Thanks for the history lesson, kid." Jimmy's voice was dry. "But if there's going to be a third, it's gotta be next month, here in Seattle. The Showbox."

Paris brought two plates of food over to the table and sat down. Jimmy leaned over and gave her a kiss.

"Jimmy." Zoe sounded frustrated. She took off her glasses and rubbed her eyes. "You said before that you were open to a Las Vegas show. Your original Vegas run was your heyday as a stand-up comic, and they want to see you back there. I already spoke with the entertainment director at the Venetian. They can start promotion immediately with billboards—"

"Is it my heyday if I was too bombed every night to remember it? I have no intention of setting foot in a Vegas casino. Nowhere in the original contract did it say that I would." Jimmy spooned a mouthful of adobo and rice, and gave Paris a thumbs-up.

"We agreed in good faith—"

"Fuck that," he said, chewing. "Good faith means letting me do my show where I'm comfortable. I nearly died in Vegas."

A long silence.

“I’m sorry,” Zoe said. “I understand. But it can’t be the Showbox.”

“Jesus Christ—”

“*Jimmy*. You know Quan wants a minimum seating capacity of eighteen hundred. They want the show to have energy. They don’t want a tiny audience and a brick wall behind you. They want you on a big stage, with big laughs.”

“Then I’ll do the Paramount. What is that, two thousand seats?”

Zoe typed in her laptop. “Twenty-eight hundred and seven. Perfect. But it looks like they’re booked up for the next two months, and we need at least three nights to tape.”

Paris learned that most hour-long comedy specials recorded for HBO, Netflix, Quan, and the like are actually a blend of several live performances. That way if a joke falls flat one night or the comedian doesn’t deliver a certain segment perfectly, the best of each performance can be used.

“Call them. I’m a hometown kid. They’ll make it work. Any day next month is fine. The sooner, the better.”

“But you don’t have enough material—”

“I’ll be ready.”

Paris looked at her husband. “Jimmy,” she said quietly. “That’s a lot of pressure.”

“I’ll be fine.” He gave her a pointed look, and she shut up.

After they finished eating, Zoe remained in the kitchen while Jimmy carried Paris’s weekend bag to the car.

“I don’t have to go to Vancouver, you know,” she said to him. “I can stay.”

“No, I want you to go.” Jimmy spoke decisively as he put the bag in the trunk. “I know you’ve been looking forward to getting out of here for a few days. Don’t worry, I got stuff to keep me busy. I got that charity thing on Saturday night, and I’m going to try out some of the new jokes.”

“Jimmy,” she said, “I don’t feel right leaving you alone.”

He lifted her chin and looked right into her eyes. “I’ll be here when you get back. I promise. I love you. Drive safe, okay?”

They looked at each other a while longer. Jimmy wasn’t handsome, not exactly. He looked his age, his face full of the lines and creases that told the stories of his life. But it never mattered. She was attracted to his kindness, and his acceptance. Unlike every other man Paris had known, Jimmy Peralta had never asked her for anything.

Except, of course, to sign that airtight, nonnegotiable prenup. Whatever the police are thinking she did, at least they can't say she did it for the money.

CHAPTER FIVE

Dinner in the holding cell is a sandwich and an apple. The small Honeycrisp is fine. The sandwich is two slices of white Wonder Bread, a slice of ham, a Kraft single, and a swipe of mustard.

Paris examines it. No mold, no strange spots; it's safe to eat. If she learned one thing growing up, it was to never, ever take food for granted. As a kid, a sandwich like this would have been a treat. She takes a bite. It tastes like her childhood.

Her new cellmates, however, are less than thrilled with their meal.

"What is this?" one of them says, poking through the brown paper bag. "I wouldn't feed this shit to my dog."

"Disgusting," the other one agrees. "I can't eat this."

Oh, the privilege of being a picky eater. Jimmy liked aged tenderloin, hand-picked truffles, and sushi so fresh the hook was still in it. Paris, on the other hand, was considerably less discerning. Cheddar in the fridge too long? Scrape off the green bits. Bread's gone stale? Toast it. If you were hungry as a child, you never really get over it. The idea of wasting food makes Paris feel physically ill.

There was a shift change before dinner, and the officer now in charge is an older man with heavy footsteps and a wheeze. The keys jangling on his belt serve as warning bells for his imminent appearance at the bars, and all three women look up when they hear him approaching.

"My lawyer here?" one of her cellmates calls out. "Because I need to get the fuck home. I got kids."

"It's her lawyer." The officer points to Paris. "And you shoulda thought about your kids before you assaulted your neighbor."

"Allegedly."

"Peralta," he says, "you getting up or what?"

Paris moves toward the bars as her cellmates talk in low voices about her. They were brought in separately for unrelated reasons, but the two women recognized each other right away. It turns out they move in similar social circles, and they both dated a guy named Dexter, who they agree is a

loser. But now they're tittering about Paris, and their continuous snark mixed with cackles of laughter makes her think of the two hecklers, Statler and Waldorf, from *The Muppet Show*.

"... killed her husband..."

"... gold-digging ho, but I respect that..."

"... I do like those slippers, though..."

"... Netflix show is funny as shit..."

"... not Netflix, it's on Quan..."

Elsie finally appears, looking worn. The bright skirt and blouse have been replaced by leggings and a tunic top, and she looks like she's had a longer day than Paris has. She passes a white paper bag through the bars.

"I brought you a late supper. I can't stay long."

"They fed us already." Paris peers into the bag. Another sandwich, pulled pork on a freshly baked baguette from Fénix, the Cuban place in Elsie's neighborhood. "But this is much better. Thank you."

"That smells good," one of the Muppets says loudly. "Where's ours?"

Elsie glares at them with a look that could melt steel, then motions for Paris to come closer. She doesn't begin speaking until their faces are inches apart through the bars.

"I just got a look at the toxicology report." Elsie's tone is a hair above a whisper. "They found cocaine and amphetamines in Jimmy's system. Did you know he was using again?"

"No," Paris says, unable to conceal her shock. "Of course not."

"He was clean for seven years." Elsie's voice hitches. "I told Zoe months ago that the Quan deal might be too much pressure for him. She insisted he was fine."

"He did seem fine," Paris says. "But Elsie—" She hesitates.

"Spit it out. This is not the time to withhold anything from me."

"There was something going on with Jimmy's memory," Paris says. "He was starting to ... forget things. Not all the time. But every so often, he'd forget something completely random."

Elsie stares at her through the bars. "Example?"

"I once caught him staring at an orange for a whole minute. An *orange*. When I asked him what he was doing, he asked me what the name of the fruit was. Then he tried to laugh it off, saying he was just kidding around. When something similar happened a couple of weeks later, I said I was concerned. He got really angry and said he couldn't believe he married

someone who couldn't take a joke. It was the first time he ever spoke to me that way."

She was understating it. Jimmy hadn't just been angry, he'd been enraged. And mean. *Are you fucking kidding me right now? How can you be my fucking wife and not get that it's a joke? Either you're stupid, or you have zero sense of humor. I can't decide which is worse.*

"That wasn't anger, that was fear." Elsie sags against the bars. "He watched his mother waste away from Alzheimer's, not long after *The Prince of Poughkeepsie* ended. I don't know if you've known anyone with the disease, but the end stage is absolutely brutal. Jimmy was there every day during her final year. He always said his biggest nightmare was that the same thing would happen to him." She gives Paris a look. "Why didn't you take him to the doctor?"

"He wouldn't go," Paris says. "I made two appointments for him, and he canceled both without telling me. He finally promised to go once the second show was recorded, but when I reminded him, he brushed it off, saying he was too busy doing press. He told me I was turning into a nag and to get off his back. He got angry every time I brought it up."

"Why didn't you tell me?" It's clear from Elsie's controlled tone that she's furious. "He would have listened to me. I could have made him go."

Paris meets her gaze. "That's why he told me not to tell you. He was my husband, Elsie. What was I supposed to do?"

"You were supposed to watch out for him, is what," Elsie snaps. "That's the deal you make when you marry a man three decades older than you. You're supposed to give a shit that he's getting sick, and you're supposed to notice that he's using drugs again. For fuck's sake, Paris. How self-absorbed are you that you missed these things?"

Paris's face is hot. There's nothing she can say to this, because Elsie is right. She *has* been completely focused on herself the past few months, trying to figure out how to keep her own life from imploding. She wasn't paying attention to Jimmy's health. In fairness, neither was Zoe, but Zoe wasn't his wife.

"Your arraignment is tomorrow at ten," Elsie says. "That's when the prosecution has to show the judge they have probable cause to charge you. I'll give you a heads-up now—you will probably be charged. But so far everything they have is circumstantial, so it doesn't necessarily mean we're

going to trial. And trust me, with all the publicity, they can't afford to get it wrong."

"How bad is it? The publicity?"

"Considering you're all over the news, I'd say it's pretty bad. One of the junior associates texted me a picture from Instagram. It's a side-by-side of you and one of the Kardashians wearing the same furry slippers. You look guilty *and* rich, and that's a bad combination."

"It's not fur, it's feathers," Paris says, pointlessly.

"Eat your sandwich," Elsie says. "I'll be back in the morning. Remember, no talking. Especially not to Dumb and Dumber over there. Try to get some rest."

Paris isn't hungry, and she can't imagine how she'll fall asleep in here. Her cellmates are once again trading stories about their mutual ex-boyfriend, Dexter, who apparently smoked too much weed, cheated on them both, stole one woman's money, and crashed the other woman's car. What a prize.

She'd never had to worry about any of those things with Jimmy. He wasn't a taker; he gave. The day after they agreed to get married, they had a brutally honest conversation about money. Jimmy didn't want any surprises. He told Paris exactly how much she'd get if their marriage ended.

"Whatever happens, whether it's death or divorce, you'll get a million dollars flat," Jimmy said. "I'm not as rich as people seem to think, and I want you to know what you're walking into. A lot of my money went to bad investments, a shady manager, up my nose, and in my arms."

A million sounded like a lot to Paris. It would pay off her condo and her car and provide a nest egg for retirement. She'd still have to work, and that was fine. It just seemed weird to be in a relationship where a prenup was even necessary. Because he's nosy, Henry had Zillow'd Jimmy's house as soon as Paris began dating him. The "Zestimate" was around seven million because of the location and the views. She understood why Jimmy would want to protect himself.

"I've been burned before," Jimmy said. "Four wives. Three rehabs. The bankruptcy in the eighties. Shit, we don't need to rehash, you know all this. Elsie put the prenup together after wife number two. So it's kind of, you know, boilerplate. But it protected my dumb ass when the last two marriages went south."

"We don't have to get married, you know," Paris said. "I'm fine on my own. I've been taking care of myself my whole life."

“I know you have.” He touched her face. “But I figure I got twenty years left, and if I’m lucky, at least ten of them will be good. I want to spend them with you. What can I say? I like being married.”

She kissed his hand.

Jimmy leaned forward, his blue eyes piercing hers. “But I want you with *me*, kid. *Me*. Not the Prince of Poughkeepsie—”

“Never seen it.”

“Or the Vegas guy—”

“Never been.”

“Or the winner of thirteen Emmys, a Golden Globe, an Oscar nom—”

“Awards are overrated.”

He finally laughed. “I get it. You really don’t give a shit. And that’s what I dig about you.”

“Send me the paperwork,” Paris said. “I’m a realist, I know this might not last. But tell me when you want to get married, because I’ll need to find coverage for my classes.”

She signed the prenup, but it didn’t take long before she began to suspect that Jimmy actually had more money than he’d let on. His insistence on her quarter-of-a-million-dollar wedding ring was the first clue. But then as a wedding gift, he paid off the balance of the mortgage on her condo, encouraging her to rent it out and bank the income. And then he bought her a Tesla, a pair of diamond stud earrings, and a Birkin bag. He had money. And after signing with Quan, he had a whole lot more.

She never did ask him about it. Everybody was entitled to their secrets, and if she demanded to know his, he might demand to know hers. She’d lived a couple of different lives before the one she shared with Jimmy. And both those lives had ended with someone murdered.

And now here she is again.

You can run all the way from Toronto, away from the dead bodies and into a whole new life with a whole new name, and it still doesn’t matter. Because while you can reinvent yourself, you can’t outrun yourself. As a woman once reminded her a long time ago, the common denominator in all the terrible things that have happened to you is *you*.

Everywhere you go, there you are.

CHAPTER SIX

When Paris wakes up the next morning, Statler and Waldorf are gone, and so is her Cuban sandwich.

A new person is huddled in the corner where the Muppets used to be, her small body drowning in an oversize hoodie pulled up and over her forehead. It's hard to tell if her eyes are open or closed. Either way, she doesn't acknowledge Paris, and that's fine, because Paris is in no mood to talk. The problem with falling asleep is that when you wake up, you get a fresh dose of reality.

Jimmy is dead.

The pain threatens to stab its way in, and she needs to move her body before it can pierce too deeply. She stands up and practices a simple sun salutation flow to stretch her muscles and get the blood flowing, which will help clear her head. Beginning with *tadasana*, also known as mountain pose, the flow normally takes ten minutes. She completes all the postures except for upward and downward dog, which would require her to place her hands on the floor. Instead, she opts to finish with *malasana*, garland pose, which is a full squat with her hands in prayer position. It feels good, so she stays here for a while, creating space in her spine and allowing her hips and groin to open up. When she's ready, she stands up slowly, then takes a seat back on the bench. She closes her eyes, breathing in through the nose and out through the mouth. Inhale, exhale. *Namaste*.

"I knew it was you," a voice says from the corner. Paris opens her eyes. Her cellmate has uncurled herself, but her face is still obscured. "I used to be a member of your studio back when you were in Fremont, before you changed locations."

"Oh." Paris isn't sure what to say to this. Ocean Breath has had thousands of members over the years, and she can't exactly say *nice to see you again* if she has no idea who the woman is. Also, it's not like they're bumping into each other at the coffee shop. "That's ... great."

"I saw the video of your arrest." The woman pushes the hood off her face. "Did you do it?"

Paris jolts at the sight of her. She remembers the woman. Charlotte ... something. She attended class every Saturday morning for a couple of years at the original location, just as she said. In her current state, Charlotte is almost unrecognizable. One of her eyes is swollen purple, there's a bandage on her cheek, and her upper lip is split. She didn't trip and fall. She didn't get into a fender bender. Someone beat this woman, and badly. Paris knows how she feels, and she knows it must hurt like hell to even talk.

"Are you okay?" Paris asks, concerned. "You should be in the hospital."

"I'm fine," Charlotte says. "It looks worse than it feels."

Paris is familiar with this line, having used it herself many times in the past. "What happened?"

"I killed my husband last night."

"Don't say that." Alarmed, Paris glances up at the camera.

"I don't care, I already gave my statement." Charlotte leans back against the wall and gives the camera a little wave. "It was self-defense. Nigel beat the shit out of me for years, but last night, when he went after our daughter, I did what I had to do. I don't regret it, and I'd do it again."

Paris crosses the cell and takes a seat beside Charlotte on the bench. "How did you kill him?" she asks in a low voice.

Charlotte looks at Paris with her one good eye. "He was beating on me, but when he hit Olivia, I just ... snapped. I pushed him without even thinking. He fell backward down the stairs. Broke his neck." Her eyes are moist. "I didn't mean to kill him, I just wanted him to stop. But I'm not sad he's dead. It was always going to end with one of us in a casket. I just wish my daughter hadn't seen it, you know? I'm worried it's going to mess her up when she's older."

"How old is she?"

"Six."

"There's a good chance she won't remember," Paris says. "At this age, their minds are so malleable. Just tell Olivia every day that you love her, that it's not her fault, and that she's a good girl. Over time, she'll understand that you slayed a monster. For her."

A small smile, followed by a wince. Charlotte's lip is still raw. "You must have slayed a monster yourself at some point. That, or you have kids."

"I don't have kids," Paris says. "But I remember what it was like to be a kid. And these were the things I would have wanted to hear."

The woman nods, her tears beginning to flow freely, though she makes no sound. Paris understands this, too. It's always best to cry silently, so you don't make things worse. *Stop those fucking tears God I hate your face when you cry.*

They both turn their heads as an officer appears at the cell.

"Peralta," he says, unlocking the door. "You're being transferred to the courthouse. Your lawyer will meet you there."

"Good luck," Charlotte says, and touches Paris's arm.

"You too," Paris says.

They'll both need it.

The elevator ride is quick, and this time they go up instead of down, stopping a few floors above the main level. There's a walkway that connects the jail to the courthouse, and since Paris's wrists are cuffed, the officer holds her elbow as they pass through.

When they arrive on the other side, Elsie is waiting. No tropical colors for the older woman today. For her court appearance, the lawyer has chosen a pinstriped navy skirt and matching jacket paired with a crisp white blouse. Standing beside her is an attractive young woman in a dark pantsuit, platinum hair in a sleek bun, holding a Nordstrom bag. This must be the junior associate Elsie mentioned the day before. The young woman appraises Paris through her trendy, oversized glasses.

"This is Hazel," Elsie says.

The two women shake hands, and Hazel hands Paris the bag. "I couldn't go into your house to get you anything from your closet, but your friend Henry gave me your sizes. You should find everything you need to freshen up in here."

Elsie fingers a lock of Paris's hair and grimaces. "Did you bring her a hair elastic, too?" she asks Hazel.

"Oh, I didn't think—"

"Give her the one in your hair."

The young associate takes out her bun and hands over the elastic without argument. The officer escorts Paris to a nearby bathroom. Once alone, she carefully peels off the bloodstained butterfly bandage from her forehead, then rinses her face and brushes her teeth. In the bag, she finds a hairbrush with the price tag still on it, and does her best to comb out the tangles in her hair before securing it in a loose bun with Hazel's elastic. She

then locks herself in a stall and sprays her armpits generously with deodorant before putting on her new outfit. Hazel has great taste. The conservative knee-length dress is dove gray and a perfect fit. The modest heels are less comfortable for someone who spends most of her day barefoot, but they'll do. At the bottom of the bag, she finds a brand-new lipstick. She has the same one at home. The shade is called "Orgasm," a bold name for a universally flattering color. She swipes it on her lips and then, impulsively, dabs a little on her cheeks.

When she comes back out of the bathroom, Elsie nods her approval. With Hazel in tow, they make their way over to the assigned courtroom, where the lawyer pauses just outside the double doors.

"Whatever happens in there, do not react." Elsie's voice is low and firm. "You are quiet, you are serious, you are well-mannered, and you are sad because your husband just died. Got it?"

Paris nods. She doesn't have to pretend, because she is all those things.

The security guard opens the door. The courtroom is packed, every seat in the spectator area full. It doesn't look anything like the fictional New York City courtrooms Paris sees on TV, which always appear so opulent, with ornately carved wood and high ceilings. This courtroom is modern and understated, with mid-toned paneling and natural light.

All eyes are on her as she heads down the aisle with Elsie, who keeps a hand on her elbow until the three of them reach the table on the left side of the courtroom. On the other side is the prosecutor's table, where a man in a well-tailored suit glances over with an expression of mild interest. Quiet conversations hum from all different directions behind them.

Elsie leans in to talk to Paris. "There's been a new development that the prosecutor believes will cement their argument for probable cause. They won't tell me what it is, but if there's anything at all you haven't told me yet, now is the time."

There's a lot Paris hasn't told Elsie, but now is definitely not the time. "You already know everything."

"Good." Elsie squeezes her arm.

Paris and Hazel sit quietly while Elsie reads over her notes. The judge isn't here yet, so Paris turns around for a quick scan of the courtroom. She has no idea who all these people are, but their conversations pause briefly at the sight of her face. She spots Detective Kellogg at the very back. A few rows away, she sees Henry and waves. The sight of her friend and business

partner helps loosen the knot in her stomach, but it tightens again when she catches a glimpse of frizzy brown hair that could only belong to Zoe Moffatt. She and Jimmy's assistant make eye contact briefly before the other woman averts her gaze.

"All rise." The bailiff's voice projects through the wall-mounted speakers.

The room falls silent, and everyone stands as the judge enters. Paris works to settle herself. She can't let her mind disconnect today. The prosecutor is about to publicly accuse her of murdering her husband, and everyone sitting behind her is here for the show.

The judge's robes are black and flowy, which does resemble what she's seen on TV. Paris can't help but think that this would make a perfect ripped-from-the-headlines episode of *Law & Order: SVU*. Ice-T and Mariska Hargitay are sitting in the back of the courtroom, waiting to see if the dead celebrity's trophy wife will be officially charged with murder. Diane Keaton could guest star as Elsie. Ed Harris could play Jimmy in flashbacks. And the role of Paris Peralta could be played by ...

She feels a pinch on her elbow.

"Wherever you are," her lawyer hisses, "come back to earth. *Now.*"

"Be seated," the judge says tersely, and they all sit.

The judge speaks to her bailiff, one hand covering the thin microphone in front of her. Judge Eleanor Barker is in her early fifties with bright ginger hair, and she looks stern but not unkind. A full minute passes as she skims the folder the bailiff has given her. Finally, she turns her attention to the prosecutor's table.

"You're up," the judge says.

The prosecutor stands, fastening the button on his suit jacket. "Nico Salazar for the prosecution, Your Honor." He's younger than Paris originally thought, a trim man with perfectly styled black hair. "We believe Paris Peralta should be charged with murder in the first degree for the death of her husband, James Peralta. The cause of death is exsanguination due to a laceration to the femoral artery. We believe his murder was made to look like a suicide, but Jimmy Peralta had no reason to end his own life. He just filmed two comedy specials where he earned fifteen million dollars each, and he was in contract negotiations for a third. We believe Paris Peralta murdered her husband for his money."

Beside her, Elsie snorts. The judge turns to her. "Counselor?"

Paris's lawyer stands. "Elsie Dixon, Your Honor, defense counsel for Mrs. Peralta. Nothing Mr. Salazar said here is true. What happened to Jimmy Peralta is tragic, but it's not murder. My client is not set to inherit anything but a boilerplate sum of money specified in the same prenuptial agreement that Mr. Peralta asked his last two wives to sign. While it's a significant sum at one million dollars, it's nowhere near enough to keep my client in the lifestyle she enjoyed during the marriage. With her husband dead, Mrs. Peralta's financial circumstances will not be enough to keep her in her marital home indefinitely. The monthly upkeep alone exceeds her current income."

Elsie told her not to react, but it takes a Herculean effort for Paris to hide her shock. She knew a million dollars wouldn't be enough to allow her to continue living as she'd been living, but it never occurred to her that if Jimmy died, she'd be homeless. The condo she owns is currently rented, and the tenants have a year to go on their lease. If Paris can't afford to continue living in the house, where is she supposed to go?

Then again, they don't charge you rent in prison.

"In addition," Elsie continues, "having known Jimmy Peralta personally for fifty years, I can attest to his struggles with addiction and depression. He's had multiple trips to rehab, has overdosed twice, and attempted suicide once before. The toxicology report shows he started using drugs again. He was also experiencing memory lapses, which we believe would have negatively affected his mental health. We can provide medical records for all of this, Your Honor. As difficult as this is to say, we do believe Jimmy Peralta died by suicide."

There's a low buzz in the courtroom. The judge turns back to the prosecutor. "Mr. Salazar?"

"Until we can confirm what state of health Jimmy Peralta was in at the time of his death, here's what we do know." Salazar speaks confidently. "Jimmy Peralta was clean and sober for seven years. While there were drugs found in his system, the tox report cannot determine whether there was regular use of illegal narcotics, or even that he ingested those drugs willingly —"

"Which also means there's nothing to support that he *didn't* take them willingly," Elsie fires back.

"—so it's possible that Mrs. Peralta either encouraged her husband to use, or forced him—"

“Your Honor, I can stand here and make up wild theories, too,” Elsie says, her arms extended in disbelief. “This is ridiculous.”

The judge raises a hand. “Stick to the facts, Mr. Salazar.”

The prosecutor nods and makes a show of checking his notes. “Mr. Peralta was right-handed. The slash to his right inner thigh that ultimately severed his femoral artery doesn’t fit with a self-induced right-handed slash —”

“Your Honor, Mr. Peralta was diagnosed with a benign tremor in his right hand last year, which made it difficult for him to grip things,” Elsie interrupts. “He was learning how to use his left hand for many things. We have medical records for this, too.”

Salazar ignores her. “And when the police arrived, Mrs. Peralta was in the bathroom with her husband, who was lying dead in a tub filled with his own blood. She had the murder weapon—a straight razor—in her hand. And when asked if she killed her husband, she uttered three words: *I don’t remember.*”

Behind her, the buzzing in the courtroom grows louder. The judge smacks her gavel. *Bang.* But the prosecutor still isn’t finished.

“Last, we’ve just learned that Paris Peralta is set to inherit a significant sum of money. While the prenuptial agreement was still in place at the time of Mr. Peralta’s murder, he updated his last will and testament six weeks ago.” Nico Salazar holds up a document. “In keeping with his philanthropic nature, thirty percent of his estate will be left to various charities he supported. Five million dollars will go to his assistant, Zoe Moffatt—”

A gasp from the back. Paris doesn’t need to turn around to know that it’s Zoe.

“—and another five million is directed to Elsie Dixon, the defendant’s lawyer.”

Beside Paris, there’s a sharp intake of breath.

“The remaining amount, which makes up more than half of Jimmy Peralta’s estate,” Salazar says, his cadence slowing down just a notch, “is to go to his wife, Paris Aquino Peralta. This is a considerably larger amount than the boilerplate sum Ms. Dixon was referring to earlier.”

The buzzing in the courtroom starts up again. As instructed, Paris does her best not to react. The prosecutor seems to be implying that Paris will inherit more than she originally thought, but half of Jimmy’s estate is ...

what? She doesn't know what Jimmy was worth, and there's no way to do the math without the numbers.

Again, the judge reaches for her gavel. *Bang.*

"I don't know what document Mr. Salazar is looking at," Elsie says, shaking her head in disgust, "but as the attorney who personally drafted Jimmy Peralta's last will and testament, I can say that Mr. Salazar is absolutely incorrect. The amount Mrs. Peralta is set to receive upon her husband's death is the exact same amount specified in the prenup. One million dollars, no more, no less."

"As I said, Your Honor, this is a new will." Salazar holds it up again. "It was drafted by a different firm than Ms. Dixon's, and it supersedes everything before it."

"May I see it?" Elsie is annoyed.

"I'd like to see it, too," the judge says.

"We've made copies for you both."

Salazar hands two documents to the bailiff, who brings one to the judge. The other he hands to Elsie, who puts on her reading glasses. A few minutes pass as both women scan the document. Paris glances over at Elsie, but the lawyer's face gives nothing away.

"What is the current value of Jimmy Peralta's estate?" The judge directs her question to Salazar.

"The estimate is eighty million, Your Honor." The prosecutor pauses and clears his throat. "Which means that Paris Peralta is set to inherit approximately forty-six million dollars. Give or take a million."

Paris's jaw drops.

Behind her, the courtroom erupts, louder than all the previous times. The judge bangs her gavel, asking for order, but the noise begins to drift away as Paris attempts to understand what she just heard.

Jimmy was worth *eighty million*? That can't be right. If it is, that means Jimmy was already worth tens of millions *before* his comeback. While she did suspect that Jimmy actually had more money than he was telling her, she never imagined it would be this much. It was one thing for her husband to underestimate his net worth, and a whole other thing to blatantly lie about being filthy stinking rich.

Zoe's dry voice floats into her head. *Optics, Paris.*

This is a disaster.

"Anything to say, Ms. Dixon?" the judge asks.

Elsie's face is stone. "No, Your Honor."

The judge looks directly at Paris, taking off her own reading glasses. "Paris Peralta, please stand."

Paris stands. On either side of her, Elsie and Hazel stand, too.

"Paris Peralta, you are charged with murder in the first degree in the death of James Peralta. How do you plead?"

The courtroom is quiet. Paris doesn't realize she hasn't answered until she feels Elsie's elbow in her ribs.

"Not guilty," she says, her voice faint.

"We request remand, Your Honor," Nico Salazar says. "Mrs. Peralta is obviously a flight risk. She's a very wealthy woman who has friends with private jets."

Jesus Christ. That was *one* friend, and it was Jimmy's friend, who sure as shit won't be lending Paris his G280 if he actually thinks she murdered his buddy.

"We request reasonable bail, Your Honor." The wind has been knocked out of Elsie, and the strength in her voice sounds forced. "My client cannot inherit anything from her husband's estate if she's found responsible for his death, and any funds she's entitled to receive will be withheld until she's acquitted. That being said, there's no reason Mrs. Peralta can't await trial at home, where she can be monitored by ankle bracelet. She will surrender her passport."

"Bail is set at five million, cash or bond."

Bang.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Unlike what Paris has seen on TV, you can't just get in the car and go home because the judge says you can. Calls must be made, funds must be transferred, paperwork must be signed.

It takes the rest of the day for her to arrange the bail amount. She doesn't have five million dollars of assets she can guarantee to the court, so her only choice is to pay a bond company a 10 percent premium, which she'll never get back. Her condo—for which she has clear title, thanks to Jimmy—is worth around seven hundred thousand. Her bank allows her to borrow against 80 percent of that, so she's able to transfer half a million dollars directly to the bond company.

The jeweler agrees to buy back her wedding ring for half of what Jimmy paid for it, and the car dealership will take back the Tesla for 15 percent less than the current blue book value. She doesn't have to sell either just yet, but it may very well come to that if her legal situation isn't resolved in the next few months. If her calculations are correct, she'll be right back to where she was financially when she met Jimmy.

It feels strangely full circle.

And after all this, Paris can't even go home. The house on Queen Anne Hill is a crime scene, and there's no word on when it will be released. A married couple with a baby is living in her condo. Henry offers her his spare bedroom, but he and Brent live in a very small house, and the quickest way to ruin a friendship is to impose.

Luckily, the Emerald Hotel is only ten minutes away from the courthouse. Elsie drives her over and doesn't speak to her at all until they get there. When she finally does say something, her tone is clipped.

“Jimmy's corporation has an account with the Emerald.” Elsie doesn't pull up to the front doors of the boutique luxury hotel. Instead, she drives to the back of the building and parks her Mercedes right in front of the doors designated for deliveries. A tall, thin man dressed in a green blazer with the hotel's insignia appears to be waiting for them. “You can stay here as long as you need to. It's all been arranged.”

“Elsie, you have to know I didn’t make Jimmy change his will,” Paris says as they both get out of the car. Out of habit, she reaches for her purse, only to remember she doesn’t have it with her. She doesn’t have anything. “We never talked about money. Could we all ... contest it somehow?”

“Why would any of us contest it?” Elsie looks at her, and it’s clear Paris just asked the world’s stupidest question. “You inherit, I inherit, Zoe inherits. Jimmy had no children and no other family than you, so there’s no one to contest the will, because we all benefit.”

“But I never even knew how much he—”

“We’ll discuss it later.”

The manager of the Emerald greets them with a frosty smile, offering them both a cold, limp handshake. Paris has met him before, when she and Jimmy spent a week in the hotel’s Rainier Suite while they had their hardwood floors refinished. He’d been warm and accommodating then. Now he seems ... put out.

“It will be a few more minutes for the room.” The manager leads them down a hallway to a small office with a plate on the door that reads THOMAS MANNION, GENERAL MANAGER. With his small, round, gold-rimmed glasses and his elbows resting on the table, hands in prayer position, Mannion reminds Paris of the villain in the first Indiana Jones movie, the one whose face melted at the end. His long fingers tap together. “Had we been given more notice, the room would have been ready for your arrival. Might you have some idea of how long you’ll be staying?”

“Mrs. Peralta will be here at least a few days,” Elsie says. “We certainly appreciate your ability to accommodate our last-minute request.”

A fake smile flickers across the manager’s face and then disappears.

Elsie turns to her. “I asked Zoe to make sure you’ll have everything you need. Do not leave the hotel for any reason. Stay in your room at all times. And don’t forget this.” She hands Paris a small plastic bag.

Paris is amazed that Zoe would be willing to help with anything. “But when are you and I going to talk?”

“I’ll call you later.” Elsie gives her a look that shuts her up. The manager is three feet away, and he’s not even pretending not to listen. “In the meantime, have a shower, order room service, take a nap. And remember—”

“I know. Don’t talk to anyone.”

There’s a soft ping. Mannion checks his phone.

“Your room is ready,” he announces. “Mrs. Peralta, if you’ll follow me.”

Paris says goodbye to Elsie and wonders if she should start looking for a new lawyer. The woman is so angry with her that it’s hard to imagine she’ll be back.

The manager escorts her to an elevator reserved for staff. The true depth of Mannion’s dislike for her becomes clear once they reach her room. Which turns out to be the Rainier Suite.

It looks exactly the same as it did the last time she was here. Fourteen hundred square feet, nine-foot ceilings, with a foyer, two bedrooms, two bathrooms, a living room, a dining room, and a fully stocked bar. Floor-to-ceiling windows showcase perfect views of the snowcapped mountain the suite is named after. A gigantic basket of fruit is on the coffee table, and beside it are several shopping bags and a large cardboard box.

The only thing missing is Jimmy.

“This is way more than I need,” Paris says. “I’d really be fine with a smaller room.”

“Ms. Moffatt requested an upgrade to the same suite you and your husband stayed in the last time, to ensure your optimum comfort.” The manager’s voice is flat. “We were happy to honor that request. All of us here at the Emerald are—were—huge fans of your husband.”

She waits for him to offer some kind of obligatory condolences, but he doesn’t. Instead, he plucks a business card from his breast pocket and sets it on the foyer table.

“Jimmy Peralta was a loyal, valued guest of our hotel,” Mannion says. “If there’s anything you need, you may contact me personally. As Ms. Dixon mentioned, it’s best you stay in the suite at all times, so as not to attract the attention of the other guests. It also makes it easier for my staff to ensure your safety.” He glances down at her ankle, where the little light on her monitoring bracelet is flashing green. “We hope you’re not here too long.”

Polite rudeness is a difficult skill to master, she’ll give him that. As soon as he leaves, she presses the button for the electronic DO NOT DISTURB sign and engages the deadbolt.

The plastic bag Elsie handed her in the manager’s office holds a wall charger and an extra battery from the GPS monitoring company. She plugs it into the living room wall, then plops down on the sofa with a heavy sigh. It feels good to sit on something not made entirely of metal, but the ugly black

band around her ankle feels strange. She can only take it off for fifteen minutes a day to shower, and the mere thought of constantly having it on makes her skin itch. If Jimmy were here, he'd say something funny, make some kind of joke to lighten her mood.

She looks over at the door, half expecting him to be there. It feels like he could let himself in at any minute, wearing his palm-tree swim trunks, a towel around his neck, his hair wet from the hotel pool as he tosses his key card onto the table. *Babe, hurry up. The breakfast buffet ends in thirty minutes, and they got an omelet station.*

The sadness radiates throughout Paris's whole body, filling her up and hollowing her out at the same time. She might feel some relief if she could just cry, but the tears refuse to come. *You don't stop with that baby shit I swear to God I'm going to punch you in the face.*

She breaks off a banana from the basket and pokes through the shopping bags Zoe has left for her while she eats it. She has to admit, Jimmy's assistant has come through. She bought Paris a new iPhone, still in the box, with her new cell number scrawled on a sticky note. There are also T-shirts, leggings, pajamas, underwear, and all her regular toiletries and skincare products. She even went to the post office and picked up Jimmy's fan mail, which is what's in the large cardboard box.

Everything but the fan mail is great.

Paris is confused. Zoe was the one who called her a murderer and screamed for the police to arrest her. So what the hell is all this? An apology?

She hears a soft *ping* coming from the box with her new iPhone in it. Zoe must have set it up already, which shouldn't surprise her, because this is the exact kind of thing Jimmy paid her to do. Her job was to anticipate Jimmy's needs, and now she's doing the same for Paris.

She plucks the phone out of the box. There's one new text message.

Hi Paris. I hope you have everything you need. I know I made things worse yesterday, and I am so sorry. Jimmy would be disappointed in me. Please call or text me anytime if there's anything I can do for you. I'm still on the payroll, and Jimmy would want me to help you. Stay strong.—Zoe

Aha. Finally, that explains it.

Zoe, who's technically an employee of Jimmy's corporation, doesn't want to lose her job. After all, she can't get her five million dollars until the will is probated, and Elsie explained that won't happen until after the trial. In

the meantime, she still has bills to pay, and she must think Paris has some kind of say in her employment. She'd be wrong. Paris has never been involved in any part of her husband's business, and she has no idea what will happen to Jimmy's corporation now that he's gone.

But Zoe doesn't know that.

Paris starts typing, then rereads her text to make sure it's worded exactly right. Short and sweet. She hits send and allows herself a small smile. Oh, this feels good.

Hi Zoe. Thanks for the phone. You're fired.

After a room-service dinner and a long, hot shower, Paris puts on her new pajamas and turns on the TV in the living room. She's managed to avoid the television up until now, but she's too tired to read and too anxious to sleep. A movie might take her mind off things. She flips quickly past the news stations, afraid she'll see herself, only to realize that it's not just the news she needs to worry about.

It's Kimmel.

Despite her brain screaming at her not to watch, Paris stops on *Jimmy Kimmel Live!* and turns up the volume. The talk show host—her Jimmy's favorite Jimmy—is showing the audience Paris's arrest video from TikTok as part of his monologue. It looks even worse than she feared, especially when Kimmel freezes the video and zooms in on her slippers, with their stupid pink feathers blowing around in the breeze.

“Three hundred dollars for a pair of *Fraggle Rock* slippers,” Kimmel crows. “That’s *insane*. If a crime has been committed, it’s on the ostriches who are walking around naked.”

Big laughs from the audience. The irony is, Jimmy would have found the joke hilarious. Things like this never bothered him. *It's a compliment when they roast you. It means they give a shit.* If that's true, then Paris is a few days away from being a *Saturday Night Live* skit.

She turns off the TV and looks out the window. The lights of the city are pretty, but the view is nowhere near as nice as the one she has at home. It's too dark to see Mount Rainier in the distance, but it's comforting to know that it's there. Just like Jimmy used to be.

“I'll be here when you get back,” he'd said to her a few days ago, the morning before she left for Vancouver.

There is so much she regrets.

Earlier that morning, she had caught Jimmy trying to shave with one of his straight razors. She was immediately upset, because the benign tremor in his right hand had worsened, and they'd agreed a year ago that it was best to switch to an electric shaver, or at least safety razors. But there he was, the stubborn ass, attempting to drag a goddamned straight razor across his throat with a shaky hand.

They'd gotten into a nasty argument. Paris had yelled at him, asking if he had a death wish, which of course was a terrible choice of words, in hindsight. Jimmy yelled back, accusing her of trying to change him, saying that she had forced him to do something he never wanted to do, and that she was treating him like a child. He told her to get the fuck off his back.

Twenty minutes later, when they both cooled off, Jimmy apologized. As a peace offering, Paris offered to shave him. It turned out to be a surprisingly intimate experience for them both. She had never shaved anyone before, and the straight razor was beautiful, one of several Jimmy owned. The one he was trying to use that morning had been a gift from Elsie the day he finished shooting the final episode of *The Prince of Poughkeepsie*. The inscription on the blade read: IT'S A CUTTHROAT BUSINESS, BUT YOU SLAYED IT. LOVE, E.

The blade was steel, but the handle was wood, and it warmed in Paris's hand the longer she held it. She skimmed the blade lightly across Jimmy's throat, and the little scraping sound it made was satisfying. And then he asked her about Canada.

"Are you looking forward to your trip?" he said, looking up at her, his blue eyes bright.

Her hand jerked then, and she nicked him. It could have been worse.

She could have sliced his jugular.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Paris is jittery enough, but she pours herself a second cup of coffee anyway from the small carafe that room service brought with her breakfast. It's time to open the box of Jimmy's fan mail, and while she's dreading it, it has to be done.

The fact that he still receives so much snail mail is a testament to the median age of his fan base. When she first met Jimmy, he was only receiving a few letters a week. But once the first comedy special started streaming, the post office told Zoe that her boss would need to rent a bigger PO box.

"You know, you wouldn't get so much mail if you'd just let me set you up with Facebook and Twitter," Zoe had said a couple of months back.

The three of them were working through all his letters, one by one. They had a system: Paris would open the letters and read them out loud. Jimmy would sign a 5x7 black-and-white headshot with a Sharpie, his signature illegible due to the tremor. Zoe would address the return envelope, pop the photo in, and seal it. They would work like this until Jimmy's hand started cramping, but he enjoyed it.

"You wouldn't even have to do anything," Zoe said. "I'll manage all your accounts."

"I'm an old dog with old tricks," Jimmy said. "And my fans are as old as me. They don't give a shit if I'm on social media, so why should I?"

"Uh, because of your *new* fans?" Zoe, exasperated, turned to Paris for help. "Is that not the *entire* point of doing a streaming deal? Come on, Paris, tell him."

Paris shrugged and opened the next letter. She had no online profiles, either, so she was the last person to convince her sixty-eight-year-old husband to do anything. Jimmy could barely tolerate emails, and he despised texting.

"Kid, that's not the point at all," Jimmy said. "They're paying me money to tell jokes. I can't control what the fans like, and I learned a long time ago not to worry about it."

“Think about it, Zoe,” Paris said. “Do you really want Jimmy on Twitter? He’s impulsive enough with the things he says.”

“I’ll write all the tweets.” Zoe looked back and forth between them. “A Twitter account could help build Jimmy’s brand.”

“Nobody writes for Jimmy but Jimmy,” said Jimmy. “And my brand is I don’t want to be on fucking Twitter.”

Paris had come to like reading her husband’s fan mail, which provided a glimpse into the parts of Jimmy’s life that Paris was least familiar with—his work, the history of his work, his legacy. She once asked him how he knew it was time to walk away from show business. He told her that his creative well had run dry for several reasons: burnout, life stress, age, mental health challenges, nearly dying. But the biggest reason was that he got sober.

“The only thing that ever brought me joy was drugs,” Jimmy said.

“You’re not serious.”

“Wish I was, kid.”

He’d been clean for four years when they met, and he was committed to staying that way. He said he felt great ... but he missed being funny.

“I try to tell myself it’s okay,” he said with a shrug. “But I’d be lying if I said I didn’t miss it every goddamned day.”

“The drugs or the comedy?” she asked.

“Both. I’ve never had one without the other.”

Being funny—razor-sharp funny, the kind of funny that can make an audience double over with laughter while cringing at the same time, the kind of funny that hurts as much as it entertains—was Jimmy’s gift. The only thing he’d ever wanted to do was make people laugh.

According to friends who’d known him for decades, he’d always been hilarious. But the business of being funny was a whole different animal than just cracking your friends up at parties. The pressure of being “on” night after night, whether he felt like it or not, was hard. He started doing cocaine as a young comedian to give himself energy onstage and to make his brain work as fast as his mouth did. Some of his funniest milestone moments—his first appearance on *The Tonight Show Starring Johnny Carson*, for example—he was too high to even remember. At the height of his fame, he was taking cocaine and Adderall to perform, Xanax to calm down, Valium to sleep, and heroin just because it felt good. Without the drugs, the funny came slower, and the humor was diluted. And all his attempts to get clean,

with rehab and without, were followed by periods of depression that would last for months.

When he got clean for the last time, the funny was gone. He could still tell a good joke, but the thing that made Jimmy Peralta *Jimmy Peralta* had left the building.

And then it came back. By accident.

Jimmy always donated a lot of money to charity, and he was often invited to local events. A few months into their marriage, Paris went with him to a black-tie fundraising dinner at the Fairmont, where he was awarded a plaque for his generous contribution to a charity that supported mental health services in underserved neighborhoods. When he went onstage to accept it, he said a few words of thanks, then impulsively threw in a dirty joke about one of the presidential candidates ... and a donkey. The laughs and applause he'd received in the hotel ballroom that night buoyed him for days. And that's when it all began to change.

Someone caught the joke on video and uploaded it to Twitter, hashtagging it #ThePresidentsDonkey and #JimmyPeraltaLives. Within a day, it was retweeted over two hundred thousand times. Chrissy Teigen even tweet-quoted it with a cry-laugh emoji, saying "I fucking love you Jimmy Peralta."

And that's when he realized he might once again have something to say.

Over the next few weeks, he wrote some new jokes, testing them out on both Paris and Zoe, the two people he spent the most time with. The two women, who didn't agree on much, could agree on this: Jimmy Peralta was still very fucking funny, and the material he was writing was relevant to everything that was currently happening in the world.

When he had about twenty minutes' worth of material, he tried it out at a couple of local comedy clubs. Eventually, he was invited to perform at other venues across the US, even making a surprise appearance at the legendary Comedy Cellar in New York. Audiences loved this new Jimmy. He was older, yes, but he was also wiser, more sensitive, more self-aware, and somehow funnier in 2017 than he'd been twenty years earlier. The older fans were glad to see him back. The younger fans were delighted by his no-bullshit takes on politics. And Jimmy took shots at *everybody*, political affiliation be damned. A two-minute clip of one of his jokes about a democratic politician caught in an affair ended up on YouTube, where it garnered over twenty-five million views.

In early 2018, Netflix competitor Quan called, and that's when everything changed. Jimmy decided that at sixty-eight, he was ready for a comeback. Worse, he was doing it big. The first special was called *Jimmy Peralta Lives*. It debuted a couple of months ago to huge numbers, and cemented Jimmy as a star once again. The second one, scheduled for release in a few weeks, will be called *I Love You, Jimmy Peralta*.

There was publicity. Interviews. Their wedding photo made Page Six.

"This could be an opportunity for you to capitalize on, Paris," Zoe said. "People want to know who you are, too."

"No, they don't. I'm not famous."

"But you're famous-*adjacent*." Zoe thought for a moment, then perked up. "What if you started making short videos demonstrating yoga poses? I could get you a collaboration with an apparel company. You could have your own line of yoga wear."

Paris couldn't think of anything she wanted less. "No thanks."

The publicity wasn't all good. When the news got out that Jimmy's fifth wife was of Filipino descent, it rekindled some of the controversy from his past. A couple of weeks after the Quan deal was announced, TMZ unearthed an old stand-up video of Jimmy's from 1990. It showed the comedian making fun of Asians ... except "Asian" wasn't the term he used. A clip of the offensive joke was posted on TMZ's site, and was trending on Twitter within a few hours.

The next day, Paris made the mistake of answering a call on her cell from an unknown number. It turned out to be a journalist asking her how it felt to be married to a man who'd once made fun of Chinese people.

"I'm Filipino," Paris answered. "Do all Asians look the same to you?" Before he could answer, she hung up.

When she told Jimmy about it later, he laughed. Zoe was horrified.

"Jesus Christ, Jimmy, if you made that same joke today, you'd be canceled," Zoe said. "*Instantly*. You need to issue an apology. Right away."

"Don't you dare apologize," Paris said to Jimmy. "*Please* get canceled. Maybe then they'll leave us alone."

Jimmy did not get canceled. He referenced the old joke at the beginning of the first special, owning up to it in a way that was funny, yet still sensitive. People forgave him. They *wanted* Jimmy Peralta back. But it was only a matter of time before someone from Paris's old life saw photos of her in her new life.

The first blackmail letter arrived a month later.

Paris reaches for the cardboard box and opens it. Ripping off the tape, she begins pulling the letters out, a few at a time. A quarter of the way through, she sees it.

Lavender-colored, birthday-card-size, two Canadian stamps in the top-right corner, mailed all the way from the women's prison in Sainte-Élisabeth, Quebec. It's from an inmate currently serving a life sentence for the murder of her lover in the early nineties. Her name is Ruby Reyes, and the media back then had nicknamed her "the Ice Queen."

She's also the woman whose daughter Paris killed nineteen years ago.

CHAPTER NINE

Of all the people Paris thought might track her down, she never thought it would be Ruby Reyes.

But of course they have TVs in prison, with access to shows like *Entertainment Tonight*, and magazines like *People* and *Us Weekly*. Sainte-Élisabeth Institution is a women's correctional facility, not a bunker. The assumption that Ruby wouldn't be the one to find her was Paris's first mistake.

Her second mistake was not paying her.

When the first blackmail letter arrived, it was sitting innocently in the box with the rest of her husband's fan mail. Jimmy was busy signing photos, Zoe was sealing and stamping all the return envelopes, and neither of them noticed that Paris's heart nearly stopped when she plucked the lavender-colored envelope from the box and saw who the sender was. Neither did they notice when she slipped it under her shirt with shaking hands before excusing herself to go to the bathroom, where she locked the door, read the letter, tore everything into pieces, and flushed it all down the toilet.

Paris rips open the new envelope and pulls out a photo and a letter handwritten on matching lavender notepaper. It was dated a week ago, which means that when Ruby wrote and mailed it, Jimmy was still alive.

Dear Paris,

*I have to admit I've been disappointed every time the mail arrives and there's no response from you. I understand how famous Jimmy is, now more than ever, and he must receive mail from fans all over the world. I'm looking forward to watching his new comedy special on *Quan* as soon as I'm out of prison, once someone teaches me how to do it (ha ha).*

And yes, you read that correctly. After a whirlwind hearing filled with so much drama, the Parole Board of Canada has decided that I am no longer a danger to society. After twenty-five years in this hellhole, I'm being released from Sainte-Élisabeth at the end of this month.

In light of this wonderful change in circumstance, I think it makes sense to increase the original amount I requested. I'll need somewhere to live once I'm back in the regular world, and I've heard Toronto real estate is very expensive now. I feel an amount of three million dollars is appropriate for a fresh start.

I have several interviews lined up in the coming weeks, and what I say to those journalists will depend entirely on whether you've paid me what I'm owed. It's the least you can do, considering what you've taken from me.

In my next letter, I will send you the information for the bank account where you can wire the money.

*My warmest regards,
Ruby*

P.S. I sent you a photo. Thought you might like a reminder of the life you decided to destroy.

P.P.S. Perhaps, once our transaction is complete, you'll tell me the story of how you became Paris. In particular, I'm dying to know whose ashes are in the urn with your real name on it.

Paris drops the letter onto the coffee table. *No*. It can't be true. Ruby Reyes cannot actually be getting out of prison. The Ice Queen received a life sentence for the brutal murder of her wealthy, married lover, a crime that made headlines back in Toronto in the nineties. In what fucked-up world could someone like that make parole? And in what fucked-up world would any journalist want to hear what Ruby Reyes has to say about *anything*?

With shaking hands, Paris grabs her new iPhone. The woman is a liar, after all, and until she sees it for herself, she won't believe a word Ruby says. Opening Safari, she googles *Ruby Reyes Ice Queen Toronto*.

But, oh God, it's true. There it is, in the *Toronto Star*. Everything after the headline and first few sentences is behind a paywall, but there's enough of the article showing to confirm that Ruby isn't lying. They really are letting her out, and in all the ways Paris's mind permutated the possibilities of what might happen once she left Toronto, Ruby Reyes being released had never once occurred to her. The woman was convicted of first-degree murder. The Ice Queen was supposed to die in prison.

In her first letter, Ruby asked Paris for a million dollars. A few months ago, that had seemed utterly ridiculous. What does an inmate serving a life sentence need a million bucks for? How much can commissary snacks cost?

The only logical reason Paris could come up with for an ask like that was that Ruby wanted to fuck with her, to see if Paris would pay *something* to keep her quiet.

But now Ruby wants *three* million. And if Paris doesn't pay her, *everyone* will know who Paris really is. And it won't just be Jimmy's death she'll go down for.

The only thing worse than a murder charge? *Two* murder charges.

Paris closes her eyes and focuses on her breathing until she feels her heart rate beginning to slow. She reaches for the photo Ruby sent with the letter. Scrawled on the back in faded blue ink is *Humber Bay Park, Toronto, 1982. Joey's 3rd birthday.*

The greenish-tinted photo is a perfect square with rounded edges. Ruby Reyes is sitting with her daughter, Joey, at a picnic table covered with a red-and-white-checkered cloth. There's so much food—a bucket of Kentucky Fried Chicken, Styrofoam containers filled with bright green coleslaw and macaroni salad, a large bowl of white rice, a tray of fried *lumpia* with dipping sauce, and a cooler filled with cans of Tab and cream soda. There are also balloons, a birthday cake with three candles and pink icing, and a modest stack of brightly wrapped presents. Ruby's sister and brother-in-law are in the background, laughing.

Ruby and her little girl are wearing matching yellow sundresses, each of them eating one half of a banana Popsicle, the kind you could split apart and share. They're smiling at each other, their faces beaming with happiness in the sun. The love between mother and daughter in that moment is obvious, and it hurts Paris to look at it now. She runs a finger lightly over the little girl's sweet face. Joey was so small in this photo, which was taken in better times.

It wasn't like Paris planned to kill her. But neither was it an accident.

She places the photo back on the coffee table and brings the letter with her to the bathroom. Standing over the toilet, she rips it up into tiny pieces. It looks like purple confetti swirling around the bowl until it finally disappears.

Paris soaks a washcloth in cold water and presses it to her face, staring into the mirror. It was a risk not paying Ruby right after the first blackmail letter arrived. But she didn't have the money, and asking Jimmy for it was not an option. Instead, she'd tried to fix things on her own, but her plan to retrieve the urn filled with the ashes that everyone assumes are hers did not go as she'd hoped.

If she doesn't pay Ruby the money, all her secrets will come out.

She's worked so hard to shed her old identity and become Paris. Most days, it feels like she's succeeded, that she has reinvented herself. But at night, in her dreams, it's nineteen years ago, and she's back in Toronto, in that dingy basement apartment with the checkerboard floors, staring at the ravaged body and bloody face of the young woman who was her best friend, her eyes pleading and desperate, her voice raspy and weak.

She had begged at the end.

Please, she had whispered. *Please*.

Paris walks back out to the living room and picks up the photo once again. She thought she'd left this picture behind on the night of the fire, the night she stepped out of one life and into another.

She thought she'd left this photo to burn, along with the girl in the urn.

PART TWO

What a life to take, what a bond to break, I'll be missing you
—PUFF DADDY AND FAITH EVANS, FEATURING 112

CHAPTER TEN

RUBY REYES, #METOO VICTIM, HAS BEEN GRANTED PAROLE AFTER SERVING 25 YEARS FOR MURDER

Drew Malcolm assumed the article was a joke at first, because it sounds like something written for a satire news outlet like The Onion. But it's not a prank, it's really happening, and the headline is so absurd that he has to read it several times before it finally sinks in.

The Ice Queen, a *victim*? If it wasn't such an insult to actual #MeToo victims, Drew might have laughed. But there is nothing funny about Joey Reyes's mother getting out of prison. And he's so mad about it, he's decided he's finally going to break the vow he made to himself after he landed his first real job as a journalist, not long after Joey died.

He's going to talk about the Ice Queen on his podcast. Ruby Reyes may be getting out of prison, but if Drew has anything at all to say about it, she will never be free. Because not only is the woman a murderer, she was an absolute horror of a mother.

Fuck that psychopathic bitch.

They arrested Ruby Reyes on a hot, sticky June night in 1992.

It was a quiet affair, even with the two police cars, the ambulance, and the woman from child protective services. The flashing rays of red and blue from the first-responder vehicles cut through the darkness, lighting up the trees in the lakeside park across the way, illuminating the dirty brick exterior of the run-down low-rise apartment building where Ruby and her thirteen-year-old daughter, Joey, lived.

The neighbors stepped out onto their balconies to see what was going on. Police vehicles in this neighborhood were common, but usually they were called because of the activities that took place in Willow Park after dark. Drug deals. Sexual transactions. Teenagers doing what teenagers do when they're out past curfew. Fights between homeless people with nowhere else to go.

This, in comparison, was tame. Ruby didn't protest or struggle. If anything, she seemed inconvenienced as she was led out of the building's lobby in handcuffs, as if being arrested was a minor misunderstanding that would all be rectified soon.

"Mama," Joey said, leaping down from the back of the ambulance where a paramedic was tending to a cut above her eyebrow. It didn't hurt too much, but her ribs were sore, and she knew from experience that her torso would be blue and purple in the morning. She ran to Ruby and threw her arms around her waist, pressing her face into her mother's chest. "Mama, I'm sorry."

The social worker who was standing behind Joey removed her gently. Ruby glanced down at her daughter, the lights flashing across her face. Even in her old, stained nightgown, with her hair stringy and unwashed, Ruby was beautiful.

"Oh, Joey." Her voice was soft, almost tender. But behind her dark eyes, there was nothing. They were two black holes, sucking in the light, sucking in everything. "What have you done?"

The officers escorting her tugged Ruby's arm, and Joey's mother continued on, chin up, head high, somehow managing to look magnificent despite the circumstances. One of the officers placed a hand on her head, and she sank into the back seat of the police car as gracefully as anyone could.

Deborah Jackson, the social worker assigned to the case, managed to catch Joey just as her knees buckled. Strong arms wrapped around the young girl as her whole body began to shake. It wasn't because Joey was cold. There was a heat wave in Toronto that week, and even here by the lake at eleven at night, it was 30 degrees Celsius, with a humidity index of 37. Worse, the heat felt grimy. This part of Lake Ontario always stank in the summer, the heat trapping the smells of shit and garbage and pollution from the factories not far away.

The social worker wasn't strong enough to hold Joey back. As the police car pulled away with her mother inside it, Joey wriggled out of the woman's sweaty grasp to chase after it in her bare feet, screaming for Ruby all the way down Willow Avenue until the car and the lights and her mother disappeared.

The newspapers would report the scene as heartbreaking. But for the residents who lived at 42 Willow Avenue, it wasn't exactly surprising. They'd known for a long time that something wasn't right. They'd seen the

bruises and the hollowed-out look in the girl's eyes as she stood next to them in the elevator. They'd heard the shouting and the sounds of things crashing from inside Ruby's apartment at all times of the day.

"Well, it wasn't *every* day," Mr. Malinowski was overheard saying to the police the night of Ruby's arrest. He was the building superintendent who lived on the first floor. "I mean, was she skinny? Sure, but a lot of girls are at that age. Did I once see a bruise on her cheek? Sure, but she's a kid. Did I ask if she was all right? Of course I did, and her mother said she fell off her bike. What was I supposed to do, accuse her of lying?"

Except Joey didn't have a bike. Nor did she have a skateboard, or Rollerblades, or any of the other things that had supposedly caused the purple welts that occasionally popped up in different places on her face and body.

"She did have a bandage around her arm once," said Mrs. Finch, who lived down the hall from them with her unemployed adult son. She was eager to talk to the police since she was the one who had finally called them. "The girl looked embarrassed, said she tripped and fell, that she was a klutz. I always knew something wasn't right. But I never actually *saw* her mother do anything, so what could I do? And besides, it was none of my business. Okay, fine, I admit I never liked the woman much. She was a floozy, always wearing those short skirts and high heels, her tatas up to here, and every few months a different boyfriend. But the girl is what, twelve? Thirteen? If something was going on, she should have said so, or how else is anyone supposed to know?"

But they knew. Of course they knew.

The murder trial that followed was big news. Charles Baxter, the president of the large bank where Ruby worked, had died of exsanguination as the result of multiple stab wounds. Sixteen, to be exact, but it was the slice across the neck that ultimately killed him. Afraid to ask an adult what exsanguination meant, Joey looked it up in the dictionary. It turned out to be a very fancy and interesting-sounding word for something that just meant "blood loss."

Her mother's beauty only fueled the publicity. Ruby Reyes's long, glossy black hair and seductive smile were at the center of every article, every TV news report. They even gave her a nickname: The Ice Queen. She was thirty-five at the time of her arrest, but she could have passed for ten years younger.

“If I didn’t have you,” Ruby always said to her daughter, “I could tell people I’m twenty-five. I hate that you look like me.”

Joey never doubted that she was the worst thing that ever happened to her mother. Just like her mother was the worst thing that ever happened to her.

After her mother’s conviction, Joey was sent to live with her aunt and uncle in Maple Sound, a small town two hours north of Toronto. It was supposed to make things better. Flora and Miguel Escario had three small boys of their own, and they’d agreed to take in their niece when the social worker made it clear that it was either them, or foster care. Joey made the move a few days after her mother’s arrest. Finally, she would have a real family. It was a chance at a fresh start.

Except it wasn’t, because the kids at her high school knew exactly who Ruby Reyes was, which meant they knew exactly who Joey Reyes was. They knew because their parents read the newspapers and watched the news, as did their teachers. The new girl was the Ice Queen’s daughter, and the Ice Queen was *fresh off the boat* and a *slut* and a *gold digger* who had *murdered* someone. The story was horrific and titillating and oh so much fun to talk about, and so they whispered and gossiped and speculated until the bits of truth twisted into more interesting rumors, which grew into outright lies. There was no getting away from it, from her mother, from the *story* of her mother.

After graduating from high school at the age of eighteen, Joey moved back to Toronto. Two years later, she died at home, alone, in a fire. It was a tragic end to a tragic life, and in all the years Drew has worked as a journalist, he promised himself he would never write about Ruby, because of Joey. He knew there was no chance he could ever be objective.

But he’s not a journalist anymore. The newspaper he wrote for folded three years ago, forcing Drew to pivot hard if he wanted to continue paying his mortgage. He’s a podcaster now, and *The Things We Do in the Dark* averages three million listeners every season. People tune in for his opinions. And when it comes to Ruby Reyes being presented as a victim of anything, he has a shitload of things to say. At the age of sixty, the Ice Queen is getting a second chance at life, while the daughter she abused for years died at the age of twenty?

Drew isn’t just angry.

He’s fucking furious.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

There's only one parking spot on the street in front of Junior's, and Drew snags it.

It never used to be this busy, but so much in the old neighborhood has changed since he last lived here twenty years ago. The video store where he and Joey used to work is gone. The Portuguese bakery is gone, too. But Junior's is still here, and so is the Golden Cherry, right beside it.

He locks his car and looks over at the iconic neon sign and blacked-out facade of the former strip club. Drew has been inside the Cherry exactly once, for a bachelor party he didn't want to attend, for a wedding that never happened. The Golden Cherry was popular back in the day, but when the strip club industry started to decline about ten years ago, the old "gentlemen's club" was turned into an upscale nightclub. The owner took on a partner, but kept the original name. Other than a fresh coat of paint, it doesn't look much different.

But Junior's does. The best Jamaican restaurant in this part of the city, famous for its jerk chicken, curry goat, and oxtail, is three times the size it used to be. There was a time when Drew would eat here at least twice a week, but he rarely comes back to this neighborhood anymore unless he has to. In fact, it would be fair to say he avoids it.

Everything here reminds him of Joey.

He pulls open the door, and the bells overhead announce his entry. Gone are the days when the place was just a hole-in-the-wall with three tables and a busy takeout window. The restaurant, having taken over the bakery next door, is bigger and brighter, with fresh yellow paint, new green vinyl chairs, and glossy black tables. Samsung TVs are mounted in each corner of the dining room, and on the wall by the door is a giant framed photograph of a grinning Junior standing beside Usain Bolt. But while all these changes are good, Drew notices their prices have gone up. Their signature beef patties, which used to be 99 cents, are now a whopping \$2.50 apiece.

He walks up to the counter and orders one anyway, then grabs a table while he waits for his lunch guest. As he savors the patty, which tastes exactly as he remembers, he watches the TV closest to him. Three pundits on CNN are arguing about something the US president just said, and while Drew doesn't find American politics that interesting, the news ticker scrolling across the bottom of the screen catches his eye.

PARIS PERALTA, CHARGED WITH FIRST-DEGREE MURDER, SET TO INHERIT \$46 MILLION FROM LATE HUSBAND JIMMY PERALTA'S ESTATE

Forty-six million. *Damn*. So the wife probably did do it, then. Drew has never paid much attention to the trials and tribulations of celebrities, but the Jimmy Peralta murder is interesting. He just watched *Jimmy Peralta Lives* on Qvan not that long ago, and is looking forward to the second special. Seriously funny shit, though the title of the first show is now ironic, and sad.

"As I live and breathe," a delighted voice says.

Drew turns away from the TV to find a woman standing a few feet away with a big smile on her face. It takes a few seconds to place her, but when it comes to him, his mouth drops open.

"*Charisse?*" He stands, trying to reconcile this lovely woman with his memory of the gangly middle schooler whose dad forced her to bus tables here. "That you?"

"Drew Malcolm," Charisse says, hip cocked. "What are you doing back in this neck of the woods?"

"Just meeting someone for lunch," Drew says. "Look at you. You're grown." And *fine*, he thinks, but that would be a hell of a weird thing to say, even though Charisse has to be in her thirties now. Gone are the skinny limbs and braces. This woman has curves and a twinkle in her eye.

"All right, give me the five-second summary," Charisse says. "Married? Kids? Home? Job?"

"Never married. One daughter, Sasha, nineteen, who just finished her second year at Western. I have a condo in Liberty Village, I was an investigative journalist for fifteen years for *Toronto After Dark*, and now I host a true crime podcast out of my den."

"*Toronto After Dark?*" She looks impressed. "I remember that newspaper. It came out every Saturday, right?"

"Until it shut down, yes."

"Ugh, sorry. Okay, my turn." Charisse clears her throat. "Married for ten years, now divorced, but we're still best friends. One amazing kid,

Dante, eight. Just bought a house three blocks away, and I run this place now.”

“Wow, Junior finally retired?”

Her smile fades. “No, Daddy died. Four years ago. Prostate cancer that spread to his bones.”

“I’m sorry to hear that,” Drew says, and he truly is. “Junior was a good man. Heart of gold and the best cook this side of Toronto.”

“Amen,” Charisse says. She raises an eyebrow and gives him the once-over. “So what, you waiting for your Tinder date?”

“You’re funny. Work meeting, for the podcast.”

She seems pleased by his answer. “In that case, both your lunches are on me.”

He laughs. “Thanks, but that’s not—”

“Already done.” Charisse waggles her fingers. “Fitzroy is in the back cooking, and you’d better say hello before you go.”

He grins as she walks away, then sits back down, marveling at how much things have changed. The neighborhood, the restaurant, Charisse. She might be an adult now, but in his head, Junior’s daughter will always be twelve.

Just like Joey will always be twenty.

Drew recognizes the woman from her LinkedIn picture the second she rushes into the restaurant, though she looked a lot less harried in the photo. They trade introductions, and he waves off her apologies for being late, inviting her to sit down while he orders lunch for both of them at the counter. True to Charisse’s word, the cashier refuses his money.

By the time he’s back with their food, Dr. Deborah Jackson is calmer. Her coral blazer is draped over the back of her chair, her overstuffed tote bag sitting on the floor by her feet. She smiles at him warmly, and she reminds Drew of his mother before all the health issues started.

“You’re handsome,” she says, appraising him. “You could have mentioned that in your email. I would have been on time and worn something cuter.”

He nearly drops the tray, and she laughs. It breaks the tension, and he appreciates her efforts to make things a little lighter for the both of them. They both know this won’t be an easy conversation.

“I appreciate you meeting me, Dr. Jackson,” he says, taking a seat across from her.

“Deborah, please.” She picks up her fork. “I admit I had second thoughts on the way over. I quit doing social work a month after Joelle died. I realized when I couldn’t get out of bed that being a caseworker probably wasn’t the job for me. So I went back to school, and now I teach. Had you not told me about Ruby Reyes making parole, I’m not sure I could even bring myself to talk about Joelle. I think it’s outrageous her mother is getting out, and that she used #MeToo to make it happen. It’s offensive to the real victims. I’m glad you’re doing the podcast.”

Drew is relieved they’re on the same page. “How long did you work with Joey?”

“From the night her mother was arrested to the day she turned eighteen. Just over four years. But we did keep in touch for a while after she aged out.”

“Isn’t it unusual to work with someone that long?”

“Very. Most foster kids have several caseworkers by the time they age out of the system, but since Joey was placed with family, I was able to stay with her. She was technically in kinship care, but there’s not much difference.”

She takes a bite of the dish she ordered, oxtail, and chews slowly. “This is good.”

Drew also ordered them a side of fried plantains, and he pushes the plate toward her. “Joey and I used to come here all the time. Our house wasn’t far from here.”

“The one that burned?”

He nods.

“I’ve only been here once,” Deborah says, glancing around. “Which was the last time I ever saw her. She told me she’d quit the video store, but she didn’t mention she was dancing at the strip club right next door.”

“She never told me, either,” Drew says. “I found out the hard way.”

They switch to small talk while they eat their lunch. Fifteen minutes later, a busboy clears their plates, and Fitzroy, Junior’s nephew, pops out of the kitchen in a stained white apron to say hello. The two men shake hands vigorously, both agreeing that it’s been too long and that the other still looks good for his age. Fitz has been cooking here ever since Drew can remember, and he promises to send over coffee and coconut cake, on the house, if Drew

promises to come back more often. Deborah watches the whole exchange thoughtfully, a small smile on her face.

“I can see why Joelle liked you,” she says when they’re alone again. “She talked about you a lot the last time I saw her, and she told me that you and your girlfriend had just moved to Vancouver. She was sad about it. She said you were her best friend.”

The words sting. “She was mine, too.”

“But it was more than friendship for her,” Deborah says. “She loved you, Drew. Like, *loved you* loved you. Would-have-married-you-and-had-your-babies-and-grown-old-with-you loved you. Not a crush. I don’t think Joelle was capable of infatuation or anything shallow.”

His heart lurches. “She never said anything to me.”

“Well, you were in a serious relationship.” Deborah takes a bite of the coconut cake. “She would never have interfered with that. All she ever wanted was to be nothing like her mother.”

She couldn’t be more right about that. “When did you find out she was dancing at the Cherry?”

“Not until after she died.” Deborah wipes her mouth with a napkin. “I have a close friend who works for the police. He called me when the report came in, and I took it pretty hard. I hadn’t meant to lose touch with her. I knew she still needed me; I felt it when we said goodbye that last time.” She looks away. “I feel like I failed her.”

“At least you didn’t shame her for being a stripper less than two hours before she died,” Drew says. “When I found out she was dancing, I didn’t take it well. I said some really awful things.”

“I’m sorry.” Deborah touches his hand briefly. “So. What is it you need from me?”

“Joey’s file,” Drew says. “I know you’re not a social worker anymore, but something tells me you might have kept notes. She told me some things, but I want to know more about her childhood.”

“What will you do with it? Talk about it on the podcast?”

“Some of it, maybe?” Drew rubs his face. “The thought of Ruby getting out and restarting her life makes me sick. Even if people can forgive her because the man she murdered turned out to be a villain himself, Ruby was still a horrific mother. I want people to see that when they look at her.”

Deborah is quiet for a moment. Then she reaches into her tote bag and pulls out a large manila envelope. His instincts were correct; she did keep a

copy of Joey's file. She also removes six spiral-bound notebooks with colorful, pretty covers, and stacks them on top of the envelope.

"Her diaries?" Drew reaches for the notebook on top and stares at it in wonder. Joey's diaries led to Ruby Reyes being charged with murder in the first place. "How did you get these? They should still be filed away as evidence."

"They were," Deborah says, "but after Joelle died, it seemed wrong to leave them in there. I asked my friend to get them out of evidence."

"It's my fault she's dead," Drew blurts.

"If that's true, then it's my fault, too." Deborah touches the side of his face, and it's a motherly gesture, filled with compassion and understanding. He can see his pain mirrored in her eyes. "There was nothing you could have done."

He appreciates her kindness, but she's wrong. There was a lot Drew could have done. He could have been nicer to Joey. He could have stayed with her. He can still remember every word of their last conversation, and had he known it was going to be the last, he would have just shut the fuck up and kissed her.

Because approximately ninety minutes later, Joey died.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Drew's first five seasons of *The Things We Do in the Dark* were all about strangers, people he had no emotional attachment to and would never meet. In contrast, the new season will be about someone he hates. Not dislikes, or disapproves of, but literally hates.

Not many people are aware that Ruby Reyes wasn't originally arrested for murder. She was arrested for child abuse. The hearing took place in closed family court just before the murder trial, the transcripts of which are sealed. Drew has put in a request to view them, and while normally a request like this would be denied, Joey is deceased now. His application is pending.

He's already sketched out a rough outline for season six, but he won't begin recording any episodes until he completes all his research and interviews. Even though the subject matter is intensely personal to him, true crime podcasting is still storytelling, requiring a strong narrative arc if you want to keep people listening. It made sense to start with Deborah Jackson, and he's glad he did, because it's hard to imagine that anything he reads in those sealed transcripts will be more painful than reading Joey's diaries. And he will read them, in order to prepare for his conversation with Ruby Reyes, which he's saving for last. In the meantime, he reads Joey's CPS file.

No child should have to live through what she lived through with her mother.

Ruby Reyes has already given several interviews to various publications, and it's safe to assume she's not going to shut up anytime soon. Among other things, the Ice Queen has always been an attention whore, and if she could have played herself in the made-for-TV movie about her, he's betting she would have. *The Banker's Mistress* was terrible in every way, but the crime it was based on captivated the public from the start.

Drew was in grade 10 when he first read about Charles Baxter's murder, and admittedly, he was hooked from the first article. At first, his mother was concerned about her fifteen-year-old son's obsession with a brutal crime, but when he told her he was thinking of studying journalism

one day, she started saving the newspaper articles for him to read after school.

Unlike the family court proceedings, the murder trial was reported widely, the details of each day's testimony recounted in almost every Canadian media outlet. Only sketch artists were allowed inside the courtroom, but the newspapers were happy to publish full-color depictions of Ruby Reyes sitting at the defense table. In some of the sketches, she looked beautiful. In others, she looked vicious. She was both.

On the afternoon that Joey was scheduled to testify for the prosecution, the courtroom was closed entirely. Joey was a minor, so the media was prohibited from publishing her name or any identifying details about her. Still, things leaked, and any details that the Canadian media couldn't talk about, the American media was happy to provide. There was no publication ban in the US, so Drew's uncle in Buffalo was tasked with mailing every article about Ruby that he came across to his nephew.

The murder of Charles Baxter was, in a word, gruesome.

The picture the papers used showed a man who appeared to have it all. Still reasonably handsome and fit at the age of fifty-six, Baxter looked exactly how you'd expect a wealthy bank president to look. At the time of his death, he'd been married to his college sweetheart, Suzanne, for thirty years, and they had a son and daughter who were both away at university.

Pictures of Ruby and her lover were often shown side by side in order to highlight the stark contrast between them. Baxter was gray haired and older; Ruby was gorgeous and twenty-one years younger. He was white and privileged; she was an immigrant from the Philippines. He lived in a five-bedroom home in The Kingsway; she was raising her daughter in a shabby apartment in Willow Park. He was the company president; she was a customer service rep so many levels below him, it was amazing he even knew her name.

To make things even more titillating, the media also loved to show the picture of Suzanne Baxter standing right next to her husband's mistress at the bank's annual holiday party. Canadian Global threw a swanky black-tie dinner at the Royal York hotel each year, complete with champagne, filet mignon, and an eight-piece orchestra. A professional photographer was always on hand to capture memories of the event, and in all the photos Ruby was in, she was stunning. Tall for a Filipina at five eight, her long legs were on full display in her short, strapless gold dress. Her eyelashes were thick,

her lips were red, and her long, shiny black hair spilled in perfect waves over her bare shoulders.

Suzanne Baxter, in comparison, was the same age as her husband and no more than five three, with teased blond hair. For the party, she wore a long red evening gown paired with a red sequined jacket. The wardrobe choice was unflattering. The jacket was too short and the dress too snug, highlighting the roundness of her stomach.

It had been so easy to villainize Ruby. This was long before #MeToo, and nobody seemed to blame Charles Baxter at all for the affair. Ruby was the other woman, a seductress, a home-wrecker who'd lured a happily married man away from his wife and family. She was obviously obsessed and clearly manipulative. She was Glenn Close in *Fatal Attraction*; she was Sharon Stone in *Basic Instinct*. There were no other narratives. After her conviction, Suzanne was quoted as saying, "I wish she had never come into our lives," as if her husband had been completely helpless, as if the affair—which lasted *two years*, by the way—had happened without his consent.

The story stayed with Drew long after high school, long after Ruby was convicted. Which is why, a few years later, he could not have been more shocked when Joey Reyes knocked on the door.

At the time, he and his girlfriend Simone were renting the basement apartment of a house owned by a man who spent half the year in India, leaving his twenty-year-old son to manage the property. The son never came around, more interested in his Camaro and the older Italian girlfriend his parents wouldn't approve of than the needs of his tenants. Calls went unanswered after the oven stopped working and the freezer wouldn't get cold enough to keep their ice cream from melting. When a family of raccoons made a home inside the chimney, Drew and Simone were forced to pay for a professional "raccoon removal" service themselves. The guy who showed up noticed the chimney was full of cracks and buildup, rendering the fireplace extremely dangerous. He told them that until it was cleaned and repaired, they should never light a fire in it, ever.

The place was a shithole, with peel-and-stick linoleum, no water pressure, and stained ceilings. But with student loans and credit card debt, it was what they could afford. Eventually, sick of being two months behind on every bill, Drew put an ad in the local paper that read "Roommate Wanted."

The last person he expected to answer the ad was Joey Reyes.

She was a shell of a person, drowning in baggy clothes and long hair that she wore like a security blanket. She had a hard time maintaining eye contact, and her soft voice didn't carry very far. But despite appearances, she was determined.

"I don't have a job yet," Joey said, standing across from Drew and Simone in the tiny kitchen with the black-and-white checkerboard floors. Beside him, Drew felt his girlfriend's shoulders slump. "I just moved back to Toronto this morning and came here straight from Union Station. But I've got cash, and I can pay six months' rent up front."

Simone perked up again. "Six months? Up front? That should be plenty of time for you to figure out the job situation. Right, Drew?"

He wasn't sure. Simone, who never read the newspaper and would've had zero interest in reading about criminals even if she did, did not recognize the shy person in their kitchen. Nobody would, as her name and picture were never published.

But Drew knew exactly who she was. It had been easy enough to figure out back when he was in high school. Willow Park Middle School was only a five-minute walk from Ruby's building. It hadn't been hard to dig up a copy of their yearbook, which included a photo of a pretty girl in grade 8 named Joelle Reyes, who, at the age of thirteen, already looked a lot like her mother.

At almost nineteen, she was a dead ringer for Ruby. It made Drew uneasy. It was one thing to meet the Ice Queen's daughter. It was a whole other thing to let the girl move in.

He felt Simone's elbow in his ribs. He knew they needed the money, and that it would take a person with extremely low standards to be willing to pay rent to live here. They weren't asking much, but six months up front would get them current on all their bills and credit card payments.

"Welcome home," Drew said to Joey. "By the way, we're not actually allowed to have a third person living here. So if anyone asks, you're just hanging out. Cool?"

"No problem," she said. "I'm used to pretending to not exist."

Joey moved in that afternoon. Or more accurately, she simply didn't leave. Everything she owned in the world was in the duffel bag and backpack she had with her. Her bedroom, which was technically a den, was the size of a postage stamp. She seemed genuinely thrilled.

"I haven't slept in a room by myself in years," she said.

The following week, still struggling to find a job, Drew recommended Joey to replace him at the video store down the street. He'd gotten a paid internship at the *Toronto Tribune*, and he started in two weeks.

"Gustav fired the last guy because a customer caught him watching porn on the store TV," Drew said. "So as long as you never do that, you're good. It's the easiest job. It's only busy on weekends, so during the week you can do homework, watch movies, whatever. Gustav is cool."

"I'll bring a book," Joey said.

He glanced at the paperback on her bed. "What are you reading?"

"*The Long Road Home* by Danielle Steel. It's about a girl whose mother abuses her."

Their eyes met. He waited to see if she might mention something about Ruby, but she looked away. It would be months before she felt comfortable enough to tell him anything, and even then, he would only learn about her life in fragments.

"I hated Maple Sound," Joey said to him a couple of months later at Junior's. "Worst town ever. My aunt and uncle never wanted me there, and the feeling was mutual. And my grandmother is an asshole."

Drew, who'd been both of his grandmothers' pets, couldn't even fathom that. "So you'll never go back and visit?"

"Trust me." She offered him a rare smile. "The way I left, they don't want to see me again."

Conversations about her mother wouldn't happen for another three months.

"You know who my mom is, right?" Joey asked him one night, out of the blue. Simone was working at The Keg by then, so it was just Drew and Joey, watching a movie she'd brought home from the video store. "I saw the way you looked at me when I first showed up."

He paused the movie. It was the first time she'd ever brought up Ruby. "You look like her."

"I hate that I do."

"She was beautiful."

Joey stared at the frame frozen on the TV for a few seconds. "She was something, all right."

"Did you ever visit her in prison?"

"Just once, right before the trial started."

She fingered her necklace, pulling the pendant up to her lips as if to kiss it. She did this a lot when she was thinking about the past. The pendant was a ruby surrounded by a halo of tiny diamonds, and it couldn't be a coincidence that the center gemstone was the same as her mother's name. He sensed an origin story there.

"You ever see that picture of her at the Christmas party?" Joey asked. "The one where she was standing next to Suzanne Baxter? It was in all the papers."

Drew remembered the picture exactly.

"My mother loved that picture," Joey said. "She actually taped it to the fridge. She found it so satisfying that Charles's wife looked like a hippo in a red dress—her words, not mine—and she was so sure he was going to leave her. But she felt that way about every man she slept with."

"How many were married?" Drew asked.

"All of them." She looked away. "My father, too."

He had a thousand more questions. But he had to tread carefully. He didn't want her to shut down.

"I asked her once if she loved Charles," Joey said. "And she laughed. She said, 'No, baby. I don't love him. But I like him. And trust me, that's better.'"

She pulled her pendant up to her lips again. When it was clear she wasn't going to say anything more, he unpaused the movie.

A couple of months later, Drew asked her about the necklace. Joey said it was a birthday gift, and left it at that.

Now, as he finally opens her first diary to the first page, he understands immediately why she didn't elaborate. As he loses himself in her words—she might have become a writer one day, had she lived—he realizes that his instinct about the necklace having an origin story was correct.

Some people wear their hearts on their sleeve. Joey wore her trauma around her neck.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The night Joey was given the necklace, it was her twelfth birthday.

She sat at the small dining room table across from Charles and her mother, Joey and Ruby wearing matching red dresses with flared skirts. Joey was uncomfortable. She was too old to be dolled up like a mini version of Ruby, but the dresses had been a gift from Charles, and it would have been rude not to put hers on.

Charles had also paid for the pizza, the wine, the cake, and the unopened birthday gift that was sitting on the table in front of her. The small box was wrapped in thick silver paper and tied with a black velvet bow, and she knew that whatever was inside would be the nicest thing she would ever own. Joey looked at her mother, silently asking for permission.

Please let me have it. I don't even know what's in it, but I want it. Please, Mama.

Ruby took a drag on her Marlboro and exhaled a long stream of smoke from her red lips. "Go ahead, baby." She sounded magnanimous, even though the gift wasn't from her. "Open it."

Joey had already opened her mother's present, and it was a surprisingly thoughtful gift. When they were at the bookstore in the mall a month before, Joey had wandered around the stationery section, admiring the fancy pens, the scented papers, and the beautifully bound notebooks. The ones Ruby bought her for school were flimsy things with thin pages that ripped if your pencil was too sharp. These notebooks, in contrast, were luxurious, with gold spiral bindings. They came in a pack of six, and the covers all had different designs—butterflies, birds, rainbows, flowers, hearts, unicorns.

She knew better than to ask for them (*do you think I'm made of money*), but her mother must have gone back and bought them. Maybe Ruby had splurged to impress Charles, the current boyfriend, who was also her boss at the bank. Even if she had, who cared? Joey had squealed when she saw the notebooks, wrapping her mother in a tight hug. "Thank you, Mama," she said, which pleased Ruby, because Charles was watching.

Trying not to seem too excited now, she reached for the silver-wrapped present and untied the bow. Careful not to tear the paper (she would save it, of course), she unwrapped a blue velvet box. Inside, nestled atop a small cushion of satin, was a thin gold chain with a diamond-and-ruby pendant. Her mother had one just like it, and now Charles had bought one for her, too. Eyes wide, she gently detached it from the backing.

“Don’t worry, sweetheart, you won’t break it,” Charles said with a laugh. “It’s eighteen-karat gold. It’s strong.”

Joey held it up to catch the light, awed that something so pretty—and so expensive—was actually hers. A real ruby, surrounded by real diamonds, set in real gold.

“A lovely necklace for a lovely young lady.” Charles’s eyes were bright, his smile wide. “Come over here, sweetheart. I’ll put it on you.”

Another glance at her mother, but this time, Joey’s heart sank. Ruby was smiling, but it was not a nice smile. Ruby was smiling *that* smile, the one that hid what she was truly feeling. Charles hadn’t been around long enough to know that smile, and even if he had, he wouldn’t have noticed, because he wasn’t looking at Ruby. His attention was fully on Joey, and the one thing Ruby would not tolerate was anyone giving the attention that should be bestowed upon her to someone else. Including, and especially, her daughter.

Her mother’s eyes flashed with jealousy. It was quick—blink and you’ll miss it—but Joey caught it. The smoke from the Marlboro swirled around Ruby’s face. The tip of the cigarette now had a centimeter of ash, and if she didn’t tap it into the ashtray soon, it would fall into her lap. But her mother didn’t move, the icy smile plastered on her face like a clown mask.

Charles was oblivious to all the unspoken communication. “Come on, honey. Let’s see what it looks like.”

Joey was damned if she did and damned if she didn’t. Slowly, she walked around the table to the other side where Charles was sitting. He moved her hair off her shoulder, the gray fuzz on his forearm brushing along her jawline as he clasped the chain around her neck. She was close enough to breathe in his cologne. It smelled expensive.

Charles turned her around and stared at her, gazing at her throat, and then the pendant, and then her chest. He reached out again, arranging her hair so it fell around her shoulders once more.

“Gorgeous,” he said. “You are a beautiful girl. You’re going to give your mama a run for her money in the next few years.” He winked. But not at Ruby, at her.

Her mother’s smile flickered, but remained.

The next morning, Joey woke up to a quiet apartment. When she came out of her bedroom, her mother was sitting at the dining room table, still in her nightie, hair in disarray, looking out the window at the park across the street. She was smoking yet another cigarette. If Charles had spent the night, he was gone now; his shoes weren’t by the door.

“So, you think you can flirt with my boyfriend, do you?” Ruby turned away from the window and stared at her daughter. “You little slut.”

“What?” Joey said, still half awake.

It was just one word, and a benign word at that. But the minute it slipped out of her mouth, she knew it was a mistake. She had dared to *speak*, and that was all it took. Ruby was out of her chair, and before Joey could react, her mother’s lit cigarette pressed into her neck just above her collarbone, a centimeter away from the chain of her new necklace. She cried out, the heat from the Marlboro searing and intense. Then Ruby spat in her face, her warm, tobacco-scented saliva spraying across Joey’s eyes and cheeks.

“Mama, please—” Joey said, but before she could finish, her mother backhanded her across the face.

Then Ruby hit her again, and again, and again, until finally, blessedly, everything went black.

When Joey came to—one minute later? Ten minutes later?—she was lying near the sofa in the living room, the cigarette inches away from her face on the scratched parquet floor. Someone was rapping at the door, and judging from the volume and pace, they’d been knocking for a while.

Her eyesight cleared a little, and she watched as Ruby stomped toward the door to fling it open.

It was Mrs. Finch, their neighbor at the end of the hall. Her body was partially obscured by Ruby standing in the doorway, but her pale green housecoat and matching slippers were easily recognizable. She was on her way to the garbage chute; she had a stuffed white trash bag in one hand.

“What do you want?” Ruby snapped at the woman. “Has it ever occurred to you that if someone doesn’t answer their door after five minutes, then maybe they don’t want to?”

Ruby's tone was aggressive, and from her vantage point on the floor, Joey saw Mrs. Finch's slippered feet back up a step. "I ... I heard..."

"You heard what?"

The neighbor took another step back, but not before she glanced past Ruby to see Joey lying on the floor. They locked eyes briefly, and while Joey could have tried to signal for help, she didn't.

It never worked. Nobody ever helped. It only made things worse.

Instead, Joey tried to smile, to reassure Mrs. Finch that she was fine, that it was just a silly accident, no big deal. If she could have actually said those words, she would have, but her brain was too fuzzy to form a coherent sentence. At least she didn't have the wind knocked out of her this time. While she knew now that a punch to the gut could trigger a spasm in her diaphragm that felt terrible but wouldn't kill her (*don't be ridiculous, you're always so fucking dramatic*), not being able to breathe for a few seconds always made her feel like she might die.

"Is she all right?" Mrs. Finch blurted. "Your daughter?"

Ruby's body turned rigid, and while Joey couldn't see her mother's face, she could imagine it. When Ruby answered, her voice was cool. "She's fine. She tripped."

The neighbor backed up another step, and now Joey couldn't see the woman at all. "She ... she doesn't look well," she heard Mrs. Finch stammer from the hallway. "You should help her."

"Are you telling me how to parent my daughter, Mrs. Finch?" Ruby's voice dropped to a low growl.

Not a good sign. Mrs. Finch needed to leave. Right away.

"Just ... keep it down, please," the neighbor said. It sounded like a weak imitation of someone trying to sound authoritative. But she did not sound authoritative. She sounded nervous, and scared. "I could hear screaming from the hallway."

"That was the TV," Ruby said. "And I would suggest you mind your own damn business. How many cats do you and your loser son have in your apartment now, Mrs. Finch? Is it three? Or four? From what I remember when I signed the lease, we're only allowed one pet. Be a shame if you got evicted."

No response.

"See?" Ruby sounded warmer now, almost cheerful, her voice back to its regular volume. "Isn't it annoying when people butt into what you're

doing inside your own home?”

The door slammed shut. And then Ruby turned around, put her hands on her hips, and appraised her daughter.

Joey forced herself to sit up. Slowly, she leaned back against the sofa, clutching her stomach. It ached like she had just done a thousand sit-ups. Her head was pounding, and she could feel her lips swelling.

Ruby crouched down and cupped her chin so they were looking directly at each other. “Anything broken?”

Joey shook her head.

“Feel like you’re going to throw up?”

“No.” The word came out a squeak.

“That’s my girl.” Ruby patted her on the shoulder, one of the few places on Joey’s body that didn’t hurt. “Let’s not fight anymore, okay? I’m exhausted. Charles was a beast last night.”

Yes. He was.

“You must be hungry. I’ll heat up last night’s pizza.”

Her mother pulled her up. She kissed the top of Joey’s head, then wrinkled her nose.

“You smell like cologne. Go take a shower.”

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Drew has read five of the six diaries, and he's not sure how much of Joey's words will make it into the podcast. It's a fine line between talking about the horror of a mother Ruby was, and revealing Joey's personal pain for the world to see. It may not be possible to do one without the other, but ultimately, he owes it to her to tell the truth as best he can.

Back in the old neighborhood once again, he looks up at the black-painted exterior of the Golden Cherry, where the pink neon *GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS* sign used to be. All they've kept are the gold neon cherries above the same gaudy brass doors, but it's enough to hint at the nightclub's history. Drew could have stopped in after his lunch with Deborah Jackson the other day, but he wasn't ready then.

He's not sure he's ready now. But if he wants to learn about the last year of Joey's life, which was the year he was in Vancouver, then the former strip club is probably the best place to start. He called earlier, and whoever answered the phone had told him to stop in before the club opened.

He tugs on the door and it opens easily. It takes a moment for his eyes to adjust to the sudden dimness, but when they do, he can see quite well. There are light sconces on all the walls, and the pendant lights above the bar are turned on.

"Hello?" Drew calls out. "Anyone here?"

Without bodies to fill the space, his voice echoes. The room is cavernous. The main level, which used to be filled with tables and chairs, is now one large, empty dance floor. Still, there are reminders everywhere of the Cherry it used to be. The old sign from outside that read *GENTLEMEN'S CLUB* has been relocated above the bar, which spans the length of the side wall. The original stage has been converted into a raised VIP area with tables and loveseats, but the three stripper poles are where they've always been. Mounted on the wall behind the stage is a neon sign that reads *CHAMPAGNE ROOM*. And directly across the dance floor, just above the projection screen that's two stories high, is the original *GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS* sign. Everything is

turned off, and the projection screen is blank, but he can imagine how cool it must all look when the nightclub is in full swing.

The memories come flooding back.

“Can I help you?” a woman’s voice calls out.

Drew looks around, trying to determine the direction the voice is coming from, and spots a blond woman in a red pantsuit watching him from the second level.

“The deliveries come in through the back,” she says. “You’re supposed to ring the bell. My partner will be back soon.”

He catches the tension in her voice. She probably didn’t realize the front doors were unlocked.

“I’m not delivering anything,” Drew calls up. “I phoned earlier, hoping to talk to someone who might have worked here back when this place was a strip club.”

“And who are you?” she asks.

“I’m a journalist. I’m working on a story about a friend of mine who used to dance here back in 1998.”

“Stay exactly where you are,” she says, and disappears.

Ten seconds later, he sees her coming down the spiral staircase, one hand on the railing, the other carrying a pair of red high heels. When she reaches the bottom, she slips her shoes on, then heads straight to the bar and flicks a switch. The neon signs throughout the club light up in a burst of glowing color, and the giant screen projector turns on. An artsy slow-motion black-and-white video begins to play, and it’s of strippers doing what they do best ... stripping.

The effect is nothing short of astounding. Whoever transformed this place did an exceptional job of making the Cherry operate like a nightclub, while still feeling like a strip club.

“This is incredible.” Drew can’t conceal his amazement. “Am I too old to party here?”

“You’re asking the wrong girl,” the woman in red says.

She remains behind the bar, her posture erect. It’s obvious she’s alone, and he can see he’s making her nervous. *You’re a man*, his mother used to constantly remind Drew when he was growing up. *Be mindful of how you appear to women, and keep your distance unless invited. Think of how your sisters would feel.*

Drew stays where he is, near the entrance.

“I remember every girl who worked for me,” the woman says. “What was your friend’s name?”

“Joelle Reyes,” Drew says. “But everybody called her Joey.”

“The name doesn’t ring a bell.” The woman frowns. “Back in ninety-eight, you said? Do you have a picture?”

“I don’t.” Drew realized the other day that he doesn’t have a single photo of Joey. Somewhere in his storage locker at the condo is an ancient digital camera with a long-dead battery, and it’s possible there’s a picture of her on it from back in the day. But he doubts it. Joey hated having her picture taken. “She was half Filipino, about five five, with long black hair?”

The woman smiles. “I had two girls like that back then. One called herself Betty Savage. The other went by Ruby.”

Drew isn’t sure he heard her correctly. “Her stripper name was *Ruby*?”

The woman frowns again. “Her *stage* name was Ruby.”

Jesus Christ. Joey had used her *mother’s* name to dance here? Dr. Phil would have a field day with that one.

“She’s the one who died in the fire, right?” the woman asks.

Drew nods. “I was her roommate. And her best friend.”

“Come closer so I can see you better.”

As he approaches the bar, he can see that she’s not as young as he initially thought. He had guessed maybe early fifties, but up close, she looks to be in her mid-sixties, platinum hair, slim but busty, with freckled skin that’s seen a bit too much sun. He puts a business card on the counter and gives her a moment to read it.

She holds the card at arm’s length, squinting at the small print. Her nails and lips are both painted the same vibrant red as her pantsuit. “Drew Malcolm of ... *The Things We Do in the Dark* podcast. Sounds ominous.”

Drew offers her his hand. “I’m sorry if I scared you, ma’am. The front door was unlocked.”

“Two things.” Her grip is firm to match her voice. “One, we’ve been having issues with the lock not catching, so that’s not your fault. And two, never call me ma’am. It hurts my feelings.”

“Then I apologize for that, too.” Drew smiles. “What do I call you?”

“You can call me what everybody else does.” She returns the smile. “Cherry.”

“Cherry?” Drew is delighted. “As in, Cherry of the Golden Cherry?”

“The one and only,” she says. “And if you’re here to talk about Ruby, we’re going to need a drink. Have a seat. I’ll make you the best old-fashioned you’ve ever had.”

Cherry places two cocktail glasses on the bar as Drew slides onto a stool. He watches as she drops a cube of sugar into each, then adds a dash of bitters and a tiny bit of water. She muddles the sugar until it dissolves, then adds ice cubes, a generous pour of rye, and two maraschino cherries per glass. It seems like a lot of work for one drink. But she’s not done.

She plucks an orange out of the fridge behind her and deftly shaves off a thin section of peel. Using a lighter, she burns the rind for about five seconds while squeezing it, which creates a fairly decent flame. Then she rubs the burnt peel around the rim of the glass and drops that in, too. She slides his drink over. The aroma is out of this world, a citrusy, smoky caramel.

“Taste it,” Cherry says. “And then tell me it’s the best old-fashioned you’ve ever had.”

Drew takes a sip. “It’s the best *cocktail* I’ve ever had.”

She lifts her glass. “To Ruby.”

Fuck, no. “To Joey.”

They clink, and they drink.

Somewhere nearby, a phone vibrates. Drew pats his pocket, but it’s not his. He watches as Cherry reaches into her ample cleavage and pulls out a small gold iPhone.

“Yeah, I know what you’re thinking,” Cherry says, catching his expression. “I’m not supposed to keep my phone in my bra because it might cause cancer, blah blah blah. But trust me, honey, there’s so much silicone in here, ain’t no room for anything else to grow.”

Drew laughs. That wasn’t what he was thinking. At all.

“I’m having an issue with a delivery.” She frowns at her screen. “This might take a few minutes. You okay to wait?”

Drew lifts his glass again. “I’m good.”

But he isn’t good. Not really.

Everything here at the Cherry reminds him of Joey. Because before today, the only time he’d ever been in here was the night Joey died. It was New Year’s Eve, in the hours before 1998 turned into 1999.

It was also the night of his stupid bachelor party. Nearly two decades later, it remains the worst night of his life. Nothing before, or after, has even

come close.

A New Year's Day wedding wouldn't have been Drew's choice, but there aren't a lot of options when it's a shotgun wedding. Drew was back in Toronto after a year in Vancouver, and though he had explicitly said he had no desire for a bachelor party, his friends surprised him with one anyway. They booked a VIP table at the Golden Cherry, which turned out to be a hell of a way to discover that Joey was a stripper.

Had it been any other female friend, it might have been comedy fodder, a funny bachelor party story that would be told and retold for years to come. But it was *Joey*. There she was, one of maybe fifty girls working at the Cherry on New Year's Eve, wearing high heels and her necklace and nothing else. There was nothing funny about it, and when Drew saw her, it was all he could do not to rip her out of his buddy's lap and carry her the hell out of there.

But he didn't. He'd pretended not to know her, and she had done the same. It wasn't entirely untrue. The Joey he knew was shy and modest, who shrank if people looked at her too long. This Joey was a confident, alluring stranger with false eyelashes, red lips, and a brand-new tattoo inked across her thigh.

It was a butterfly. A symbol of transformation. Was that what this was?

Maybe he'd know the answer if he and Simone hadn't lost touch with her not long after they moved to the west coast the year before. Or a more accurate way to put it would be that Drew had simply stopped returning Joey's calls. By the time he returned to Toronto for the holidays and the wedding, it seemed awkward to reach out. Too much had happened since he'd left for Vancouver.

Too much had happened since he left *her*.

After the countdown to 1999 was over, Drew cited the need for a good night's sleep and said goodbye to his friends, who were moving on to a nightclub downtown to finish out the night. It was a lie. There was no way he could sleep. Not until he talked to Joey. After they dropped him off at his mother's house, he borrowed his sister's car and drove back to the Cherry. He grabbed a roti at Junior's, then sat in the parking lot at the back and waited.

The dancers started coming out the back door after last call, around two a.m. Each one looked more tired than the last. He stepped out of the car,

knowing Joey wouldn't recognize his sister's Sunfire, and stood shivering in the freezing air. He must have looked a little shady, because one of the bouncers eventually came out and asked him why he was hanging around so close to the staff entrance. Even now, Drew can still remember what the guy looked like. He used to watch professional wrestling back then, and the bouncer was a dead ringer for The Rock.

"I'm waiting for someone," Drew said, trying not to sound as cold as he felt. "It's a public parking lot, dude."

"Does she want to see you?" the bouncer asked.

"She's my friend. I already saw her inside."

"Does she want to see you?" the bouncer repeated.

"I guess we'll find out."

The Rock didn't like his answer, but that was fine, because Drew didn't like him.

A few minutes later, Joey came out the back door, all bundled up in her giant winter parka and snow boots. The fake eyelashes were gone, her face was wiped clean, and she looked absolutely exhausted. When she saw Drew, she froze.

Her eyes darted back and forth between Drew and the bouncer, and it was obvious she'd only been expecting to see The Rock. Was she planning to go home with him? Was she actually dating this dude? Drew felt a sudden pang of insecurity. He was six three, but the bouncer had two inches and probably fifty pounds of muscle on him, which made Drew feel ... *small*. He didn't like it, he wasn't used to it, and so basically, it sucked.

"Hey," Joey said hesitantly.

Neither man responded, because neither was sure which one of them she was speaking to.

Joey's gaze finally settled on Drew. "You're still here."

"Can you tell this dude I'm your friend?" Drew said. It came out more hostile than he intended, and he saw the bouncer's jaw twitch. "He seems to think I'm stalking you."

"It's okay, Chaz," Joey said. "I do know him."

"So, you need a few minutes, or..." The bouncer's voice trailed off. He sounded annoyed, but Drew could detect something else underneath it. *Dismay. Hurt.*

"I can drive you home," Drew said to Joey, and when she didn't immediately respond, he added, "We used to live together, so I think I know

the way.” It was petty, but he couldn’t resist the dig.

“You good with that, Joey?” the bouncer asked, and it was clear he wasn’t going to leave until he heard it from her. She nodded, and the bigger man’s face hardened. “Cool. Happy New Year.”

“You too, Chaz.” She looked like she wanted to say something more to him, maybe reassure him in some way—she hated to hurt people’s feelings—but The Rock was already inside his car.

Alone under the bright lights of the parking lot, Drew and Joey stared at each other.

“What are you still doing here, Drew?” she asked again.

He walked over to the Sunfire and opened the passenger-side door. “Get in the car, Joey.”

She bristled at his tone.

“Please.” Drew’s teeth were chattering. “I forgot how fucking cold it is here.”

They didn’t speak for the first half of the drive. Which wasn’t long, as the house was only fifteen minutes away. But the radio wasn’t on. It was too quiet. Neither of them seemed to know how to begin.

“How’s Simone?” Joey finally asked.

“She’s fine.”

“When did you get back into town?”

“Christmas Eve,” Drew said. “I’m staying at my mom’s.”

That hurt her. He could sense it. He’d been home for a week and hadn’t called.

“So that was your bachelor party,” Joey said.

“Yes.”

“You’re getting married tomorrow.”

“Yes.”

“My invitation must have gotten lost in the mail,” she said. “Although that would be strange, since you and I used to *live* together.”

He deserved that.

“Where’s the wedding?” she asked.

“The Old Mill.”

Joey slumped in her seat. He could imagine what she was thinking. The Old Mill was nice. The kind of place you’d choose if you wanted something traditional and a little bit fancy.

“There was a last-minute cancellation,” Drew said, as if it would help anything. “Her parents are paying for it.”

“And yet here you are.” Joey glanced at the dashboard. “At ... two thirty in the morning. Didn’t your friends bail after midnight? What have you been doing for the past two hours?”

“Thinking.”

“About...?”

“You,” he said tersely. “Tonight was ... hard to watch.”

A full minute passed before Joey spoke again. “I’m sorry if I ruined your night,” she said. “I know you ruined mine.”

“You give us both too much credit.”

“Simone must be excited for tomorrow,” Joey said quietly. “We haven’t talked in a while, which I guess is the reason I’m not invited to the wedding.”

“If it makes you feel better, Simone isn’t invited, either. Apparently it’s poor form to invite your ex-girlfriend to watch you get married.”

Joey’s mouth dropped open. He actually heard it, the sound of her lips parting, the small gasp. He hadn’t meant to be so dramatic, but there was just no good way to tell her. He’d been avoiding this conversation for months.

“Simone and I haven’t spoken in almost a year,” he said. “We broke up not long after we got to Vancouver.”

Joey twisted her entire body sideways to face him, not an easy maneuver considering the parka she was wearing probably weighed ten pounds. “Are. You. Serious.”

“As a heart attack.”

“I don’t understand.”

“She met another chef at the restaurant,” Drew said, and even now, saying it out loud sounds weird. “She was seeing him for about a month before I figured it out.”

“Simone *cheated* on you?”

“People change.” He glanced at her. “Right?”

Joey turned to face straight ahead again, and Drew allowed her a moment to process. He understood it was a lot, and her reaction reminded him of the night he and Simone made the decision to move. She’d been offered a job at a five-star restaurant in Vancouver, and he’d been accepted at the University of British Columbia for graduate school. It was a good plan, the right decision, and a smart move toward their future. The only challenge

—for him, anyway—was how to tell Joey. It was no secret she'd grown attached to them, and while Simone thought she'd be okay, Drew wasn't so sure.

They thought a good meal might soften the blow. Simone, who'd graduated with honors from culinary school, cooked a huge feast for the three of them, no small feat considering how crappy the kitchen was in their basement apartment. Roast chicken, garlic mashed potatoes, sautéed vegetables, sourdough bread baked from scratch. She even made apple tarts for dessert, Joey's favorite.

They had filled her up before they broke her heart.

“How'd you find out that she met someone else?” Joey asked.

“She started hanging out with the people from work after her shifts, and was coming home later and later. She was picking fights and never wanted to have sex—” Drew stopped, cleared his throat. “I felt it. I waited in the parking lot outside the restaurant one night. Watched from the car when she came out with some guy. I followed them back to his apartment. She didn't come out for three hours.”

“You sat in the guy's parking lot the whole time?”

“We were in a four-year relationship. I had to be sure.” He made a left turn onto Acorn Street. They were nearly home. “She saw me and froze. And that's when I realized I had nothing to say, because her face said it all. She turned around and went back into the building. When I got home, there was a message on the phone. All she said was, ‘I'm sorry.’”

“Oh, Drew.” Joey sounded genuinely distraught. “You know I loved Simone, but that was a shit move. Is that ... is that why you both stopped calling me?”

“I can't speak for her,” Drew said. “I didn't know how to tell you. I needed some time to grieve it, I guess. A couple months later, I met Kirsten. It was supposed to be a rebound, but...”

He didn't finish the sentence. They were home. And had he known how the night was going to end, he would have said and done everything differently.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Cherry is back, her red blazer unbuttoned. The lacey white camisole underneath is cut low. To think, somewhere in there is her phone. Drew tries not to stare, and she laughs.

“Oh honey, *look*,” Cherry says. “I didn’t buy ’em to hide ’em. Men looking at me was how I made my living for twenty years.”

“You were a dancer?”

“I’m the OG here, as the kids would say. Married my best customer.” She winks. “He then bought the club and renamed it after me. When he died, I took over. We had a good run until about ten years ago. I took on a partner, and we decided to change it into a nightclub.”

“I was only here once,” Drew says. “When my friend danced here.”

“Ruby was a sweet girl,” Cherry says. “Always on time, no whining or bitching. She was popular with the customers. She made a lot of money, more than most.”

Drew needs a bit of liquid courage before he can ask the next question. He takes a long sip of his old-fashioned. “Was dancing the only thing the girls did for money?”

Cherry’s eyes narrow.

“I’m trying to understand why she worked here,” Drew says. “She was a really shy person. It seemed ... out of character for her.”

“There’s no mystery to it.” Cherry waves a manicured hand. “She was here for the same reason everybody else was. It was a job, one that paid very well if you were willing to put in the work. And it *was* work. You try dancing all night in five-inch heels.”

He couldn’t imagine dancing in *one*-inch heels.

“It was like any job, you know? There were nights you hated it, and nights that you had a really fucking good time.” Cherry chuckles. “She wasn’t the greatest dancer, mind you. We had to work on that. What made her special was the way she looked at you. She could look right into a man’s eyes and make him feel like he was the only person in the room. She created

a sense of real intimacy. Let me tell you, I can teach a girl to dance, but I can't teach a girl to do that."

Drew nods, but the person she just described doesn't fit the Joey he knew.

"I was so sorry to hear that she died," Cherry says. "That was a rough weekend. I only had two Asian dancers working here then, and I lost both of them around the same time. It's not politically correct to say this now, but there was a real demand for girls like Ruby. They weren't that common. I actually had a theory that—" She stops and finishes her drink. "Never mind, it's dumb."

"I love dumb theories." Drew sets his glass down. "Tell me."

The owner plucks a cherry out of her empty glass and pops it into her mouth. "Ruby and the other Filipino dancer, Betty Savage, became really close friends. When Ruby started working here, Betty kind of took her under her wing, helped her with her dancing, showed her how to work the room. But unlike Ruby, Betty was difficult. Always late for work, skipping out on shifts; I nearly fired her so many times, but the demand for Asian dancers was so high. Betty was trouble, though. I suspected she was selling drugs to the other girls. Her boyfriend was in one of those Vietnamese gangs."

"Which one?" Drew asks, his interest piqued even further. He had written a series on Asian street gangs for *Toronto After Dark*, had actually won an award for it. He knew them all.

"I can't remember now." Cherry shakes her head. "Anyway, the drug thing—I didn't like it, but what could I do about it? A lot of the girls couldn't work all night without being on something, and as long as they weren't snorting it in here ... I had a business to run."

Her eyes search Drew's for any sign of judgment. She won't find any, not because he agrees, but because he needs her to keep talking.

"So, the night Ruby died, someone thought they saw Betty's boyfriend lurking around," Cherry says. "Betty hadn't shown up for work—again—and the lockers in the dressing room were ransacked that night. Nothing was taken, but everyone's stuff was all over the floor, as if whoever broke in was looking for something specific."

Drew waits.

"Betty's boyfriend had a terrible reputation." She hesitates. "I wondered if maybe he did something to both of them. Because of the fire, you know."

"Do you remember the boyfriend's name?"

She shakes her head. “I never even met him. But I heard about him. He made some of the girls nervous.”

Drew’s mind is working overtime to process what she just said. The fire that killed Joey started in the fireplace, and the fire inspector back then had confirmed it was an accident. Whoever this gangster boyfriend was, he wouldn’t have had anything to do with it.

But Cherry had just said *both of them*. Implying something had happened to Betty, too.

“The same weekend Ruby died, Betty went missing,” Cherry says. “And as far as I know, she was never seen again.”

Drew’s spine starts to tingle, something that hasn’t happened in a long time. During his years writing for *Toronto After Dark*, he would feel that tingle any time he was onto something, any time a story he was investigating shifted in a direction he wasn’t expecting.

“You want to see some old photos?” Cherry asks. “I used to take pictures of the girls when they were hanging out. I’m sure I have a couple of Ruby in one of the albums in my office upstairs.”

Was she actually asking if he wanted to see pictures of Joey? Uh, *yeah*.

A bell rings, and then someone pounds on the back door. Cherry checks her watch. “That’s my delivery,” she says. “Go on upstairs. You’ve been here before, right?”

“Just once.”

She smiles. “My office is in the old Champagne Room.”

When Drew reaches the second floor, he sees that the strip club’s original VIP area is now full of billiards tables and lounge chairs. The booths for lap dances that used to line the wall have been replaced with long sofas, and there’s now a door where the velvet curtain leading to the Champagne Room used to be.

Drew can still remember how Joey looked that night, the way she’d turned to glance back at him one last time before disappearing behind the curtain with his friend Jake. She didn’t look scared. She wasn’t unwilling. She looked ... resigned.

Later that night, as they sat in his sister’s car in the driveway outside Joey’s house, he wanted to ask her what happened with Jake in the Champagne Room. But he knew there’d be no good answer to his question.

She'd either refuse to tell him, which would trigger his imagination to conjure up all kinds of scenarios, or she *would* tell him, and then he'd *know*.

They must have sat there for five minutes, neither of them speaking, but neither of them making a move to get out.

"How are Beavis and Butthead?" Drew had finally asked, because he had to say something to break the silence. Beavis and Butthead were their nicknames for the upstairs tenants, twin brothers who smoked pot all night long.

"They went to New Brunswick for the holidays to visit their folks," Joey said. "They stuck a joint under my door with a note asking if I'd take out their garbage."

"Smoke it yet?"

"You know I won't."

Drew appraised the run-down exterior of the old Tudor-style bungalow with the dirty bricks, broken eaves trough, and sagging front porch. He knew the inside was even worse, the main level only slightly less crappy than the basement apartment. "The house still looks like shit, I see."

"You expected different?"

"I didn't mean it as a dig. I miss living here." He stared straight ahead. "I miss living here with you."

He heard her sharp inhale.

Drew turned to face her. "Look, I'm sorry I didn't tell you about Simone. It's just that every time I thought about calling, I knew I'd have to tell you that we broke up, and I knew it would end up being a bigger conversation. Which I wasn't ready to have."

"Okay," she said, but it clearly wasn't. "So tell me about Kristen."

"*Kirsten*." He tapped the steering wheel, trying to think of the best way to explain. "We're in the same postgrad program. I think you'd like her. When we're finished with school, the plan is to move back here, and so maybe the three of us can get together..."

His voice trailed off. Because he knew what he was saying was stupid. There was no way Joey would want to meet Kirsten. Ever.

"I understand why Simone never called," Joey said. "She wouldn't want to tell me what she did. Friends choose sides after a breakup, right? She knew I'd choose you."

Drew let out a breath, feeling worse than ever.

"But what's the rush?" she asked softly. "With Kristen?"

This time, he didn't bother to correct her. He looked out the window.

"She's pregnant."

There's a long silence. After a full minute, he chanced a glance in her direction, but she, too, is looking out the window. He reached for her hand, but she sensed him coming and moved her arm away.

"A couple of moments ago I didn't think I could be more shocked," she said. "But the hits just keep coming."

"Joey—"

She turned to him then, reaching a hand out to touch his cheek. Her eyes scanned over his face, as if she were trying to memorize the angles of his cheekbones, the line of his jaw, his eyes, his lips, his hair. He didn't like the way she was looking at him now, as if she knew this would be the last time they would see each other.

"You're getting married," Joey whispered. "You're having a baby. You're making a whole new life, and it doesn't include me."

"Joey—" he said again, but she dropped her hand.

"I'm happy for you, Drew. You'll be a great husband. And an even better father."

Her words sounded hollow, like she was only saying the things she was supposed to say, the things polite people would say.

"Do you love her?" she asked.

He couldn't lie to her. Not now.

"I love her enough," Drew said. "I grew up without a dad. I don't want that for my kid."

She nodded and pushed open the door. A sharp bite of cold nipped his face. Before she could move her leg out, he reached past her and pulled the door shut.

"There are still things to say," he said.

Joey sat back, and he saw that she was digging the fingernails of her left hand deep into the delicate skin on the inner wrist of her right. A spot of blood formed, and he grabbed her wrist to make her stop. She wrenched away.

"I already know what you're going to ask. Dancing pays the bills, okay?" She looked at him, her eyes flashing. "It's a job. It's legal. I even have a license to do it."

"But *why*?" Drew couldn't even pretend he understood. "For fuck's sake, Joey. You're only twenty. You're smart. You could be anything you

want to be.”

“You’ve always said that, but it’s not true.” There was a hitch in her voice, and her breath was coming faster. “I know your family didn’t have a lot of money, and your dad died when you were little, but your mother and sisters gave you stability. They loved you, they protected you, they supported you. And for a long time, you also had Simone. And now you’ve got Kristen.”

“Kirsten,” he said.

“All I had was you and Simone. And then suddenly, you’re both gone. After you guys moved out, I needed to find another job. I couldn’t pay the rent by myself.”

“Why didn’t you talk to Gustav?” Drew asked. The owner of the video store was a good guy. “I’m sure he would have given you more hours—”

“You know Gustav. *The movie business is a weekend business, Joey,*” she said, doing a passable intimation of Gustav’s Austrian accent. “Well, as it turns out, so is dancing. I couldn’t do both. And dancing pays a hell of a lot better.”

“Except it’s not always dancing, right?” The words were out before he could stop himself.

“Fuck you, Drew.” Joey glared at him. “You guys *left* me. You knew I couldn’t afford this shithole by myself. So don’t you dare fucking judge me for doing what I had to do.”

“Which is what, taking your clothes off for a bunch of skeezy assholes?” Drew’s voice was a few decibels shy of a shout. “Rubbing yourself all over them until they get off? Get a fucking roommate, Joey. That makes a hell of a lot more sense than whoring yourself out.”

She slapped him, and the instant her palm connected with his cheek, he knew he deserved it. The slap was surprisingly painful. She’d hit him hard.

“Some of those skeezy assholes tonight were your friends,” she said. “And if you really think I’m a whore, then there’s no point in talking anymore.”

Drew rubbed his cheek, which was stinging like crazy. “So you’ll get naked for anyone else except me?”

“*Excuse me?*”

“Don’t you remember that night, about a week before we moved, when Simone was working—”

“Of course I remember that night,” Joey snapped. “And you know damn well why I stopped. Do not make this about you, you selfish, self-righteous asshole. You might hate my job, but your opinion doesn’t matter to me anymore. You left me. You *left*.”

They were both breathing heavily, the windows fogging up all around them.

“I can’t believe you slapped me,” he finally said.

“Yeah, well,” she said, opening the car door again. This time, Drew didn’t try to stop her. “Like mother, like daughter. Have a nice life, asshole.”

The door slammed. He watched as she let herself into the house, using the side door that led directly down to the basement. When the door shut behind her, and he knew she was safely inside, he reversed out of the driveway.

He didn’t look back.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

That conversation, which would turn out to be their last, did not go at all as Drew planned.

He'd spent an hour driving in circles after their argument, trying to clear his head. He knew he had been a total dick to Joey and that he owed her an apology, but he also knew it wouldn't sound sincere until he cooled off. He had a mother, two sisters, an ex-girlfriend, and now a fiancée, and he'd learned the hard way that women did not like it when "I'm sorry!" was shouted at them. All they heard was the tone, not the words.

He turned the car around at four a.m. By the time he got back to Acorn Street, there were two fire trucks, an ambulance, and two police cars blocking the road. It seemed that, in the hour and a half or so since he'd left, there had been a fire. He slowed the car and rolled down his window to get a better look. There were no flames anywhere. He wasn't even sure which house was the problem.

But the smell of smoke was unmistakable.

Many of the neighbors were outside, boots and parkas thrown on over their pajamas, a few still wearing their New Year's party outfits. They stood on their lawns, speaking quietly to each other, shaking their heads in disbelief. Half the street was blocked off, so Drew parked the car as close as he could to the action and got out, scanning all the faces, looking for any sign of Joey. She was nowhere to be seen.

The first knot of fear formed in his stomach.

He made his way closer to the house, his old house, *Joey's* house. The side door leading to the basement apartment was open, and a firefighter in full gear stood just inside the doorway.

A second knot of fear tied itself around his heart.

"Drew," someone said, and he whirled around. "Hey man, I didn't know you were back in town."

"Rick." Drew was relieved to see someone he knew. His former neighbor was a few years older, with a wife and small kid, and lived three

houses down. “What the hell happened? I can smell the smoke, but the house looks okay?”

“The fire was contained to the basement,” Rick said. “The alarm must have been going off for a while before any of the neighbors heard it, because the upstairs tenants are out of town. The trucks got here quick, but...”

The fire was in the basement.

A third knot of fear tightened around his throat.

“But what?” Drew forced out the words, his voice strangled.

Rick blinked and then looked around, as if he couldn’t believe he was the one who had to tell him and was hoping someone else would magically appear to take over the conversation.

“I’m so sorry, man,” Rick finally said. “Joey ... they said Joey didn’t make it.”

His former neighbor had spoken actual words, and Drew had heard them. But strung together in that order, those words didn’t make any sense. “What do you mean, Joey didn’t make it?”

Rick shifted his weight from right to left, clearly uncomfortable. “I overheard one of the firefighters saying it was the fireplace. I don’t know exactly how it happened, but they think it started there. I didn’t realize that house still had a wood-burning fireplace in the basement. We had ours filled in when we renovated last year, because the contractor told us it wasn’t up to code. They ... they couldn’t get Joey out in time.”

Drew stared at him, waiting for the punch line. It didn’t come.

“But I was just here,” he said, and his voice sounded strange to his own ears, almost like it wasn’t him speaking. “I was just *here*, and she was fine, she was ... she...”

He saw the firefighter step out of the basement entrance, and a few seconds later, a paramedic appeared. He was holding one end of a stretcher, slowly shuffling backward as he maneuvered his way out the side door. Drew could see a lump the shape of a body emerge. It was covered in a yellow plastic tarp.

He bolted toward it.

“Hey,” a police officer said, getting in his way. “Sir, this is a—”

“I live here,” he said instinctively, unable to take his eyes off the yellow tarp.

“You have ID?”

Drew pulled his wallet out and held up his driver's license. He'd never bothered to update it when he moved to Vancouver, so it still showed this address.

"She's my ... she's my girlfriend," Drew said. "I need to see her."

The officer let him through.

Drew kept walking until he reached the paramedics, who were preparing to lift the stretcher into the back of the ambulance. Without thinking, he reached for the edge of the tarp, but a paramedic stopped him.

"She's badly burned," the EMT said. "I really don't think—"

Drew lifted the tarp a few inches, not realizing he had pulled it from the top. He caught a glimpse of burned hair and a face that ... wasn't a face. The skin looked both raw and charred, a horrific mix of pink and white and black, and the odor that wafted out was unlike anything he'd ever smelled. Before he dropped the tarp and sprang back, he caught a glimpse of the necklace. Joey's necklace, the one she'd had since she was a kid, the birthday gift from Charles Baxter. It was still around her neck, intact, and though the gold chain was blackened, the ruby in the pendant was still red.

His stomach turned, and he managed to step back a few more feet before he vomited all over a snowbank.

Another police officer approached him then, a tall woman with curly brown hair. The other officers seemed to defer to her, so he assumed she must be the one in charge of the scene. She gave Drew a moment for his stomach to settle down, holding a finger up to the two paramedics so they wouldn't yet load the body into the ambulance. When Drew finally straightened up, she introduced herself.

"I'm Constable McKinley. You live here, you said?" She had a British accent and spoke kindly, though there was no mistaking the authority in her voice.

"I did live here," he said. "With Joey. I need to know if that's her. Joelle Reyes." Just saying her name made Drew want to throw up again. "Please."

The police officer looked at him closely. "Her body is badly—"

"Please," he repeated. He was usually more articulate than this, but it was all he could think to say.

"I can show you a part of the body that isn't so damaged." The officer spoke gently. "But first, can you tell me if she has any tattoos?"

"No, none," Drew said automatically.

And then he remembered. Joey did have a tattoo, because he'd just seen it at the Golden Cherry. Jesus, had that only been a few hours ago?

"Wait," he said. "She does have one tattoo. A butterfly. On her thigh."

"Let's look," the officer said, and walked him back to the ambulance. She pulled out her flashlight and then lifted the tarp, from the middle this time. He braced himself.

And there it was, in a spot where the skin wasn't as badly burned. A butterfly, midflight, the colors still vibrant though the surrounding skin was bright red.

"It's her," he gasped. "It's Joey."

He sank to his knees on the ice-cold sidewalk, his breath coming out in shallow bursts of white steam in the freezing, smoke-scented air.

Joey was dead. And it would forever be Drew's fault. Because he'd left her.

Again.

If Cherry notices that Drew looks emotional when she gets up to her office, she doesn't say anything.

She has an entire row of photo albums lined up neatly on the bookcase behind her desk, and she runs a long red fingernail along the spines until she gets to a faded pink album labeled *1998*. She pulls it off the shelf and reaches for her reading glasses. Flipping through the pages, she smiles at some of the memories until she finds what she's looking for. She turns the album around to face Drew.

"There's your girl."

Drew examines the photo behind the protective plastic sheet. It's surreal looking at Joey's face after all this time. But this is not the girl he remembers, the one who wore jeans and baggy T-shirts every day. This is Joey dressed as *Ruby*, her mother, with the eyelashes and red lipstick and a skimpy gold dress that shows off the tattoo on her thigh. She's relaxing in the dressing room with her feet up on the vanity table, stilettos discarded on the floor beside her chair, reading a book.

Drew's heart pangs. Despite looking like Ruby, the photo captured the essence of who Joey was perfectly. She always had her nose in a book wherever she went.

"There might be another picture of her in there somewhere," Cherry says. "You're welcome to look."

He turns the pages slowly, scanning through photo after photo of women in various stages of undress. Finally, on the last page, he sees a picture of Joey with two other dancers, the three of them posing like Charlie's Angels. Joey is wearing her gold dress, and the young Black woman in the middle is wearing a silver dress—if it can even be considered clothing—that appears to be made entirely of strings. The woman on the right must be the other Filipino dancer, Betty Savage. She's wearing a traditional green Chinese *qipao*, and while the skirt ends at midcalf, the dress is extremely tight, with a high slit on one side only.

“Betty never had a problem catering to the customers' Asian fetishes. For Halloween, she dressed as a geisha.” Cherry is looking at the photo upside down. “You can't do that kind of thing now, but back in the nineties, in a strip club? It made her a lot of money.”

Drew stares at the picture. “Did Joey do that, too?”

“I would say so, but it was less obvious,” Cherry says. “Ruby knew what she had that made her different from the other girls, and she worked it well. Those two looked so much alike, don't you think?”

Normally Drew would be annoyed by a comment like this. Just because they were the only two Asian dancers in the club—and both Filipino—didn't mean they looked alike. But looking closer, he has to admit Cherry has a point. Joey was slightly taller and Betty had a smaller frame, but their noses and face shapes had a similar roundness, and their hair was the same color and length. They could have passed for sisters.

In the dark, they could even be twins.

Drew feels another tingle in his spine. “What was Betty's real name?” he asks, his throat dry.

“I can't remember.”

“What else can you tell me about her boyfriend?”

Cherry shakes her head. “All I know is that his gang was all over the news back then for shooting up a nightclub in Chinatown—”

“The Blood Brothers.” Drew exhales.

He remembers the story well. The nightclub shooting was thought to be part of an ongoing turf war between the Blood Brothers, a Vietnamese gang, and the Big Circle Boys, a rival Chinese gang. Three people died that night. He has dozens of old files on his computer at home from the series he wrote on Asian street gangs, and he might be able to dig up Betty's boyfriend's name from the research he's already done.

Drew lifts up the corner of the protective sheet. “Mind if I take a picture of this with my phone? And the other one, too?”

“You can take them,” Cherry says. “I can see she meant a lot to you.”

There’s a crackling sound in the quiet office as Drew peels off the plastic, carefully detaching the photos from their sticky backing. The tingling hasn’t stopped. Joey and Betty, so similar in appearance. One dead, the other missing, in the same damn weekend. Betty’s boyfriend, involved with the Blood Brothers at a time when the gang was at its most violent, most power hungry, seen hanging around the club on New Year’s Eve. And then a few hours later, Joey is dead, in a fire that was ruled an accident ... but might not have been. After all, fires are a great way to destroy evidence.

What if Joey’s death wasn’t accidental? What if it was murder?

Betty Savage might know. But he can’t talk to her, because she’s missing. Or is she?

Drew gives his head a little shake. *Now* who’s the one with the dumb theory?

“What is it?” Cherry asks, catching it.

“Nothing.” He forces a smile and returns the album to her. “While I’m here, any chance you have old personnel files lying around? I wouldn’t mind tracking down this Betty. Since you mentioned she and Joey were good friends, I’m wondering if she can give me some insight into the last year of Joey’s life.”

“I used to keep files on all the girls with their performers’ licenses photocopied so I’d have them on hand during random inspections,” Cherry says. “But they were shredded years ago. You could try contacting the city. Dancers can’t legally work without a license, but without Betty’s real name, that would be a lot of licenses to sift through. There were a lot more dancers back in 1998.”

“Thanks for the tip, and I appreciate your time. Just wondering, though —” Drew hesitates. Cherry’s been helpful, and he doesn’t want to offend her. “Why didn’t you float your theory past the police back then? About Betty’s boyfriend maybe doing something to both her and Joey?”

Cherry lets out a bitter laugh. “What police? Nobody came around to ask me anything about either of them. And what was I going to do, march down to the nearest police station and volunteer my suspicions that a Vietnamese gang member killed one of them, or both? Last thing I needed was a target on my back.”

Drew nods. Of course that makes sense. The club owner is a shrewd lady, full of street smarts.

“My advice?” Cherry files the photo album back on the shelf. “Don’t go looking for Betty. She was bad news.”

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Of *course* he's going to look for Betty.

It's been a long time since Drew investigated something, and holy hell, he forgot how good it feels to chase down a story. The more he thinks about it, the more it feels like a real possibility that the basement fire was no accident. After all, Joey knew the chimney was in rough shape, because he and Simone had warned her about it after she moved in. The three of them never lit a fire, not once.

But did *Betty* know about the chimney? If the girls were good friends, and she spent time with Joey in the apartment, she might have. It never did sit well with Drew that Joey made a fire that night. But what if she wasn't the one who lit it? What if it was someone she was close to? Someone with a boyfriend who supplied her with drugs that she sold to the other girls at the club?

Murdering someone is a great reason to go "missing."

Back at his condo, Drew puts in a call to the licensing office at the City of Toronto and explains his situation. He's transferred to the records department, where he explains it all again, only to be put on hold for twenty minutes before the call simply disconnects. He then sends an email. Thirty minutes later, he receives a reply from an administrator at the licensing office, who tells him she can't give out information about licenses unless they're requested by the person themselves, or by an officer of the court. He scrolls through his contacts and puts in calls to three police officers he personally knows. Nobody picks up, so he leaves voice mails.

Investigative journalism is not nearly as sexy as it appears on TV.

Racking his brain, he googles *house fire Toronto Acorn Street January 1 1999* and gets hits for two articles mentioning the fire at his old place.

In the first article, the fire inspector explained that the blaze was caused by the fireplace in the basement, the chimney of which had not been cleaned or maintained in over a decade. It contained a buildup of creosote, a tar-like material that is highly combustible. The fire in the hearth caused the creosote to ignite in the chimney, which was full of cracks, allowing the fire to spread

to the wall. It consumed the rest of the small basement apartment within minutes, leaving no time for the occupant, who was likely asleep at that time of night, to escape.

“The importance of regular chimney maintenance cannot be overstated,” the fire inspector is quoted as saying. “Unfortunately, I’ve seen this scenario too many times.”

The second article said more or less the same, only its headline was more dramatic: DAUGHTER OF RUBY REYES PERISHES IN NEW YEAR’S EVE HOUSE FIRE. The article was clearly written to titillate. Not only did it make a point to mention that Joelle Reyes, age 20, had been working as an exotic dancer at the Golden Cherry Gentlemen’s Club, it also spent a paragraph summarizing her mother’s crime, which means the reporter had managed to make the connection between Joey and Ruby. The article finishes with a brief quote from Police Constable Hannah McKinley, who confirmed that no foul play was suspected.

Drew remembers McKinley. She was kind to him that night. He googles her name and learns that she’s a detective now, a sergeant, in homicide. A couple more clicks and he has the email address for her department. He types quickly, explaining who he is and reminding her how they met. An hour later, McKinley phones. He’d forgotten she had a British accent until he hears her voice.

“This was a long time ago, so I’ll have to refresh my memory. Give me a second,” Sergeant McKinley says. Drew can hear her typing, and can only assume she’s at her desk at the station. “Right, I remember now. House fire on New Year’s Eve, one deceased, Joelle Reyes, daughter of Ruby Reyes. Victim ID provided by ... Drew Malcolm. Oh, right, that’s you.”

“That’s me,” he says. “Can you tell me if there were photos taken at the scene?”

“I’m sure there would have been, by the insurance company, at least,” she says. “Would have happened the next day.”

“What about photos of the deceased?” An image of Joey’s burned face flashes through Drew’s mind. “Would there be pictures of that?”

“At the scene? Definitely not. The fire department would have prioritized removing her at the soonest possibility.”

Drew tries again. “What about the morgue? They’d have photos, right?”

“Possibly, but you’re not going to want to see those, assuming any were taken, and assuming they were filed properly and can even be located after

all these years. But from what I recall, she was DOA when they pulled her out.” McKinley pauses. “Why would you want to see photos? From what I remember, your friend’s body was very badly burned.”

“Not everywhere.” Drew clears his throat. “There was a part of her leg where her tattoo was still visible.”

“Ah yes. Which is how you were able to ID her. That, and…” A pause. She must be reading. “The necklace. I noted she was wearing a gold necklace with a diamond-and-ruby pendant.”

Drew nods, even though she can’t see it. “Did they ever confirm her actual cause of death?”

“It’s usually smoke inhalation, but it seems like this fire tore through the basement pretty fast,” McKinley says. Another pause. “Why do you ask? Are you saying that after nineteen years, you’ve now got questions about how she died?”

Her accent is messing up his ability to interpret her tone. He can’t tell if she’s interested or annoyed, and already he’s starting to feel a bit stupid asking a seasoned cop these questions after so much time has passed. Still, what has he got to lose, other than a little bit of dignity?

“I’m saying I’m not sure now,” Drew says. “I know it sounds nuts after all this time, but what if she was already dead, and the fire was just a cover-up?”

“What brought this up?”

“Ruby Reyes, Joey’s mother, made parole. I’m doing a podcast series about her and her relationship with her daughter, and I’m trying to fill in some of the gaps in Joey’s life. I just learned that Joey was involved with some shady people back then, which I didn’t know at the time.”

Silence from McKinley. He can only imagine what must be going through her head. She probably thinks it’s crazy, because it really kind of is. Also, it’s a long shot, based on no evidence, just a hunch. Fine, not even a hunch. A *tingle*.

“Hello?” Drew is holding his breath. “You still there?”

“I’m looking to see if there was an autopsy done on the body. There wasn’t. But I figured it was worth checking.”

He’s relieved she didn’t hang up. “Does it say why they didn’t do one?”

“Because the death wasn’t ruled suspicious. Joelle was found lying on the sofa in front of the fireplace, which is where the fire started. It’s the only point of origin. The theory is she fell asleep, and sometime later, the fire

sparked in the chimney. Seems fairly cut-and-dried how it all happened, as long as we're sticking with the presumption that nobody wanted her dead." The sergeant pauses again. "Do you now think someone wanted her dead?"

"Earlier today, I went back to the strip club where she worked, and the owner told me that Joey was close friends with another dancer, who went by the name Betty Savage. Betty was selling drugs at the club, which were supplied by her boyfriend, who was in a gang. The night Joey died, he was seen hanging around the club, even though Betty wasn't there that night."

A thought occurs to Drew then, and if there's a limit to how big a dumb theory can get, this might just test it.

"Joey and Betty looked a lot alike," he says. "They were both Filipino. I know it's a stretch, but..."

"Go on," McKinley says. "You've come this far."

"What if the boyfriend killed Joey by mistake? And set the fire to cover it up?"

"Well, where's Betty now?"

"She's missing. She disappeared the weekend Joey died."

"Okay, that *is* interesting." A pause. "Then I suppose you need to find Betty, and ask her what she knows about that night."

Drew exhales. So the sergeant doesn't think it's stupid. That's something, at least. "The problem is, I don't know her real name. She went by Betty Savage at the club. I put a request in to the city to check for a performer's license, but the woman who replied to my email won't give me any information unless I'm an officer of the court."

"Bloody hell, you're all over this thing," McKinley says. "Who's the person you emailed? And any chance you can send me a photo of Joelle and this Betty?"

He puts her on speaker and uses his phone to snap photos of the pictures Cherry let him keep, then sends the sergeant everything. Five seconds later, he hears her computer ping.

"They really do look alike, don't they?" McKinley says. "Bollocks, now you've got me intrigued. I'll check missing persons reports around that time. Anything you can tell me about the boyfriend?"

"He was part of a Vietnamese gang called the Blood Brothers. I don't know his name." *But I might be able to find out.*

"Okay, I'll get back to you. It's not like I don't have ten other things I could be doing, but now you've put a bug up my arse." McKinley sighs. "I'll

text when I know something.”

“I get that this is absolutely bonkers,” Drew says. “And I’m not sure it even changes anything, because I’m ninety-nine percent certain the fire was probably an accident.”

“But you were a hundred percent certain before,” McKinley says. “That one percent can eat you alive. Trust me, I know that feeling.”

He appreciates her understanding, because he does need to know. However, finding out the truth might not make him feel any better. He’s been telling himself he’s doing this podcast for Joey, to tell her story and expose Ruby for who she is. But deep down, in the cracks of his soul where he stuffs all the painful thoughts he can’t bear to deal with, he knows he’s doing it to try to alleviate his own guilt. For abandoning her.

Joey had her own share of guilt, too. Incredibly, she blamed herself for her mother being charged with Charles’s murder. After their neighbor called the police, and Ruby was finally arrested for child abuse, Joey had allowed the social worker to read her diaries, where she’d written about the night Charles was killed.

“You wanted your social worker to know, though, right?” Drew had asked her. They were sitting at the table by the window at Junior’s. “Was giving her your diaries your way of telling her, without actually having to tell her?”

“I don’t know that I was thinking about it that way,” Joey said. “As stupid as it sounds, I never wanted Ruby to go to prison. I just wanted to not live with her anymore. But in the end, she got the last laugh. Living with my aunt and uncle didn’t make my life better. All it did was make it a different kind of shitty. And there were many times when I wished I had just stayed with the devil I knew.”

Joey almost never talked about her years in Maple Sound.

Drew reaches for the last diary, and starts reading.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

After her mother's arrest, Joey spent two nights in an emergency shelter with a dozen other kids. She slept on a bottom bunk, underneath a girl who talked (*cried*) in her sleep. When the social worker finally came back for her, Joey was relieved. All she wanted was to see her mother and make sure she was okay (*not mad at her*).

But they weren't going to see Ruby. They were going back to the apartment in Willow Park so Joey could pack her things.

The social worker (*you can call me Deb*) explained on the drive over that due to the child abuse charge, Joey would have to stay separated from her mother for a while. In the meantime, her aunt Flora and uncle Miguel in Maple Sound had agreed to take her in. Joey was surprised. She couldn't imagine what sales pitch (*witchcraft*) the social worker had used on Tita Flora and Tito Micky, but it must have been some serious hocus pocus for her mother's sister—and greatest enemy—to take in Ruby's only child.

The apartment somehow seemed smaller and shabbier than it had been only two days before. Or perhaps Joey was just seeing it through the social worker's eyes, which were full of compassion as she looked around, taking in the broken dishes, the cracked photo frames, and the busted lamp on the floor.

"Take your time," Deborah said. "I know this must be difficult."

Joey pulled Ruby's old suitcase from the closet and began to fill it with what few clothes she owned. She took a few of her mother's things as well. The hair dryer. The Mason Pearson hairbrush Ruby had splurged on after she got her first job in Canada. Her signature lipstick, MAC "Russian Red."

Deborah lent her a second suitcase, which Joey filled with as many of her mother's books as would fit. Danielle Steel, Judith Krantz, and Sidney Sheldon were Ruby's favorite authors, as they all wrote dishy, sweeping sagas filled with drama, broken hearts, and angst. Joey read all the novels, too, and discussing them with her mother was always when she was happiest. It was the one thing they could do together that never resulted in a negative outcome.

Everything else in the apartment, Deborah told her, could remain until the end of the following month, when the unit would be put back on the rental market.

“But where will my mom go?” Joey asked. “After the trial?”

Deborah touched her shoulder. “It may be a long while before she comes home, honey.”

In every place she and Ruby had lived, Joey learned to find a secret hiding spot, a place where she could store things her mother wouldn’t find. One of those things was the necklace from Charles. Ruby had sold hers in a rage when Charles dumped her (for the third time), and Joey, becoming familiar with the pattern, told her mother that she had lost her own necklace at the park. Except she hadn’t. She hid it, so Ruby wouldn’t sell hers, too.

“What are those?” Deborah asked when Joey pulled the necklace out of a loose floorboard near the radiator. She didn’t seem surprised that Joey had a secret hiding spot. She also wasn’t referring to the necklace. She was looking at the stack of small, pretty notebooks that were also in the floor.

“They’re my diaries,” Joey said. “I think I’m just going to leave them here.”

“That would be a shame. What do you write about?”

Joey shrugged. “Everything, I guess.” She picked them up. “Why, did you want to read them?”

“Would you like me to read them?”

Joey shrugged again.

The social worker made no move to take them, remaining perched on the edge of the bed. In that position, Joey couldn’t help but notice that Deborah’s body was shaped like a potato. Ruby, who always had strong opinions about other women’s bodies, would have said she was fat. But when Deborah had hugged her two nights ago after the arrest, the woman had felt so soft, so safe, her rolls and squishiness warm and comforting. She was a pillow in human form, the exact opposite of Ruby.

“I would like to read them,” Deborah said. “It might help me know you better, so I can support you the best I can. But it has to be okay with you, Joelle.”

“Whatever. I don’t care.”

The diaries were now in the back seat.

A strawberry-shaped air freshener dangled from the rearview mirror of Deborah’s Honda Accord. It was fuzzy like an oversize scratch ’n’ sniff

sticker, and though it didn't smell anything like strawberries, it did make the car smell nice. Ruby's car always smelled like smoke.

"You doing okay, Joelle?" Deborah glanced over, the sunlight reflecting off her smooth, poreless dark skin. "I'll need to stop for gas soon, if you need to go to the bathroom."

If Deborah meant *okay* as in not currently injured and not physically ill, then sure, Joey was okay. She stared straight ahead, aware of Deborah's black curls bobbing to the mixtape in the cassette deck. The social worker seemed too old for Young MC, but she knew all the words to "Bust a Move." *She's dressed in yellow, she says hello ...*

Deborah glanced over again, still waiting for an answer. Finally Joey shrugged. She knew adults hated when kids did that, but not Deborah, who seemed to understand that sometimes there were no words. Sometimes the answer was a shrug.

"When will they let me see my mom?" Joey looked out the passenger-side window, where she could see her reflection. She appeared translucent, like a ghost (*I wish I was a ghost*).

It took Deborah a few seconds to answer. "I wish I knew, honey. But I bet your aunt and uncle are excited to see you."

The social worker said it so kindly that even though she knew the opposite to be true, Joey couldn't bring herself to disagree. She'd only been to Maple Sound once before, a few years earlier. The visit had been a disaster. It was the day she met her grandmother (*lola*) for the first time.

It was also the day she realized that her bad mother also had a bad mother.

At the gas station, Joey waited in the car while the social worker went inside to pay. They were an hour into the two-hour drive up to Maple Sound, and it was going by at warp speed. With every kilometer, her heart grew heavier. It felt like this car ride was the dividing line between the *before* and the *after*. Once she arrived at her aunt and uncle's house, she would cross into the *after*, and there would be no going back.

Deborah plopped back into the driver's seat and handed Joey a plastic bag. Inside were several packs of Skittles.

"I know your aunt has three boys, but that candy is yours, Joelle, and you don't have to share it with anyone." Deborah's tone was serious as she started the car. "Whenever you're feeling lonely, have a couple of Skittles."

Think of them as me giving you a hug. By the time you've finished the candy, I'll be back for a visit. And I'll bring you some more."

Joey stared at the bag. An adult had just given her a present, and it wasn't even her birthday. True, it was just Skittles, but it was the best gift she'd ever received. Because it was in exchange for ... absolutely nothing.

"Thank you." She willed herself not to cry.

An hour later, they arrived in Maple Sound. The entire family was outside on the porch when they pulled up. The two-story house was at the top of a hill, and while it had pretty views of Lake Huron, it was much smaller and more isolated than Joey remembered.

"It's really pretty here." Deborah sounded surprised as she cut the engine. She rolled down the window. "Smell that? Fresh air. And is that a pond I see over there? It's so cute. Listen ... you can hear the frogs—"

At first Joey didn't understand why Deborah stopped speaking so abruptly, but then she realized it was because of her. She was *crying*, dammit, and she didn't even know she was doing it until she saw the look on Deborah's face. She swiped at her cheeks, embarrassed to be caught *feeling* something—and furious at herself for allowing it to show.

Tita Flora appeared near the driver's-side door with a big smile. She did not look how Joey remembered, either. Her hair was cut short and lightened to an unnatural shade of auburn. Her three boys—Jason, Tyson, and Carson—remained on the porch, wrestling with each other behind Tito Micky, who seemed oblivious to the chaotic energy of his sons. Her uncle had changed, too. He had almost no hair left on his head, and he was skinnier, the sinewy muscles in his arms and legs all but gone from years of inactivity. His belly, in contrast, protruded firmly over his saggy green basketball shorts. An unlit cigarette dangled from his mouth, and he had a lighter in his hand.

Her grandmother was the only one who had not changed. Lola Celia's hair was dyed the same blue-black as before, and like the last time, she was dressed in sweatpants and a sweatshirt, even though it was summer. She lifted a bony hand in their direction. Joey knew her frail appearance was just an illusion. Within that small, aging body was a woman whose eyes missed nothing and whose tongue was as sharp as a straight razor.

After all, Ruby had gotten it from somewhere.

Introductions were made, and Tita Flora planted a perfunctory kiss on Joey's forehead before greeting Deborah with a too-wide smile that showed all her teeth. Her *lola* said hello in English, her beetle eyes crawling up and

down her granddaughter's body as she stretched her hand out, palm facing down. Joey took it and bowed, pressing the back of Lola Celia's hand lightly to her forehead.

When she'd first met her *lola* a few years before, Joey had not known what the *mano* was. Her grandmother had ripped into Ruby in furious Cebuano, presumably for not teaching her young daughter how to greet her elders with respect. The only word Joey had understood from that verbal lashing was *puta*, which meant "whore." Lola Celia had screamed it at Ruby, not once, but twice. Later, on the drive back to Toronto, Ruby had been uncharacteristically quiet. *You have a bad mother*, she said to Joey in a resigned voice before turning on the radio, *because I had a bad mother*.

Tita Flora nudged her husband. Tito Micky stuck his unsmoked cigarette in his pocket and grabbed the suitcases. They all went inside.

"Mick, show Joey where her room is," her aunt said. To Joey, she said, "Your *lola* made adobo for dinner. I know that's your favorite."

Favorite sounded like *pay-bor-it*. Her aunt's Filipino accent had not softened much over the years. In contrast, Ruby's accent was nearly gone, because her mother had been determined to lose it. Occasionally it came back when she was talking (*yelling*) at Joey, but around other people (*boyfriends*) she almost sounded Canadian (which, for Ruby, meant *white*).

"Wow, so heavy," Tito Micky said as he dragged both suitcases toward the staircase. Heavy sounded like *hebbe*. "What you got in here, a dead body?"

The joke was in poor taste, and Deborah blinked. Tita Flora spoke sharply to her husband in their Filipino dialect, and his shoulders slumped. Joey only caught one word. *Buang*. It meant "stupid."

She followed her uncle up the stairs to the bedroom at the end of the hall. Joey looked around in dismay. While the window had a view of the pond, the room was no better than the sleeping situation at the foster home. Bunk beds were pushed up against one wall, and there was a thin twin mattress lying on the floor closest to the door. It was covered in a plain pink cotton sheet so new, it still had creases from the packaging.

"You'll be sharing the older boys' room." Tito Micky was wheezing slightly, the years of cigarettes and booze preparing him not at all for any sort of heavy lifting. Interestingly, his back injury—the reason he was able to collect disability—seemed fine. "Everything happened so fast we didn't get a chance yet to buy a bed."

“That’s okay,” Joey said.

Tita Flora appeared in the bedroom doorway with Deborah, who frowned.

“This is just temporary,” her aunt explained. “Our youngest boy sleeps with my mother because he still needs help using the bathroom. But in a few months, Carson can sleep with his brothers in here, and we can move Joey’s bed into her *lola’s* room.”

“What bed?” Deborah’s tone was blunt. “All I see is a mattress, and Joelle *will* need a proper bed so she’s not sleeping four inches from the floor. When we spoke on the phone, you assured me her room would be ready.”

“It’s ordered.” Tita Flora looked at her husband. “From Sears. Right, Mick?”

It took Tito Micky a second to catch on. “Yes, it’s coming soon.” He was a terrible liar. “They’re, ah, they’re late with the delivery.” *Dee-lib-or-ee*.

“So, Deborah.” Tita Flora’s smile was all teeth again. “When might we expect the first payment?”

The social worker had explained to Joey that her aunt and uncle were eligible for monthly kinship-care payments from the government, similar to foster-care payments. How much they’d receive, Joey didn’t ask, but she knew the money was the only reason Tita Flora had agreed to this arrangement.

“About three weeks.” Deborah’s voice took on a flat note Joey hadn’t heard before. “Which is around the time I’ll be back here to check and see how things are going.”

The warning was obvious, but her aunt merely nodded and directed Deborah back out to the hallway to check out the rest of the second floor.

Joey moved toward the window in the room she’d be sharing with her cousins, who were eight and six. Deborah was right. It was pretty here. Maybe everything would be fine. It had to be, because there was simply no option for it not to be. It was either here or foster care, especially if (*when*) her mother was convicted.

She felt a hand graze her lower back, and jolted.

Tito Micky had joined her at the window, his palm pressing lightly into the indent just above her tailbone. He smelled like tobacco and whiskey. She moved over a few inches, just enough for his hand to fall away, and he looked over at her with an innocent smile.

“I can’t believe how big you are now, Joelle,” he said. Believe sounded like *bee-lee-b*. Maybe one day she’d stop hearing his accent, but for now, it sounded foreign, and obvious. “*Sus*. You look so pretty.”

Joey cringed at her uncle’s use of her formal first name. When Deborah called her Joelle, it sounded grown-up, respectful. But when Tito Micky said it, giving equal weight to each syllable of her name as if they were two separate names (*Jo-Elle*), it made her skin crawl.

“You know your Tita Flora didn’t want you here, because your mom has done something very bad.” Tito Micky spoke softly, conspiratorially, as if they had a delightful secret just between the two of them. “But I told her, you’re family. This is your home, okay? If you need anything, you just ask your Tito Micky.”

Her uncle moved closer until their shoulders touched. His hand was back on the base of her spine, and she could feel his finger moving in slow, lazy circles. Tito Micky was no longer looking out the window, he was looking at her. He sighed, and his whiskey-tinged breath caressed Joey’s cheek.

“*Sus*,” he sighed. The word—which wasn’t really a word, more like a syllable—was Filipino slang for “Jesus.” “So pretty, Joelle.”

He leaned closer and whispered into her ear.

“You look just like your mother.”

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Deep in his overstuffed storage locker, somewhere between the artificial Christmas tree and his daughter's neglected ukulele, Drew finally finds the box he's looking for. It's filled with notebooks, scrapbooks, newspaper clippings, photos, hard drives, and memory sticks. Basically all the work he did during his fifteen years as an investigative journalist for *Toronto After Dark*.

Drew chased all kinds of stories for that Saturday weekly. He discovered that the homeless woman who earned thirty thousand a year in spare change was actually a grandmother with a car and a house in the suburbs. He exposed an eighteen-year-old pimp who insisted he never intended to get into the business of sex, he just happened to know a few girls at school who were willing to sleep with his friends for extra money, and so he took a fee for arranging the dates ("Like the Baby-Sitters Club," he told Drew earnestly. "Only without the babysitting.>").

And at the height of his career, Drew published an award-winning series on the Asian street gangs that had ruled Chinatown back in the nineties, some of which are still in operation today. Which means that everything there was to know about them back then will be somewhere on one of these old hard drives. Drew takes his best guess, plugs one of them in, and begins searching. If he doesn't find what he's looking for here, he's got seven more.

Had it been up to him, he'd have stayed with *Toronto After Dark* until he retired. But like all the smaller newspapers, it had gone the way of the dinosaurs in the last few years. It shut down right as Sasha was sending out university applications, and while some of her tuition would be covered by the fund he and Kirsten had set up when she was born, the rest would have to come from Kirsten's parents, who'd already done so much. Drew took every freelance gig he could find, but it wasn't until the online piece he wrote about murdered billionaire couple Barry and Honey Sherman went viral that things took a turn for the better. He was invited to appear on CBC

public radio to discuss it, and the interview was so popular, he was invited back several times to discuss other criminal cases.

And that's how *The Things We Do in the Dark* was born. At a time when it seemed like everybody and their dog had a podcast, nobody was more shocked than Drew when his show took off.

Bingo. He clicks on a folder and finds what he's looking for. Drew's notes, interviews, and rough drafts are all here, basically everything he worked on when he wrote his series about the Chinatown gangs. Within ten minutes, he has the name of someone who was thought to be a high-ranking member of the Blood Brothers. The guy, now solidly in middle age, lives in Oakville, a wealthy suburb west of Toronto. Google Maps shows his address as a large waterfront house on Lakeshore Road, a far cry from the dilapidated Chinatown apartment he used to share with his parents and younger brother back when they first came to Canada from Vietnam.

It takes a few phone calls, but the meeting is arranged. After a quick shower and shave, Drew is on his way to meet the man rumored to be responsible for importing half a billion dollars' worth of illegal narcotics into Canada in the nineties.

And that's just the stuff they know about.

The deeper Drew gets into Oakville, the bigger the houses get. Eventually he finds himself driving past properties ranging well into the millions. Out of curiosity, he asks Siri to look up the listing price of a house for sale that resembles a small chateau in the South of France. Siri tells him the asking price is \$12,999,999. For fuck's sake, who are these real estate agents kidding? Just round it up to thirteen million.

The house next to it isn't on the market, but it is the one he's looking for. He pulls into the U-shaped driveway. Parking behind a Lamborghini and a Maserati, he stares up at the mansion in awe. Three stories high, stucco facade, four-stall garage, pristine views of the lake. Officially, Tuan Tranh—who goes by Tony—is a furniture manufacturer with a large factory in Vietnam. But sofas and bed frames might not be the only things moving in those shipping containers. Clearly, being in the illegal drug business pays.

Out of habit, Drew locks his car, although he can't imagine anyone will try to steal his eleven-year-old Audi when they could have a Lambo. He walks up to the front doors of the mansion and rings the bell, looking up into the camera mounted above. A moment later, the huge mahogany door opens.

A small, wrinkled face peers out, dark eyes narrowing when she sees the tall Black man standing there.

“Yes?” she asks. The woman can’t be more than four ten. She’s wearing khaki pants and a loose green T-shirt, with well-worn shearling slippers on her feet.

“Hello, ma’am,” Drew says. “I’m here to see Tony Tranh.”

“He know you coming?” Soft Vietnamese accent, suspicious tone.

“We have a meeting, yes.” He pulls out a business card and offers it to her. “Drew Malcolm.”

“You wait here.” She plucks the card from his fingers and closes the door. Drew hears it lock.

While he waits, he looks at the houses across the street on the other side of Lakeshore Road. They’re not waterfront, which decreases their value significantly, but some of them are just as big. Somewhere on the other end of Oakville, farther away from the lake, Simone’s parents live in a small townhouse. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey always did like him. Maybe he should drop by for a visit, catch up, find out whether Simone married the dude she cheated on him with, since she doesn’t have any social media accounts.

Yeah, hard pass.

The door opens again. “Come inside,” the tiny woman says, and Drew steps through the door.

His entire two-bedroom-plus-den condo could fit in this entryway alone. The ceilings are probably eighteen feet high, and there’s a clear view from the foyer straight through to the back of the house, which is completely walled in glass. The view of Lake Ontario should have been unobstructed, except that right in the center of the foyer is a nine-foot marble statue of a voluptuous, naked woman with long, wavy hair and nipples the size of grapes. The statue is awesome, gaudy, and completely distracting.

The small woman waits patiently as he takes it all in, as if it’s normal for everybody to gawk at the house, the lake, and the statue when they first get here. Which they probably do, in that order.

“No shoes.” She looks down at Drew’s feet, which are encased in clean white Nikes. Using her pinky finger, she points to a large wicker basket by the door. It’s filled with slippers. All styles, all colors, all in various states of wear. “You want wear slippers?”

“I’m sure he doesn’t,” a tall blond woman says as she comes around the corner. She’s wearing slippers, too, but hers are furry and bright blue. “And

if he did, I'm sure we don't have anything in his size. *Cảm ơn.*"

The older woman nods and leaves.

"Lauren Tranh." The blonde stretches a languid hand out toward Drew. "Tony's wife. You must be Drew. He's just finishing up a call in his office."

Mrs. Tranh is white, at least five ten, and stunning. She looks vaguely familiar. Former actress or model? Reality star? If there ever comes a day when Bravo decides to introduce a *Real Housewives of Oakville* to their franchise, Lauren Tranh will be a shoo-in.

He shakes her hand. "Should I remove my shoes?"

"Yes, please."

He takes them off and places them neatly by the door. When he stands and turns around again, she has a small smile on her face.

"What is it?" He returns the smile.

"It's just nice to have someone in the house taller than me," she says, amused. "Doesn't happen often."

She's standing right beside the marble statue, and it hits him where he's seen her. Same hair, same lips, same—

He swallows. The naked statue is of her. *Damn.*

It's exactly what she wanted him to see, and, satisfied, she leads him down the hallway.

Tranh's office is at the back corner of the house, and like everything else, it's enormous. He's still on the phone when Drew is led in, but he smiles and gestures for his guest to sit. Drew points to the bookcases covering the entire side wall, and Tranh nods again, mouthing *go ahead* in English before continuing his conversation in Vietnamese.

The built-in bookshelves are so tall, they require their own ladder. Tranh's collection is impressive. Drew finds everything from a first edition of *Little Women* to a signed hardcover of *The Shining*. While he doesn't really envy Tranh his house, his lake view, his cars, or even his wife, he does feel a stab of jealousy over these bookcases.

If only he were the head of a violent gang that killed people and got kids hooked on drugs, he'd be rich, too.

"See any you like?"

Tony Tranh is off the phone and standing right beside him. They shake hands, and though Tranh is nearly a foot shorter than Drew, he doesn't seem the least bit intimidated. A trim man in his early fifties, he's wearing a

perfectly tailored black button-down, pressed chinos, and leather Gucci slides. Drew feels a bit lame in his cheap white athletic socks from Costco. Twelve bucks for a pack of eight.

“All of them,” Drew replies with a smile. “Your collection is impressive, as is your home.”

The answer pleases Tranh. He gestures to the chairs facing the windows and the lake, and they both sit.

“So you mentioned to my assistant that you host a true crime podcast.” Though he was born in Saigon and didn’t immigrate to Canada until he was sixteen, Tranh speaks with no accent at all. “I listened to your inaugural episode about the billionaire murders. So fascinating. How many listeners do you have?”

“About three million per episode.”

“And what does that pay?”

Very direct. “Not as much as I’d like.” Drew keeps his tone light. “But enough to eat and pay my mortgage.”

“Hmmm,” Tranh says. “So it’s more like a monetized hobby, then?”

Drew stiffens but doesn’t reply. It’s not the first time he’s heard it.

“You have a master’s in journalism, right? And then you worked at *Toronto After Dark* for fifteen years, until it folded?”

Uh-oh. “Yes, I did.”

Tranh nods. “You did a series on all the Chinatown gangs. It was an interesting read. I knew some of those boys when I still lived in that area. You seemed to have a lot of inside information. Who gave it to you?”

Drew smiles. “I never reveal my sources.”

“What if I paid you a hundred grand? Cash? Right now?”

Surprised, Drew laughs. That was a first. “Tempting. But still, I can’t.”

“That’s too bad.” Tranh’s eyes fix on Drew’s. “I would have liked to know who talked to you.”

“So is this your way of confirming that you’re part of the Blood Brothers, one of the gangs I wrote about?”

It’s Tranh’s turn to smile. When he does, he looks like a teenager. “The BB weren’t a gang. More like, you know ... a monetized hobby.”

Drew can’t help but laugh.

There’s a knock on the office door, and the same tiny woman from earlier brings in a tray. She sets down a pot of green tea, two teacups, and a plate of brown cookies.

“This is my mother,” Tranh says. “She makes the best cinnamon-sugar cookies, an old family recipe. Try one.”

Drew is not a cookie person and has never had much of a sweet tooth. But both the old woman and Tranh are looking at him expectantly, so he takes a cookie and bites into it.

“Delicious,” he says, and means it.

“*Cảm ơn*,” she says with a smile, then leaves.

Tranh pours them both tea and settles back into his chair. “So. If I understand correctly, you’re here to talk to me about someone *I* might know, who dated a woman that was friends with someone *you* used to know. Do I have that right?”

“I know that’s vague—”

“Exceptionally.”

“A good friend of mine died in a house fire a long time ago,” Drew says. “Her name was Joey. The fire was supposedly accidental, but there are a few things I’ve learned recently that suggest it might not have been an accident at all. But the woman who might know more about it has been missing for nearly twenty years. And this missing woman might have dated someone you know.”

“What’s her name?”

“That, I don’t know. She was a dancer at a strip club called the Golden Cherry. Her stage name was Betty Savage, and her boyfriend was someone in the Blood Brothers.”

If any of this is ringing a bell for Tranh, he’s not letting on. “And you need me to do what, exactly?”

“I’m hoping you’ll tell me who *he* is, so I can figure out who Betty Savage is, so I can find out where she is, and talk to her.”

A small smile. “Do you have a photo of this Betty Savage?”

Drew pulls out his phone. He taps on the photo he sent to Sergeant McKinley earlier, and enlarges it so only Betty is showing on the screen. He hands Tranh his phone.

Tranh examines it closely. “Oh yes. I remember her. That’s Mae. I don’t recall if I ever knew her last name, but I did meet her a few times.”

Jackpot. “So she was dating someone in the Blood Brothers?”

Tranh hands the phone back. “She was my brother’s girlfriend.”

Oh. *Shit.*

This is not what Drew expected to hear. Of course he was familiar with Tranh's younger brother, Vinh—who went by Vinny—as he was thought to have been involved in the nightclub shooting in Chinatown. A year after that, he was shot and killed, supposedly over a drug deal gone bad.

Which, thinking back to his research notes now, wasn't very long after Betty—*Mae*—went missing. It might have been less than a week after the fire. And though it was never proven, the bullet was rumored to have come from a member of his own gang. Someone had ordered a hit on Vinny. And only someone high up could do that.

Someone like his brother, Tony Tranh. Who's now watching Drew with eyes that seem to know exactly where Drew's mind just went.

"I'm sorry," Drew says. "I understand Vinny died years ago. If I had thought he might be Betty's—*Mae's*—boyfriend, I would never have come here. I apologize if I've brought up a painful memory."

"Thank you," Tranh says. "It was a shame to lose him so young. He was only twenty-three. It was very hard on our mother."

Drew hesitates, unsure if he should ask his next question.

"Go ahead," Tranh says, sipping his tea. "Say what's on your mind."

"Betty—*Mae*—went missing around New Year's Eve 1998. I realize it was a long time ago, but do you have any idea where she might have gone?"

Tranh frowns again. "Why would I know anything? She was Vinny's girlfriend, not mine."

"Apparently, she just stopped showing up for work. And her boyfriend—which I now know is your brother—was concerned enough to go to her club looking for her. Vinny never mentioned anything to you about this back then? About his girlfriend disappearing? I mean, that's kind of a ... big thing."

"Oh, he mentioned it. He was actually quite distraught about it. As was I." Tranh uncrosses his legs, then recrosses them the other way. "But then he was murdered on January fifth, 1999. If he did tell me anything about his missing girlfriend, it likely slipped my mind as I was comforting our mother and planning his funeral."

"I'm sorry," Drew says again.

Tranh sips his tea. Outwardly, he seems relaxed, but Drew's gut is telling him that the other man is far from it. "You're probably well aware that Vinny had a reputation for violence. We had a rough childhood, but we turned out very differently, much to our mother's dismay."

Drew doesn't buy it. The only difference between Tony Trinh and Vinny Trinh was that the older brother was smarter and possessed more self-control. Which, in the end, made him much more dangerous than Vinny ever was.

"As tragic as it is, my brother got himself killed because he was stupid." Trinh seems more annoyed than sad. "He was very impulsive. As was Mae. I wasn't surprised she disappeared. She had no family, and Vinny told me she grew up in the system. He wasn't always kind to her, but then again, Mae was bad news."

It's exactly how Cherry described her.

"In what way?" Drew asks.

"She was a thief." Trinh's eyes are cold. "I didn't like her from the beginning. I sensed she was trouble, and that's exactly what she turned out to be. She and Vinny had a very passionate relationship—and not always in a good way. It was causing him to become unreliable, which wasn't good for business."

"What did Mae steal?"

"Does it matter?" Trinh offers him a cold smile. "It wasn't hers to take."

It's not much of an answer. There are some people Drew can push, but Tony Trinh is not one of them.

"Thank you, Mr. Trinh." Drew places his teacup on the table and stands up. "I appreciate your time."

"That's it?"

"That's it."

Trinh escorts him back to the front door and they shake hands again. As Drew is putting on his shoes, Trinh's mother rushes toward him with a plastic container. It's full of cinnamon cookies.

"You take home," she says. "For your family."

"She likes you," Trinh says with a grin. "And you should know my mother doesn't like anyone. She hated Mae."

Tony Trinh lowers his voice. He speaks so quietly that Drew has to lean down slightly to hear him.

"And if you ever find her, let her know I'd like back what she took from me."

CHAPTER TWENTY

Drew opts to take Lakeshore Road all the way back to Toronto from Oakville, as traffic at this time of day has the highway jammed. It's a slow but easy drive, giving him time to sort through his thoughts.

Occam's razor: The simplest explanation is usually the right one.

Okay, fine, so he only knows this because of the movie *Contact*, starring Jodie Foster. It was one of his and Joey's favorites, and they would find any excuse to work the line into a conversation. It drove Simone nuts.

Drew: I can't find my wallet, I think someone stole it.

Joey: Did you check the jeans you were wearing yesterday?

Drew: Found it!

Joey: The simplest explanation is usually the right one.

Simone: Oh my God, would the two of you shut the fuck up?

A good chunk of people who are considered "missing" are either dead or don't want to be found. If Mae is still alive, then whatever she stole from Vinny and the Blood Brothers—Drew is guessing drugs—is the reason she can never come back.

The thing is, though, it's not that easy to disappear. You can't just go someplace new and get a job and rent a house and start over. First, you'd need a new name, which requires new ID, which takes time to procure. You'd have to keep your story straight for anybody new that you meet. And you'd need start-up money. In cash. A lot of it. To assume a whole new identity and build a whole new life takes time, commitment, and an exceptional talent for telling lies.

Occam's razor. The simplest explanation, the one that makes the most sense, is that Mae is dead. Vinny killed her, and then Vinny got killed, because that's what gangs like his do. Live by the sword, die by the sword, and all that.

But did Vinny murder Joey, too? If Drew is being logical about it, the answer is probably no. The fire in the basement apartment was ruled an accident all those years ago, and there was never anything back then—nor is there now—to suggest otherwise.

Drew needs to accept that maybe he wants the fire to *not* have been an accident so there's someone to blame for Joey's death, other than himself.

He sighs into the silence of the car. It would have been nice to have a conversation with Betty Savage, one of the few people Joey let herself get close to during the last year of her life, the year Drew wasn't a part of. There are probably a thousand things Mae could have told him about Joey, like how she decided to become a stripper, and why, out of all the names in the world, she would choose to call herself *Ruby*.

Joey used to call her mother Ruby. Literally. She hardly ever referred to her as "Mom" or "Mother." Drew can still remember asking her about it, because the conversation it led to was the last one they ever had while they were still living together. Simone was taking the job in Vancouver whether Drew was coming or not, and he had not yet decided.

"Why do you call your mother by her first name?" he'd asked Joey.

It was just the two of them in their usual spots on the sofa, eating junk food in front of the TV while Simone worked a dinner shift at The Keg. They were watching *Showgirls*, which was arguably the worst movie in the history of cinema, but he and Joey loved it precisely because it was terrible. The two of them would compete to see who could remember the best worst lines.

Zack: Nice dress.

Nomi: It's a Ver-SAYSE.

Al: You're a fucking stripper, don't you get it?

Nomi: I'm a DANCER!

"Do I call her Ruby?" Joey seemed surprised, and then she grew thoughtful. "Yeah, you're right, I guess I do. That's weird, right? You don't think of your mother as Brenda, do you?"

"No, because my mom's name is Belinda," Drew said, and they shared a laugh. "I don't know if it's weird. After everything she put you through, thinking of her as Ruby instead of 'Mom' probably gives you some emotional distance."

"The night she was arrested, I was worried about her," Joey said. "She was on a rampage, ripping photos off the wall, breaking plates, threatening to jump off the balcony. She'd been a paranoid mess ever since Charles's body was discovered, and I was scared she'd actually hurt herself. But when the cops showed up, they took one look at me and arrested her on the spot. Which was ironic, because she'd only hit me a few times that night."

Only. That night. “You looked that bad?”

She shrugged. “Bloody lip, black eye, the usual. But later, at the hospital, they did a more thorough examination. I guess they didn’t like what they found.”

From her file, Drew knows now that the hospital discovered bruises on Joey’s buttocks, back, and inner thighs. X-rays showed that her ribs had been broken twice in the past, along with her wrist. There were old cigarette burns on her upper arms and one just above her collarbone. Some of the injuries were recent. Some had been there a very long time.

And the hospital discovered other things, too.

“If I hadn’t given the social worker my diaries, the police would never have known what Ruby did to Charles,” Joey said. “She might have gotten away with it.”

When the cops came to question Ruby about Charles Baxter’s murder the first time, Ruby had given them an alibi. She was with her daughter, she said. They’d gone out to a movie that Saturday night, and she could prove it because Joey still had the ticket stubs in the pocket of the shorts she had worn.

But Joey’s diary told a different story. They never made it to the movie. They went to Charles’s house, where, at some point in the night, Ruby and Charles had argued, and Ruby stabbed him. Her bloody dress was found in a trash bag in the large bin behind their apartment building, along with the murder weapon. Sorry, murder *weapons*. Both of them. Ruby had tasked her thirteen-year-old daughter with disposing of the evidence, and Joey didn’t know where else to put it.

During opening statements, the crown attorney told the jury that Charles Baxter was stabbed multiple times with a kitchen knife. Based on the haphazard entry points all over his torso—sixteen of them in total—the crown argued it was done in a rage by a woman the same height as Ruby. Miraculously, no major arteries were hit. Later, the medical examiner testified that if Ruby had stopped there, and if Baxter had received emergency treatment, he likely would have lived. The charge could have been aggravated assault. Maybe even self-defense, if her lawyer was savvy.

But it had not stopped there. While Charles lay bleeding on his bedroom floor, Ruby walked down the hall to his daughter’s room. She removed one of Lexi Baxter’s ice skates from the closet and brought it back with her into the master bedroom, where she took a seat on the chair in the

corner. Ruby put the skate on, *laced it up*, and then stomped on her lover's neck.

Boom. First-degree murder.

Charles Baxter was nearly decapitated. And that's why Ruby Reyes was called the Ice Queen.

"People always assumed Ruby was cold," Joey said. "But she was the opposite. She was hot-tempered. She could scald you." She fingered her pendant absently. "But sometimes, she could be warm. On her good days, she was sunshine, and there was nowhere else I ever wanted to be."

"Do you still love her?" Drew asked. "After everything?"

"She's my mother," Joey said simply. "Everything I feel for her is intense, and I feel it all at once. Intense love, intense fear, intense hate. They all swirl together, like ... I don't know, like melted Neapolitan ice cream. The flavors are impossible to separate."

"It's okay to feel different things at once."

She smiled. "You should be a psychologist."

"Thought about it," Drew said. "What about you? What did you want to be when you grew up?"

"I never expected to grow up."

Drew kissed her then. He didn't think about it, he just leaned over and kissed her. Her lips were salty from the potato chips they were eating, her breath sweet from the orange Fanta they were drinking. She kissed him back, and it felt right, and good, and he couldn't remember the last time he kissed someone he cared about so much. He loved Simone, but with Joey, it felt like his feelings were on an entirely different level. It was terrifying, and wrong, and amazing, and right.

He cupped her face, his tongue finding hers, and she pressed herself against him, pulling him closer. His lips moved to her cheek, and then her throat, and then back to her lips again as his hand slipped under her T-shirt, his fingers caressing her bare skin. She made a little sound when his hand found her breast, somewhere between a soft moan and a gasp, and his other hand slipped into the waistband of her sweatpants. He had never wanted anyone so much in his life. He lifted her onto his lap, and she straddled him as he lifted up the hem of her shirt.

And then suddenly, Joey pulled away.

"I can't," she gasped. She sprang off his lap and fell onto the sofa cushion beside him. When he tried to move closer to her again, she stuck her

arm out, blocking him. “I can’t. You only want me because you think you can fix me, Drew. But you can’t. I can’t be fixed.”

“That’s not true—”

“I’m broken,” Joey said. “I’m no good to you. I’m no good to anyone.”

Being the stupid, selfish tool he was back then, all Drew could hear was that he was being rejected. The next day, when Simone asked him if he’d made his decision, he told her he would go with her to Vancouver.

It was the wrong decision even before Simone cheated on him.

Drew’s phone rings, snapping him out of the memories. It’s Sergeant McKinley. He hits accept, and the call connects through the car’s Bluetooth.

“Hallo, Drew Malcolm,” McKinley says. “Is this a good time?”

“It’s the perfect time,” he says. “I was just going to call you—”

“Hang on, let me go first.” She sounds excited, buoyant, and he can hear her shuffling papers. “You’ll be pleased to know that I finally figured out the full name of Joelle’s friend. The licensing office emailed me a list of the four hundred entertainer’s licenses that were issued in 1998. Let me tell you, that was a lot to sort through, but by approximating her age and restricting her home address to a twenty-kilometer radius around the Golden Cherry, it turns out there were only thirteen licenses issued that year to women performers.”

“Actually, I—”

“Not finished yet. So then I looked them all up in our database and found one that looks just like our Betty Savage. Her name is Mae Ocampo, and it turns out she has a record. The earlier arrests are for shoplifting and public intoxication at a concert—that one actually sounds grossly unfair—and she had one minor drug arrest. But two of the arrests were for assault. The first was dismissed because apparently the other girl started it, but the last one, she broke the girl’s nose *and* arm. She did three months in jail, which means it wasn’t just her boyfriend who was violent. Mae was, too.”

“I’m glad you—”

“Still not done. Her last known address was an apartment near Humber College, which she shared with two roommates. I tracked them down, and both confirmed that the last time they saw Mae was a couple of days before New Year’s Eve. They didn’t file a missing persons report because Mae often disappeared for chunks at a time without telling them; the word they

used was ‘flaky.’ So now all that’s left to do is track her down. She’s out there somewhere, I can feel it.”

McKinley is so revved up, Drew doesn’t have the heart to tell her that he’s a step ahead of her. But Mae serving time for assault is something new, and neither Cherry nor Tony Trinh had mentioned it. Cherry likely didn’t know. Trinh likely didn’t care.

He feels that damned tingle again. What if it was *Mae* who killed Joey? He mentally slaps himself. *Stop it.* No more dumb theories.

“I appreciate all this,” Drew says. “But after having a bit of time to think it over, I think we should let it go. I don’t think we should look for her.”

“Wait. What?” McKinley sounds dumbfounded. “Why not?”

Drew chooses his words carefully. He can’t tell the sergeant his theory that Vinny killed Mae and that Tony Trinh killed his own brother. McKinley is a homicide detective, after all, and he can’t be sure what she’ll do with that information. And like Cherry said the other day, the last thing he needs is a target on his back.

“Whatever happened back then, Mae probably had no choice but to run,” Drew says. “She was involved with a dangerous guy, who was involved with dangerous people. Wherever she is now, I think it’s best to leave her there. For her own safety.”

“I worked on this for almost two hours.” McKinley doesn’t sound happy.

“I’m sorry,” Drew says, and he means it. “I didn’t mean to drag you down the rabbit hole with me. Ruby Reyes’s parole is messing with my head. It feels like...” He pauses, searching for the words. “I feel like I’m grieving Joey all over again. I’m having a hard time letting her go. Maybe once this podcast is finished, I’ll finally be able to...” *Forgive myself*, he says in his head, but he can’t say it out loud, because it’s too hard. “To move on,” he says instead.

“I’m sorry, mate.” The detective’s voice is full of compassion. “I can imagine that Ruby Reyes being released would trigger all kinds of feelings. One of the things I learned early on is that if we want something to be true badly enough, we’ll find all the proof in the world that it is. Same if we don’t want something to be true. From everything I’ve read, Ruby Reyes is a monster, and it’s absolute shit that she’s getting out. You can spend the rest of your life trying to make sense of why she gets a second chance at life

while her daughter—your friend—is dead, but it may never make sense. Learning to live with it doesn't mean you're betraying Joelle."

Even though he's alone in his car, Drew nods.

"So this is my unsolicited advice," McKinley says. "Do your podcast. Give a voice to Joelle, and rip the Ice Queen to shreds so people will never forget who she is. But be kind to yourself, too. Whatever guilt you're holding on to, it's okay to forgive yourself and let it go. I'm sure Joelle would want you to move on."

Drew doesn't know if he can do that. "Great advice. Thank you, ma'am."

"Ma'am?" McKinley says, sounding indignant. "I looked you up, and I'm only six years older than you, you tosser."

He swears he can hear the smile in her voice before the line disconnects.

The sergeant is right, Drew knows that. On some level, he understands that he's trying to make it up to Joey somehow, as if righting a wrong today will somehow make up for the mother she had, and the life she lived.

Joey's diaries stopped once her mother's trial began. But in the last few entries, which Joey wrote in vivid detail, was the voice of a girl who had learned to accept that her life would always be shitty, because nobody ever told her she deserved better.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Joey was still sleeping on a mattress on the floor when Deborah Jackson came for her second visit. The social worker was not happy, and she spoke sternly to Joey's aunt and uncle in the kitchen while Joey lingered (*eavesdropped*) in the living room.

"I'll make it easy for you," she heard Deborah say. "I'll order the bed, and we'll deduct the amount from your next payment. I passed a very nice furniture store in town that does next-day delivery."

Tita Flora and Tito Micky talked to each other in Cebuano in hushed voices, and then Joey heard her aunt say, "There's a sale at Sears. Mick will go now and buy something."

"Great," Deborah said. "I'll stick around and see what he brings back. In the meantime, I'd like to take Joelle out for lunch."

Twenty minutes later, Joey was plucking the pickles out of her Quarter Pounder as they sat in the only McDonald's in Maple Sound.

"I'd like to talk to you about the upcoming hearing in family court next week," Deborah said. "Most of what the judge needs to know will be presented through your medical exam, and testimony from other witnesses. You don't have to be there, but I would like to ask your permission to read out passages from your diaries. Would that be all right?"

Joey shrugged.

"I understand you love your mother very much, Joelle." Deborah's voice was soft. "And I know this is painful, and confusing. I'm honored that you trusted me with your diaries, because I know trust doesn't come easy for you. But once I read them, I was obligated to keep you safe. I have a feeling that's why you let me take them."

Joey could feel her face about to crumple, so she stuffed her mouth with french fries.

"Now, as you know, your mother's murder trial is separate from the child abuse hearing." Deborah speaks gently. "Your mother has requested a speedy trial, so the judge has set a date for the fall."

"Will I have to testify?"

“Yes.”

“Will my mom be there when I do?”

“Yes. And so will I. But you’ll be well prepared. In the next few weeks, you’ll have to come back to Toronto to meet with the crown attorney—the prosecutor who’s trying your mother’s case—so she can go over all the questions you’ll be asked.”

“How will I know what to say?”

“All you have to say is the truth,” Deborah said. “*Your* truth. She’ll just help you practice the best way to say it.”

They sat in silence for a moment as Joey sipped her chocolate milkshake and pondered the difference between *truth* and *your truth*. The truth was that Ruby had stabbed Charles repeatedly. Joey had heard them arguing, because she’d been staying in his daughter’s bedroom down the hall.

But Joey’s truth was that she was glad Charles was dead.

“Also, Joelle ... your mother would like to see you.” Deborah looked at her closely. “You can say no. It’s totally up to you.”

“I’ll see her.” As soon as she said the words, she felt her heart swell with happiness, and then shrink with fear. “I need to talk to her.” *I have to tell her I’m sorry.*

“I’ll arrange it,” Deborah said. “Hey, I saw a cute little bookstore on Main Street. When we’re finished here, let’s check it out before we head back.”

The trip to the bookstore was exactly what Joey needed, and for the first time since she arrived in Maple Sound, she felt a spark of joy. The store was having a two-for-ten-bucks sale on mass market paperbacks, and Deborah told her to pick anything she wanted. Joey selected *IT* by Stephen King and *A Time to Kill* by John Grisham. She had never read either author before, but they were the fattest books on the rack, which meant hours of reading time and escape.

When they got back to the house, Joey’s new bed was upstairs, already assembled. It wasn’t really an improvement, as the headboard and frame made the room feel smaller than it already was, but Deborah seemed pleased.

It was time for the social worker to head back to the city, and just like the last time, there was a knot in Joey’s stomach at the thought of saying goodbye. As she walked Deborah back out to her car, she wondered, and not

for the first time, what her life would be like if Deborah were her mother. The social worker probably lived in a cozy house, maybe with her husband, whose name was ... Ben. And maybe Joey would have a little sister and little brother to play with, whose names were ... Stephanie and Michael. Maybe there was even a family dog, one of those roly-poly ones with a snuffly nose whose name was ... Gracie. There would be laughter. Warmth. Affection. She would feel safe. She would belong.

I wish I was your kid.

“Where did you go just now?” Deborah asked gently, as they stood beside her Honda.

Home with you.

“Nowhere,” Joey said. She desperately wanted a hug, but didn’t know how to ask.

The social worker made the decision for her, wrapping her arms around Joey tightly. “Hide these,” Deborah whispered, placing a plastic bag in Joey’s hand. Inside were four packs of Starburst candies. “Put them in your special place.”

Joey did have a special place, in the back corner of the closet she shared with the boys. Using a mini hacksaw she found in Tito Micky’s toolshed, she pried up the carpet and cut open the floorboard. So far, there wasn’t much inside. Her candy stash. Her necklace. And a box cutter, which she’d also pilfered from her uncle’s shed. During the day, the box cutter stayed in her hiding spot. But before bed each night, she’d take it out from under the floorboard and slide it between the wall and the mattress.

Now she could hide the box cutter between the mattress and the new bed frame, where she could reach for it quickly, should Tito Micky ever decide to come into the bedroom in the middle of the night.

So far, all he did was stand in the doorway and watch her sleep.

In the late summer days leading up to both the trial and the start of school, Joey was beginning to realize that her opinion of Maple Sound had largely been crafted by her *mother’s* opinion of Maple Sound. While her aunt and grandmother never went out of their way to be nice to her, at least they fed her.

For the first time in Joey’s life, she wasn’t hungry.

There was always food. Nobody ever forgot to buy groceries. Someone was home every single day to cook. More often than not, Joey awoke to the

smells of Lola Celia making breakfast in the kitchen. *Longanisa* had become her favorite, and her grandmother fried the small, fat Filipino sausages at least twice a week. Joey had gained ten pounds since she arrived in Maple Sound.

“*Mangaon na ta,*” Lola Celia would say to everyone when the food was ready. *Let’s eat.* She said this three times a day.

But what Joey gained in food, she lost in sleep.

Because her bed was right by the door, she could tell who was coming down the hallway by the sound of their footsteps. A light shuffle was Lola Celia, who was always up by six. A quick, even gait was Tita Flora, who was either leaving early or coming home late. Staccato steps were Carson going to the bathroom.

And the slow, careful walk was Tito Micky. The footsteps would always stop at the bedroom doorway, and there’d be a soft *swoosh* as the door rubbed against the carpet when he opened it, just a few inches.

After a minute or two, the door would close and the footsteps would retreat. And then it would take Joey a long time to fall asleep.

During the day, there were accidental grazes. His thigh resting against Joey’s when he sat down on the couch next to her. His shoulder rubbing hers as they passed in the hallway. It was never anything concrete, nothing she could *accuse* him of, but she tried to avoid him as much as possible.

Since Tito Micky preferred to stay indoors most of the day, the best place to be was outside. And if she needed a break from the boys, too, then her only option was to hang by the pond, since her cousins were forbidden to go near it. Any time they did, Tita Flora would shriek, *Get away from there it’s slippery and the water is deep in the middle!*

A week before the trial was to begin, Joey was sitting in a folding chair by the pond’s edge, immersed in her new Stephen King book, when she heard a small splash. The sound yanked her out of Derry, the book’s fictional town, and she looked up to see the two older boys pulling the youngest one out of the water. Alarmed, Joey stood up so fast that she knocked her chair over. But then she saw Carson was already out of the water, and fine. He was soaked from the neck down and laughing, while Tyson tried to keep him quiet. Jason, the oldest, caught Joey looking over. He put a finger to his mouth. *Shhhh.*

Joey nodded. They would all be in trouble if anyone had seen this, but Tita Flora was at the hospital, Tito Micky had gone into town, and Lola

Celia had fallen asleep watching her soaps in front of the TV.

Except their grandmother wasn't asleep. The front door banged open, and the old woman came outside. She bellowed at the boys in Cebuano, her voice a blend of anger and fear. Joey heard Jason say, "We told him not to, but he was trying to catch a frog."

"*Ha-in ma's Joey?*" she heard her grandmother snap.

All three boys pointed across the pond, and Lola Celia gestured for her to come over. Joey braced herself for the verbal beating she was sure to get. But then again, how bad could it be if she couldn't understand most of what her *lola* was saying?

But Lola Celia didn't yell at her. As soon as Joey got close enough, her grandmother stepped forward and smacked her across the face so hard and so fast, she saw stars.

"*Tanga,*" the old woman spat.

The boys gasped at the sight of the slap and the sound that it made. The two younger ones cringed into their older brother, whose eight-year-old mouth dropped open in stunned horror. It was obvious they'd never been slapped before, or even witnessed someone being slapped. As Joey put her hand to her face, feeling the heat blossom on her cheek from Lola Celia's small, steel hand, she actually felt a little sorry for her cousins, that they had to see it, and that they were scared.

"*Wa'y kapuslanan.*" Lola Celia's tone was calmer now, as if she was stating an indisputable fact.

Joey had picked up more Cebuano words since she'd been here, but these ones, she knew from living with her mother. *Tanga* meant "idiot." *Wa'y kapuslanan* meant "useless."

I had a bad mother, too, Ruby's voice whispered in her ear.

Yes, Mama. You did.

Two days before her mother's trial was to begin, Tito Micky and Tita Flora drove Joey down to Toronto, while the boys stayed home with Lola Celia. Her aunt and uncle had planned for the trip like it was a mini vacation. They made lunch and shopping plans, and let friends know they'd be back in the city. The drive went quickly, because they were in a great mood.

Joey was a nervous wreck.

After checking into the hotel, her aunt and uncle took her to meet Deborah, who would then bring Joey to visit her mother. Joey was anxious.

She had not seen Ruby since the night of the arrest two months earlier. Tita Flora had zero desire to see her sister. When Joey asked if she wanted to come, her aunt said, “Next time,” as if there would actually be a next time, as if it was a dinner invitation, and not a jail visit.

Joey chose McDonald’s again, but there was no burger for Deborah today. She was trying to lose a few pounds, she said, so she ordered a salad instead, which she ate like it was a chore.

“I got a funny feeling when I talked to you last,” Deborah said, swallowing a mouthful of iceberg lettuce. “Is everything going okay at your aunt and uncle’s house?”

Tito Micky’s midnight shadow flickered through Joey’s mind, followed by the sting of Lola Celia’s slap. “Everything’s fine.”

“All right, I’m just going to ask.” Deborah stuck her fork into her salad and set her hands in her lap. She looked right into Joey’s eyes. “Joelle, has your uncle ever made you uncomfortable?”

Joey looked down at her burger, trying to think of what she could say to make Deborah believe everything was okay, even though it wasn’t. *Go ahead, tell her. You think you’d be better off in foster care? Nobody takes in other people’s kids unless they’re perverts.*

“I mean, it’s a little weird living with a man,” Joey said. “My mom’s boyfriends never lived with us.”

“I understand.” Deborah nodded, seeming relieved by her answer. “Give it time.”

Joey took a deep breath. What she was about to ask, she had rehearsed the night before, shifting the words around in her head until they sounded just right. “Deborah, can a kid choose who they want to live with?”

“Well, that depends. If you had other family—”

“I don’t have any other family,” Joey said. “I just ... I wondered if you’d ever taken a kid like me in. I mean, because you’d get paid to do it, right? I wouldn’t be annoying or in the way, I promise.”

“Oh, honey.” Deborah reached forward and grasped Joey’s fingers. “I wish it were that simple. I’m a social worker, not a foster parent, and those are two very different things. But I’m always here to help you, okay? If at any time you think you would be safer in a different place, I want you to tell me.”

“It’s fine.” Joey forced a smile. “It was a dumb idea anyway.”

“It was not a dumb idea. I’m flattered. Anyone would be lucky to have a kid like you around.” Deborah resumed eating her salad. “By the way, you look wonderful. Healthy. You’ve grown since I saw you last.”

What Deborah didn’t say was that Joey was getting boobs. There was no way the social worker didn’t notice. It felt like everyone was noticing. Especially Tito Micky.

Joey always thought it would be great when she finally got boobs; her mother certainly seemed to be in love with hers, treating them like an asset meant to be showcased and displayed at all times. But Joey’s were growing, so they hurt. And she was self-conscious. She’d tried to ask Tita Flora to buy her a bra, but her aunt just laughed.

“For those mosquito bites?” Tita Flora had said. “Enjoy them while they’re small. When you’re older, you’re going to hate wearing a bra.”

“Um, Deborah?” Joey said in a small voice. “Do you think maybe next time, when I come back for the trial, we could go shopping for a ... a bra?” She knew her face was red; she could feel it.

The social worker didn’t laugh. Instead, she checked her watch. “If you can finish that burger in five minutes, we can go now. And I know just the right bra, because I bought one for my daughter last week. But for you, we’ll buy two. One to wear, one to wash.”

It was the first time she’d ever mentioned having children, and it felt like a gut punch. Deborah had a *daughter*.

As Joey finished her burger, she could only think of one other time she’d felt this kind of jealousy. She was in grade 2, and Nicole Bowie had brought her Garfield to school. The stuffed cat had perfect orange and black fur, and large plastic eyes that looked bored and unimpressed, just like Garfield did in the comics. Nicole let Joey play with it for five minutes at recess, and by the time she asked for it back, Joey was in love.

She had never wanted anything as badly as she wanted that Garfield. She finally asked her mother for one for Christmas, but Ruby said there might not be any Christmas presents that year.

“Toys cost money,” her mother said. “Wrapping paper costs money. Tape costs money. Christmas is expensive, Joey.”

So she did the only other thing she could do. She wrote a letter to Santa Claus.

Three weeks later, Joey woke up on Christmas morning to find a cat-size box under the tree. There were a few other presents, too, but the tag on

this one said *TO JOEY, LOVE SANTA*. Squealing with excitement, she tore the paper off while Ruby smiled the entire time. Under the paper was a box with a clear plastic window, and the name across the top said CHESTERFIELD.

Chesterfield?

Joey pulled it out of the box. It was definitely a stuffed cat, but its fur wasn't orange and black, it was gray and brown. The plastic eyes weren't white with huge black pupils, they were green. And in the middle of its tummy, there was a button that said PRESS ME. When she pressed, a cheerful voice said, "*Hi, I'm Chesterfield. What's your name?*"

This wasn't Garfield. This was some cheap imitation cat. It wasn't even from Santa, because the clearance sticker from Zellers was still on the box. This dumb cat was so unpopular, the store had to reduce the price *twice* just to get rid of it.

"It's not Garfield!" Joey cried, unable to help herself. "And it's stupid!"

Her mother's face changed. Joey shrank, certain she was going to get a punch—or three. But Ruby simply stood and headed down the hallway to her bedroom, where she shut the door. A minute later, Joey heard her mother sobbing.

Her mother *never* cried, and the sound scared her more than thinking Ruby was going to hit her.

Twenty long minutes later, her mother came out of the bedroom. The wrapping paper was still on the floor, and there were a few presents under the tree that had yet to be opened, including the small gift that Joey had made for Ruby at school. Joey was sitting in the same spot near the tree with Chesterfield in her lap, which she hoped would let her mother know that she was sorry, so very sorry, for her outburst.

Ruby calmly strode past her and into the kitchen, appearing a few seconds later with a garbage bag. She put the unopened presents into it and then cleaned up the wrapping paper. Then she plucked the stuffed cat out of Joey's lap and left the apartment. A few seconds later, Joey heard the *clang* of the metal door as her mother threw everything down the garbage chute.

"Better?" Ruby asked when she came back into the apartment, empty-handed. "By the way, we're three months behind on rent, so we're out of here on New Year's Eve. I don't know where we're going, but anything that doesn't fit in my suitcase can be thrown away."

Joey couldn't speak. She was only seven. What was there to say?

And now, sitting across from Deborah, the kindest person she knew, she felt the same as she did with Nicole Bowie. Jealous. Resentful. Desperate for a better life, a different life, though she knew it wasn't possible, because she didn't deserve anything that was good. Deborah was only here because it was her job. Her aunt and uncle only took her in because they were being paid.

There was nobody in Joey's life who was here simply because they wanted to be.

Deborah's daughter was the luckiest person in the world. And if Joey could have killed that girl to trade places with her, she would have strongly weighed her options on the best way to do it.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Drew finished reading the last of Joey's diaries the night before, and he's spent half of the five-hour drive to Sainte-Élisabeth wondering what her life was like after she moved to Maple Sound. If she kept any diaries during her five years there, they're long gone now. And the only people who would know anything about Joey's life in the small town aren't talking. Her Tita Flora declined his request for an interview. Of her three cousins, only the youngest replied to Drew's email, and all Carson said was that he was too young back then to remember much.

And her Tito Micky? Dead. Five years ago. Emphysema.

Check-in happens fast once Drew reaches the prison. He's interviewed inmates at a few different correctional facilities over the years, and he knows the drill. The corrections officer passes him a bin for his phone, belt, wallet, and keys, and then he stands with his arms out as the CO pats him down quickly.

"You're the sixth visitor she's had this week," the officer says as she buzzes him through. "She loves making people wait, so be sure to grab a magazine to pass the time."

"I appreciate the heads-up," Drew says. "*Merci.*"

"*De rien.*"

It's Drew's first visit to the Sainte-Élisabeth Institution for Women, and it's unfair how nice it is. Like all correctional facilities, it offers GED classes, psychological counseling, and parenting workshops, but inmates here can also sign up for yoga, tai chi, and meditation. There are organized sports, game nights, movie nights, even a book club. It houses 115 women, only five of whom are in maximum security. Ruby Reyes is not one of them. Joey's mother is apparently a model inmate, and is therefore allowed to roam as freely as medium security allows.

This isn't a prison. This is a fucking wellness retreat.

The visiting area is annoyingly cheerful, and barely a third full. Drew chooses a table close to the vending machines, where he purchases an assortment of overpriced snacks. The magazine rack turns out to be a

disappointment, mostly filled with tabloids and celebrity fluff, but he picks up the newest issue of *People* with the late Jimmy Peralta on the cover. He also snags an older issue of *Maclean's*.

He's nearly finished skimming the Canadian news journal when the door to the visitors' room buzzes open. A tall woman with shoulder-length black hair enters, strolling in as if she has no cares in the world. She's slim, almost drowning in her lavender-colored prison scrubs, but she walks as if she's wearing the same gold dress she wore to the holiday party twenty-five years ago.

He stands as the Ice Queen approaches.

"Drew Malcolm," he says, and they shake hands briefly. "Thanks for meeting with me, Ms. Reyes."

"It's Ruby, please." She scans him from face to feet before taking a seat, then appraises the assortment of snacks. "These for me?"

"Help yourself."

"I hardly get any visitors." Ruby twists open the bottle of Dasani. "Then suddenly, after my parole is approved, I've now had six. None were as good-looking as you, though. Where were you twenty-five years ago?"

"In high school," Drew says. *Reading about you in the paper.* "Thank you, ma'am."

"Are you trying to insult me? I said call me Ruby." She smiles. "I'm amazed anyone is still interested in all my ancient history, but I suppose I have Lexi Baxter to thank for that."

She only has a trace of a Filipino accent, and you'd have to be listening for it to hear it. Seated, she looks so unassuming, which doesn't fit with what Drew's always imagined. In his mind, Ruby Reyes is a formidable presence, someone dangerous, someone to be feared. The woman across from him now seems like none of these things. She's disappointingly ... regular.

It bothers him that she looks like Joey.

She leans forward, picking through the small pile of snacks, and finally settles on the bag of Lay's potato chips. "I do love my salt. So. You're a journalist. For which newspaper? The guy I met with yesterday wrote for some online thing. I didn't like him."

"I'm an investigative journalist," Drew says. "And they're all online things now. I have a podcast."

She munches on a chip. "I'm not even sure I know what that is."

He briefly explains it. “I focus on one story at a time and usually break it down over six to eight episodes.”

“And people actually listen to this?”

“Three million of them do, yes.”

Ruby seems impressed by the number. “So you’re here to make me the focus of your next one?”

“Not exactly, though I admit the #MeToo twist is interesting.”

She smiles again. “Of all the people I thought would vilify me at my parole hearing, I assumed it would be Charles’s children. His son certainly had some vicious things to say to the parole board, but it turned out that Lexi was on my side.”

“And what side is that?” Drew knows the answer already, but he wants to hear it from her.

“The victim side, of course. Charles was the president of the bank. I was a lowly customer service rep. He shouldn’t have even noticed me, except he was a predator. I saw him a few times at the coffee shop when I was with my daughter. It’s probably why he targeted me.”

Wrong. You targeted him. You made sure you were at the Second Cup whenever he was. That came up at the trial.

Ruby sighs. “At the time, he was wonderfully charming.”

“It didn’t bother you that he was married?”

“Not even a little bit. His life, his wife, his choices.” She eats another potato chip. “Anyway, about a year ago, Lexi wrote about her father on her lifestyle blog. I still can’t believe that’s a real job—writing about your own life on the internet.” She rolls her eyes. “She sent me a print copy here in prison. I found it very eye-opening. It turns out her father molested her, like he did Joey.”

You placed Joey right in his path.

“In her letter, Lexi said she forgave me, and that a part of her was glad he was dead. She’s now estranged from her mother, you know. When Lexi went public with the story last year, Suzanne cut her off.”

That part, Drew did not know.

“And then, of course, once that blog went everywhere—and oh, there’s a word for that—”

“Viral.”

“When her blog went viral, a whole bunch of women who’d worked for Charles came forward. They all had terrible stories. One even said Charles

raped her, in his office, after everyone went home for the night. And just like that, Charles goes from victim to villain.”

Ruby hides her smile behind a sip of water.

“It’s funny how quickly the narrative can change,” she says. “No longer is he the good man who was stalked by an obsessed home-wrecker. Now he’s the pedophile who molested his own daughter, the powerful man who assaulted the women who worked for him.”

“You realize that both those things can be true,” Drew says. “He can be a sexual predator, *and* you can be the psychopath who murdered him when he tried to end your affair.”

Ruby pauses, then shrugs. “Whatever. There’s nothing to be done about it now. Charles is dead.”

“Because you killed him.”

She eats another chip.

“How did you convince the parole board to let you out?” Drew asks.

“I didn’t,” Ruby says. “Lexi did. She came to my parole hearing and spoke out in support of me. She told the board that while her father’s murder was not okay, she understood the rage behind it. She said as far as she was concerned, her father was a criminal himself, and were he alive today, he would most certainly be in prison. She said I deserved compassion, and that twenty-five years behind bars was long enough. She was very compelling.”

She gives Drew a wide smile. “The whole thing was very dramatic. Suzanne Baxter stood up and called her daughter a liar. Lexi then accused her mother of being complicit. And then, as Lexi was walking out, Suzanne *spit* on her. Imagine that? Horrible mother.”

Takes one to know one.

“Is all this going into your podcast?” Ruby asks. “Because I’d be happy to say it again, if you ever want to record it.”

“Maybe some of it,” Drew says. “But let’s be honest. Enough has been said about you.”

She frowns. “Then why are you here?”

“I want to talk about your daughter, Joey.”

“Wait a minute.” Ruby puts down the potato chip bag and cocks her head. “I know who you are now. My sister told me that after Joey left Maple Sound—and stole *all* their money, by the way—that she moved back to our old neighborhood. That she was living with some Black guy and his girlfriend.”

Drew raises a hand. "Some Black guy."

"So were you two fucking?"

Ah. There you are. The first real glimpse of the Ice Queen. It's strangely satisfying, and Drew can't resist a smile.

"My girlfriend? Yes."

"What about you and Joey?"

"We were just very good friends."

"Friends who fucked."

"Never happened."

"But you wanted it to."

"Why wouldn't I? She was beautiful."

Ruby stiffens. "So you must have been really sad when she died."

"Devastated." Drew holds her gaze. "Weren't you?"

"Of course I was." She looks away briefly. "No mother wants to outlive her child."

Please. You'd have thrown Joey overboard if the two of you were in a leaky canoe and only one of you could make it to shore.

"No matter what you think about me, I loved my daughter," Ruby says.

"You had an interesting way of showing it."

"I wasn't perfect," she snaps. "But neither was she."

"She was a kid. She didn't need to be."

She appraises him. "It doesn't matter what I say, does it? I'm always going to be the villain in her story."

"You're the villain in everyone's story. *Ma'am.*"

A pause. "You know how I found out she died? My sister sent me a condolence card, with a clipped newspaper article folded inside, about the fire. Flora was always such a cold bitch, even when we were kids." Ruby reaches for the chips and resumes eating. "Is it true that Joey was working as a stripper?"

"For about a year."

"Was she any good?"

"She was incredible," Drew says, because he knows it will bug her.

It does, and her face darkens. "So you're going to sit here and tell me that you weren't fucking the stripper who lived in your apartment?"

"We weren't living together by then." Drew leans forward. "And you seem awfully interested in your dead daughter's sex life, ma'am. Why is that?"

Ruby doesn't respond.

"You abused Joey her whole childhood." He speaks evenly, trying to keep his emotions in check. "You should not be getting out of prison."

Ruby's lips flatten into a thin line. "I spanked her, so what. Nothing that happened to her was anything different from what happened to me. The police and the courts made a big deal over nothing. When I was growing up, it was normal to discipline your children. My mother used to do it with a belt. You know what they say. Spare the rod, spoil the child."

"What about punching them? Kicking them? Breaking their arms? Their ribs? Burning them with cigarettes?" Drew is fighting to stay calm, but he's not managing it very well. "What about allowing pedophile boyfriends access to a child? *Your* child? Is that normal?"

Ruby's eyes flash, and she pushes the now empty Lay's bag aside. "You think you knew her, but you didn't. I was so easy to hate back then, and she was so easy to feel sorry for. Well, what about me? Do you have any idea how hard it was to raise a kid in Toronto as a single mother on a customer service rep's income? Do you know how hard it was when I first moved to Canada? This was the seventies. I would walk down the street and people would call me chink, slant-eyes, yellow girl ... I had to blow someone to get my first job. You have no idea what it's like to be a single mother, so don't you dare judge me."

"Ma'am, my mother was a single parent after my father passed away, and Black to boot. And she raised her three Black kids on a teacher's salary, and somehow managed to never hit us. Not once." Drew is breathing hard. "Added bonus? We're all still alive."

"Eat shit."

"You first."

"Look at you. Such a handsome, angry man." Ruby's voice drops to a purr. "So committed to your self-righteousness. I can't pretend I understand why. You knew Joey for what, a couple of years? You weren't even fucking her, and yet this bothers you so much. You poor thing, you have so much guilt. It must keep you up at night."

"You really are a monstrous human being." Drew can't hide his disgust. "You beat her. Your boyfriends molested her. I looked up your dating history from the murder trial transcripts. You had two boyfriends before Charles Baxter who are now on the sex offender registry. You pimped your daughter out, and now she's dead. You don't think that's *all* your fault?"

“She was more like me than you think.”

They stare at each other. Drew has run out of things to say. Actually, that’s not true. He’s just sick of hearing her lie. As if sensing he’s growing tired of her, Ruby smiles.

“Aren’t you going to ask me what my plans are when I get out?” She sips her water. “Everyone else has.”

Drew is about to snap that he doesn’t give a shit what she does once she’s out. But he actually does care, because the idea of her living any kind of normal life is just offensive to him. “What are your plans when you get out in two days?”

“I’ll be spending some time in Maple Sound with my sister,” Ruby says breezily, and it’s clear this is her prepared answer. “Her boys are grown, and she’s been alone ever since her husband died. I’m told Maple Sound has turned into somewhat of a tourist destination, with lots of cute stores and cafés. My mother lives there, too. It’ll be so nice to spend time with family.”

Drew can’t help but snort. “Bullshit.”

At this, Ruby throws her head back and laughs. “I knew you wouldn’t buy that. Everyone else did, though. I’m sure Joey told you what a nightmare our family is. Especially my mother.”

“Well, you had to get it from somewhere.”

Ruby ignores that. “The real answer—and I feel like I can be honest with you, considering our personal connection—is I’m hoping not to be in Maple Sound too long. Me, in that bumfuck town, living with two of the worst bitches I can think of?” She shudders. “Anyway, my plan is to move back to Toronto and buy myself a little house. Somewhere right in the heart of things, so I can enjoy the pulse of the city. Maybe I’ll get one of those electric cars. I can’t wait.”

“With what money?” Despite himself, Drew’s curiosity is piqued. “You think you can get paid for interviews? Or some publisher will pay you to write a book? As a convicted murderer, you can’t profit off your crime.”

“No, but I can profit off someone *else’s* crime.” Ruby’s smile lights her face, and she wiggles in her chair, giddy. “I’m being paid to keep a secret. I’m actually dying to tell someone about it, but that’s all I can say for now. It’s funny, though, how things are working out in my favor. For once.”

Drew doesn’t believe her. Ruby is a liar. It’s in her DNA. “What secret could you possibly know that anyone would pay you money to keep?”

She doesn't answer, and his mind sorts through all the possibilities. Secrets plus money can only mean one thing.

"Are you blackmailing someone?" he asks.

Ruby clasps her hands together and rests them on the table. "I prefer to think of it as receiving compensation for withholding information that someone does not want to be made public."

"Are you going to tell me or not?" Drew waits five seconds, and when she doesn't answer, he stands. He has no idea what game she's playing, but they're finished here. He selects the pack of Twizzlers from the snack pile for the long drive home. "I'd thank you for your time, but all you've had is time."

She nods toward the issue of *People* he never got to read. "So sad about Jimmy Peralta, isn't it? We used to watch *The Prince of Poughkeepsie* in here all the time. Fascinating case. Murdered by his fifth wife, who was almost thirty years younger than he was. Did you know she's a Filipina?"

Drew did not know that, because he doesn't pay attention to celebrity marriages. "A Filipino woman murders an older white rich guy? Sounds familiar."

"You should do your next podcast about it." Ruby settles back into the chair, looking pleased with herself. "When you're done with me, of course."

Drew sticks the Twizzlers in his back pocket. "Ma'am, I am so done with you, there isn't even a word for it."

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

Though Drew is exhausted when he gets back to Toronto—an hour with Ruby Reyes would do anyone in, not to mention the ten hours of driving—he heads for his mother’s place. Since Junior’s is on the way, he impulsively stops for takeout, and makes small talk with Charisse while waiting for his food.

Fifteen minutes later, he arrives at Red Oak Senior Living, where Belinda Malcolm has lived for the past two years. He gets to her apartment just as one of the staff nurses is leaving.

“Hey, Maya,” Drew says with a smile. “She good today?”

“Blood pressure’s a little low, but we’re keeping an eye on it. I’d like her to eat more.” The nurse glances at Drew’s takeout bag. “Ooh, Junior’s. That should help. Enjoy your dinner, you two.”

“Well, aren’t you a sight,” his mother says warmly, when Drew closes the door behind him. She’s seated in her wheelchair, and he bends down to give her a kiss on the cheek. “Is that curry goat I smell?”

“Yes, ma’am, and I got plantains, too. I hope you’re hungry.”

He sets the takeout bag down on the table and tidies the half dozen magazines his sisters have left here. Same as the prison, it’s mostly celebrity crap and a couple of fashion magazines. He begins unpacking the food.

“Maya likes you.” His mother wheels herself over. She says this every time Drew visits. “You know she’s single, right?”

He takes a seat across from her. “You’ve mentioned it.”

“She’s cute. Those big brown eyes. And I saw you looking at her booty.”

“I only look at women above the neck.”

“She just bought her own condo.”

“She’s also twenty-eight. Way too young for me.”

His mother gives him a sideways glance. “How do you know how old she is?”

“I looked her up,” Drew says, and they both burst out laughing.

His mother opens the bag of takeout and starts eating. Her second bite goes down with more enthusiasm than the first, and he notices she's lost more weight. She was hit by a drunk driver four years ago, and two surgeries and several complications later, she's permanently in a wheelchair. It was her suggestion to move into assisted living. As a retired teacher, she has an excellent pension, so at least there's no financial burden. She seems to like it here. The staff is friendly, and there are plenty of activities. She even has a gentleman friend his sisters have seen her giggling with a few times, which Belinda refuses to acknowledge.

"I did have a nice chat with my granddaughter today," his mother says.

"Sasha calls you more than she calls me."

"I don't grill her about her love life."

"She's too young to have a love life."

"You were living with Simone when you were her age," Belinda says pointedly.

"Yeah, and look how that turned out."

The TV is playing an episode of *Real Housewives*. Drew can't tell which city it is, but all the women are blond and drunk. He reaches for the remote to switch the channel, but his mother stops him.

"Don't," Belinda says. "I'm getting into it. These ladies are crazy. All this money, and they still fight about the pettiest things."

Drew opts not to share his opinion of the reality show. At least she's not watching *The Bachelor*.

"What's going on with you?" Belinda asks. "You seem distracted."

"No, ma'am. I'm right here with you."

"Me and the girls finally finished listening to season five of your podcast," his mother says. "I was surprised to hear you say that your next series is going to be about Ruby Reyes. You always said you'd never go there."

"That was before they decided to let her out."

"I've been reading all the controversy about her parole." Belinda shakes her head. "The way it's being written, Ruby is coming across like another one of Charles Baxter's victims. Which is a damn insult to his actual victims."

"I fully agree."

"But at the same time, who really knows what went on?" his mother muses. "He was the bank president. The power balance was completely off."

If Ruby had wanted to say no, would she have been able to?”

“She didn’t want to say no, because she was the one who pursued him.”

Belinda looks at him with knowing eyes. “Is that the objective journalist in you talking, or the very biased friend of Joey’s?”

“Just stating the facts.” Drew swallows what he has in his mouth. “Don’t get me wrong, I feel bad for all of Baxter’s victims, including his own daughter. But I will never agree that Ruby Reyes was one of them.”

“Joey was such a sweet girl. Remember that time you and Simone brought her to Thanksgiving? She took a huge helping of Monica’s cranberry sauce, when your sister forgot to put sugar in it. Poor thing didn’t know it wasn’t supposed to taste like that.”

“She ate the whole thing, too.” The memory makes Drew smile. “She didn’t want to be rude.”

“You still have all those articles from the Buffalo papers Uncle Nate used to mail you?”

“I kept everything. Been reading them all again to prepare for the podcast. It’s been a real mindfu—” Drew clears his throat. His mother abhors bad language. “It’s been a trip, reading back how different the conversation was about Ruby back then, compared to now.”

“You know, if your daddy and I were living in the time of #MeToo, he probably never would have asked me out,” Belinda says. “And you and your sisters might never have existed.”

They fall into a comfortable silence as she turns her attention back to the TV.

Drew ponders what his mother just said. His parents met at Belinda’s first job, where she was the social studies teacher and he was the principal. She was twenty-five, Carl Malcolm thirty-nine. They were married six years, long enough to have three children, until his dad died of a heart attack at the age of forty-five. Drew, the baby of the family, was only two.

His mother cackles as she eats, thoroughly entertained by the two blond women arguing on TV. Drew picks through his sisters’ abysmal magazine selection before settling on the Jimmy Peralta issue of *People* he didn’t get to read earlier. A much younger version of the actor’s face takes up the whole cover, and the headline reads:

Jimmy Peralta, 1950–2018

His Life,

His Loves,

His Legacy.

“Shame about him, huh?” Belinda’s show has ended, and she glances over before turning the channel to CNN. “I loved *The Prince of Poughkeepsie*.”

Drew, who was more of a *Fresh Prince of Bel-Air* fan, can only remember watching a handful of episodes of Jimmy Peralta’s sitcom, which was about a family-owned bakery in—where else?—Poughkeepsie, New York. The premise was funny, if extremely far-fetched: on the day his divorce is final, a single dad has a one-night stand with a mysterious European woman he meets at the bar his friends drag him to. Six months later, she shows up at the bakery, pregnant. It turns out she’s an actual princess from a tiny country (never specified), who’s been disowned by her entire family for being pregnant out of wedlock (gasp), and by an American to boot (yikes). With nowhere else to go, she marries Jimmy (whose name is Jimmy on the show, too) to stay in the US, and starts working at the bakery with his intrusive, meddling family (because what else would they be). Hilarity ensues.

He skims through the generous six-page feature. Jimmy Peralta was accomplished, there’s no doubt about that, and Drew is reminded of all the movies the stand-up comic turned actor had been in. He’d won Emmys and a Golden Globe, and he even snagged an Academy Award nomination. But he had his demons, too. Four divorces, three trips to rehab, and two overdoses; the last one nearly killed him.

But then, in his sixties, a new leaf. Sobriety. Retirement. A permanent move back to his hometown of Seattle. A new marriage. And then, after a viral joke during the election put him back on people’s radars, he signed a thirty-million-dollar deal with Quan, a new streaming service comparable to Netflix and Hulu.

“Jacqui watched his comedy special, and she said it was really funny,” Belinda says, and Drew nods. “And there’s a second one coming out soon. Did you know his wife is going to inherit something like forty-six million dollars? Oh, and did you know she’s Filipino?”

Ruby Reyes did mention that.

“Look,” Belinda says, pointing to the TV screen, where a woman wearing a bloodstained tank top, sweatpants, and pink slippers is being led out in handcuffs. “She sure looks guilty. And she’s so young. Compared to Jimmy Peralta anyway.”

Drew looks up at the screen. His heart stops. He blinks. Then blinks again.

Holy shit. There she is. Betty Savage. On TV.

It's *Mae*.

He grabs the remote and attempts to pause the TV, only to remember that his mother's television doesn't have that function.

"What is it?" Belinda asks, concerned.

"Hang on," Drew says, reaching for his phone instead. "I just need to look up something."

If his spine has been tingling the past few days, it's vibrating now as his mind flies back to his earlier conversation with Ruby. Somehow, the Ice Queen must have figured out that Mae Ocampo is alive and married to a rich celebrity. Only someone like that would have the money to pay Ruby enough to buy a house. Here in Toronto, even a little one that needs work would cost well over a million dollars. Ruby must believe that Mae had something to do with the fire that killed Joey. And if she's blackmailing Mae, she must know she can prove it.

Any normal mother with a dead daughter would want justice. But it's the Ice Queen. What she wants is to get paid.

He's googling *jimmy peralta wife* when his screen suddenly goes black. He has an incoming call. *Shit*. Letting out a grunt of frustration, he's about to decline it so he can get back to his google search, and then he realizes it's Hannah McKinley calling. He jabs the green accept button.

"Hey, Sergeant. Can I call you—"

"This won't take long, mate," McKinley says, barging right in, as usual. "I missed something about Mae that I wanted to tell you about. I know you said you no longer wanted to search for her—"

I think I've found her.

"—but there was something noted on her last arrest report that I didn't catch. I know I might be sending you right back down the rabbit hole you so painstakingly climbed out of, but remember how Mae had a minor drug arrest? Well, it was during her time as a dancer at the Golden Cherry, though it didn't happen at the club. The charge didn't stick—"

Hurry up. Drew keeps his gaze focused on the TV, where they're still talking about Jimmy Peralta's murder.

"—but on the arrest report, it notes she has a tattoo on her thigh. I checked all the previous reports, and it's not mentioned anywhere, so the

tattoo must have been new.” McKinley clears her throat. “It’s of a butterfly, and it was photographed when she was booked. I’m going to text it to you now. Can you pull up the picture that shows Joelle’s tattoo? I think they look quite similar.”

The TV has gone to commercial. His mother is watching him questioningly.

“Hold on,” Drew says. “I still have a photo of it in my phone.”

He puts McKinley on speaker, and pulls up his photo app to take another look at the pictures he snapped of the photos Cherry gave him. He selects the picture of Joey dressed as Ruby reading a book in the dressing room, her legs up, and zooms in on her thigh.

“The butterfly is maybe four inches by three inches, and it’s blue, purple, and pink,” he says. “It’s like a side profile, as if the butterfly is in flight.”

McKinley exhales. “Check the photo I just sent you.”

Three seconds later, his Messages app receives a photo. Drew enlarges it. McKinley has sent him a close-up of Mae’s tattoo. It is, indeed, a butterfly. Blue, purple, and pink, side profile, midflight.

It’s not just similar to Joey’s. It’s *identical*.

“Holy shit, they had matching tattoos,” Drew says, more to himself than to McKinley. In his peripheral vision, he can see his mother’s frown at his use of a curse word.

How did he not catch this earlier? He swipes to the next photo, where Joey is standing with Mae and another dancer. While Joey’s dress is so short it shows both her thighs, Mae’s dress is longer, with a slit on only one side. Joey’s tattoo was on her right thigh. Mae’s would have been on her left.

“When you ID’d Joey, do you remember which thigh her tattoo was on?” McKinley asks. “I don’t have it here in my notes from the night of the fire...”

The police detective is still speaking, but Drew can’t hear her anymore. The buzzing in his head is too loud. His mother has flipped to the final page of the Jimmy Peralta tribute article. There, in a box at the bottom, is a wedding photo of the comedian and his fifth wife. Drew slides the magazine toward himself and turns it around.

Jimmy Peralta is in a tux, his bride in a simple white dress. They’re on the beach, holding hands, and the caption at the bottom reads, *Paris Peralta*

is wearing an off-the-rack wedding gown from Vera Wang, purchased from Nordstrom.

He stares at Paris Peralta. Her black hair is in a simple updo, a few stray strands blowing around her face, a pink flower pinned over one ear. A younger Ruby Reyes stares back, but it's a version of Ruby without the sharp angles and hard edges, without the arrogance and cynicism and self-entitlement. This version of Ruby is fuller, softer, with a sweeter smile, her eyes alight with genuine love and affection for the man at her side.

It looks like Ruby, but it's not Ruby at all.

And it's not Mae, either. Mae is not the one who disappeared nineteen years ago and somehow ended up married to Jimmy Peralta.

It's *Joey*.

What. The. Actual. Fuck.

PART THREE

That night in Toronto with its checkerboard floors

—THE TRAGICALLY HIP

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

Some mothers send birthday cards with sweet greetings. Paris's mother sends blackmail letters with threats.

Ruby Reyes is the only person in the world who knows her daughter did not die in that house fire in Toronto nineteen years ago, and if Paris doesn't pay her the money, the rest of the world will know it, too. It won't matter what her explanation is. She faked her death and assumed a new identity, and the ashes in the urn with Joey Reyes's name on it aren't hers. And now here she is, just like Ruby, about to be on trial for the murder of a wealthy older white man.

The irony isn't lost on her.

She's certain another letter will arrive any day now, especially since the latest issue of *People* is featuring Jimmy. Since she can't exactly pop out to the CVS down the street to buy a copy without being followed and photographed, she asked the concierge at the Emerald Hotel to do it for her. She wouldn't even have known the magazine had done a tribute if Henry hadn't told her.

The magazine chose a headshot of Jimmy from the nineties to grace the cover. Crinkled blue eyes, LA tan, still-dark hair, trademark smart-ass grin. It was taken at the height of his fame during the last season of *The Prince of Poughkeepsie*, which was also when he was the biggest asshole. At least according to Jimmy himself.

"There's no magic secret to reinventing yourself," Jimmy said to her once, shortly after they met. "You pick who you want to be, and then you start acting like it. It just takes time. A shitload of money doesn't hurt, either."

She understood the concept of reinvention better than he realized.

The *People* article doesn't mention Paris until the very end, and the short paragraph only gives three details: she and Jimmy met in a yoga class; they were married a year later in Hawaii; she's been charged with his murder.

Only two of these three things are accurate. Paris and Jimmy didn't meet in a yoga class; that's just the story they'd agreed to tell everyone. While it wasn't quite a lie, it wasn't exactly the truth.

Ocean Breath had just moved into its new location, and Paris didn't recognize Jimmy Peralta when he first walked in. Nobody did. In the dim lights of the hot yoga room, he looked like any other student arriving for class, dressed in a pair of loose shorts and tank top, a rolled-up mat tucked under his arm, Mariners ball cap pulled low.

Midway through the class, she noticed that her new student was struggling. The hot room is kept at 108 degrees, and the key to getting through the hour-long class is hydration. Jimmy's water bottle was empty. Concerned he might pass out, she approached him to see if he was okay.

Up close and face-to-face in the darkened room, her heart stopped when she realized who he was. And it wasn't because he was famous. It was because they'd met *before*. Back in a different life, when she was twenty, and a dancer at the Golden Cherry. He was in Toronto shooting a movie. They'd spent a couple of hours together, and then she never saw him again.

If Jimmy remembered her, he didn't let on. He accepted the fresh bottle of water she offered him, and she helped him with his postures while managing to avoid eye contact. After class, he thanked her at the reception desk where she was standing next to Henry, who finally recognized him and started fanboying.

After a month of classes, Jimmy asked Paris if they could grab a coffee. Normally she would decline a male studio member's invitation, but she agreed. They walked a block over to the Green Bean, where they sat at a corner table. He kept his ball cap on and his back to the room.

"I've spent the last month trying to place where I've seen you before," Jimmy said in a low voice. "But I remember now. Toronto, right? The strip club? I believe we spent some time together in the Champagne Room."

Paris felt the heat bloom in her cheeks, a dead giveaway. She couldn't have lied in that moment if she wanted to. "I'm not that person anymore."

"When people say that, they always mean it metaphorically. But I can tell you mean it literally. And believe me, I understand. I'm not that person anymore, either." Jimmy's eyes were intense. For a comedian, he could be very serious. "I've reinvented myself, too."

Not like I have.

“I was using a lot back then,” Jimmy said. “There are entire chunks of my life I can barely remember. I don’t know why, but I remember you. And if I ever did anything back then that made you uncomfortable ... if I ever, you know, forced you to do something that you didn’t want to do—”

“You didn’t force me.” Paris didn’t want him to finish the sentence, because she didn’t want him to actually say it out loud. “You were respectful. And I was an adult.”

“Barely.”

“I was twenty,” Paris said. “A year over the legal drinking age in Ontario. And for what it’s worth, I was sober the whole time, even if you weren’t.” She picked up her coffee, realized her hands were shaking, and set it back down. “I left that life behind when I left Toronto. I’m not proud of it. Quite the opposite, in fact.”

His vivid blue eyes remained fixed on hers. “I’ve upset you.”

“I’ll be fine.”

“I understand more than you think,” Jimmy said. “You might have one previous version of yourself you don’t like. I have several. But this version of me, sitting here with you, is a version of myself I actually do like. And I don’t want to fuck it up by getting kicked out of the studio. You’re the best yoga instructor I’ve ever had.”

“How many have you had?” Paris asked, curious despite herself.

“Kid, I’m from Los Angeles. I’ve had at least two dozen. But the worst instructor ever was this guy named Rafael. The guy was always sweaty. He had zero body hair, and he always wore these little red *Baywatch* shorts. Anyway, one day he was helping me raise my leg, and I fell on him. We were like two wet, salty seals sliding over each other...”

Paris laughed. And continued to laugh for the next hour, until it was time to head back to the studio.

Over the next few months, coffees led to lunches, which led to dinners. He took her to a couple of outdoor concerts at the Chateau Ste. Michelle winery, where they saw Barenaked Ladies (one of her favorite bands growing up) and Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons (Jimmy knew Frankie personally). After the second concert, she kissed him. It felt like the most natural thing in the world, despite the twenty-nine-year age gap.

“Do you think he’s too old for me?” Paris asked Henry the next morning. “Be honest. Does it look bad?”

“Honey, he’s *Jimmy Peralta*.” Henry rolled his eyes. “The fact that he makes you laugh makes him a keeper, and retired or not, he’s still got it.”

“Got what?”

“*It*. That thing that makes him special.” Henry saw the confusion on Paris’s face and laughed. “You’ve been happier than I’ve ever seen you, P. Don’t self-sabotage by overthinking it. You deserve good things. You deserve *him*.”

It was easier said than done. She wasn’t used to good things, to things being easy, to people being kind. When she was thirteen, Deborah had told her that some people were just born into hard lives, and their job was to claw their way out.

Or, Paris has since learned, you could simply become someone else.

She tosses the magazine into the recycling bin. She doesn’t need it—she lived with the man. And the photo *People* used is framed on their mantel at home, anyway.

In the five days she’s been at the Emerald, she hasn’t heard a peep from her lawyer. Assuming Elsie still *is* her lawyer. It’s Hazel who calls to tell Paris that the police have finished with her house and that she can finally go back home.

The smug hotel manager is happy to see her go. He even calls her a car service, and there’s a black Lincoln Town Car waiting at the same back entrance where she was dropped off. The driver takes a good look at her ankle monitor, but politely says nothing about it until they turn down her street, where they see a huge swarm of people with cameras milling around.

Thankfully, the Town Car’s windows are tinted dark. If anything, the crowd is even bigger than it was the morning of her arrest. At least the yellow crime scene tape she saw on the news is gone. From the outside of the house, you’d never know anything happened. She has no idea what the inside is going to look like.

“Someone needs to tell them that the view is the other way,” the driver says, looking at her in the rearview mirror. “So. How would you like to do this? I’m assuming you don’t want them to get a shot of you with that ankle monitor on. If you want, I can pull straight into your garage, assuming you have a door that connects to the inside of the house.”

It’s clear he knows exactly who she is, but if it bothers him, it doesn’t show.

“That would be great,” Paris says. “I can open the doors from my phone.”

He pulls into the driveway and idles while Paris taps on her new iPhone, connecting to the home Wi-Fi. She spent the last two days at the hotel trying to set up her new phone like her old one, which the police still have. But the app doesn’t seem to be working. She’s logged in, but the actual hardware inside the house appears to be off-line. The police must have disabled the system.

“I can’t get the app to work,” Paris says, frustrated. “I’m sorry, but would you mind getting out and entering the code directly into the keypad? I promise I’ll give you a massive tip.”

“What’s the code?” he asks, turning around. She tells him the four digit number, and he gives her a wink. “I’d have done it for you anyway, but I got kids, so I won’t say no to the tip.”

As soon as he gets out of the car, cameras flash. She can hear her name being shouted. *Paris! Paris! How does it feel to be home? Did you kill Jimmy for the money?* The driver punches the code in quickly, and when he gets back in the car, he seems freaked out.

“Wow. Now I know how those Kardashians feel.”

It’s the second reference someone’s made to the Kardashians, and while Paris doesn’t appreciate the comparison, she’s pretty sure the Kardashians wouldn’t, either.

He pulls into the garage, parking between Jimmy’s Cadillac and her Tesla, then shuts the engine off. Without prompting, he gets out and presses the button on the wall. Slowly, the garage door closes, shutting out the noise along with the daylight. Paris exhales. The driver helps her bring everything inside the house. Since the hotel paid for the car service, she Venmos him a hundred bucks.

He grins and hands her his business card. “Call me if you ever need a personal driver. The way things are going, I’m thinking you will.”

She enters the house through the connecting door. Sticking only her hand out, she presses the button again to open the garage to let him out. When the garage door closes again, she lets out a long sigh of relief.

She’s home.

Nothing appears any different, although the house smells like bleach and citrus. Paris sits in her usual spot at the kitchen table. She can almost pretend things are normal. When she looks out the window into the

backyard, she half expects to see Jimmy there, fiddling with his tomato plants, fishing leaves out of the pool with his net, barbecuing chicken on the grill.

But Jimmy isn't here. Jimmy will never be here again.

His ancient Sony boombox is still in its usual place on the counter, and she picks through the neat stack of cassette tapes beside it. Her husband owned three portable stereos of the same vintage—one here, one in his office, and one in his bathroom upstairs. Not long after they got married, one of them had stopped working, so Paris bought Jimmy a brand-new stereo with a CD player instead of a cassette deck, Bluetooth, and an auxiliary plug for MP3s.

She discovered it on one of the garage shelves a few weeks later, still in the box. His old portable stereo was working again, because he'd made Zoe find a place that would repair it.

"Don't be offended," Jimmy said to Paris. "I've had these stereos since the eighties, and I'm attached to them." He kissed her on the forehead. "Besides, technology sucks, kid. Always best to go old school."

She wasn't offended at all. Jimmy liked what he liked, and she didn't marry him to change him.

She chooses a cassette at random and inserts it. The buttons are so loose it takes no effort to press play. She turns the volume up loud. As the opening bars to "Free Bird" by Lynyrd Skynyrd waft out of the speakers, it's like Jimmy is here again, dancing with her in the kitchen. *If I leave here tomorrow, would you still remember me ...*

A sob of grief wells up in her throat, so thick she can't swallow it back down. For once, she doesn't try. The sobs come so fast and hard, they physically hurt her stomach, racking her entire body until it feels like she can't breathe.

The last time she cried like this, she was a child. She had reached for her mother for comfort, but Ruby had remained where she was, smoking a cigarette, observing her daughter with disgust, as if she were a cockroach Ruby had just stepped on. *You're going to cry now? Really? Are you trying to make me mad?*

Paris feels a hand on her shoulder, and jumps. She looks up to see Jimmy's assistant—*former* assistant—standing over her.

"It's okay," Zoe says. "It's okay, Paris. Let it out. I'm here. It's okay."

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

Zoe offers her a box of tissues, and Paris yanks out a bunch so she can dry her eyes and blow her nose. The woman has some fucking nerve showing up here. One, she called Paris a murderer. Two, she was fired.

“Why are you even here?” Paris finally asks when she can speak properly. “Did you forget that you don’t work here anymore? How’d you even get in?”

“I rang the doorbell but nobody answered, and my code still works. I just came to pick up some things I left.” Zoe hesitates. “Can we talk?”

“No.”

Zoe takes a seat perpendicular to her at the kitchen table. “I am so, so sorry—”

“No.”

“Paris, *please*.” Zoe’s face is filled with anguish. “I know I should have talked to you first, but try to look at it from my perspective. I saw Jimmy in the tub and you on the floor, and then I saw the razor, and there was blood *everywhere* ... it looked so bad, and I was scared, so I called 911. If I’d given myself a chance to at least think about it, I would have known that you couldn’t have hurt him. I know you loved him. I know you didn’t marry him for the money.”

“Oh look, you’re still here,” Paris says.

“I worked for Jimmy for fifteen years.” Zoe rubs her head, her brown hair bouncing around. “I actually knew his last two wives, and right from the get-go, it was obvious why they were with him, and it had nothing to do with love. The last one, I don’t even think she *liked* him. When I met you, I assumed you’d be the same. But you weren’t. You aren’t. You’re younger than he is, yes, but you’re independent. You have a job. You have your own business. And I could see the way you two looked at each other. You loved each other, but you also really, really *liked* each other.”

A tear escapes down Paris’s cheek, and she swipes at it. “So then why have we never gotten along?”

“Because you don’t like me,” Zoe says simply. “You’ve never liked me.”

Paris stares at her. “That’s not true.”

“You thought I was using him, just like I thought you were. I could tell you couldn’t understand why I followed Jimmy here from LA, why I stuck around to work for someone who’d retired. But Jimmy ... he treated me like family. I moved to LA at eighteen to be a singer-songwriter. I was so naive. Within three months, I was broke.”

Zoe looks down and smiles. “But then Jimmy hired me. At first it was just a way to pay the bills, but the work was okay. He let me have time off for gigs. He helped me pay for my studio time when I recorded my first demo. You didn’t know Jimmy back then, but he was basically an asshole ninety percent of the time. But the other ten percent, he was generous, and supportive.”

Paris has heard lots of stories about Jimmy’s ugly side. She’d never seen it herself until recently.

“Seven years ago, when he hit rock bottom, I didn’t think he’d make it out of that.” Zoe’s voice is soft. “He was in such a dark place, lashing out at anybody who tried to help him. It was like he was determined to burn every bridge he had, and he almost succeeded. Everybody bailed. His manager quit, his agency dropped him, even Elsie stopped taking his calls for a chunk of time. Nobody could do it anymore, and I didn’t blame them. But I stuck around. I was scared to leave him alone. He finally got clean, announced his retirement, and I helped him move back here to Seattle. And then I just ... stayed.”

It occurs to Paris then that this is the first time she’s heard Zoe’s backstory. She was so busy judging the other woman that she’d never bothered to try to know her. Just like people used to do to her. The thought makes Paris feel ashamed.

“When Jimmy met you, he came back to life.” Zoe offers her a small smile. “And when he started telling jokes again, it was like he had finally become the version of himself he always wanted to be—sober *and* funny. When Quan called, I admit, I wanted him to do it. His material was so good, so relevant, it deserved to be out there. I should have known, though, that the pressure of it all would make him start using again. It’s all my fault.”

“So you knew?” Paris says, incredulous.

Zoe nods, and slumps.

“You know how *I* found out he was using again?” Paris’s voice is hot. “When Elsie told me what was on the toxicology report. Why the hell didn’t you say anything?”

Zoe’s face crumples. “I only saw him do it once, in the dressing room, right before his last performance of the second special. He promised me it was a one-time thing, just a bump to get him through the next hour. He asked me not to tell you. And then he went out onstage and absolutely killed it. I don’t think he’s ever been funnier. I never saw him use again.” She looks away. “But that doesn’t mean he didn’t.”

Paris was there that night, in the audience. Under the spotlights of the Austin City Limits stage, he was transformed, his comic genius on full display. There is nothing more exhilarating than watching a person do what they do best, better than anyone else.

But the demons were lurking beneath the surface. Paris knew that, and she was getting more and more worried. His memory lapses were becoming more frequent, and no matter what she said, Jimmy refused to go to the doctor. Any time she brought it up, they would argue.

“I haven’t had a chance to talk to you about this, but when you were at the yoga conference, Jimmy had that charity gig,” Zoe says. “He went into it sober, I made sure of it. His jokes were funny, but he was off with the delivery, and at the very end, he blew the punch line. Afterward, he was so upset, and all he wanted to do was go home and practice. I probably should have stuck around, but he was so angry, yelling at me about little things, like why didn’t I order more cassette tapes, why can’t I just do my fucking job...”

Zoe completely falls apart, her shoulders shaking as she sobs. Paris pushes over the Kleenex box.

She understands what it’s like to be on the receiving end of Jimmy’s anger, the kind that comes from someone who’s having a hard time accepting that he might have a disease for which there’s no cure, the same disease that killed his mother slowly, bit by agonizing bit, until there was nothing left but a shell of the woman she used to be. Early in their marriage, he had told Paris about his mother’s Alzheimer’s, and she had seen the horror and grief in his eyes.

“I wouldn’t wish it on my worst enemy,” Jimmy had said. “It’s absolutely fucking brutal.”

It’s time to tell Zoe.

“Listen to me,” Paris says. “Jimmy was having trouble with his memory. There was no official diagnosis because he wouldn’t go to the doctor, but I noticed early signs of dementia. He didn’t want to blow the Quan deal, so he made me promise not to tell anyone. But even if he wasn’t sick, Zoe, you are not responsible for his drug use. It was not your job to save his life.”

Zoe’s eyes well with tears again.

“I’m sorry I fired you the way I did,” Paris says quietly. “Truthfully, I’m not even sure I *can* fire you. You worked for him, not me.”

“I worked for Peralta Productions. Which I’m pretty sure belongs to you now.” Zoe takes a breath. “Paris ... I swear I didn’t know anything about the inheritance. I never thought Jimmy would leave me anything. He had already paid me a bonus when he signed with Quan, and honestly, I felt guilty for taking it. *They* came to *him*, and I helped facilitate the discussions and find an entertainment lawyer in LA to help with the contracts. But other than that, everything else I did was just regular assistant stuff—scheduling, travel bookings, emails. I was shocked when I heard how much he’d left me.”

“I believe you,” Paris says, and she does.

“Have you heard from Elsie?” Zoe asks.

Paris shakes her head. “Not since she dropped me off at the hotel. Right now, I’m not even sure I have a lawyer.”

“The last time I heard from her was when she asked me to get you some stuff for your hotel stay. I did reach out after that, but she never got back to me. She doesn’t like me, either.” Zoe lets out a small laugh. “But I can help you find a new lawyer, if you want. I can make some calls.”

“Would you?” Paris says, relieved. “I’m happy to put you back on the payroll.”

Zoe waves a hand. “No. I think it’s time for me to move on. But I’ll help. As a friend.”

They exchange tentative smiles.

“Hey,” Paris says. “Before you go, can you fix the smart home thing? It’s not working on my new phone. I think it might be disconnected.”

“It wasn’t working on mine, either.” Zoe stands up and frowns. “I can call the company and ask them to reset it, but technically Jimmy is the administrator, so they might not talk to me.” She looks around the kitchen.

“Are you all right for now? I stocked the fridge, so there’s stuff to cook if you want to.”

“I’m okay,” Paris says. “I just ... I don’t know where I’ll sleep tonight. I’m not sure I can bring myself to go upstairs.”

An image of Jimmy in a tub full of his own blood flickers through her mind.

“I called a cleaning service that specializes in crime scenes,” Zoe says. “They cleaned the whole house first thing this morning, including Jimmy’s room. I didn’t want you to come home to...” She stops. “I didn’t want you to be uncomfortable in your own home.”

Paris impulsively reaches forward to give the other woman a hug. How could she have so misjudged this person? After all, she knows exactly how it feels to have people assume you’re something you’re not. For Paris, the only way to get away from it was to become someone new. That was not an option now.

Unlike nineteen years ago, she can’t just set a fire and run.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

It was never her plan to become Paris. It's just the way it worked out.

The night she faked her death started off like any other, only she was actually looking forward to going to work. The Golden Cherry had been advertising their New Year's Eve party for weeks, and the fifty-dollar cover charge included a free drink and a champagne toast at midnight. It was sure to be a big money night for all the girls.

The first time Joey ever danced at the Cherry, she nearly threw up. She had spent her entire life up until then doing everything she could to be clothed and covered from the gazes of strange men, and suddenly, there she was, working the main floor in a dress so skimpy, she might as well have been naked. Luckily, she was a quick learner. Eventually, it all became normal—enjoyable, even. In the club, she was in total control. Nobody was allowed to touch her without her consent, and it was surprisingly empowering.

The trick, she discovered, was to not be Joey. The trick was to be *Ruby*.

A year later, she'd become one of the club's highest earners. Though she expected her time as an exotic dancer to be short, she found she was in no hurry to move on. The money was too addicting.

There was already a lineup outside the Cherry when Joey stepped off the bus for her shift. A man in a sequined top hat with *1999* emblazoned across it spotted her and hollered, "Happy fucking New Year!" She ignored him and headed straight for Junior's.

"Well, if it isn't my favorite Filipino fantasy," Fitzroy said with a grin when the bells above the door chimed her entrance. "They got you working New Year's Eve, Joey?"

"Working till last call, and I won't make it on an empty stomach." She knew the menu by heart and ordered, handing Fitzroy a ten. He gave her back four loonies, and she dropped one in the tip jar. Before she started dancing, it wouldn't have occurred to her to tip for a takeout order. Now that her income relied solely on the generosity of customers, she tipped everybody.

All three tables in the tiny restaurant were full, so she went back outside to wait for her food. The lineup outside the Cherry had grown longer, and she saw that Chaz was working the door. Even from this distance, he looked huge. For his size—six five, with biceps like wrecking balls—Chaz was surprisingly tender in bed. It helped that he loved her. She knew this because he'd said it once, but when she didn't say it back, he never said it again. They were only sleeping together casually, of course; he wasn't her boyfriend, though she knew he wanted to be.

Chaz was taking his time checking the IDs of a large group of nervous-looking young men, peering at each driver's license with a mini flashlight. There was almost always someone under nineteen with a fake ID, but they all passed. The next group in line stepped forward, and she caught a glimpse of someone familiar. Her heart skipped a beat. Tall, same twists, same goatee. But then he turned, and she got a better look at his face. It wasn't Drew.

Of course it wasn't. He was in Vancouver, with Simone.

It had only been a year since her roommates left for the west coast, but it felt like a lifetime had passed. Strip club life was like that. One year could feel like ten, and it aged you. And if you didn't take care of yourself, you'd be an old woman by the time you hit thirty. Sugar, a dancer Joey thought was in her forties, turned out to be twenty-eight. *Twenty-eight*. If Joey was still dancing at the Cherry in eight years, she'd jump into the lake and drown herself.

The takeout window slid open. "So tell me, Joey," Fitzroy said, handing her a white plastic bag knotted at the top. "What's your New Year's resolution?"

She considered for a moment. "To marry an old rich man with one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel."

Fitzroy let out a hearty laugh. "Well, I hope you meet him tonight. Be safe, okay? Happy New Year, sweet girl."

"Happy New Year, Fitz."

"Hey, geisha girl!" a man in the lineup called out to her as she headed toward the alleyway that led to the back entrance of the Cherry. This one was wearing a gold plastic crown. "What you got under that coat, China doll? I want you to love me long time."

It was one thing for customers to proposition the girls inside the club, but out here on the sidewalk, before her shift, it breeched some kind of

unspoken etiquette. And three Asian stereotypes in ten seconds? Had to be a record. Whatever. As long as they were paying, she would be whatever Asian they wanted her to be. *Inside* the club.

Mae had taught her that.

“Who gives a shit if they think you’re Chinese, or Korean, or whatever,” Mae had told her the night they first met. As the only two Asian dancers in the club—and both Filipino to boot—they’d bonded immediately over their shitty childhoods. Mae had lived in several different foster homes before running away at fifteen. “Most of the guys who come in here don’t know the difference, and even if they do, they don’t care. Your job isn’t to teach them, it’s to make money. So go get your money, bitch.”

It was going to be a big money night, and the night was young.

As she approached the staff entrance of the club, she could hear the music pulsing from inside. There was always supposed to be a bouncer stationed at the back door to prevent customers from sneaking in, but at the moment, it was unguarded. Joey pulled on the handle, and stepped into a whole different world.

“Hey, girls,” Joey said, placing her takeout bag at an open spot at the long vanity table that ran down the center of the dressing room. She dropped her knapsack on the floor and shrugged out of her parka. “Where is everyone?”

“Already on the floor.” Dallas, a platinum blonde of indeterminate age who was dressed as a Cowboys cheerleader, was carefully applying her strip eyelashes two spots over. “A lot of big groups coming in tonight. Money, money, money.”

“Not if they’re snaking,” Candie said from the other side of the vanity. This was the new Candie, with an *-ie*. The previous Candy, with a *-y*, had gotten a boob job and left to work at the Brass Rail downtown. Richer clientele, better tips. “And let’s hope they’re not all rocks. Last Thursday I barely made enough after the house fee to cover my babysitter.”

It had taken Joey a while to learn the lingo of the club. A customer who watched the lap dance someone else was getting was “snaking.” “Rocks” nursed their drinks all night and didn’t pay for lap dances at all. The “house fee” was what the dancers paid to the club just to work there.

Joey had done the math. In order to earn a comfortable living after the house fee and the nightly tip out to the DJ, bouncers, and other staff, she had to earn at least six hundred dollars a week. It was expensive to be a stripper.

Fortunately, Joey made much more than this. On a regular night, she earned about five times what she used to make working for minimum wage at the video store. On a good night? Double that. It was also lucrative to be a stripper.

“Bump?” Dallas said under her breath, offering her a small vial of cocaine. “Just stocked up.”

“Nah, I’m good.” Joey opened her Styrofoam takeout container, and the heavenly aroma of jerk chicken wafted out. “And hide that shit until everyone’s gone. Cherry will kill you.”

“Ewww, what is that smell?” a voice said, and she looked up to see a dancer named Savannah staring at her food as she spritzed perfume all over her body. “You shouldn’t eat that in here. It stinks.”

“No, you stink.” The quick response was from Destiny, who was rubbing homemade glitter lotion onto her brown skin. Joey had the same mixture in her bag, which was just unscented Jergens mixed with gold glitter from the dollar store. Under the stage lights, it made your skin shimmer. Destiny’s eyes, which were bright blue tonight, flashed. “You smell like a five dollar hooker with that cheap perfume.”

“It’s Liz Claiborne,” Savannah said, offended. She spritzed herself one more time before putting the cap back on her perfume bottle.

Obviously the Cherry didn’t have a human resources department, so the dancers had created their own zero tolerance policy for ignorant comments. But Joey was in a good mood, so she let it slide. Savannah had only started a week ago, and the newbie would learn soon enough what would happen if she said the wrong thing to the wrong girl.

“These new girls are so stupid,” Destiny said after Savannah left. “She might be fresh as a daisy with nineteen-year-old tits now, but in a year, she’ll be a cokehead trying to save up for a boob job.” She touched Dallas’s shoulder as she headed out. “No offense, girl.”

Here at the Cherry, they were all referred to as “girls.” Even Dallas, who could’ve been anywhere from thirty-five to fifty, was a girl. And Destiny wasn’t wrong. The job changed you. It had to, or you wouldn’t last. Nobody working here had listed “stripper” as their career goal when they filled out their guidance counselor’s questionnaire in high school. Though they all came from different backgrounds, it was a universal truth that no one here had expected to end up a dancer at the Golden Cherry.

The Cherry was where you landed when life didn't go as planned. It didn't have to be a bad thing. But it wasn't really a great thing.

One of the bouncers poked his head into the dressing room. "Hey, Betty."

"Fuck off, Rory," Dallas said. "No men allowed."

"I just need Betty for a second," the bouncer said. "Hey, Betty. *Betty.*"

Joey swiveled to face him, her mouth full of chicken. "Sorry, wrong Asian stripper."

"Shit." Rory deflated when he saw her face. "You know if Betty's coming in tonight?"

"Don't know. My Filipino telepathy isn't working at the moment."

Beside her, Dallas snorted. After Rory left, Joey turned to her with a grin, but saw that the other dancer wasn't laughing. It was just a line of coke going up her nose.

"Okay, where'd you score that?" Joey glanced back over her shoulder to make sure no one else was around. "You know you can't do that shit inside the club. Cherry will fire you."

"Betty hooked me up." The dancer adjusted her breasts inside her blue crop top. Because she was so thin, her breast implants made her boobs look like bolt-ons (even Dallas called them that), but it worked for her. Onstage, when she untied her top, they'd burst out, and it always got a loud cheer. "This batch is cut with too much shit, though. Two hits and I can barely feel it. Usually she gets the good stuff."

Joey sighed and finished her dinner. She'd tried so many times to talk Mae out of selling, but the money was even better than dancing. The two of them had opposite personalities—Joey was the calm, while Mae was the storm—and it was impossible to tell Mae what to do. Still, they balanced each other out, and their friendship had become meaningful. A few months earlier, on a whim, they'd gotten matching butterfly tattoos, which made the people at the club mix them up even more. Everybody already thought they looked alike, though Mae and Joey couldn't see it.

Lately, though, being mistaken for Mae had become a problem. Her boyfriend was part of the Blood Brothers, and Mae was now the club's main dealer of illegal narcotics. She could get anything anyone asked for. Cocaine was most requested, as it kept the dancers going all night.

The first time Joey met Vinh—who went by Vinny—he was picking Mae up after work one night. She was surprised at how tiny he was, five four

at most, his skinny body drowning in jeans and a sweatshirt three sizes too big for him. He looked like a teenager who played Nintendo all day, nothing like the gangster he was reputed to be. Mae's voice fluctuated between pride and fear whenever she told Joey about the violent, crazy things Vinny had done to the people who crossed him and the gang. And apparently his older brother, a high-ranking member of the BB, was even worse.

More than a few times, Mae had come into work with bruises, and once, even a sprained wrist. When Joey expressed concern, her friend shrugged it off. "I hit him, too," Mae said. "This is why body makeup was invented." It didn't matter how many times Joey encouraged Mae to break up with Vinny, her friend had to get there herself. And Joey was worried that if she didn't get there quickly enough, he would kill her.

Yet Vinny was always polite. "Nice to see you, Joey," he would say, and he and Mae would offer her a ride home in his souped-up Civic any night she wasn't going home with Chaz.

"Girls," a commanding voice said from the dressing room doorway.

Beside her, Dallas jumped, the coke vial disappearing into the palm of her hand. Joey didn't have to look up to know that it was Cherry.

"Hey, Cherry." Joey was applying a thin line of glue to her false eyelashes. "I'll be ready on time."

"After the stage, head up to VIP, okay?" Cherry was speaking to Joey, but her eyes were focused on Dallas. "Eight-person bachelor party requested the hot Asian chick they saw outside. Since Betty hasn't shown up, that must be you."

Joey looked up, waving the strip lash in her hand so the glue would turn tacky, which made it easier to stick on. "A bachelor party? On New Year's Eve?"

"New Year's Day wedding, tomorrow afternoon." Cherry shrugged. "They don't look like high rollers, but they're trying to be. They asked about the Champagne Room."

Champagne Room? Joey exchanged a look with Dallas. Two hours in the Champagne Room could earn a girl a thousand bucks, minimum.

"Do they need a blond cheerleader, too?" Dallas piped up, hopeful.

"No." Cherry turned her attention to Joey fully. "Hey. You been in touch with Betty? This is the second shift in a row she's blown off. I don't want to fire her ass until I know she's okay."

“Aw, Cherry, don’t fire her,” Dallas said. “I know she’s a flake, but the customers love her.”

“Was I talking to you?” the owner snapped.

“I haven’t talked to her in a couple days,” Joey said. “But she has roommates who’d look after her if she was sick. I can check in on her tomorrow.”

Cherry’s gaze shifted back to the older dancer. “Dallas, that better be face powder on your nose. Finish getting ready, and get your ass out there.”

“It’s not just my ass they’re here to see,” Dallas replied smartly, but she wiped her nose and got up to stow her things in her locker. Before leaving the dressing room, she said, “For real, girl, I don’t know how you do this job without being on *something*.”

It’s easy, Joey thought. Makeup finished, she shimmied into her gold dress and strapped on her stilettos. She stared at herself in the full-length mirror. Ruby stared back.

I just pretend I’m my mother.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

Paris doesn't realize she's fallen asleep on the sofa until the doorbell wakes her up. It takes her a few seconds to remind herself where she is—home? Jail? Toronto?—but then she hears the photographers shouting on the street, and remembers. Seattle. Jimmy is dead. Murder charge. No lawyer.

The doorbell rings again, followed by what sounds like a kick. Whoever it is, they're persistent. Paris tries the smart home app on her phone again, but the door cam, along with the rest of it, is still not working. She pads over to the front door and looks through the peephole the old-fashioned way, bracing herself for a ballsy reporter or paparazzo waiting to surprise her with a camera in her face.

It's Elsie.

She opens the door and steps aside quickly as the woman pushes her way in. Behind her, cameras flash and questions are shouted. Elsie is carrying a cardboard box, on top of which is her briefcase, on top of which is a takeout bag from Taco Time. A bottle of wine sticks out from a tote bag over her shoulder.

"Vultures," the other woman says, shutting the door with her foot. "Lock it, quick."

Paris locks the door, then grabs the takeout bag and briefcase before they can slide off.

Elsie sets the cardboard box down on the floor. "This was on your doorstep. Jimmy's mail. The post office must have forwarded it here."

Paris stares at her. "Hello to you, too."

"Talk later, eat first." Elsie plucks the bag of food and her briefcase from Paris's hands and heads straight for the kitchen. "I brought wine."

Paris looks down at the box of Jimmy's fan mail, which seems so unremarkable sitting on the floor of the foyer. There's no doubt in her mind that it will contain another blackmail letter from Ruby. Her mother will know by now that Jimmy is dead, which means she'll know about the inheritance, and that her daughter has been charged with first-degree murder.

The apple doesn't fall far from the tree, does it, Mama?

She and Elsie sit in the kitchen and eat. The other woman pours herself a second glass of wine before Paris is even halfway through her first. It's not until they finish the tacos that she notices Elsie is crying, though it's not a full-body thunderstorm like Paris had when she first got home. Elsie's cry is like a steady rain that will last a little while.

But grief is grief, however it's expressed.

"Did Jimmy ever tell you about our senior prom?" Elsie's voice is thick.

"All he said was you were boyfriend and girlfriend in high school." Paris hands her an extra napkin. "I assumed you went to prom together."

"Actually, we didn't." Elsie dabs her eyes. "The week before, we got into a huge fight and broke up. Someone told me he was seen flirting with Maggie Ryerson. She was a cheerleader, big boobs, perky, you know the type. He denied it, but I didn't believe him. So he dumped me. I was devastated."

Paris sits back in her chair and listens.

"There was no way I was missing my senior prom," Elsie continues. "So I asked a boy named Fred, who I knew had a crush on me, to take me. When we get to the gymnasium, who do I see? Jimmy, with Maggie Ryerson."

Paris shakes her head. "Well, that's a dick move."

"I managed to ignore him, tried to have a good time. But later, I found him skulking in the hallway. Maggie had ditched him, and he'd found her in the parking lot making out with Angelo DeLuca, a boy her parents hated. Maggie had used Jimmy as a cover so she could be with Angelo at the prom without her parents finding out. He deserved it, but I couldn't help but feel sorry for him. We left prom together, and ended up grabbing burgers and milkshakes at Dick's. Then we came here to Kerry Park and sat on the benches to look at the city lights."

"What about Fred?"

"Guess that makes me a dick, too." Elsie looks away. "Kerry Park was always our favorite place. We'd come here to talk, make plans, dream. It was chilly that night, and Jimmy put his tuxedo jacket around my shoulders. Powder blue, to match my dress, but we never got a prom photo." She smiles, her eyes distant. "He asked if I would take him back. Of course I said yes."

Paris feels a small stab of jealousy. Not because Elsie was Jimmy's old girlfriend, which she already knew, but because she had something with him that Paris never did: *history*. She'd only known her husband for three years. Elsie had known Jimmy for five *decades*. They had fifty years of friendship and laughter and stories and inside jokes that only two people who've shared that kind of time together can have. Elsie had seen Jimmy in all his incarnations, had stood by him through all his ups and downs. Paris had been Jimmy's wife, but Elsie may well have been his soul mate.

The loss ... it must be unbearable. Paris has been so busy thinking about herself that she had never stopped to think how this must be affecting *Elsie*, who had loved her best friend Jimmy so much that she'd stepped up to defend his wife when she had every goddamned right to throw Paris to the wolves.

"It's not the end of the story," Elsie says with a sad smile. "The day after graduation, Jimmy calls, says he's going to come by. He wanted to 'talk.'" She crooks her fingers into air quotes. "I thought to myself, 'This is it. He's going to propose.' In those days, it was pretty common to get married right after high school. So I wait for him on the porch, and I'm wearing a nice dress and my hair is curled and I'm ready. I was accepted to Brown in the fall, and I thought if we got married, Jimmy could come with me to Rhode Island, since he wasn't planning to go to college.

"He pulls up in his father's old pickup truck, and I see that the back is filled with all his belongings. He gets out of the car, walks over to me, and says, 'Babe, I'm heading to Los Angeles.' Just like that. At first, I misunderstood, and I asked him when he was coming back. He said he wasn't. He had come to say goodbye. 'The next time you see me,' he said, 'I'll be on the *Tonight Show*.' The bastard broke my heart."

"Oh, Elsie," Paris says.

"And wouldn't you know, ten years later, there he was, riffing with Johnny Carson, just like he said he would be. The sonofabitch." A small laugh. "Yeah, Jimmy could be a real asshole. He had this tunnel vision for what he wanted his life to be, and if anything ever got in the way of that, he could be so cruel. He was incredibly self-centered, which is why none of his marriages ever lasted, and why all of his ex-wives hated him. It's why I sometimes hated him. But I can't blame him for all of it. I willingly fixed his problems. I flew wherever he needed me to be so I could clean up his messes, made apologies on his behalf. I knew there were times he was just

using me, like a gap filler, something to do while working toward the next great thing that wouldn't include me."

Elsie looks out the window again. "But then something shifted. He hit rock bottom. He got clean. Announced he was retiring and moved back here. And things *were* different this time. *He* was different. Calmer. Remorseful. Sensitive. He was going to therapy, and really doing the work. We started to get close again ... really close. I thought maybe, finally..." She looks directly at Paris, who catches her meaning, loud and clear. "But then he met you."

Paris doesn't know what to say. Obviously she hadn't known any of this, because Jimmy had never told her. From the day they'd had coffee after yoga class three years ago, Jimmy had been so single-minded in his pursuit of her that she'd never even considered there was someone else getting run over in the process. Tunnel vision, as Elsie just said. It explained a lot about how Elsie treated her when they first met.

It explained everything, actually, and Paris sags into her chair.

"I'm glad his last years were happy ones. Up until the end, at least. He really loved you." Elsie pats Paris's hand. "Anyway, that was my long-winded lead-up to telling you that I can't be your lawyer anymore."

Paris's head snaps up. "Wait. What?"

"Don't panic, I've made a few calls." Elsie finishes her wine. "A lawyer named Sonny Everly will be coming by tomorrow at eleven. He's an excellent criminal defense attorney with twenty years of trial experience."

"Okay," Paris says slowly. "I understand. You were being loyal to Jimmy by helping me, but obviously if you think there's even the tiniest possibility that I might have done it—"

"That's not why." Elsie sets her glass down and looks Paris straight in the eyes. "The reason I asked Sonny to step in is because I'm too rusty. I didn't handle your arraignment as well as I should have. I was caught off guard by the new will, and that happened because I'm too close to the situation. Any other lawyer, that's the first thing they would have checked, but it didn't even occur to me that Jimmy would find another lawyer to draft up a whole new will. I missed it, which means I have no business diving back into criminal work. You'll be in excellent hands with Sonny."

"Would Sonny have gotten me a lower bail?"

"Probably not, but—"

“Then you did your job, Elsie,” Paris says. “And I’m grateful. But I’m not sure I can afford him. I’ve already leveraged almost everything to pay the bond, which I’ll never get back.” She looks down at the circle of pink diamonds on her left hand. “I guess I could sell my wedding ring. And the Tesla, too, since I can borrow Jimmy’s car.”

“I’m paying Sonny,” Elsie says. “When you’re acquitted, you can pay me back. Fair warning, though: the man is an absolute prick. But that’s what you need. You want someone who’s not afraid to get in the mud and slug it out, and it seems I’ve forgotten how to do that outside of litigation.”

“Thank you,” Paris says. “If you trust him, I’ll trust him.”

“I also called the attorney who drafted Jimmy’s last will and requested a copy. His firm’s reputation is impeccable. The will is valid.”

“That’s bad news for me.” Paris slumps farther into her chair. “All that money makes me look guilty as hell. And what’s the point of being rich if I’m spending the rest of my life in a four-by-nine cell?”

“Tell me something,” Elsie says. “You remember in court, how Salazar implied Jimmy’s drug use might have been a one-time thing? I have to ask you, was Jimmy using again?”

Paris sighs. “Zoe just told me that she caught him doing it once at a taping for the second special. He promised her it would be the only time, to help him get through the last performance. She never told me because he asked her not to, and obviously she was loyal to Jimmy.” She looks down. “I’m ashamed to say I never noticed.”

“Don’t be. Jimmy had decades of practice hiding his addiction.” Elsie frowns. “When did you talk to Zoe?”

“Yesterday. She came over, apologized for not giving me the benefit of the doubt. Surprisingly, she’s a really sweet person, when she’s not being annoying.”

“I don’t buy it.” Elsie’s voice is flat. “She was too attached to Jimmy. What employer leaves an assistant five million dollars in his will? I’m starting to wonder if she’s the reason he changed it. Think about it—Zoe spent more time with Jimmy than either of us. How is it possible she didn’t notice his memory lapses? I personally think she knew something was off, and she covered it up.”

Paris considers this for a minute. It *was* a little intense, Zoe and Jimmy’s relationship. His assistant had known better than most how much he’d struggled with his addiction and mental health issues. Even using one

time was dangerous, and if she really did care about her boss, the best thing she could have done was speak up.

A sense of unease washes over Paris. Had Zoe duped her yesterday?

Elsie reaches into her briefcase and pulls out a printed document with at least two dozen pages. She flips through it, then stops at a highlighted paragraph. She pokes the page with a coral-painted fingernail. “Read this.”

It’s Jimmy’s will. Paris reads the paragraph carefully, which states that Zoe Moffatt will inherit five million dollars.

“Okay,” she says to Elsie. “We knew that already.”

Elsie flips the pages again until she gets to another highlighted paragraph. “Now read this.”

It appears to be the section of the will where Jimmy’s corporate holdings are detailed, and a lot of it is worded in legalese that goes over Paris’s head. She has to read it three times before she understands it, and when she finally does, her mouth drops open.

Zoe Moffatt will inherit *20 percent* of all Jimmy’s earnings from the Quan deal.

“The prosecutor made such a big show of telling the courtroom how much money you’d be getting as Jimmy’s wife,” Elsie says. “But he never mentioned anything about what Zoe would be receiving on top of her five million. Salazar knew it would muddy the waters, and he didn’t want to say anything that would take away the focus from you, the prime suspect.”

The lawyer leans forward. “Everyone knows that the Quan deal was worth thirty million. Twenty percent of that is—”

“Six million.” Paris continues to scrutinize the paragraph. “And Zoe would have received another twenty percent for the third special, had there been one. But even without it, she’s getting eleven million dollars.”

That was a hell of a lot of money for somebody who, in her own words, didn’t even do much because Quan came to Jimmy, and so most of what she helped with was just “regular assistant stuff.”

“What did Jimmy leave her in the original will?” Paris’s voice is faint as she works to process it all.

“Not a dime.” Elsie’s face is grim. “Look, I’m not saying she killed him, because I don’t think anybody did. I truly believe Jimmy died by suicide, as do you. But Zoe is the one who made sure you were arrested. Making you look guilty of murder is an effective way to distract people from suspecting that maybe she was the one who got Jimmy to change his will.”

“But she apologized,” Paris says in wonder. “She really seemed sorry.”

She sits with it for a moment, second-guessing every second of her conversation with Zoe from the day before.

“So what now?” she finally asks.

“You get some rest, that’s what now,” Elsie says briskly. “I’ll be back in the morning for your meeting with Sonny.”

“I thought you weren’t my lawyer anymore.”

“I’m not.” The older woman stands, and Paris follows her to the front door. “I’ll be here to consult. As a friend. And as your friend, I’m going to remind you to be completely honest with Sonny about everything. Be as transparent as possible.”

There’s another round of camera flashes as Elsie steps out. Paris shuts the door and then leans against it.

Transparent? When has she ever been transparent in her life?

The newest letter from Ruby is not on lavender-colored stationery, nor was it mailed from Sainte-Élisabeth, Quebec. This one arrives in a plain white envelope, and the return address is in Maple Sound, Ontario. Which means one thing.

Ruby Reyes is officially a free woman.

Dear Paris,

My deepest condolences on your recent loss, and my most heartfelt congratulations on your newfound wealth. In light of recent circumstances, I believe ten million would now be the appropriate amount. My banking information is included below.

You’ll be glad to know I finally found your urn. I assumed your Tita Flora would have set it in a place of honor, but it seems she doesn’t have the fondest memories of you. In any case, once I receive the money, I will lovingly scatter your ashes in the lake, so that you may rest in peace forever.

By the way, did you kill your husband? You can tell me. I’ll keep your secret. I’m happy to keep all your secrets, so long as I’m properly rewarded.

Warmest regards,

Ruby

P.S. Every night when those pond frogs croak, I imagine setting the whole place on fire. You're an expert. What's the best way to do it?

Ruby got one thing right. Paris *is* good at making fires.

This time, she takes the letter into the kitchen and turns on the gas stove. She touches the corner of the paper to the blue flame and watches it ignite, the fire eating through her mother's words in seconds.

Her first demand was one million. Then it was three million. Now it's ten million. *Ten million dollars*. It was ridiculous, except it wasn't. Ruby has nothing to lose by asking. And Paris has everything to lose if she doesn't figure out what to do about this, and soon.

Just before the letter can singe her fingers, she drops it into the sink, where it burns until all that's left are a few tiny bits of charred paper.

If she'd given herself more time to think about it nineteen years ago, she might have handled Mae differently, come up with a different plan, chosen a different path.

But sometimes the only way to start over is to burn it all down.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

“Joey.”

Nobody at the Cherry called Joey by her real name, and the music was so loud, she assumed she’d misheard. Other than Cherry, Chaz, and Mae, most people here didn’t even know what her real name was.

“Joey,” the voice said again, floating in the darkness of the hallway. “Joey, over here.”

She definitely heard it that time, and turned to find Mae’s boyfriend leaning against the wall near the dressing room. She’d just finished her stage routine and needed to pee again before heading up to VIP for her bachelor party request. Champagne Room possibilities, big money night.

“Vinny,” Joey said in surprise. “You’re not allowed to be back here. Staff only.”

“Shhhh. I snuck in, don’t tell anyone.” Vinny gave her a boyish smile.

Joey walked closer to him so she could hear him better, marveling once again at how difficult it was to equate him with the gangster she knew him to be. He was just so *little*, and in her five-inch heels, she towered over him.

“I’m looking for my girl,” Vinny said. “I peeked in the dressing room, but I didn’t see her. Any idea where she might be?”

“She didn’t show up for work tonight,” Joey said. “Cherry’s not too happy. You don’t know where she is, either?”

“I’ve been calling and leaving messages, but she hasn’t called me back. I’m starting to wonder if maybe she dumped me and forgot to tell me.” Vinny smiled again, which seemed out of place, considering what he just said. “You don’t know if she’s seeing anyone else, do you?”

“Of course not,” Joey said immediately. His smile was making her nervous. “She loves you, Vinny. But now you got me worried. Should we call someone?”

“Who would we call?” Vinny asked. “You know she’s got no family.”

His hand brushed her arm, and it was all Joey could do not to jerk away. His smile wasn’t just making her uncomfortable—it was starting to scare her. She was familiar with that smile; she’d seen it too many times.

It was the smile monsters wore when they were pretending they weren't monsters.

"Maybe you can help me, Joey," Vinny said. "I gave Mae something of mine to hold on to a few days ago, and I really need it back. Like, tonight. Can you think of any place she might have stashed it?"

"I'm sorry, I have no idea." Joey glanced around, hoping someone she knew was nearby, but they were alone in the dark hallway. "Um, I should really get back to work, or Cherry will be pissed."

"Of course. Sorry to bother you on such a busy night." Vinny turned away, but before she could exhale, he spun back around, as if something had just occurred to him. "Oh, hey. I know you said she's not seeing anyone else, but you wouldn't be lying to me, would you, Joey? I don't really like it when people lie to me. I know you girls talk." That smile again.

She did her best to smile back. "Vinny, I promise. Mae would never cheat on you. I know how much she loves you."

But the truth was, Joey knew no such thing. Like most girls their age, Mae was either gushing about her boyfriend, or bitching about him. The difference was, Vinny was capable of extreme violence. Joey had not fully understood that until right this moment. Every part of her body was on high alert. This conversation needed to end, and fast.

"You know what, maybe we should call someone," Joey said. "The police, maybe. We could file one of those missing persons reports?"

At the word *police*, Vinny took a step back. "Nah, I don't think we need to go that far. Just tell her to call me, okay? I really need back what I gave her. She'll know what that means." His smile didn't waver. "Happy New Year, Joey. You ever want to make some real money, let me know, I'll hook you up."

A cold gust of air swept into the hallway as Vinny left through the back door, which was still unguarded. Joey leaned against the wall to steady herself. Her whole body was vibrating. There was a pay phone in the dressing room; she needed to call Mae and let her know that her boyfriend was looking for her. Whatever Mae had that belonged to him, she needed to give it back. Immediately.

Joey entered the dressing room and stopped in her tracks.

Every locker door was open. Everyone's stuff was all over the floor. Every single lock had been cut.

Joey's instincts were correct. She learned a long time ago that if your Spidey senses are tingling, villains abound.

After leaving Mae a message on her home answering service and cell phone, Joey headed upstairs, trying to get into a better headspace. A VIP request was a big deal.

There were three sections at the Golden Cherry, which essentially meant there were three levels of pay. The majority of the Cherry's patrons would spend their evenings on the main floor, watching the stage shows and enjoying the attention from the girls working the room. This is where most of the dancers were stationed on any given night, and their goal was to entice the customers into buying a lap dance. Full nudity on the main floor was not allowed, so if you wanted a dance at your table, the dancer would stop short of removing her G-string. If you wanted to see what was under the G-string, you'd have to move to a designated area at the back of the room. Lap dances were a flat ten bucks per song, but tips were encouraged. Nothing at the Cherry was free, and the rules were posted everywhere:

NO PHOTOS OR VIDEOS

NO TOUCHING

TWO DRINK MINIMUM PER HOUR

The rules were different in VIP, which was on the second level of the club. The fifty-dollar cover charge went straight to your bar tab, and the drinks and service were generally better. Lap dances took place in semiprivate booths lining the side wall, and touching was allowed, but only by the dancer, only over the clothes, and only if she offered. Tips were expected. The more you paid, the longer she stayed, and the more you got to see.

And at the very back of the VIP area was a velvet curtain with a purple neon sign that read CHAMPAGNE ROOM. It was guarded by a bouncer at all times, and \$250 would get you past the curtain and into the oval-shaped room, which had its own stage and pole right in the center. A dozen private booths lined the perimeter, each with a loveseat and a curtain that closed completely. There were no rules in the Champagne Room, and anything that happened in a Champagne *booth* was a negotiation between the dancer and her customer. It was not unheard of for a girl to earn two to five thousand a night in there. But to earn that much, you had to be willing to do ... extras.

At first, Joey was appalled when she heard about the things that happened behind the velvet curtains. But the longer she worked at the Cherry, the less of a big deal it all seemed. You didn't have to do anything you didn't want to, and if you were ever uncomfortable—or if you changed your mind—a red button in each booth would summon the bouncer right outside.

It helped if you drank with your customers first. Some girls, like Dallas and Mae, got high. Joey didn't need alcohol, and she never did drugs.

All she needed to do was be Ruby.

Her first time in a Champagne booth was with an older gentleman who said, "I'll pay you a hundred if you let me touch you wherever I want."

"Okay," she said.

Three songs later, he said, "I'll give you two hundred if you touch *me* wherever I want."

"I'm sorry, no."

"Three hundred."

She shook her head.

"Five hundred."

Five hundred dollars. Joey had rent to pay. Groceries. Cable. Phone. Her bus pass. Clothes. And a hiding spot full of cash that she added to as soon as she got home from work each night. This would not be her life forever. This was only her life for now. And the more she earned, the faster she could get to wherever it was that she was meant to be.

She said yes, and then closed her eyes, allowing Ruby to take over. Ruby always knew what to do. Joey's mind was someplace else by the time the customer moved her hand where he wanted it. She was at the top of Mount Everest. She was on a grassy hill, looking up at the stars. She was at the beach, on a hot day, with the sand between her toes and the sun on her face, somewhere she was loved, somewhere she was safe, somewhere she was free.

She earned a thousand dollars from that one customer that night. She was surprised at how easy it was. Because in the dark, it didn't matter.

In the dark, it didn't happen.

Joey saw the guy in the stupid gold crown a second before he saw her, and when their eyes met, he waved. Yep, same idiot from outside. Plastering a smile on her face, she sauntered over to the table. She counted seven of

them, not much older than she was, maybe mid-twenties at most. She was told there'd be eight, so one wasn't here yet.

The gold crown guy had to be the one getting married, so Joey focused her attention on him.

"All hail the king," she said, and the table of guys laughed.

"I knew you were gorgeous under that big coat, China doll." Gold Crown's loud voice carried easily over the music as his eyes feasted on her body. He patted his thighs. "Come and sit on my lap."

"Bro, she won't just *sit* on you," the friend next to him said, rolling his eyes. "You have to pay her first."

Joey poked his crown. "So I hear tomorrow's the big day?"

"Fuck, no," he said with a grin. "The guest of honor went to make a phone call. What's your name, China doll?"

"My name is Ruby," Joey said. "And for the right price, I'll let you polish my gem."

A roar of laughter followed. It was such a stupid line, but it was always a hit.

"I'm Jake," he said, and then proceeded to go around the table introducing everybody. It was completely unnecessary because she didn't care, and there was no way she'd remember. By the time he was back where he started, she'd already forgotten his name.

Fleur, one of the VIP cocktail waitresses, brought over a tray of shots.

"You ordered ten?" one of the guys said. His expression was glazed as he watched Fleur place them on the table, his words heavy and slurred. "But there's only eight of us." *Thersh only eight of ush.*

"That's because these two are for the ladies." Jack—or was it Jake?—handed Joey and Fleur their own shots, and then he looked around the table with a grin. "Bottoms up, motherfuckers."

Joey exchanged a look with Fleur, who shrugged and slammed hers back like it was nothing. Joey followed suit, the liquid searing its way down the back of her throat. She found whiskey revolting. The taste and smell reminded her of Tito Micky.

But those were Joey's memories, and Joey wasn't here tonight.

She leaned over Jack-or-Jake, her barely covered breasts right in his face. "How about a private dance while we're waiting for your friend?" she said into his ear.

“Not so fast, baby,” he said with a grin. “I want to see what I’m getting first.”

He pulled out his wallet and made a big show of extracting a twenty. Every group had a guy who wanted to show off to his buddies. She picked up the twenty and cocked an eyebrow.

“Sweetie, this won’t even get my dress off.”

All the guys at the table laughed as Joey held his gaze. It was an unspoken challenge, and they all knew it.

He replaced the twenty with a fifty. “What does this buy me?”

She smiled at him just as the song changed. Prince’s “Kiss” started playing, which was perfect, because not only was the song the exact right tempo, it was only three and a half minutes long.

Showtime.

Keeping her eyes on Jack-or-Jake, she began moving her body. She knew she wasn’t the best dancer—Cherry had said as much during her audition—but she’d worked hard to improve over the past year. In any case, it didn’t matter all that much. There were naked women all over the club, and any of them could move just fine. The thing that made it special—the thing that made the customer want more—was how you made him *feel*.

And that was Ruby’s specialty.

The hoots and cheers of the guys at the table were loud at first, but they got further away as Ruby took over. Joey’s mind began to drift. She reminded herself to try Mae again on her break, assuming she even got a break tonight. Cherry had been made aware of the locker break-in but had declined to call the cops, not wanting to scare off the customers on a big money night. She felt Jack-or-Jake’s hand on her thigh and absently moved it away. *Nice try, asshole. Not for fifty bucks.*

She peeled off her dress, placing the gold fabric around his neck like a scarf while his buddies cheered. Her bikini top came off next, and she tossed it onto the table, where three of the guys immediately grabbed for it. Then she picked up the last whiskey shot, the one that was meant for the guy who was getting married tomorrow who wasn’t even here. She poured it over her breasts, rubbing the liquid into her bare nipples.

“Oh my God,” she heard someone say. “That’s so fucking hot.”

She looked into Jack-or-Jake’s eyes, allowing her tongue to trace the contours of her top lip. His pupils were fully dilated, and they looked like raisins, which reminded her that she needed to go grocery shopping. She

stepped out of her G-string and was now fully nude except for her necklace and heels. She could see Jack-or-Jake's erection straining against the crotch of his jeans, and she turned around so she didn't have to look at it. Slowly—because everything had to be done slowly—she bent all the way forward until her hair touched the floor and she could grab her ankles. She sighed with pleasure as the pendant from her necklace hit her chin; this was such a good hamstring stretch. At Cherry's suggestion, she'd taken up yoga to improve her strength and flexibility, and it was amazing how many stripper moves were actually yoga moves. Right now she was practicing *prasarita padottanasana*, or wide-legged forward fold—except she was naked, with her ass in someone's face.

Behind her, she could feel Jack-or-Jake's hands lightly touching her butt, but this time she decided to allow it, since the Prince song was about to end. The more turned on he was, the more he'd want to go private. She began to roll herself back up again, engaging both her legs and core to keep the movements sensual. This was a hard enough move on a mat in yoga class, let alone on a hard floor, with a whiskey shot in her, wearing stilettos.

As soon as she straightened up fully, she saw him.

He was coming out of the hallway where the bathrooms were, as tall and lean as ever, same familiar gait, blue Nokia cell phone in one hand. Even in the dim light, she could tell he looked different. The twists were gone, the goatee was gone; he was clean-shaven now, with a simple fade. The shorter hair made his face look more chiseled. The glasses were new as well, rectangular-framed and stylish.

But it was unmistakably, undeniably *Drew*.

Her first instinct was to run, duck, or throw herself under the table, basically anything so he wouldn't see her. But her feet wouldn't step forward, her head wouldn't turn away, her hands wouldn't cover her face. All she could do was stand there, naked, her breasts still moist from the whiskey, utterly frozen.

And then he saw her.

Recognition bloomed on his face as his gaze darted from her eyes to her breasts to her crotch to the new tattoo on her thigh he was seeing for the first time, and then back up again. Recognition turned into shock, and shocked morphed into confusion. If a hole were to suddenly open up in the floor, she would have gladly dropped into it. Because anything was better than the way Drew was looking at her right now.

He was *seeing* her, and there was nowhere to go, and no way to rewind.

The music was too loud for her to hear him actually say her name, but his lips formed the word *Joey*, and that was enough to bring her all the way back into herself. Just like that, Ruby was gone, and now she was herself again, buck naked in a strip club, and painfully, excruciatingly ashamed. It felt like one of those anxiety dreams where you thought you were clothed, only to realize that you were naked in front of a roomful of people.

Except it was actually fucking happening, and there was no way to wake up. Joey was in a nightmare of her own making.

A couple of Drew's friends spoke to him, gesturing for him to sit down. Someone poured him a beer from one of the many pitchers on the table. He finally took a seat, but pushed the beer away. Someone else smacked him on the shoulder, waving a twenty and pointing to Joey. Drew shook his head decisively. No, he did not want a lap dance. Or, perhaps more accurately, he did not want a lap dance from *her*.

Jack-or-Jake had his arms wrapped around her waist from behind in a too-snug embrace. Normally she would never have tolerated this, but staring across the table at the person she loved most in the world, she wasn't sure her knees wouldn't buckle. She felt dizzy. Nauseated. There was a ringing in her ears. Her stomach hurt.

"Baby, let's do the Champagne Room," Jack-or-Jake said into her ear. She could feel him pressing against her. "I have to be alone with you."

She opened her mouth to say no—because surely she couldn't do that, she couldn't go with one of Drew's friends into the goddamned Champagne Room while Drew was *looking right the fuck at her*—but no words came out.

Instead, she nodded dumbly as Jack-or-Jake pulled her away from the group and toward the room with the curtains and the velvet booths, where two hundred fifty was just the starting price for a bottle of champagne and a whole lot more. As Jack-or-Jake fumbled through his wallet to pay the bouncer, Joey chanced one last look back. She made brief eye contact with Drew before he took off his glasses and turned away.

He understood what was happening. He just didn't want to see.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

In hindsight, Paris doesn't believe that Drew meant to shame her when he drove her home later that night. He was shocked, embarrassed, and upset, and while he didn't express any of those feelings very well, they were understandable.

Unlike what was happening now.

Paris's new lawyer is in his late forties, with a shaved head, a bulldog neck, and biceps the size of footballs bursting out of the sleeves of his fitted Lacoste golf shirt. Paris had found herself a little starry-eyed when Elsie first introduced them; she had not expected Sonny Everly to be such a hunk.

And then he spoke.

The three of them are sitting at the kitchen table, drinking the coffee Paris brewed and eating the doughnuts Elsie brought.

"Come on, Paris. Why'd you really marry him?" Sonny asks. He isn't happy with her first two answers. "No jury is going to believe you genuinely loved the guy. He was almost thirty years older, with a history of addiction, who was basically a dick to everyone. He was officially a has-been when you met. The jury needs to understand your relationship so they'll sympathize that you lost him."

"He was *retired* when we met, and I don't know that version of Jimmy you just described." Paris's arms are folded across her chest. She's aware that it makes her look defensive, but at the moment, she doesn't care.

"Bullshit. You saw a meal ticket and grabbed it. Or you have daddy issues. Maybe you sensed his mind was starting to go and figured you wouldn't have to wait too long to talk him into killing the prenup."

"Fuck you," Paris says, her voice hot. She looks over at Elsie. The woman doesn't exactly have a warm personality herself, but compared to Sonny, she's a cruise ship director. She gives Paris a tiny shrug. *I told you.*

"None of the above," Paris says. "We started as friends and we got closer. We liked and respected each other—"

"Did you guys have sex?"

Paris's cheeks are burning. She glances at Elsie again, who's now picking at an invisible speck of lint on her blouse. It's one thing to answer this question for, say, Henry, who was forever interested in other people's bedroom activities and wanted all the details. But she can't imagine discussing it with a man she's just met and a woman who's probably slept with Jimmy more times than she has.

"Our sex life was normal," she says.

"Did he require any pharmaceutical assistance to perform?"

"Why is this relevant?" Paris snaps. "What does this have to do with him being dead?"

"It has everything to do with it." Sonny leans forward, looking right into her eyes. "Everything about your very abnormal, short-lived marriage is relevant. The prosecutor is going to pick your life apart, find all the ways your relationship wasn't perfect, and paint you as an unhappy, selfish, gold-digging bitch who murdered her elderly husband for the money. The more you tell me now, the more I can prepare for that."

"Jimmy wasn't elderly. And I didn't kill him. Next. Fucking. Question."

Sonny sighs and looks over at Elsie. "You didn't talk to her about this?"

Elsie shakes her head. "We never got that far."

Sonny leans back in his chair, stretches his arms up, and laces his fingers behind his head. Paris once read that this was a power move, something that people—men, usually—subconsciously did to demonstrate their dominance over the people around them.

"Paris, it doesn't matter whether you killed him," Sonny says, and for the first time since he arrived, he doesn't sound completely abrasive. "For the purposes of your trial, I don't give a shit whether you did it or not. That's between you and your God. What matters is what story we can sell to a jury in order to plant reasonable doubt that you *didn't* do it. In court, what matters is what the prosecutor can prove, and the burden of proof is on them. Nico Salazar is going to craft the most plausible narrative he can to paint a picture for the jury of why and how you murdered your husband."

"And Sonny's job is to refute that story," Elsie says. "He'll poke holes, he'll discredit witnesses, he'll take every scrap of evidence the prosecution has and demonstrate how it can be interpreted three different ways. But if he also has his own narrative that he can sell to the jury about what happened, even better."

“So then why don’t you both tell me what you think the story should be.” Paris speaks through gritted teeth. “Better yet, just tell me what the hell you want me to say, and I’ll say it. Because clearly me telling you the truth isn’t enough.”

“*Now* you’re getting it.” Sonny grins, exposing a row of very white teeth. It’s a shark smile if there ever was one. “Which doesn’t mean we don’t tell the truth. But we need to *package* it in a way that makes it easiest for the jury to actually believe.”

“I understand,” Paris says. “You want to reinterpret the information so it tells a whole different story of what happened.”

“Bingo,” Sonny says. “I knew you were smarter than you looked.”

Gee, thanks, you mansplaining, roid-raging prick.

Sonny pulls several folders out of his briefcase and slides them toward Paris. “I need you to look carefully at all of these.”

“What are they?”

“Police reports, medical findings, forensic analyses, autopsy photos, and crime scene photos,” Sonny says. “Everything the prosecutor is using to build his case against you.”

“I don’t want to look at photos,” Paris says.

“Too bad.” Sonny cracks his knuckles. “This is your life we’re trying to save, and if you want to help yourself, then you need to see everything Nico Salazar sees. You need to be prepared.” He taps the top folder. “Start with this one.”

Paris looks at Elsie. “Do I have to?”

The other woman nods. “It’s going to be okay. You’ve already seen the real thing. These photos will look a lot more ... clinical. I’ve looked through them already.”

In this moment, Paris resents them both. Bracing herself, she opens the folder.

It’s one thing to get a look at Jimmy in the bathtub for a moment or two before hitting her head and passing out. It’s a whole other thing to see a brightly lit photograph of her husband’s dead body lying in a tub full of blood and water, in high definition, from multiple angles, some of them close-up.

Although, as Elsie said, it’s not quite as shocking as she was expecting. She never did see the wound where the straight razor cut him. The laceration on Jimmy’s thigh is small, straight, and neat. It’s crazy to think that his entire

life's essence drained out of that one small spot. And even with the vacant stare, his face looks peaceful in the photo, which is not how she remembers it. It does help her to know that he died peacefully.

Unlike Charles.

Unlike Mae.

She works her way through all the photos. The crime scene unit photographed absolutely everything in the bathroom—the tile, the towels, even the contents of the vanity.

“Stop,” Sonny says, when she comes to a photo of the inside of one of the vanity drawers. “Explain this to me.”

Paris looks down at the photo, not sure what he's asking. It's obvious what they are. Jimmy kept his small collection of straight razors in the drawer, and the photo shows three of them lined up neatly in their cases, on top of a microfiber cloth. Across the table, Elsie looks uneasy, as if she knows exactly where Sonny is going with this.

“Why are his straight razors in the bathroom?” Sonny asks. “According to his medical records, Jimmy had a benign tremor in his right hand. And according to you, he was presenting symptoms of early dementia. So why, exactly, were these very sharp—and obviously deadly—straight razors in his drawer?”

“I ... I never thought about it.” Paris looks at Elsie, and then back at Sonny. “I mean, we still have knives in the kitchen, an ax in the shed, a saw in the garage, a weed whacker...”

“But none of those things are meant to go over your throat,” Sonny says. “Weren't you concerned that he might forget that he wasn't supposed to shave with a straight razor anymore?”

Paris begins to understand the point her lawyer is making, and she slumps in her chair. That's actually exactly what happened the morning she left for Vancouver, and a huge argument ensued. She'd assumed Jimmy was being reckless and stubborn, and that he'd gone back on his promise to switch to the electric shaver she'd bought him. Jimmy had lashed out, furious, saying he didn't want to be told what he could and could not do. He'd accused her of treating him like a child.

But looking back now, that wasn't why he was angry at all. Jimmy had been using his electric shaver without protest for a year. That morning, though, he had *forgotten* how he was supposed to shave. And anger was

always his reaction whenever he realized he had forgotten something. Anger was his way of hiding his fear that he was losing his memory.

She had misread the situation entirely. Because she had been distracted.

“The prosecutor will want to know why you left those straight razors within easy reach if you really thought Jimmy’s memory loss was becoming a problem.” Sonny stares at her. “It makes you look ... indifferent. Which fits the image of you Salazar is trying to create, that you didn’t really care about Jimmy at all.”

“Of course I did.” Paris looks over at Elsie, feeling helpless, and then back at Sonny. “But I can’t argue with what you’re saying. I have no excuse. I missed it.” *I had other things on my mind.*

“We all missed it,” Elsie says firmly, squeezing her arm. “But what does that matter if she has an alibi? Let’s not forget, if we can find proof that Paris was nowhere near the house at the time Jimmy died, this all goes away.”

Sonny stares at Paris a little longer, and then finally shifts his gaze to Elsie. “Where is US Border Patrol at with sending us the time-stamped footage of when she crossed back into the country?”

“They had technical issues that night,” Elsie says. “The system crashed, and they lost an hour’s worth of border crossing information. At this point, there’s no way to know if they’ll be able to recover it. The person I spoke to suggested it’s happened before. It never matters until ... it does.”

“And the officer at the booth doesn’t remember her?”

“There were two of them when I pulled up,” Paris says. “They were talking to each other, trying to sort out the system.”

“So all we have is your word that you crossed at about...” Sonny consults the police report in front of him. “Midnight. Which means you got home at around two.”

“There was a lineup at the border when I got there,” Paris says. “It took about a half hour to cross.”

“Okay, so then you’re home at two thirty. Jimmy had a charity gig that night at the Grand Hyatt, which he left around nine, and got home at, say, nine thirty. The medical examiner estimates that Jimmy died somewhere between then and midnight, but Salazar will make sure the jury knows that’s an approximation.” Sonny looks up. “You have smart wiring for the house, right? An app that can open and close the garage door, set the security alarm, adjust the heat and air-conditioning, see who’s at the front door?”

“Yes, it does all of that,” Paris says. “But it hasn’t been working the last few days. I think it needs to be reset. Zoe was supposed to take care of that.”

“Was it working over the weekend?”

“I don’t know for sure. I do know that the alarm wasn’t set when I got home, but Jimmy often didn’t bother. That, or he forgot. Both are equally likely.”

“I have the same system at home,” Elsie says. “It’s not hard to deactivate. Jimmy might have done it by mistake.”

“Let me see your phone,” Sonny says to Paris.

She unlocks it and hands it over. It looks like a toy in Sonny’s huge hands. Tapping on her screen, he frowns.

“What happened to all the usage reports?”

“I have no idea,” Paris says. “Maybe they got deleted when the system disconnected.”

“Where does the data save?”

“What do you mean by ‘save’?”

Sonny sighs. “The app tracks usage, right? The reports are then stored—archived—somewhere else, like iCloud or Dropbox, so it doesn’t take up space in your phone. Where does the app archive its data?”

“I don’t know,” Paris says. “Like I said, Zoe was the one who originally set it all up.”

“You’ve said that name twice now. Zoe Moffatt is Jimmy’s assistant, right?” Sonny holds up her phone. “Whose email address is this?”

“That’s Jimmy’s,” Paris says. “But Zoe has access to it because she set up his email, too.”

“Were you aware that you’re not an administrator of the account?” Sonny asks. “Only Jimmy was. Which really means Zoe. Which means she has the ability to delete anything she wants. You’re just a user. You couldn’t deactivate your own system if you wanted to.”

Paris looks at Elsie, and then back at Sonny. “So Zoe deleted the reports and the archived data using Jimmy’s login?”

“Bingo.”

It’s the second time he’s said that word. She restrains herself from rolling her eyes.

“But why would Zoe do that?” Elsie asks with a frown. “To set Paris up?”

“Well, that’s the forty-six-million-dollar question. You were supposed to be in Vancouver the whole weekend, right?” Sonny asks Paris, and she nods. “Jimmy died Saturday night. No matter what caused his death, you were not expected by anybody to be back in the country until Sunday afternoon. The only reason Zoe would have to wipe the data is to hide something pertaining to *herself*. Nothing else makes sense.”

“Zoe drove Jimmy home after the charity event,” Paris says. “And then said she went right home afterward. She would have left around nine thirty, maybe nine forty-five.”

“That’s within the window,” Sonny says. “The police have CCTV pictures of her car on the next street over around that time, but she could have driven him home, stabbed him, and left.”

“Are we actually going to suggest to the jury that *Zoe* killed Jimmy?” Paris looks back and forth between the lawyers. “Even though we’re pretty sure she didn’t?”

“It’s either her, or you,” Sonny says with a shrug. “If *Zoe could* have done it, then there’s *your* reasonable doubt. After that, it would be up to Salazar to build a case against her.”

He leans back and appraises the two women. “But let me ask you this. Why are you both so sure it’s suicide? Why aren’t either of you willing to consider that maybe someone *did* murder him?”

It’s a fair question. The best Paris can answer is that it *feels* like Jimmy took his own life. He had a lot going on. The pressure of performing. The memory loss. The slip back into drugs. And a wife who missed every single one of the signs because she was completely focused on her own goddamned problems.

“Because we knew him,” Elsie says quietly, answering for them both. “It just ... fits.”

All Paris can do is nod.

“Moving on,” Sonny says. “Let’s talk about Vancouver. There are some holes during your time there that need to be filled.”

Paris’s heartbeat quickens. “What holes? I kept all the receipts, and I’ve already provided those to Detective Mini Wheats.”

Elsie snorts. Sonny looks confused, but neither woman offers to explain.

“Walk me through it.” He closes the folder with the crime scene photos and opens a different one. “I can see your registration for the ...

International Yoga Convention and Expo? That's seriously a thing? What do you do, go to panels that discuss different variations of child's pose?"

She doesn't bother to respond to that.

"Okay, I can see a copy of your check-in at the hotel with your signature on Thursday. And here's a copy of your valet card, which confirms you parked in the hotel garage for three days and never left. I can see you signed into the event, received your attendee badge, had dinner at the hotel that night, and again on Saturday, because you signed those two meals to your room."

"So what's the problem?"

"The problem is, nobody saw you at all on *Friday*," Sonny says. "None of the convention organizers can remember seeing you at any point that day. You didn't provide any other meal receipts—"

"I ate outside the hotel and paid cash," Paris says. "It's better than using my credit cards, because the exchange fees are always high."

"And one of the hotel employees thinks he saw you catch a taxi early Friday morning. He recognized you as Jimmy Peralta's wife because apparently word had gotten out that you were attending the convention. The cab company confirmed there was a fare from the Pan Pacific hotel at the time the employee says he saw you. The requested destination was the airport. At the time, the cabdriver didn't recognize you as a famous comedian's wife, but when asked to describe his passenger after the fact, he described you. So why did you go to the airport, Paris?"

"I didn't go to the airport, Sonny." Paris speaks evenly, not too fast, not too slow, not too emotional, and she doesn't add anything more. When lying, volunteering too much information is a dead giveaway. "Whoever that was, it wasn't me."

"This is easily disputed," Elsie says to Sonny. "Is there hotel security footage from that specific entrance? Was there a camera in the taxi with a time stamp? There were apparently eighteen hundred registered attendees that weekend. Paris not being *seen* is not the same thing as her not being *remembered*."

"You seem to think I flew somewhere," Paris says to her lawyer. "You can check with the airport for that information, can't you?"

"That part is challenging." Sonny seems to enjoy the sparring, and Paris is beginning to realize that maybe it helps him by sharpening his focus. "The hotel staff was cooperative, but the general manager won't authorize the

release of any security footage without a warrant. Same with the airport. And to get a warrant, we need the cooperation of the Vancouver police. And since you're not a terrorist, a fugitive, or a serial killer on a killing spree, that's not likely to happen anytime soon. You're not a priority in Canada."

Inwardly, Paris collapses with relief, silently cheering her birth country's utter lack of interest in helping. Outwardly, she says, "I'm curious. Where is it you think I went?"

Sonny shrugs. "Don't know. But I have a feeling you're the kind of woman with a lot of secrets."

Bingo.

CHAPTER THIRTY

The truth is, Paris did go to Vancouver. She just didn't stay there. Whichever hotel employee saw her hop into a taxi Friday morning was correct.

The day Zoe released their wedding photo, Paris began to panic. It felt like it was just a matter of time before someone from her old life started asking questions about why Jimmy Peralta's new wife looked an awful lot like a dead stripper from Toronto. Paris didn't have a plan for how she'd handle this, other than to deny it. There was no proof, and people had doppelgängers all the time. Looking like someone else isn't a crime. If anyone asked, she would simply deny, deny, deny.

Until Ruby's first letter arrived, Paris had no idea that the ashes supposedly belonging to Joey Reyes were in an urn somewhere in her aunt's house in Maple Sound. It never occurred to her that the body would be cremated and sent to her next of kin—she hadn't given much thought to the body at all after she'd burned it. And it wasn't until she googled it that she learned ashes could be tested for DNA.

The best defense was a good offense, so Paris got to work. She started by creating a new email account under a fake name, which allowed her to create a fake Facebook account that said she was a retired nurse who used to work at Toronto General, the hospital where Tita Flora worked before the family moved to Maple Sound. She sent out friend requests to as many nurses as she could find who'd worked there, and then sent a request to her aunt. Tita Flora accepted immediately, likely because they had so many mutual friends.

Boom. Now Paris had a way to track what the family was up to. And the first thing she saw on her aunt's page was that Tito Micky was dead. There was a photo of Tita Flora laying flowers at his grave on the fifth anniversary of his death, in the cemetery behind St. Agnes Catholic Church in Maple Sound. It looked like a pretty, peaceful spot.

Paris didn't know how to feel about that.

It would be another two months before a window of opportunity presented itself, and when it happened, it was because of Carson. Her

youngest cousin, the little boy who used to follow her around, was almost thirty now, and he was getting married. The whole family—minus her late uncle, of course—would be attending the wedding in Niagara-on-the-Lake, three hours away from Maple Sound. They'd be gone the whole weekend—Lola Celia, too, who was still alive at the age of eighty-eight. Why was it always the meanest ones who lived the longest?

This meant the house in Maple Sound would be empty.

The plan was straightforward: all Paris had to do was break into the house, locate the urn, switch out the ashes, and get the hell out. When the family returned from the wedding, they'd never know anyone had even been there.

Next: her alibi. This one was easy. The yoga convention in Vancouver was the same weekend in June, giving her the perfect reason to cross the border. Paris registered online and booked a last-minute cancellation at the convention hotel from Thursday to Sunday.

While stalking Tita Flora on Facebook, Paris also spent a lot of time on anonymous message boards searching for someone with a specific type of expertise. Eventually she was given an email address for a guy named Stuart. Using another fake email, she contacted him. He quoted her ten grand, and said it would take two weeks. Paris withdrew half the amount in cash from her savings account, and drove down to Tacoma later that day.

Stuart turned out to be a nineteen-year-old college dropout covered in Cheetos dust. He lived at home with his parents, who both worked during the day. He ushered Paris upstairs to his bedroom, where she stood in front of a plain white wall as he snapped a few headshots of her with his iPhone. She paid him five thousand dollars, and he told her to wait for his email.

"I know you," he said, as she was leaving. "You're married to that old guy. The comedian. What do you need a fake Canadian ID for?"

"You don't know me," Paris said. "And if I tell you, I'll have to kill you."

Thirteen days later, an email from Stuart said her new Canadian driver's license, credit card, and burner phone were ready. She was in Tacoma ninety minutes later, where she paid him the rest of the money.

"The limit on that Visa is only a thousand." Stuart handed over her ID. "So don't go crazy. It's activated and good to go. The birthday on the driver's license is the PIN for the card. Makes it easy to remember."

She looked at the ID. It was her picture, but the name on it was Victoria Bautista, which was fine by her.

“Thanks,” Paris said. “And if anyone ever asks...”

“You were never here.” Stuart rolled his eyes. “Lady, this is my business. If I tell on you, you’ll just tell on me, and that benefits nobody.”

“You’re smart,” Paris said. “But you’re too young for this kind of work. Be careful, okay?”

“You ever need a passport, it’s fifty large,” he said with a grin. “It takes three months, so plan ahead. You got my email.”

“I’ll keep that in mind,” she said, and she would.

The following weekend, she left her iPhone at home on the nightstand and made the three-hour drive north to Vancouver. At the border, she held her breath as a Canada Border Services official checked her Paris Peralta passport, but it was fine, like always.

She arrived at the Pan Pacific hotel in the late afternoon and valet parked. At the registration desk during check-in, the hotel exchanged her US cash for Canadian. From there, she headed straight down to the conference level to sign in for the convention, where she put on her attendee badge. She ate dinner at one of the on-site restaurants, and signed the meal to her room.

Before she went to bed, she put the DO NOT DISTURB sign on the door, called the front desk to request complete privacy for the weekend—no housekeeping or turndown service needed—and then tossed and turned the rest of the night.

Early the next morning, she locked her Paris Peralta passport and driver’s license in the hotel room safe, and caught a taxi to the airport. She didn’t want to use the credit card she bought from Stuart until she had to, so she paid the fare in cash. Two hours later, at Vancouver International, “Victoria Bautista” boarded a domestic flight to Toronto using only her driver’s license. She landed at Pearson International at eight Friday evening, where she used her brand-new Visa to rent an economy car from Enterprise.

She reached her aunt’s house in Maple Sound just before midnight. She drove halfway up the long hill, cut the lights, and then drove the rest of the way in the dark. Before she reached the top, she stopped and did a three-point turn, so the car was facing downward in case she needed to make a quick getaway. She left the key in the ignition and the driver’s-side door slightly ajar, then grabbed the small knapsack she brought with her.

She was eighteen when she left Maple Sound, and she hadn't bothered to say goodbye. The day after her high school graduation—which she didn't attend—she cleaned out the empty coffee canister above the fridge where Tita Flora hid her grocery money from Tito Micky. Then she swiped the gambling winnings Tito Micky hid from Tita Flora from the bottom of his fishing box in the toolshed. Last, she plucked out the roll of bills Lola Celia kept stuffed in a sock at the back of her underwear drawer, money the old woman was saving to pay for her yearly flight back to the Philippines. All that, combined with five years' worth of cash that she'd pilfered little by little and stashed in her hiding spot, came out to twelve thousand dollars. Severance pay for five years of babysitting, cooking, cleaning, doing laundry ... and Tito Micky.

The only thing she didn't touch were the kids' piggy banks.

She stood in the dark and stared up at the two-story house, backlit by the moon over Lake Huron. All the lights inside were off. From somewhere nearby, an owl hooted, and she could hear the sounds of small animals rustling in the bushes.

She never thought she'd see this place again.

An older Nissan Altima was parked at the side of the house where Tito Micky's wood-paneled station wagon used to be, but her aunt and grandmother would have only needed one car to get to the wedding. The pond looked the same, as did the tree swing and the toolshed. But the brown porch was now white, and there were hydrangea bushes all along the front of the house. Whatever. Tita Flora could pretty this place up all she wanted, but it would never fully cover the ugly that lived inside it.

Paris felt for the old house key in her pocket, and clutched it as she made her way toward the front door. After all these years, she'd never bothered to throw it away. Perhaps she'd kept it as a reminder of what she'd lived through. Or maybe she'd sensed that she might need it again someday.

Someday had finally come.

Right as she stepped up onto the porch, a bright light turned on. She froze, heart pounding, ears cocked for the sounds of footsteps coming from inside. When she heard nothing, she realized that the floodlight above the door was motion-activated, and it turned off after ten seconds. It made sense that they'd finally installed one, and now that she was prepared for it, she moved quickly toward the door as it turned on once again. Thankfully, the old key slid into the lock easily. She entered the house as quickly and quietly

as she could, then remained still. When it was dark again, she exhaled and reached into her knapsack for her flashlight.

She probably didn't need to be so stealthy. Nobody was here. The property was four acres total, and you couldn't see the house from the main road. But it was better to be safe than sorry.

The floors had been upgraded, and there was a new beige sectional where the old floral sofa used to be, but Lola Celia's old rocking chair was still in its usual spot near the window. A 60-inch Samsung had replaced the old tube TV, but otherwise, everything looked the same. It even smelled the same, a combination of stale cigarettes, Filipino food, and the slight swampy odor of the pond that always made its way inside.

And then, as they always had, the frogs by the pond started croaking in unison, the perfect soundtrack to the life she'd lived here, and the things that had happened in the dark.

She needed to find the urn and get the hell home.

It wasn't on the fireplace mantel next to the framed family photos, nor was it sitting on any of the curio shelves, or stored inside any of the kitchen or dining room cabinets. She even checked the bathroom and the coat closet. Wherever the urn was, it was nowhere on the main floor, which left her two choices: go up or go out.

It was hard to imagine that an urn filled with human remains would be stored in one of the bedrooms. It was likelier to be in Tito Micky's shed. But it was equally possible that the family had spread the ashes nineteen years ago, and that Ruby had lied to her, pretending she had leverage on her daughter that she didn't.

The motion-activated light flicked back on as Paris went out again, but it was off by the time she reached the toolshed. It was never locked, and Tito Micky, for all his faults, had always kept the small space pretty organized. She scanned her flashlight beam over the tools, old cans of paint, musty blankets, cheap folding chairs, and the newer lawn mower. She even looked inside her uncle's old fishing box.

No ashes, no urn. *Dammit*. It had to be somewhere on the second level of the house. Assuming it even existed at all. She exited the shed and then stopped.

Something felt off. She paused, wondering what was different. It hit her a moment later.

It was too quiet. The frogs had all stopped croaking.

Paris switched off the flashlight. Instinctively, she looked up at the second floor of the house, at the window of her old bedroom. Was there someone in there? She blinked. No, there couldn't be. Everybody was at the wedding, three hours away.

Weren't they?

Something moved in the window, and she froze. At first she thought she was seeing things, but then a person-like shape moved closer to the glass. A face appeared, blurry from this distance, but unmistakable nonetheless. They locked eyes.

Tito Micky.

She was back in the rental car in two minutes, her armpits sweating and her heart pounding so hard, she could hear it in her ears. She started the car, keeping the lights off until she made it back onto the road, her eyes darting to the rearview mirror every other second for any sign of someone following. She stepped on the gas, watching the needle on the odometer climb from sixty, to seventy, and then a hundred kilometers an hour, a good twenty over the speed limit.

It wasn't until she was all the way out of Maple Sound that she remembered Tito Micky was dead.

She had seen a ghost, and that ghost was with her in the car now, whispering in her ear, his hot, sour breath on her neck. The skin on her entire body was crawling, as if a tub of tiny spiders had been poured over her head and were now inside her clothes, looking for crevices to explore. The memories were taking over, and they were vivid, and terrible.

'Sus. You look just like your mother.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

While Joey had never liked looking like Ruby, her mother had hated it even more. The best part of Joey's night was when she finally got to wipe Ruby's face off hers. When Cherry gave her the go-ahead to leave, the first thing Joey did was peel off her eyelashes and cold cream her skin.

The other girls in the dressing room looked just as tired as she did, and they all exchanged hugs and "Happy New Year" wishes as they left for home one by one. Joey had four thousand dollars in her knapsack that she didn't have when she first came in, which officially made it her best night ever at the Cherry. All she wanted to do was get into Chaz's car and go home. Hopefully he'd understand when she didn't invite him in, and with any luck, she'd wake up on the first morning of 1999 thinking the whole thing had been a bad dream.

But apparently, the nightmare wasn't over yet. When she finally stepped out of the back entrance and into the cold night air, the first person she saw was Drew. Standing next to Chaz.

Neither man looked happy.

After an awkward exchange, she said goodbye to Chaz and allowed Drew to drive her home. It should have been an opportunity for her and Drew to really talk, but the conversation didn't go well. In the driveway, still reeling from the news that Drew had a baby on the way and was getting married, Joey had slapped him. Her hand stung once it made contact with his cheek, a sure indication that if it hurt her, it must have really hurt him. She'd only slapped one other person in her entire life, and she was ashamed to admit that it had felt just as good now as it had then.

And, like the first time, she regretted it immediately.

She waited inside her apartment door until she heard him drive away, then sat down on the stairs and sobbed. The only thing worse than Drew marrying Simone was Drew marrying someone else. And the only thing worse than *that* was the two of them having a baby.

Kirsten. Any girl with a name like that had to be tall. Athletic. Outgoing. She was probably bubbly as hell, with a hundred friends who all

looked like her. Since they had met in graduate school, she was obviously smart and going places, a girl exactly on Drew's level.

Joey had never hated someone she'd never met so much.

Wiping away her tears, she headed all the way down the stairs, peeling her clothes off as she went. She didn't bother to turn on any lights as she walked straight through the pitch-black apartment to the bathroom. She wasn't afraid of the dark anymore. There was nothing the dark could do to her that it hadn't already done.

By the time she reached the bathroom, she was naked. She turned on the tub faucet and avoided her reflection in the mirror as she lit the three vanilla candles she kept around the sink, all in various stages of melt. The flicker was soothing, and when the tub was full, she sank into the warm water.

Joey was certain she would have felt okay if Drew was marrying Simone, but this other person, this *Kirsten*, was an ... interloper. Someone who was trespassing on something that didn't belong to her. Joey didn't know a thing about Kirsten, but already she resented everything about her.

Even the baby. Which made her a horrible person, but she couldn't help it. Drew and Kirsten's baby would tie them together forever.

I'll always be here for you, Drew had whispered in her ear as they hugged goodbye in the driveway the day he and Simone moved out. A year later, it turned out to be a lie. Because that's what men do. They lie to get what they want. And once they get it, you're discarded, like a shirt with a stain that won't come out, even though the shirt is new, and they are the stain.

Clutching her knees to her chest, Joey found her wrist with her fingernail and started digging. And digging. And digging. She felt so dirty. Everything she hated about herself was written all over Drew's face. She was disgusting. Unworthy. Stupid.

All the things Ruby always said she was.

When the bathwater cooled, Joey pulled the plug and reached for her bathrobe. She padded back through the dark apartment to her bedroom, and only then did she turn on a light.

She froze, taking in the scene.

Every drawer was open. Closet doors, too. The small desk in the corner had been ransacked. The floor was covered in her clothes, makeup, books.

Just like the dressing room in the club, someone had been here, looking for something.

Vinny.

Of course it made sense that he would look for Mae here. Joey hadn't been able to get a hold of her friend, and after she saw Drew at the club, she'd forgotten all about it. Mae did hang out here, not all the time, but enough that she knew what snacks were in which cupboard, and which drawer Joey kept her pajamas in. Occasionally, if they were watching a movie and it was too late to go home, Mae would borrow something to sleep in and crash on the sofa.

Vinny would know that. Which was why he'd come here.

But how had he gotten in? The door was locked when she got home. *Shit.* The spare key. Mae knew where she hid it, inside the base of the light sconce mounted on the brick above the side door. She must have told Vinny about it at some point.

Was he still here?

No, he couldn't be. If he was still in the apartment, waiting for her, he would have shown himself while she was in the bathtub, naked and vulnerable.

A thought occurred to Joey then. Vinny might not have found whatever he was looking for, but did he find her cash?

She rushed to her nightstand drawer, which was open, its contents rifled through. She didn't keep anything interesting in here—bottles of nail polish, two half-read paperbacks she'd lost interest in, an open box of condoms Chaz had brought, an issue of *Cosmopolitan*—but it was what she hid *under* the drawer that she cared about.

Kneeling on the floor, she emptied the nightstand quickly, tossing everything onto the bed. Then she pulled the drawer out as far as it would go. Placing her palms flat against the bottom of the drawer, she slid her hands to the back of the nightstand and pressed down hard on each corner. The false bottom popped up. Holding her breath, she removed it and looked inside.

It took a few seconds to process what she was seeing.

Her small fireproof box was still there. She removed it from the drawer and opened it, sighing with relief when she saw that her cash savings—a little over forty grand that she'd saved from her tips over the past year—was still intact. But that wasn't what she was having trouble with.

It was the five thick stacks of cash that were also inside the drawer, each one secured with a rubber band. They all appeared to be in hundred-dollar bills. She couldn't imagine how much money it was, but she sure as shit wasn't about to count it. Beside the cash was a plastic-wrapped brick of what looked like cocaine. Or maybe it was heroin. How the hell would she know?

What she did know was that none of this was hers. It had to be what Vinny was looking for. He had given his girlfriend drugs and cash to hold for him, and for reasons Joey couldn't begin to fathom, Mae had decided to hide it here. Joey had never revealed her hiding spot to anyone, but at some point, on one of her visits, Mae must have spied Joey stashing away her tips for the night.

And if her boyfriend didn't get back what he was looking for, he was going to kill her. She needed to get a hold of Mae and talk her into giving it back.

Joey picked up her cordless handset and punched in her friend's phone number. In her ear, the line started ringing. Three seconds later, she heard a sound coming from somewhere outside the bedroom, and her head snapped up.

Had the TV turned itself on? No, that wasn't it. A radio? The only stereo she had was here, in the bedroom, and it was off. She walked to her bedroom door, ear cocked, and finally realized what it was she was hearing.

It was a *ringtone*. The tinny opening notes of "Für Elise" were playing from somewhere in the dark apartment. She was calling Mae's cell phone, and somehow, Mae's cell phone was *here*.

Carrying the handset with her, Joey followed the sound through the kitchen, flicking on the lights as she went, her eyes peeled for any sign of Mae's red Nokia. Right as she reached the living room, the ringtone stopped. In her hand, she could hear Mae's voice coming through the receiver, distant and small. *It's Mae. You know what to do after the beep.* She switched on the living room lights. And then she dropped the cordless, jumping so far back that her ass hit the bookcase behind her.

Blood, everywhere.

Dead girl, on the sofa.

Joey squeezed her eyes shut. Counted to three. Opened them again. The scene hadn't changed. There, lying on the sofa, head resting on a throw

pillow, right leg dangling off the edge, left arm splayed above her head, was a girl wearing torn sweatpants, torso exposed.

Mae.

At least ... Joey thought it was Mae. Her T-shirt was sliced open vertically from collar to hem, and it fell open like an unbuttoned blouse to expose the cuts and slashes all over her stomach and across her breasts, some long, some short, some shallow, some deep.

And her face ... oh God, oh Jesus, her *face*. It was cut so badly that even from eight feet away, Joey could see bone. Whoever had done this to her hadn't just wanted to kill her. He wanted to desecrate her. This was the work of a sociopath, someone in a deep rage, with no impulse control, and a propensity for violence.

Like Vinny.

Like Ruby.

Joey blinked and saw Charles Baxter. Then she blinked again and saw Mae. A scream welled up in her throat, but before it could materialize, Mae moaned.

Joey gasped so hard, the air scraped her throat. *Holy shit*. Mae was alive. Snapping out of her shock, Joey rushed toward the sofa.

"Mae," she said, leaning over her friend. "Mae, I'm here. Can you hear me? It's Joey."

Mae breathed out a sound. It was wet and gurgly.

"Mae, I'm going to call 911, okay? We're going to get you to a hospital." Joey looked around wildly for the phone she had dropped. She spotted it near the bookcase, but it was split in half from hitting the hard linoleum-covered cement of the basement floor. She picked it up anyway and pressed the buttons, but there was no dial tone. *Fuck*.

The other handset was on the opposite side of the room, sitting on the end table closer to Mae's head. She strode toward it, but as she picked it up, she saw immediately that it hadn't been placed correctly on the charger. That phone was dead, too. *Fuck*. This could not be happening.

Mae moaned again.

"Hang on, Mae," Joey said, desperately looking around for her friend's cell phone. She'd heard it ring; it was here somewhere.

She spotted Mae's purse on the floor behind the end table, its contents scattered all over the floor. In the midst of the mess, she saw the red Nokia

and grabbed it, pressing the button to make a call. Nothing happened. She checked the screen. There was no cell reception.

“Fuck this fucking basement!” Joey shrieked, resisting the urge to hurl the phone across the room. It had a signal before, because it *rang*, goddammit. She waved the cell phone around, trying to see if she could catch a signal in a different part of the room. Then she tried dialing 911 anyway, but after she hit send, there was only silence. She checked the screen again. The cell phone had gone dead.

“This cannot be fucking happening,” Joey said with a sob.

On the sofa, Mae moaned again.

The upstairs tenants had a phone, of course ... but then she remembered they were gone for the holidays, and she did not have a key to their part of the house. This was absolute bullshit. She’d have to leave Mae here and go get help. It was three a.m. She’d have to bang on the neighbors’ doors until someone woke up.

“Mae, hang on, okay?” Joey said, wrapping her bathrobe tighter around herself. “I have to go find a phone. I’ll be right back.”

Mae said something indecipherable. And then, with great difficulty, she said, “No. Joey ... no. *No.*”

Joey walked back to her friend and kneeled, feeling the blood on the floor squish into her bare knees. It was horrific to be this close, to see the damage Vinny had done to Mae’s face and chest. If he had been determined to destroy something beautiful, he had succeeded. If not for her eyes, Mae would be unrecognizable. Joey took her friend’s hand and squeezed it. It was limp and alarmingly cold.

“Mae, I have to get you help.”

Mae’s eyes were glassy, but they were focused on Joey’s face. “No,” she said again. “Don’t ... don’t leave...”

“Mae, I have to find a phone,” Joey said, trying not to cry so she could talk. “I’ll only be gone a minute. I promise I’ll come right back. You just have to hang on.”

“No,” Mae said. “Stay ... with me. Please, Joey. *Please.*”

Joey watched as her friend inhaled, then exhaled. And then, her eyes still open, Mae died.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

The decision to burn Mae's body took three seconds.

It took one second to close Mae's eyes.

Another second to remember all the phones in the basement apartment were dead.

And a final second to realize it was time to leave.

For the past year, Joey had been telling herself that she'd know when it was time to start over somewhere new. She was certain there'd be a moment when it would be crystal clear to her, and here it was. This wasn't how she'd imagined it, but that didn't matter now, did it? Vinny had murdered his girlfriend in Joey's apartment looking for something he hadn't yet found, and to do something that horrific, and that fucking *reckless*, meant he wasn't being smart, or logical. There was no doubt in her mind he would come back. Maybe to dispose of Mae's body. Maybe to kill Joey, too. Either way, she didn't want to be here when he did.

There was no option to call the police. And then what? They arrest Vinny? Even if he went to prison, she would be the girl who testified against the Blood Brothers, and from everything she'd heard about them, she'd be as good as dead.

If that was her fate, she'd rather take her chances and run.

It was crazy to think how fast a life-changing decision could be made when you were forced to make it. She had done it once before, with her mother. She'd felt the same then as she did now. Devastated, terrified ... and furious.

Joey dressed quickly, changing out of her bloody robe into jeans and a sweatshirt. Grabbing her duffel bag, she packed quickly, only taking things that nobody would notice were gone. Everything else, including her purse and all her identification, would stay behind. This wouldn't work otherwise.

She emptied her lockbox and stuffed her cash, the drugs, and the bricks of hundred dollar bills into her knapsack. Heading to the kitchen, she grabbed a garbage bag, then went back to the living room to pick up Mae's purse. Everything Mae had brought with her—all the stuff on the floor,

including her phone—went into the garbage bag, which Joey would dispose of somewhere far away from here. She took a look around, making sure she hadn't missed anything, and then placed everything at the top of the stairs. Then she put on her parka and boots.

Once she lit the fire, there would be no time to put her winter gear on.

Drew had always said the fireplace wasn't up to code, that it was filled with cracks and dangerous gunk. Before he and Simone left for Vancouver, he'd warned Joey again.

"Never, ever make a fire in there unless you want to burn the house down," he said.

She was going to burn the house down.

There was no firewood, but that was okay. She knew from her time in Maple Sound that her books would burn just fine. One by one, she emptied her bookshelves, tossing paperback after paperback into the hearth until she'd made a stack that approximated the size of a few logs. She didn't need the fire inside the fireplace to last, she only needed it to *start*. Then she scattered more books on the floor until they were dotted around the living room like lily pads. She reminded herself that it was just paper. She could replace them. She had done it before.

In the bathroom, she opened the medicine cabinet and took out a bottle of nail polish remover she'd bought at the beauty supply shop a couple of months back. It was 100 percent acetone, and near full. Acetone is flammable; it said so right on the bottle. Reading the fine print on the back, it also said that nail polish remover should never be used anywhere near an open flame, such as a pilot light or any object that sparks, because the vapors could ignite.

It wasn't so much the liquid. It was the *fumes*.

She took the matches she used for her candles and stuck them in her pocket, then extracted one of her hand towels from the small rack beside the sink before leaving the bathroom. She opened the nail polish remover and placed it on the floor close to Mae. The odor of the acetone was distinctive, but it was nowhere near enough to cover the smell of blood.

There was only one more thing to do.

Gently, Joey removed Mae's belly button ring. She also removed Mae's earrings, watch, and bracelet. Then, reaching behind her own neck, Joey unclasped her necklace.

She looked at the ruby-and-diamond pendant one last time. Maybe this was the reason she'd kept it all these years. Maybe this was why she was compelled to wear it, when she could have easily sold it or thrown it away. Maybe on some level she knew that the thing that had broken her would also be the thing that saved her, allowing her to escape from this life, one that had only ever been filled with violence and trauma and death.

Bending down, she clasped the chain around Mae's neck. It wasn't easy. Her fingers were slippery from the blood. After the necklace was fastened, she wiped her hands on the towel and tossed it into the hearth.

"I believe you would tell me that this is okay," Joey said quietly. "Thank you for being my friend, Mae."

She heard a small noise and jerked. It was nothing, a creak of the house, but every random sound she heard was Vinny coming back.

It was time to go.

Standing at the fireplace, she took a deep breath, struck a match, and tossed it on top of the books. She did it again, and again, until the fire in the hearth slowly began to grow. Then she moved away, and waited.

There was no way to know if this would work. But if it did, and the whole basement apartment caught fire, then everyone would believe that this was how Joey died. Vinny sure as shit wasn't going to dispute it. Why would he? The fire would destroy all the evidence that he'd murdered Mae, that he'd ever been here. As sick as it was, she was doing him a favor.

Mae would be presumed missing. There would be nobody to look for her.

And if, for some reason, they figured out it really *was* Mae's body in the fire, then they'd know it was Joey who was missing. Other than the Blood Brothers, there would be nobody to look for her, either. That was the chance she'd have to take.

The fire began to gain momentum. And when she saw the bottle of acetone suddenly ignite, the flames shooting up and catching the sofa, and then catching Mae, Joey bolted.

At three thirty a.m., the streetcar was half full, which would have been unusual on any other night of the year.

"Happy New Year," a drunk guy sitting across from her said. He was drinking something out of a brown paper bag and looking at her with bleary, bloodshot eyes.

“Happy New Year.” Joey’s hand went to her throat, her fingers searching for her pendant, but it was no longer there.

Ten minutes later, she pulled on the cord above her head. The driver stopped to let her out, and she heaved her duffel bag and knapsack full of cash and drugs off the streetcar and into the freezing cold. Probably the only good thing that could be said about winters in Toronto was that the lake didn’t stink. It was crazy to think that when she was small, she’d swim at the beach not far from here, she and Ruby in matching swimsuits, Joey wishing for all the curves her mother had that made the dads stare longingly and the mothers glare resentfully.

She was now in the area known as the Motel Strip, and she started walking. Because it was a holiday, every motel she passed had its NO VACANCY sign lit, until finally, she reached one that might have a room available.

RAINBOW MOTEL SATELLITE / JACUZZI / BREAKFAST INCL

The lobby was warm when she entered, and the entire space smelled like pot. The stoned clerk barely said a word to her as he slid a form across the desk for her to fill out. The Tragically Hip was playing on his CD player, and years later, the song “Bobcaygeon” would always remind her of the night Mae died. Because it wasn’t just Mae.

Joelle Reyes had died, too.

“I lost my ID,” Joey said, sliding the form back to the clerk, blank, along with four worn fifty-dollar bills. “Lost my credit card, too.”

“No problem.” The clerk was unfazed as he slipped the money into his pocket. “But you’ll have to prepay. How many nights?”

“Let’s do a week.”

He gave her the total, and she paid him in cash. He handed her a room key. As was the case in most of these old motels, it was an actual brass key on a keychain. The plastic-shaped rainbow was so worn that the colors had faded.

“There’s no housekeeping included,” the clerk said, which told her that this entire transaction was off the books.

She was okay with that. “Is it clean?” she asked.

He shrugged. “Depends on your definition of clean.”

The room had a rainbow bedspread with matching rainbow curtains, and was gaudy as hell. But the sheets smelled like detergent, the bathroom smelled

like bleach, and the TV worked just fine.

Joey made a phone call, figuring there was a fifty-fifty chance he was still awake at four a.m. He was, and while he was surprised to hear from her, he agreed to come to the motel. She was just coming out of the shower when she heard a soft knock. She checked the peephole, then opened the door.

The room felt smaller the instant the big man stepped inside.

“Why are you here?” Chaz asked, looking around. “Is that guy sleeping at your house or something?”

He meant Drew, of course.

“No,” Joey said. “He’s gone. I won’t ever see him again.”

As soon as she spoke the words, she felt an imaginary hand wrap around her heart, and squeeze.

She took a seat on the bed. Chaz sat beside her, and leaned in to kiss her. She put a hand on his chest. “I’m sorry, I can’t.”

“I thought I was here to—”

“I’m leaving Toronto,” she said. “And I need your help. I need a new ID, and I need your help unloading this.”

She reached for her knapsack, opened it, and showed him what was inside.

“Jesus Christ,” Chaz said. “Where the fuck did you get that?”

“It’s better you don’t know.” She pulled out the brick of white powder and placed it on the bed between them. “I don’t know what this is worth, but I’m sure it’s a lot. And I’ll give it to you, in exchange for a driver’s license, a birth certificate, and, if possible, a passport.”

Chaz looked down at the drugs, and then at her. “Joey, what did you do?” he asked softly.

“You’ll find out soon enough,” she said. “But you’re the only person I can trust. I can’t stay here, Chaz. I know you have that cousin who’s into some.... off-the-grid stuff. If you can get him to unload this, then you guys can split the money. All I need is an ID. I need to leave the country.”

“Are you for real?” Chaz was looking at her like she’d lost her damn mind. “You want me to call Reggie?”

“You’re right, I’m asking you to do too much. This was stupid. I’ll just flush it down the toilet.”

She took the brick and stood up, but before she could get to the bathroom, Chaz said, “Wait. Give it to me. I’ll see what I can do.”

Then he sighed and rubbed his face.

“Fuck, Joey. I would only ever do this for you.”

Three days later, Chaz was back at the motel, having procured what she asked for. He didn't look happy.

“Everybody at the Cherry is mourning you. They're having a little memorial service this weekend.”

“I'm sorry,” she said. “I really am.” She hesitated. “Aren't you going to ask me who it was? In the fire?”

He shook his head and sat on the bed. The mattress sank under his weight. “The less I know, the better.”

“You're not going to ask if I killed her?”

“If you did, you had your reasons, and it wouldn't change how I feel about you,” he said quietly. “But I know you didn't.”

She sat beside him and took his hand.

“I could go with you, you know,” Chaz said. “You don't have to do this alone.”

“You can't come where I'm going.” Joey leaned her head against his arm. “But I can't tell you how glad I am that we met.”

He wouldn't look at her as he handed over her new ID. The name on both the driver's license and birth certificate was Paris Aquino.

Joey frowned. *Paris?* Aquino was fine, but she'd been hoping for a more mundane first name. “She doesn't look anything like me.”

“She looks like you enough.” Chaz shrugged. “You'll have to work with it. You know how hard it was to find a license *and* birth certificate for a Filipino girl close to your age and height?”

She scanned the stats on the license. The age was close enough; their birthdays were the same year and only two months apart. “Nobody will believe this is me. You can tell from her face that she's heavier than I am.”

“That's why it will work,” Chaz said. “Look at the date—the driver's license expired a month ago. When you go to renew it, bring your birth certificate. If they question you, just tell them you lost weight. You can get a new photo taken. And then, after you get the new license, you can apply for a passport.”

Joey remembered when Tita Flora had to get a new passport. Her aunt needed to have two pictures taken, and have the backs of both photos signed by her family doctor to confirm her identity. “But won't I need someone to

verify that it's me? And how do I know that this Paris didn't already have a passport?"

"This isn't without risk, Joey." Chaz put a piece of paper in her hand with a name and phone number on it. "This guy is a friend of Reggie's, and he works in the passport office. He's expecting a call from you, but he knows your name is Paris. Let him know what day and time you're coming in, and he'll make sure he's the one who helps you."

She stared at her new ID. *Paris*. It didn't suit her at all. But like Chaz said, she'd have to make it work.

"Thank you," she said.

"Don't thank me," he said. "You paid way too much for this. The street value of that coke is around a hundred grand. A fake ID would have cost you a couple thousand at most."

They both stood up. She reached for him and pressed her face into his chest, allowing herself the comfort of his arms around her one last time. His heart was pounding. You wouldn't know it from the outside.

He kissed the top of her head. "I almost said I'll see you around sometime, but I won't, will I?"

"No." Her voice was muffled.

"Take care of yourself, Joey." Chaz held her a moment longer, and then he was gone.

An hour later, she stopped by the front desk to drop off the key. The same clerk was there, and just like he'd never asked her to sign anything when she checked in, there was nothing to do now that she was leaving. "Bobcaygeon" by the Hip was playing once again.

"Good luck," he said.

"For what?" she asked.

"For whatever it is you're running from."

Not running from, she thought, as she caught a taxi outside the motel.
Running to.

She was Paris now.

PART FOUR

Don't think I haven't been through the same predicament

—LAURYN HILL

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

Paris is slowly getting used to her lawyer's attack-style way of speaking, but Sonny Everly's best quality is that he never tells her anything other than the truth. Elsie was right that the man is an absolute prick, but at least he's Paris's prick.

They still don't have a trial date, and according to Sonny, it could be a year or more.

"A case this high profile, the prosecutor is in no rush," Sonny says, packing up his briefcase. "They can't afford to be sloppy."

"Can't we ask for a speedy trial?" she asks as she walks him to the door. "I don't want to be in limbo for a year."

"So you want to get to prison faster?" Sonny says. "You don't want a speedy trial, not with your situation. Anything can happen, and we can't afford to be sloppy, either. In the meantime, go back to work. Have your friends over. Meditate. Get your nails done. Do whatever it is women like you do."

"Women like me?" Paris sighs. "Every time I think I might actually like you, Sonny, you remind me why I don't."

He grins. "You'll love me when you're free. Trust me, okay? This ain't my first rodeo."

It ain't Paris's, either.

As soon as he opens the door, one of the photographers hanging around the house shouts out a question. "Hey Sonny! How does it feel to represent the woman who murdered the Prince of Poughkeepsie?"

"Don't you cockroaches have anything better to do?" she hears her lawyer snap as he gets into his BMW. "Fuck off."

In fairness, the photographers actually might not have anything better to do. Paris can relate. She didn't realize how few friends she had until all this happened. Most of her social circle—if it could even be called that—had been Jimmy's social circle, and other than Elsie, none of them have checked in.

Even Henry is keeping his distance now that he's running the studio solo. She tried to go back to Ocean Breath to teach her six a.m. Sunrise Hatha class, but a crowd of gawkers had waited outside the front doors all morning. It had scared off the members and upset the other instructors.

Everywhere she went, photographers followed.

"Honey, I'm sorry," Henry told her. "But as your partner, I have to tell you that you're bad for business."

Paris has never not worked, not since she finished high school, and she isn't used to sitting around all day. At the moment, books and TV are her only companions. Interestingly, she isn't overly concerned about Ruby at the moment. Paris being charged with Jimmy's murder is actually helpful when it comes to her mother, because if she's convicted, she'll have no money to pay the blackmail. It's in Ruby's best interest that Paris is acquitted. As much as her mother might genuinely enjoy ruining Paris's life by exposing the truth about Mae, ultimately, Ruby cares about herself more. And if there's any hope of getting her money, Ruby will wait.

It feels like she's watched everything on Netflix, Hulu, and Prime, so Paris switches to Quan, looking for anything different to take her mind off things. Under the category "TV Shows We Picked For You," she sees *The Prince of Poughkeepsie*, and smiles. They have all ten seasons, which was part of the deal Jimmy made with them. She keeps scrolling, and then stops when she sees they've added a new show.

Except it's not new. Just like its counterparts *Dateline* and *20/20*, *Murderers* has been around a long time. It used to air back when she was in high school, and there's obviously no shortage of killers, because they're still making new episodes today. Each hour-long installment is a dramatic reenactment of a real-life murder case, and eight seasons of the thirty-year-old show are now streaming on Quan.

Paris has watched *Murderers* exactly once. Surely they won't have the Ruby Reyes episode.

The night it first aired, the boys were already in bed. Tita Flora had switched shifts at the hospital so she'd be home to watch it. Tito Micky made popcorn. Even Lola Celia, who was normally in her room by nine, had stayed up and was settled in her rocking chair when the show's cheesy opening theme song began to play.

Joey sat on the floor of the living room, her back against the wall. When the narrator announced the episode in his ominous voice with its slow,

dramatic cadence, it was nothing short of surreal. “Tonight ... *Murderers* presents ... ‘Ruby Reyes ... The Ice Queen Cometh.’”

Right off the bat, her aunt and grandmother did not approve of the actress who was selected to play the Ice Queen.

“She’s too pretty to be Ruby,” Tita Flora griped, at least three times. “It’s not realistic.”

“*Dili Filipina siya,*” Lola Celia grumbled, at least four times. *She’s not even Filipina.*

Joey was so consumed with the show, she only half listened to their ongoing snark. She agreed with her grandmother that *Murderers* could have at least used a Filipino actress. But her aunt was just plain wrong. While the woman playing Ruby was very pretty, she lacked the natural charisma and sensuality that the real Ruby had been gifted. At best, she was a cartoon version of the Ice Queen, and in Joey’s opinion, her mother was much more beautiful.

Tito Micky enjoyed the episode thoroughly. He passed the popcorn around as if *Murderers* was entertainment, as if Ruby wasn’t family and her daughter wasn’t sitting in the same living room, mortified to see her mother portrayed on TV for the whole world to see. The kids at her high school had finally started to forget who Joey’s mother was, and now this stupid TV show would remind them all over again.

As they watched, she was surprised that despite the dramatic overacting and the almost comically foreboding voice of the narrator, *Murderers* actually got a lot of the details about Ruby and Charles Baxter right. They did first meet at the Second Cup coffee shop near the bank, a “chance encounter” that wasn’t by chance at all. Ruby did make the first move. Charles did promise he was going to leave his wife for her. And Ruby did stop by his house unannounced the night of the murder, after Charles had ended their affair for the third or fourth time.

Where *Murderers* got it wrong was the relationship between Ruby and her child. For the purposes of keeping Ruby’s daughter’s identity a secret, the show had changed Joey’s name to Jessie. In the scene where Jessie meets with Ruby in prison just before the trial, the exchange is portrayed as loving.

In reality, it had been anything but.

It had been almost two months since Joey had seen her mother, and she was shocked to see that Ruby looked older.

She and Deborah were sitting at a table in the visitors' room when Ruby was brought in by a prison guard (*corrections officer*). The orange jumpsuit hung on her. Her hair was greasy, tied up in a bun. There were creases in her forehead that weren't there before. She looked like she had aged ten years.

Joey wanted to cry. She had done this; she was the reason her mother was in here, looking like a criminal. This was all her fault.

"It's okay," Deborah whispered, as if sensing her anguish. "You got this."

When Ruby reached the table, she saw the look on Joey's face and snorted. "It looks like all the fat I lost, you gained. At least I finally reached my goal weight."

"You look good, Mama," Joey said, her voice timid, but her mother had already lost interest.

"Who's this?" Ruby looked at Deborah with a raised eyebrow, scrutinizing the social worker from head to toe.

Deborah introduced herself, but did not offer her hand. They were told at check-in that no physical contact was allowed, other than a brief hug at the beginning and end of the visit.

"So you're the one taking care of my girl," Ruby said.

"I'm doing my best, but Joelle is pretty good at taking care of herself." Deborah pointed to a table a few feet away. "Joelle, I'll be sitting right over there, okay? Take your time."

"Well?" Ruby said to Joey when the social worker walked away. "Hug me already, *Joelle*."

Joey wrapped her arms around her mother tightly. She could feel all the bones in her mother's back.

Ruby pulled away to examine her. "Look at you. You're a little piggly wiggly now."

They took seats across from each other. The visitors' room was half full, and there were boyfriends and husbands and a couple of noisy babies. It hurt Joey to think that her mother had been here for over seven weeks, and nobody other than her lawyer had come to visit her until now.

"How's school?" Ruby asked.

The kids don't speak to me. "Fine."

"How's Tita Flora?"

"Fine."

“Speak up, I can’t hear you.”

“She’s fine,” Joey said, louder. “I don’t see her all that much. She works all the time.”

“Has she been saying smug, nasty things about me?” Ruby’s gaze was fixed on Joey’s face. “I bet she can’t shut up. Self-righteous bitch.”

“She hasn’t said anything about you.” It was a necessary lie. Her mother would not want to know the things her sister had said. “Not a word.”

“Oh.” Ruby’s shoulders relaxed. It was hard to tell whether she was relieved or disappointed. “What about Maple Sound? You like it there?”

“No.”

“What about your Tito Micky?” Her mother’s voice lowered a notch. “He bothering you?”

Joey met her mother’s gaze. “Not really.”

They fell into silence for a moment. Joey glanced over at Deborah, who had a magazine she wasn’t reading spread open on the table in front of her. She gave the social worker a smile to let her know everything was okay. Deborah smiled back.

“I don’t like that woman,” her mother said, her eyes narrowing as she followed Joey’s gaze. “I don’t like the way she looks at me. Judging me. What have you been telling her?”

“Nothing.” *And you shut up, Deborah is perfect.*

“Move your chair closer,” Ruby said, and Joey shuffled her chair forward a few inches. Her mother leaned in. “Listen, I want to talk to you about the trial. You know you have to testify, right? The crown attorney considers you a witness.”

She nods.

“I need you to be smart, Joey,” Ruby said. “There’s nothing I can do about the things you wrote in your diaries, because they’re evidence now, and everyone has already read them. I was mad for a while, but I understand you were upset when you wrote those things. I’m not mad anymore, okay?”

Of course you’re not mad. You’re enraged.

“You really fucked things up for us, but you can still fix this, okay? You need to fix this. For me, and for us. You understand that, right, baby?”

“How do I fix it?” Joey asked.

Ruby reached for her hands, then stopped when the nearby corrections officer shook her head. Joey looked down at the table. Her mother’s nails, usually long and painted red, were bare and bitten down to the quick.

“When you testify,” Ruby said, “I need you to make it very clear that Charles was ... hurting you. You said a lot of things in your diaries, but the one thing you didn’t write about was what Charles was doing to you.”

Because I couldn’t write about it. Writing about it makes me relive it. Writing about it in my diary means it really happened.

Joey stared at her mother. “You knew, Mama?” she asked softly. “You knew what Charles was doing?”

“Oh, stop.” Ruby waved a hand. “I didn’t really know, okay? I don’t remember you saying anything to me about it. How could I know anything if you don’t tell me?”

Because you’d blame it on me if I did.

“I didn’t know anything for a fact until that night.” Ruby spoke earnestly, as if she were saying this to someone who didn’t know her. “I was shocked.”

“I don’t know if I can talk about it,” Joey said. “Out loud, I mean. In court.”

“But he was hurting you.” Her mother cocked her head. “Why wouldn’t you want to tell everyone that he was hurting you?”

Because he wasn’t just hurting me, he was raping me. And I can’t say that out loud without feeling like I’m being raped all over again.

“Baby, if you tell the jury about Charles when you testify, it helps me, do you understand?” Her mother’s face is inches from her own, her voice the volume of a stage whisper. “Because then the jury will understand why I did what I did. I’m your mother, and I did it to protect you. This is extremely important for my defense. If you don’t tell them about Charles, I will go to prison forever. And then where will you be? Stuck in Maple Sound, that’s where. I might only do six months on the child abuse charge with good behavior and the completion of some bullshit program. Six months, Joey, and then we’d be together again. Don’t you want me to get out?”

I don’t know.

“Baby, please,” Ruby said. “You need to do this, okay? You need to say all of the bad things that Charles was doing to you. Don’t hold back. Tell them everything.”

So now you want everyone to hear it, now that it helps you.

In a soft voice, Joey said, “You know he wasn’t the only one, Mama.”

Ruby exhaled. “You’re mad at me. That’s fine. I’m sorry, okay? I’m sorry I had some bad boyfriends. But we can talk about that after I get out.

For now, we have to stay focused. Just Charles, okay? You need to tell them specifically about Charles. Promise me, Joey, or else I will die in prison. And I guarantee, you will never be able to live with that.”

That part was probably true.

Joey did love her mother. She really did. She had come to understand that her mother had done her best, considering who her own mother was. Joey’s mother had a bad mother, too.

“Joey.” Ruby looked at her. “If you love me, you will do this for me. It’s really the least you can do.”

Joey made her decision.

“Okay, Mama,” she said. “I’ll tell them.”

Her mother let out a long breath. “That’s my good girl,” she said, her face breaking into a triumphant smile. “I know you’ll be great up there. A few tears won’t hurt, either. Really sell it, okay?”

“Okay,” Joey said. “I love you.”

Say it back. Please. Just say it back once.

Ruby sat back in her chair and folded her arms across her chest. “I’ll believe that when you do this for me.”

Conditional love, the only kind her mother knew.

Paris finally finds Ruby’s episode of *Murderers*. It’s in season 7, episode 12. Despite common sense telling her that watching this will not provide the distraction she’s looking for, she hits play and settles into the sofa.

Ruby has certainly never seen this episode, nor has she seen the terrible made-for-TV movie about her called *The Banker’s Mistress* that aired a year later. But she has to be aware of them both, and there’s no doubt she would hate them. In the gospel according to Ruby Reyes, the most grievous sin isn’t murder. It’s the airing of her dirty laundry.

The first time Joey learned this lesson, she was six years old. She and Ruby had just left a meeting with Joey’s first-grade teacher, who was concerned that she was falling asleep in class. When Mrs. Stirling asked Joey why she was so tired, Joey said her mother’s boyfriend had slept over, and the two of them had made noise all night long.

After the meeting, Ruby slammed the car door and peeled out of the school driveway. When they stopped at a red light, she reached over and pinched Joey’s arm. The pain was sudden and sharp, and Joey squealed.

“You *never, ever* talk about our lives,” her mother hissed. “What happens at home is between you and me, do you understand?”

“But Mrs. Stirling asked me,” Joey said. “And we’re supposed to tell the truth.”

Ruby pinched her again, and again, until Joey cried.

“The truth is whatever I tell you it is,” her mother said. “You embarrassed me. Don’t you ever do that again.”

From a young age, the notion of truth had always been a fluid concept to Joey. You could take a completely true story, omit a few key details here and there, diminish certain facts while highlighting others, and end up with a completely different narrative. Was the story still true? Yes. It was just a different expression of the truth, designed to tell the story in a specific way to garner a specific reaction.

It wasn’t just the bad guys who did this. It was the good guys, too.

The morning after she met with her mother in jail, Deborah took Joey to meet with the crown attorney to prepare for her testimony. Madeline Duffy (*my friends call me Duffy*) was a nice lady like Deborah said, but a bit relentless. She had Joey walk her through the events of the night of Charles’s murder a dozen times, making her go over it and over it, adjusting her questions to best prompt the answer she wanted. Then she fine-tuned Joey’s responses until everything was worded exactly as she needed it to be for maximum impact.

“Okay, last one,” Duffy said. Normally Joey wouldn’t feel comfortable thinking of an adult by just their last name, but she was so tired, she’d stopped worrying about it. “I know it’s been a long day, and I’m sure Deb is ready to get going.”

“Joelle’s aunt and uncle will be here soon to pick her up,” Deborah said. “They’d like to get on the road before traffic gets bad.”

“No problem.” Duffy gave Joey a smile. “We’re almost done.”

Deborah patted Joey’s shoulder. “I have to step out to make a phone call, honey. And then I’ll be outside to meet your aunt and uncle when they get here.”

Please don’t leave without saying goodbye.

Deborah leaned over and spoke into her ear. “Don’t worry, I would never leave without saying goodbye. You’re one of my most favorite people.”

I love you, Deborah.

When they were alone, Duffy kicked off her heels and leaned against her desk. “Okay, Joelle. When I ask you this next question, I want you to think about all the married men your mother was involved with and how each of those relationships ended.”

“They all ended badly.”

“That’s right,” Duffy said. “And at least two of your mother’s boyfriends that we know of were pedophiles.”

It wasn’t a question, so Joey didn’t answer.

“The jury will want to know what your mother’s state of mind was the night she killed Charles Baxter. So when I ask you ‘Why do you think your mother did it?’ you’ll have to give an answer. This will be framed as an opinion, so this is your opportunity to say exactly what you think, okay? So tell me. Why do you think she did it?”

Joey had given it a lot of thought, and the answer was difficult to articulate. Her mother had stabbed Charles because she was angry and couldn’t control her behavior. She wasn’t being a protective mother that night. When had she ever?

The truth was that the night she stabbed Charles, Ruby had been *jealous*. And Joey asked herself, if their situations were reversed, what would Ruby say?

And then she told Duffy exactly that.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

When Ruby's trial began in Toronto, Tito Micky started keeping a scrapbook in Maple Sound of all the newspaper articles about it. He subscribed to all three of the major Toronto papers, and the scrapbook sat on the kitchen counter at all times. Joey never looked at it. Instead, she spent most of her time in the bedroom, reading.

Both Deborah and the crown attorney assured her that her name would never appear anywhere because she was a minor, but that was of little comfort. Anyone who knew Ruby knew she had a daughter. Ruby had always worn Joey like an accessory, showing her off when she wanted sympathy or admiration for being a single parent, and discarding her if she determined that Joey was a barrier to something she wanted.

Two days before her testimony, she was a bundle of nerves. She had spoken to Madeline Duffy on the phone twice after their initial meeting, and while she felt prepared, it scared her to imagine the jurors' faces. Duffy explained that the courtroom would be closed to spectators and journalists, but that still left twelve pairs of ears in the jury box listening to every word she said and how she said it. Twelve pairs of eyes would be observing her body language, her facial expressions, her tears.

And her mother would be there. Watching.

"Remember that it's all right to cry," Duffy said during their last phone call. "Everyone in that room is on your side. It's important to express what you feel."

It was the exact same thing her mother had said, but what Duffy didn't know was that Joey had been trained not to cry. There was little chance she'd be able to summon tears tomorrow, as much as the crown attorney was not so subtly asking her to.

"Joelle," a soft voice said, and she looked up to find Tito Micky standing in the doorway of her bedroom.

She'd been so immersed in her novel that she hadn't heard her uncle's footsteps coming down the hallway. It was her third reread of Sidney Sheldon's *If Tomorrow Comes*, her absolute favorite book, which was about

a woman who's framed for a crime she didn't commit. When she finally gets out of prison, she becomes a professional thief who travels the world pulling off daring heists, changing her name and appearance whenever she needs to. And of course she gets revenge on the people who wronged her, and also falls in love along the way.

"You want to come with us into town?" Tito Micky asked. "Summer activities at the YMCA. I have to drive the boys." *Dribe da boys*. "Afterward, you can help with the groceries. Now that you're helping your *lola* with the cooking, she wants you to help with the shopping."

In the daytime, her uncle was just a skinny man with a potbelly, not a monster lurking in the dark. Still, Joey couldn't think of anything she'd rather do less. Alone in the car with Tito Micky? No thanks.

"After we do the shopping, I can drop you at the bookstore. And I'll give you ten dollars to spend there. Good distraction, huh?" Her uncle attempted a charming smile, exposing a row of tobacco-stained teeth.

Wait. Ten dollars? That was a new release paperback with change to spare.

"Okay," she said tentatively, sitting up.

"And while you're at the bookstore, I can go to the sports pub across the street. There's a baseball game on, and I've made a little bet about who will win." Tito Micky winked. "Just don't tell your *tita*."

A few minutes later, Joey was sitting in the front seat of her uncle's station wagon, excited. Only the two older boys were going to the YMCA that afternoon, as Carson had an upset tummy. After the boys were dropped off, she and Tito Micky headed to the supermarket. They finished the shopping quickly, and Tito Micky placed the meats and cheeses in the cooler he kept in the trunk. Then they headed over to Main Street.

"At Christmastime, they put up a big tree in the square." Tito Micky pulled into a parking spot right in front of the bookstore. "It's thirty feet tall, and they light it all at once. There's Christmas carolers and a Santa Claus parade." *Santa Clowse parade*. "We always take the boys and get hot chocolate. You'll enjoy it."

Joey felt a pang. Her first Christmas without her mother. She hadn't even thought about that.

Her uncle opened his wallet and plucked out a ten-dollar bill, his fingertips brushing hers unnecessarily as he handed it to her. He pointed

across the street to a sports bar called the Loose Goose. “I’ll meet you back here at three forty-five, okay? We have to pick the boys up at four.”

She had two whole hours to herself in a bookstore, with ten whole dollars to spend. She was so giddy, she was practically bouncing. They both got out of the car, and Tito Micky leaned against the driver’s-side door and lit a cigarette.

Standing on the sidewalk, Maple Sound was so different from what Joey was used to. Unlike Toronto, which was filled with people of all races and religions, and who spoke many different languages, Maple Sound was so ... *homogeneous*. Her mother never did understand why her sister and brother-in-law had opted to move to a small town two hours north, away from the diversity of city life.

“You’ll be dog piss on white snow,” Ruby had said to Tita Flora back then. “You’re going to hate it there, and they’re going to hate you.”

Joey suspected that her aunt and uncle actually did hate it here, and would bet that Tito Micky would move back to the city in a heartbeat if he could. But Tita Flora seemed determined to stick it out, if only to prove her sister wrong.

At the moment, though, none of that mattered. When Joey stepped inside the bookstore, she took a long, deep inhale, and felt a genuine burst of joy. Every bookstore, everywhere, smelled the same.

It smelled like home.

Jason and Tyson were starving when they got home, and they headed straight to the kitchen to eat whatever snack their grandmother had prepared for them. Joey put the groceries away while Tito Micky headed straight back outside. The moment they walked in the door, Tita Flora had barked her displeasure at the giant pile of leaves her husband had left on the pond side of the house. He’d raked them that morning, and the leaves were supposed to be burned by the time she got home from work.

Joey skipped up the stairs with her two new paperbacks. The bookstore still had their two-for-ten sale, and the owner—whose name was Ginny—remembered Joey from her first visit with Deborah.

“Any luck?” Ginny had asked.

“I can’t decide,” Joey said, feeling shy. She had found two she wanted—another Stephen King book called *Needful Things*, and a book by Scott Turow, an author she hadn’t read yet, called *Presumed Innocent*—but with

the sales tax, she wouldn't have enough money for both. "Which one would you recommend?"

"Tough choice," Ginny said with a smile. "So how about you get both, and I won't charge you the tax."

Today was Joey's best day in Maple Sound by far. Oddly, she had Tito Micky to thank for that. All the upstairs windows were open, and she could smell the leaves burning outside. It smelled like a campfire, and it added to her happy mood. She pushed open her bedroom door.

Carson, the youngest boy who'd been left at home that afternoon because he was sick, was sitting in the middle of the bedroom floor. Clearly he was feeling better, because he had a pair of safety scissors in his small hand and was studiously cutting the cover off *If Tomorrow Comes*. And if that wasn't horrific enough, in front of him was a large sheet of bristol board, on top of which lay six more snipped covers, all in a row.

No, not just laying on the board. There was a fat yellow stick on the carpet beside the bristol board that said ELMER'S. Her four-year-old cousin was *gluing* them down, and strewn all around were the books themselves, stripped of their covers, naked and exposed on the carpet like dead animal carcasses.

A white-hot rage unlike anything she'd ever felt before filled Joey's stomach. This little asshole, who probably had a hundred toys to play with all throughout the house, who had never wanted for anything, who had never felt unsafe, who had never been forced to have margarine and stale crackers for dinner because there was nothing else to eat, was destroying her most precious possessions. Her paperbacks. The only things that had any value to her, other than her necklace.

She would have rather he destroyed the necklace. The necklace might have been forgivable.

"What are you doing?" Joey asked. To her ears, she sounded like someone else, someone who was about to explode.

Carson didn't pick up on her tone. "I'm making a poster for you, Joey." He looked up and grinned. "Do you like it?"

No, she did not like it. She did not like it one bit.

Without thinking, Joey snatched the book out of her cousin's little hands and smacked him, as hard as she could, across the face.

The slap made a sound very similar to the one Lola Celia had given her out by the pond, and God help her, it was extremely satisfying. Joey had

never hit anyone before, and oh wow, did it ever feel good to hurl that anger at someone.

But three seconds later, regret replaced her rage as she watched Carson's little face transform from shock into pain, and then, finally, fear. He was only four years old, maybe half her size, and totally unable to fight back. As Joey looked at him, so small and helpless, and so utterly terrified of her, she saw herself. In this moment, he was Joey, cowering on the floor.

And she was Ruby.

"I'm sorry," she whispered, as the horror of what she'd done sank in. "Carson, I'm so sorry."


She took a step toward him. He scuttled away from her. Then he opened his mouth, and howled.

The sound was awful, and he wouldn't stop. Every time she took a step closer, he wailed louder, the tears coming faster, his face growing redder. The cheek where she smacked him was almost maroon. Joey heard Tita Flora call out Carson's name from somewhere in the house. A few seconds later, she heard footsteps pounding on the stairs as not one, but *two* sets of feet rushed up to the second floor.

By the time Tita Flora and Lola Celia arrived at the bedroom, Joey's little cousin had worked himself into hysterics, sobbing as he scampered straight for his grandmother, burying his head in her robe.

"What did you do?" Tita Flora asked Joey, though it was pretty fucking obvious what she had done. The shape of Joey's palm was now an angry purple blotch on the little boy's cheek. "What the fuck did you do to him, you stupid bitch?"

Joey attempted to explain, sputtering and gesturing to the stripped paperbacks. She understood the scene looked bad. Had she thought it through for even one second, she would never have hit him. Carson was a sweet kid, and he adored her. And he was so *little*. Joey knew exactly what it felt like to be that small and be hurt by someone you loved, someone bigger than you, and more powerful, who always won, no matter how wrong she might be.

Unsatisfied with her niece's attempts to answer, Tita Flora's shrieking grew louder. "Do you think we wanted you here? Look at you, you're just like your mother, *wa'y kapuslanan*. You're going to grow up to be a *puta*, just like her. If they weren't paying me to do it, we would never have taken you in, you useless, ungrateful little bitch." 

Despite her aunt being shorter and wider than her mother and with a less pretty face, Tita Flora's wrath made her look and sound exactly like her sister. And just like with Ruby, the words were bullets, peppering Joey's ears and heart with wounds that would never fully heal. The louder Tita Flora shouted at her, in a combination of Cebuano and English, the harder Carson cried. The little boy seemed to understand the gravity of the situation, and that what was happening now to his older cousin might actually be worse than what had just happened to him. He tried twice to go over to Joey, but both times, his grandmother held him back.

Lola Celia was quietly observing the scene with her small, black eyes, her gnarled fingers stroking her grandson's hair. So far she'd said nothing. Only when Tita Flora finally paused, red-faced and heaving, did her *lola* finally speak. Carson had calmed down a little by then, and her grandmother's tone was soft, almost gentle.

"Sunoga ang iyang mga libro. Ang tanan."

Joey couldn't put together what the old woman just said. She knew *libro* meant book. Maybe she was trying to remind Tita Flora that Carson should not have cut the covers off Joey's paperbacks, and was trying to defuse the situation. Things with Lola Celia had been going much better since Joey started helping with the cooking. Maybe her grandmother was actually on her side.

But then she saw a look of understanding pass over her aunt's face, which then morphed into smugness. No. Whatever Lola Celia had just said, the old woman was definitely *not* on her side.

A rope of fear knotted in Joey's stomach. They were going to kick her out. They were going to call Deborah and tell her what Joey had done, and oh God, Deborah would know, and would turn away from her, because she'd realize Joey was just like her mother.

And then where would she go? She'd be passed over to another social worker, someone who didn't like her and didn't care, who'd throw Joey into a foster family who also didn't care. Or maybe she'd be sent to one of those facilities she'd heard about at school, like a prison for girls, the place where bad seed kids were sent.

Because of course Joey was a bad seed. She'd come from a rotten mother.

"I'm so sorry," she said desperately. "Carson, I love you, I'm so, so sorry."

“Joey,” the little boy said, reaching for her, but Lola Celia held him firm.

Her aunt went to the closet and grabbed the tall plastic hamper filled with the kids’ dirty clothes. She dumped them out onto the carpet. Marching back toward Joey’s bookcase, she swept all the books off the shelf and into the basket, tossing in both the stripped paperbacks *and* the two brand-new novels Joey had just bought. When all the books were in the hamper, she dragged it out of the bedroom and into the hallway. A few seconds later, Joey heard thumping as her aunt pulled it down the staircase.

Panic set in, and Joey ran after her.

“Tita Flora, please, I’m so sorry. Please.”

Tito Micky looked up in surprise when the two of them came bursting out the back door. He was about to light a cigarette, and it nearly fell out of his mouth as his wife bumped past him to get to the steel trash can where he’d just finished burning the leaves. It was still smoking.

Tita Flora was small, but she was a nurse, and she was strong. Joey watched as her aunt, bending at the knees, picked up the heavy hamper and tipped the books straight into the metal trash can. Tossing the hamper aside, she grabbed the can of lighter fluid at Tito Micky’s feet. She generously doused the books with it and then snatched her husband’s matchbook right out of his hand. She lit it and tossed it in, stepping back as the flames flared up, renewed.

Burning leaves smell one way. Burning paper smells a little different, and the scent gutted Joey from the inside out. She sank to her knees as the orange flames roared. In that moment, it might as well have been Joey on fire. Her books were the only things that weren’t attached to painful memories. Nearly all those books had belonged to her mother. They were the only good things Joey had.

A sound beating would have hurt less.

Joey looked up at the bedroom window, where her little cousin stood watching the whole thing, his small face crumpled with tears and regret. Behind him was Lola Celia, her hands still on his shoulders, smiling a smile that really wasn’t a smile at all.

Joey knew that smile. Her mother had the same one, and it came to Joey then, what the old woman had said.

Burn her books. All of them.

Joey woke up the next morning after a fitful sleep. It was the day she would be heading into Toronto to testify, and she had been plagued all night with bad dreams she now couldn't remember.

She rolled over to find a large envelope beside her on the bed. A floppy heart was drawn on the outside in red crayon, and inside there was a bunch of coins. Pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters. A few loonies. And at the very bottom, a two-dollar bill.

Carson was sitting on the floor in the same spot where he'd cut up her books the day before, still in his pajamas. It was clear he'd been there awhile, waiting for her to wake up. Behind him, his older brothers were still asleep in their bunks.

"What's this?" Joey whispered.

"My piggy bank money," Carson said, struggling not to cry. "You can buy more books. I'm sorry, Joey."

She put the money back in the envelope and carried it with her as she sat on the floor beside him.

"You don't have anything to be sorry about," she said, her voice catching when she saw the bruise on his cheek. She looked him right in the eyes. "I did something very bad. Hitting is bad, and I promise I will never, ever hit you again. I'm so sorry, Carson. You are such a good boy, and I am so sorry. Nobody ever should be hit."

"But Lola hit you," he said. "At the pond."

There was nothing she could say to that.

He scooped over to her and climbed into her lap. She hugged him tight and rubbed her cheek on his soft, baby-shampoo-scented hair. They stayed like that for a full minute.

I am not my mother. I will never be my mother.

I would rather die.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

When the bailiff opened the doors, the first thing Joey saw was that all the spectator seats were empty, just as Deborah said they would be.

The second thing she saw was the judge seated at the very end of the aisle, up high on the bench, wearing a black robe, just like on TV.

The third thing she saw were the faces of the jurors in the box to the right, all turned in her direction.

And finally, she saw her mother, seated at the table on the left. Her lawyer had turned around, but Ruby had not, which made her the only person in the room not currently looking at Joey. Her mother remained facing front, her long, glossy black hair smooth and shiny once again, the posture of her shoulders and back perfect.

Deborah held her hand as they proceeded down the aisle. Madeline Duffy smiled encouragingly at her from her seat at the table closer to the jury box. Ruby had still not turned around, but she did adjust her posture a little, sensing her daughter's approach.

There were six men and six women on the jury. Some of them—women, mostly—made eye contact with Joey. One offered a smile. Duffy had told her earlier that morning that many of the jurors were parents, some with children close to Joey's age.

As they were about to pass the defense table, her mother finally turned. Their gazes locked, and Ruby smiled. Her lawyer smiled, too, but Joey could only see one person.

She knew every line of her mother's face; she knew what every millimeter of every facial expression meant. Joey had spent her entire existence trying to predict the weather of her mother's emotions, always on high alert for a brewing storm and that split-second shift from clear skies to a Category 5 hurricane. Ruby had many smiles, but today, right now, *this* smile was sunshine.

Joey broke free from Deborah's hand. Squeezing past the lawyer, she threw herself into her mother's arms.

Ruby hugged her back just as tightly, her fingers stroking the back of Joey's hair. "Remember what we talked about," she murmured.

Neither of them let go until the bailiff came over to separate them.

Joey took a seat on the witness stand. Deborah sat two rows behind the crown attorney's table, right by the aisle, so she and Joey could see each other clearly. She gave Joey a soft smile and a head tilt, as if to say, *You got this*.

Duffy began to ask her questions. They had been over this, they had practiced, and Joey knew exactly what to say. During prep she had found herself detaching whenever the questions got too hard and the memories were too much. Each time, Duffy would force her to come back. *You have to stay present, Joelle. The jury needs to understand what you've been through, and to understand it, they need to feel it. And for them to feel it, you need to feel it. If just for this one time. I know you can do this, Joelle.*

Joey answered questions about her upbringing, the various apartments they'd lived in, the bare cupboards, the closets she sometimes slept in when she didn't feel safe in her bed. She told the jury about the physical abuse, her mother's revolving door of boyfriends, the sounds of sex happening in the next room that she wasn't supposed to hear. The jurors' facial expressions changed constantly. One moment, they were sad for her. The next, they were angry at Ruby. And in between, there was pity. So much pity.

"I know this is hard, Joelle," Duffy said. "And I want to reiterate how wonderfully you're doing, and what a brave young lady you are. But now I want to talk about Charles Baxter. I want you to walk us through the night he was killed. Can you tell us what you saw?"

For this, Joey could not look at her mother. And she could not look at Deborah, either. Instead, she focused on Duffy's face. She had no emotional connection to the crown attorney, who once again was just another person who said she wanted to help because she was being paid to do it. She would pretend that the jurors were just blank pages, waiting to be filled with the truth.

It didn't necessarily have to be *the* truth. Just *her* truth.

Joey took a deep breath, and began.

A few days before Charles Baxter was killed, he had ended his affair with her mother for the fourth time in two years. Ruby was, to put it mildly, very upset.

“The asshole won’t answer his phone.” Her mother was on her third cigarette in twenty minutes as she paced around the living room. “He thinks he can just drop me? Oh no. No no no.”

Joey was curled into the corner of the sofa. She had seen this before. Her mother was like this after every breakup, bouncing from anger to self-pity and back again, like she was playing Ping-Pong with herself. This was the anger, and there was nothing to be done about it. The only thing Joey could do was listen and nod and agree. Anything else would only make things worse.

Ruby pressed the redial button on their cordless phone, which was, ironically, a gift from Charles. Joey could hear it ringing on the other end. After six rings, it went to voice mail. Again. She whipped the phone at the couch, where it missed Joey’s foot by a few inches.

“I should just call the fucker at home. I’ll talk to his wife. Want to bet how quick he calls back then?”

Very bad idea. “I don’t want him to be angry at you, Mama.”

Her mother stopped. “You’re right. He would be. And then he’ll never pick up the phone.” She finished her cigarette, walked over to the sliding door that opened to the balcony, and flicked the butt over the edge. Walking back toward Joey, she said, “I need a distraction. Let’s get out of here. Let’s go see a movie. Anything you want.”

Joey perked up. Going to the movies was a rarity, and it was even rarer for her mother to suggest it. “I’ll check the listings.”

Her mother didn’t respond, so Joey picked up the phone and dialed 777-FILM. The call was answered almost immediately. *Hell-O! And welcome to Moviefone ...*

She listened to that weekend’s movie listings and memorized them, then turned to her mother. “The only PG movie is *Batman Returns*,” she said, holding her breath. *Please please please ...*

Ruby shrugged. “Fine.”

“It’s opening day, so we might have to pick the tickets up early. There’s a nine o’clock show.”

“Okay.”

“Maybe if we leave soon, I could get the tickets, and then we could have dinner at the diner while we wait?” Joey knew she was pushing her luck.

“Sure.”

Yay. “I can go find your glasses while you take a shower.”

Her mother had not showered in three days.

“All right.”

Impulsively, Joey gave her mother a kiss on the cheek. Ruby reeked of unwashed hair, body odor, and smoke. “Thank you, Mama. You’re the best.”

She was rewarded with a tiny smile.

Forty-five minutes later, Ruby waited in the car in front of the box office while Joey bought two tickets for the nine o’clock show. She skipped back to the car, excited to get to the Jupiter Diner, her favorite restaurant. It had a separate menu just for ice cream, and each of the old-fashioned booths had its own mini jukebox full of 1950s hits. A quarter bought five songs. She already knew what the first one would be: “Rockin’ Robin.” *Tweet, tweet ... tweedily-dee.*

But as they drove away from the theater, she sensed her mother growing agitated once again. When they reached the next intersection, instead of making a left to get to the diner, Ruby suddenly made a right. Joey’s heart sank.

“Mama?”

“I just want to drive by Charles’s house quickly,” her mother said. “He told me he couldn’t meet in person to talk things over because he would be at the cottage with *her* this weekend. I want to make sure he isn’t lying to me.”

Her always meant Suzanne, Charles’s wife. Joey wasn’t sure why it mattered where Charles was. He’d already dumped her. But there was no point reminding her mother of that. She slumped in her seat. Maybe they wouldn’t have time for the diner, but there was a good chance they could still make the movie.

They headed toward The Kingsway, a neighborhood that was very expensive. Even if Ruby hadn’t told her how much the houses cost, it was obvious that the people who lived here were wealthy. Ruby drove through the lush tree-lined streets while Joey looked out the window at all the big, beautiful homes. What would it take to own a house like that, in a neighborhood like this?

They stopped in front of a gigantic house that, aside from the roof, was made entirely of cream-colored stone. The driveway could fit six cars, but there was only one parked there now. Ruby did not pull in behind it. Instead,

she kept her old Mercury Monarch idling at the curb on the opposite side of the street.

“Wow,” Joey breathed, leaning forward to look past her mother. “Charles is really rich.”

“You should see the inside.” Her mother did not look happy. She was fixated on the shiny black Jaguar in the driveway. “He’s home, the motherfucker. I knew he lied to me. I can see him in his office.”

It doesn't matter. He broke up with you.

Ruby pulled down the sun visor and examined her face in the mirror. “I need more makeup,” she said, passing Joey her purse. “Find my lipstick and eyeliner. See if there’s blush in there, too.” She reached into the glove box and pulled out the travel-size hairbrush she always kept in the car.

Joey rifled through her mother’s handbag and found an old CoverGirl eye pencil and blush, and an old tube of Maybelline Great Lash mascara. Then she dug out a tube of MAC lipstick in “Russian Red,” Ruby’s signature shade. She watched as her mother fixed her face.

“Wait here,” Ruby said. “Don’t worry, we won’t miss the movie, okay? I’m going to shut the car off. Roll down the windows so you don’t get too hot.”

She was out of the car before Joey could answer, smoothing the skirt of her summer dress before crossing the street quickly. She marched right up to the front door and rang the doorbell. Joey watched through the open car window as Charles answered. She was too far away to hear what Charles was saying, but Ruby’s voice was getting loud. Charles pulled her inside and shut the door.

Ten minutes passed. Then twenty. Then thirty. Joey’s stomach was rumbling. She found a half-finished pack of Juicy Fruit gum in the glove compartment, unwrapped two pieces, and folded both of them into her mouth.

After another ten minutes, she was starting to get sleepy when the driver’s-side door opened. Her mother plopped into the seat beside her. Ruby looked lit up, and Joey noticed her mother’s red lipstick was completely gone.

“I need to move the car to the playground down the street, so his neighbors don’t see it,” she said, her eyes sparkling. “Charles and I made up, so we’re staying for dinner. He wasn’t lying to me—he had to stay behind at

the last minute for work. But *she* won't be back from the cottage until Tuesday."

He's still lying to you, Mama. "But we'll miss the movie. We already bought the tickets." Joey reached into the pocket of her shorts and held them up.

"For fuck's sake," Ruby said, starting the engine. "This relationship is more important than a stupid movie, okay? Look at his house. If I play my cards right, it could be us living here. He admitted he made a mistake breaking up with me. He only did it because he doesn't want his wife to have half of everything if they get divorced. But he's decided it's worth it if it means he and I can be together."

Joey was skeptical. She had heard this story before; Charles wasn't the first man to promise Ruby he was leaving his wife, only to not do it.

"I can take the bus home," Joey said.

"You are staying with me." Ruby's tone left no room for argument. "Charles is looking forward to seeing you, and we're spending the night. He's got a giant TV in the basement and about a hundred movies. That's better than sitting in a cold theater with everyone kicking the back of your seat."

No, it isn't. "But I don't have pajamas or a toothbrush."

"Charles has everything," her mother said. "Literally everything. Go on inside. I'll be right back after I move the car."

Joey put her hand on the door, then hesitated.

"Stop being a brat." Ruby's voice hardened. "Charles is waiting for you."

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

The court was eerily silent, both the judge and the jury hanging on Joey's every word. Her throat dry, she turned her face away from the microphone and coughed, then reached for the small bottle of water beside her.

"What happened when you and your mother went back to Charles Baxter's house?" Duffy asked.

"Charles showed me around," Joey said, her voice echoing through the speakers above her. "He said it was nice to have a little girl in the house again. His daughter was away at school, and she rarely came home anymore. And then we all went down to the basement."

Joey hadn't realized that houses could have basements like this, with furniture and carpet and different rooms. It was a kids' paradise.

The Baxters had a billiards table, a Ping-Pong table, two pinball machines, and an original *Galaga* arcade cabinet, a game that Joey had only ever played at the supermarket when her mother remembered to go grocery shopping. Charles seemed genuinely delighted to see her, and he explained that she didn't need quarters to play any of the games.

"All you have to do is press this red button, and the game will start," he said. "And you can play as many times as you want. Let's see if you can beat my scores."

On the *Galaga* screen, Joey could see the names of the other players. Someone named Brian had the top score; that must be Charles's son. The second highest belonged to Lexi, who must be Charles's daughter. What a nice name, *Lexi*. Upstairs on the fireplace mantel, Joey had seen a portrait of the whole family, which looked like it was taken by a professional photographer. The Baxters seemed like a completely normal family, except that Charles had a mistress named Ruby.

The video games kept Joey occupied for a while, as did *Father of the Bride*, the movie she selected from the extensive VHS collection. She was tired when the movie finally ended, so she wandered upstairs to see where she was supposed to sleep.

There was laughter coming from the second floor, and she found her mom and Charles propped up in his bed, feeding each other fruit and cheese, with some black-and-white movie playing on the TV. The master bedroom was almost as large as their apartment, with double doors and huge closets and an enormous bathroom. Charles was cutting the cheese into cubes with a long, thin knife, and feeding them to Ruby like it was a barbecue skewer.

“Hey, baby,” her mother said. Her face was flushed, her hair mussed. Her dress was hiked up, her long legs bare and exposed. Charles’s free hand was caressing her thigh. “Going to bed?”

“I’m not sure where I should sleep.”

Charles popped a piece of cheese into his mouth and grinned. “At the very end of the hall is a guest bedroom, the one with the white bedspread. You’ll find toothpaste and toothbrushes in the bathroom, along with soap and shampoo and all that good stuff.”

“I, um, don’t have any pajamas.”

“I’ll lend you one of my T-shirts.” Charles pointed to the dresser, which was beside the entrance to the bathroom. “Second drawer from the top. Choose anything you want. You’re so small, it’ll be a nightgown for you.” He laughed, and Ruby laughed too as she played with his hair.

Joey headed for the dresser and pulled open the second drawer to find a row of neatly folded shirts. She took the first one she saw, which turned out to be a T-shirt from the University of Toronto.

“That’s my alma mater,” Charles said. “Be careful with it, okay? I’ve had that shirt longer than your mother’s been alive, and it’s not in nearly as good shape as she is.”

Ruby laughed again. “You’re so silly, my darling.”

Joey said good night to both of them and trudged down the hallway. She passed a bedroom filled with sports paraphernalia—signed basketballs, footballs, hockey sticks, two framed jerseys. Brian’s room.

She kept going, then stopped at a bedroom where the walls were painted pink. It had to be Lexi’s room. Curious, she stepped inside, and instantly, she was awestruck. There were posters on the walls of Jason Priestley, Luke Perry, and Brian Austin Green; Charles’s daughter was clearly a *90210* fan. There were also posters of Madonna, Mariah Carey, and Marky Mark and the Funky Bunch. Her mother had once mentioned that Lexi was a student at Dalhousie University in Halifax, and that she almost never came home to visit.

“She doesn’t get along with her father,” Ruby told her. “That’s what happens when you spoil kids rotten.”

Being spoiled didn’t sound so bad to Joey. Lexi Baxter had more stuff than Joey could have ever imagined one girl having. There was a stereo, a CD collection, a small TV. She had an entire wall of bookshelves that didn’t contain a single book, and were instead filled with trophies, plaques, ribbons, and medals. 1990 Skate Canada International, second place. 1986 Autumn Classic International, third place. 1987 US International Figure Skating Classic, seventh place. Lexi Baxter had been a competitive figure skater, and if these trophies were any indication, a pretty good one.

Joey trailed her fingers along the bed as she headed toward Lexi’s closet, which was so big it needed its own lighting. Picking through the clothes, she saw that everything was brand name. Benetton. Polo. Tommy Hilfiger. Ralph Lauren. Clean-cut preppy designer clothing, for the girl who had everything.

And on display, right in the middle, hung Lexi’s ice skates. Charles’s daughter owned three pairs, two white and one beige, in various states of wear. Joey picked up one of the white ones and slid off the skate guard. The blade was extremely thin at the edge, sharpened almost to a V. Joey recalled what one of the commentators had said during the Albertville Winter Olympics, when the women’s free skate event was on.

The better a skater you were, the sharper the blade would be.

She put the skate back as she found it and went to check out the photos. All around the room—on the pin board, on the headboard, taped to the dresser mirror—were pictures of Lexi, blond and trim, at all different stages of her life. Half the photos showed her skating, and the other half showed her with family and friends. Lexi was popular. And she was close to her mom and brother, it seemed. There were lots of pictures of the three of them, smiling, laughing, doing things together. She looked like her mother, but she had her father’s eyes.

What would it be like to be Lexi Baxter? Lexi had a mother who loved her, and a father who provided for her. She had a brother to play with or fight with, depending on the day. She had friends. Skating. University. No worries about money. Lexi had been born into a dream life. She had won the family lottery.

It was so unfair.

Joey left Lexi's room and made her way down the hall to the guest bedroom, which was beautifully decorated and completely impersonal. She found a toothbrush in the ensuite bathroom like Charles said she would—even the Baxters' guests had a better life than she and Ruby did. She could understand why her mother would want to live here and be Charles's wife. Under any other circumstances, Joey might have wanted to be Charles's stepdaughter.

Except there was already one monster in the family.

She left Charles's T-shirt in the bathroom, climbed into bed, and, still wearing all her own clothes, fell asleep.

The courtroom was so quiet that Joey could hear the rumbling of the bailiff's stomach from six feet away.

"Did you stay asleep the entire night?" Duffy asked.

"No. I woke up when I heard a noise."

"What time was that?"

"A little after one, maybe."

"Walk us through what you did then."

"I sat up," Joey said. "The room was dark, so I turned a lamp on because I was a bit freaked out. And then I realized my mom and Charles were arguing. It went on for a little while, maybe ten minutes. And then my mom came into the guest room. She was upset."

Joey paused, as Duffy had coached her to do. She had specific instructions to not rush this part. She counted to two, and then continued.

"She was holding a knife, the same one I saw Charles use to cut up the cheese from before. It was covered in blood. And so was she."

She took a breath and held it. It felt like everyone in the courtroom was doing the same.

"What did your mother say to you?" Duffy prompted, just as they'd rehearsed.

"She said, 'You have to help me. I killed him. Charles is dead.'"

There was a rustling in the courtroom. It came from the jury box, and Joey glanced over to see that most of the jurors were looking at Ruby. But there was one member who was still looking at Joey, and it was the same woman who'd smiled at her when she was first brought in. The woman wasn't smiling now. Her face was full of sympathy, her eyes sad and moist.

"What happened then?" Duffy asked.

“She was hysterical and panicking. She wanted to leave. I told her we should stay and call the police, say it was accident, that she didn’t mean to hurt him. She said she didn’t want anyone to know what she had done. She said if we left right away, they might think someone broke in, like a robber or something. She kept pulling my arm, but I told her that if she didn’t want to call 911, then we had to make sure she wasn’t leaving anything behind. I mean, I know the police can check for fingerprints and all that, but I also knew my mom had been to his house at least a few times before. We just had to make sure nobody knew she had been there that night.”

Joey took another breath.

“I found a garbage bag under the bathroom sink. I told her to drop the knife in and said she should take off her dress and put that in the bag, too. She put on Charles’s old T-shirt, and I found a pair of sweatpants in one of Lexi’s drawers. And then I told her to go out the back entrance and get the car.”

“*You* told her to go?” Duffy already knew all this, but she said it in a tone of disbelief. “You, her thirteen-year-old daughter, told your *mother* to go?”

“I was scared she would make things worse. She wasn’t thinking straight. She was stumbling around and crying and saying things.”

“What did she say?”

“Things like, ‘Oh God, what did I do, what did I do?’ I just felt like it would be easier to try and clean up without her there. She finally left.”

“And then what did you do?”

“I brought the garbage bag into Charles’s bedroom. The door was wide-open and the lights were all on...” Joey’s voice trails off.

Duffy gives her the tiniest nod of approval. “Tell us what you saw, Joelle,” she said softly.

“I saw Charles lying on the floor on his side. There was blood everywhere, but most of it was on the carpet where he was. His eyes were closed, and he wasn’t moving. He looked dead. I ... I almost threw up...”

“That’s understandable. Go on.”

“I started picking up everything my mom left behind. Her purse was on the bedside table, and I found her lipstick in the bathroom by the sink. I didn’t know what to take, so I just took everything: the napkins, the forks, the wine bottle, her glass, which had her lipstick on it...”

Another breath.

“And then I heard him moan. I think I jumped, the sound scared me. I turned around to look at him, and his eyes were open. I thought he was going to get up, but he just lay there and said, ‘Joey, call 911. Please. She stabbed me.’”

“Did you call 911?”

“No.”

“Why not?” Duffy asks.

“Because my mother came back. She was paranoid that he wasn’t dead, and she needed to make sure. She saw that his eyes were open and that he was trying to speak, and then something ... changed.”

“What changed?”

“*She* changed. She told me to finish cleaning up, to check everywhere, especially in the bathroom. She’d used Charles’s wife’s hairbrush and deodorant, and she wanted me to get them and put them in the bag. While I was in the bathroom, she must have left and gone into Lexi’s room. When I came out, she was sitting on the chair in the corner, and she had one of Lexi’s ice skates. She was putting it on and lacing it up. I couldn’t understand what she was doing. And...”

“Go on.” An imperceptible nod of encouragement. The crown attorney’s eyes were gleaming. She was going in for the kill.

Joey hesitated, as they’d practiced. She took a breath, as they’d practiced. And then she lifted her chin, looked Duffy square in the eyes, and spoke clearly, just as she’d been asked to do.

“My mother stomped on his neck.”

A couple of the jurors gasped.

Duffy waited a few seconds, and then she said softly, “Tell us the rest, Joelle.”

“She took off the skate and dropped it into the garbage bag with everything else.” Joey looked down at her hands. “And then we went home.”

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

The judge, fully immersed in the testimony, almost forgot to acknowledge that the crown attorney was finished. Madeline Duffy had been seated for a good five seconds before he finally remembered to say, “Mr. Mitchell, your witness.”

Joey watched as her mother’s lawyer stood up. He was a shorter man wearing a shiny gray suit, and he only had hair on the sides and back of his head.

“Joelle, I’m Don Mitchell,” he said. “I want to thank you for being here today. I know this is hard. I’ll try and keep it brief, okay?”

“Okay,” Joey said.

He walked reluctantly toward her, acting as if he was sad to have to put her through this. But Duffy had explained that just as they had practiced Joey’s testimony, Ruby’s lawyer would have done the same with her mother. Everything in court was a stage act. Everything was rehearsed.

“You said you woke up in the guest bedroom to the sounds of your mother and Charles arguing. Did you hear what the argument was about?”

“I only heard bits and pieces.”

“Can you tell us about those bits and pieces?”

“My mother was mad that Charles wanted to break up again. She was yelling that he was just using her, and he was yelling at her to leave.”

“What else did they say?”

“That’s all I could hear.”

“So they weren’t fighting about you?”

Joey looked over at Duffy. “No. Not that I heard.”

Don Mitchell paced slowly. “So you didn’t hear your mother and Charles arguing about you at all?”

“Objection,” Duffy said. “Asked and answered.”

“Sustained,” the judge said.

Mitchell looked at the jury, then back at Joey. “We heard earlier testimony that two of your mother’s previous boyfriends are on the sex

offender registry. Joey, have you ever been abused by any of your mother's boyfriends?"

"Objection," Duffy said. "How is this relevant?"

"It's relevant, Your Honor," Mitchell said. "I'm getting there."

"Get there faster," the judge said.

Mitchell cleared his throat. "At the family court hearing when your diaries were read out loud, you implied that one of your mother's boyfriends —"

"Objection," Duffy said loudly, standing up. "Permission to approach, Your Honor."

Both lawyers moved toward the judge, who covered his microphone with his hand. They spoke in whispers for about a minute, and even though the courtroom was quiet and Joey was straining to hear them, she couldn't make out what anyone was saying. But Duffy had told her this would probably happen.

Joey stared straight ahead. In her peripheral vision, she could sense her mother's eyes on her. Deborah's, too. She couldn't bring herself to make eye contact with either of them.

The judge removed his hand from the microphone.

"The jury will disregard the last question," he said, looking over at the jury box. "The details of the family court hearing are sealed for the protection of the child." He looked down at the court reporter. "Strike it."

The court reporter nodded.

"Okay, Mr. Mitchell," the judge said. "You need to tread lightly here. Remember that your witness is a minor."

"I apologize, Your Honor," Mitchell said. He looked over at the jury, a rueful expression on his face, as if to communicate that he was being prevented from revealing something very important that they needed to hear. "One last question, Joelle, and then we're finished."

Joey nodded, and Mitchell turned away from the jurors to face her directly, his hands in his pockets.

"On the night that Charles died," Mitchell said, "your mother testified that she woke up around one a.m. to discover that Charles was not in bed beside her. She went looking for him and found him in the guest bedroom. He was in bed with you."

Ruby's lawyer now had the same gleam in his eye that Duffy had earlier.

“Was Charles sexually abusing you, Joelle? Please remember, you’re under oath.”

Joey took a deep breath, and when she exhaled, she looked over at her mother. To anyone but her, Ruby’s face was neutral, almost expressionless. But to Joey, her eyes were commanding her daughter to say everything they’d agreed she would say.

For once, her mother was expecting her to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. *If you don’t tell them about Charles, I will die in prison.*

I love you, Mama. I’m sorry.

“No.” Joey spoke clearly into the microphone. “Charles was a really nice man. I liked him. He never touched me. Not once. Not ever.”

Joey stepped down from the witness box. She had to pass her mother on the way out of the courtroom, but she would not make eye contact, she would not say goodbye. As far as she was concerned, they had already said their goodbyes, in the visitors’ area of the jail where Ruby asked for her help.

All the years Joey had told her mother what was happening to her, what was being done *to* her, Ruby did nothing. Half the time, she accused Joey of lying. The other half, she blamed Joey for inviting it. Either way, it never stopped. Her mother had never, and would never, protect her. Ruby was only out for Ruby.

The only way for Joey to save herself ... was to save herself.

She walked with her head up, her eyes staring straight ahead. But before she could pass her mother, Ruby reached into the aisle and gripped Joey’s arm.

“You lying little bitch.”

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

It took the jury ninety-three minutes to declare Ruby Reyes guilty of first-degree murder in the death of Charles Anthony Baxter.

Joey wasn't present for the sentencing. She heard about it from Deborah first, and then an hour later, it was all over the news. Ruby had received a life sentence, with the possibility of parole after twenty-five years. Though Joey had been expecting it, it felt like her mother had died. And all there was to do now was grieve.

The next chapter had officially begun.

That night, Joey fell asleep a few minutes after her head hit the pillow, drifting off to the sound of the frogs at the pond. They were croaking in unison as they always did, their loud, throaty harmony providing an amphibious white noise she found peaceful. Just before sleep found her, she imagined a little frog conductor standing up on his hind legs, his skinny arms directing the choir. How else would they all know to start and stop at the same time ...

She jerked awake to find Tito Micky perched on the edge of her bed.

He had never come in this far before. But tonight, he was sitting at the bottom of her mattress, the side of his face illuminated by the slice of moon beaming in through the windows, a silhouette with half a face. The curtains were never fully closed. The boys didn't like to sleep in total darkness, and though Joey would never admit it to them, she felt the same.

Bad things happened in the dark.

Her uncle stared at her with whiskey-glazed eyes. Joey blinked, then blinked again. Maybe this was a dream. Maybe her testimony at the trial had brought up some terrible memories.

She felt his hand on her thigh.

"Joelle," he breathed. The smell of whiskey on his breath was pungent.

Across the room, she could hear the boys snoring in their bunks. She could hear the frogs and smell the swampy damp of the pond below. She could hear the rustle of the wind in the trees outside. She could hear Tito Micky's slight wheeze.

This was not a dream. This was real, and she could feel her body stiffening from the fear that was beginning to suffocate her. In her mind, she screamed at herself, *Don't freeze! Say something! Turn the light on!* Light vaporized monsters the way water dissolved the Wicked Witch of the West.

But the lamp was too far away, and when she tried to reach for it, her body wouldn't comply. She no longer had the instincts other people had. Her fight-or-flight response had been stolen from her a long time ago. She was frozen.

The only thing she could do was not be *here*.

"Joelle," Tito Micky said again, and she felt his hand move an inch higher.

She closed her eyes and listened to the frogs, willing herself to drift away. She pictured the little green choir director, and imagined she was down at the pond for the live performance. Finally, blessedly, she began to float out of her body and out the window, where she hovered on the other side of the glass, peeking in at the girl on the bed with the monster looming over her.

It's okay. It will be over soon. Just don't look. Just don't feel.

The frog conductor morphed into a *Looney Tunes* cartoon she used to love. A man happened to discover a frog that could sing and dance, and because the frog had a lovely, showtune voice, the man stole him and tried to get him to perform at a concert in front of a huge audience for money. But when the curtain opened, the frog just sat there onstage, and croaked. It always made her laugh.

She imagined herself as the man.

"Sing," she said, and for her, the frog finally complied.

Hello, my baby, hello, my honey, hello, my ragtime gaaaal

Send me a kiss by wire

Baby, my heart's on fire

If you refuse me, honey, you'll lose me

Then you'll be left alone

Oh baby, telephone, and tell me I'm your owwwwwn

"Joelle," Tito Micky breathed again.

The sound of her name thrust her back to the present, and she was angry, because it was hard to transport herself somewhere else if someone was *speaking* to her. She mentally shut her ears; she could not listen, because

listening made it real. She squeezed her eyelids tighter; she could not see, because seeing it made it real.

She willed herself back down to the pond. The frogs would sing her through this. The only thing she needed to do was breathe—inhale, exhale—but it was hard because her stomach was clenched like she was doing sit-ups.

Five more, Joey, she could hear Ruby say, and she flew to her mother, relieved to see her, if only for this one time. Ruby was lying on an exercise mat and a calisthenics tape was playing in the VCR. She was doing sit-ups, and so Joey was doing sit-ups, too, because she liked to do everything her mother did. Joey was seven. *Boys like flat stomachs,* Ruby said. *I blame you for every single one of these stretch marks.*

Someone coughed, and she was back in the bedroom again with the monster. She wanted to thrash, scream, and wake the house up, anything to make him stop.

But she couldn't. Tita Flora would never believe her, and even if she did, it wouldn't be Tito Micky leaving the house. He was her husband, the boys' father, and they were a family, and Tita Flora would not break up her own family. Joey, on the other hand, was an inherited nuisance, the daughter of her murderer sister, the unwanted niece she was paid to care for.

And where would she go anyway? To a foster home full of strangers where there was another Tito Micky?

Because there was always another Tito Micky.

She heard another sound, a bad sound, and this time, she opened her eyes. She didn't mean to, but now she was looking at Tito Micky, and he was looking at her. It occurred to her then that he was interpreting her stillness as *permission*.

But not saying no was not the same thing as saying yes.

NO! she screamed, and while it was only in her head, it was enough to unfreeze her.

She slid her hand out beside her, feeling her way to the little crack between the mattress and the bed. The box cutter was perfectly placed, right where it always was, right where she'd put it as soon as her bed frame had arrived. She grasped it, pushing her thumb onto the slider to extend the blade. She pushed out the sharp metal a quarter of an inch, and then another quarter of an inch, and then just a tiny bit more.

Down by the pond, the frogs went silent.

She brought her arm up and stabbed the box cutter right into Tito Micky's thigh as hard as she could, until the blade met resistance from the plastic sheath. Then she pulled the blade down, slicing an inch of him open vertically, which was more difficult than she thought, because flesh was more unyielding than she thought.

But it was enough.

Her uncle yelped and sprang back, and oh, it felt so good to feel his blood, it felt so good to cause him pain, it felt so good to hurt the monster who was hurting her, if only for tonight. She kicked him hard, and he rolled off the bed, landing with a *thud* on the carpet. He climbed awkwardly to his feet, his whiskey-glazed eyes clearing as his face morphed into panic.

She never knew that blood looked black in the dark.

"*Pasayloa ko,*" he gasped, looking over frantically at the opposite wall where his two young sons were beginning to stir in their beds from the noise. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

Then he stumbled away, his shoulder bumping the doorway, and he was gone.

A sleepy voice from the other side of the room said, "Are you okay, Joey?"

She wiped the box cutter on her fitted sheet, then slid the blade back inside the plastic. She would wash her bedding tomorrow morning, and if anyone asked about the blood, she would say she got her period. Lies were more easily believed than the truth.

"Go back to sleep," she whispered.

The frogs began to croak again.

She was not okay. Not even a little bit. She should have told Deborah the truth when she asked, but really, what would it change? Her mother was in prison, and there was nowhere to go, and so this was her life, because it had always been her life, and it would either kill her, or she would survive it.

Tonight, both sounded equally terrible. She was being punished. For the lie she had told.

And in the end, it wasn't even worth it. There were monsters everywhere. It was like playing that old carnival game, Whac-A-Mole. As soon as she pounded one monster down, another one popped up.

Unable to sleep, Joey lay with her eyes open all night long, watching as the moonlight changed to morning. Only when the sun came up and the room was bright did her eyelids finally grow heavy, and she slipped the box

cutter back between the mattress and the bed frame, back into the crack where nobody looked, because nobody cared.

PART FIVE

We're just two lost souls swimming in a fish bowl

—PINK FLOYD

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

Paris stares at her lawyers from across the kitchen table. Well, one of them is her lawyer. The other is *a* lawyer. But both their faces are somber, and the way they're looking at her now is scaring the shit out of her. They look like they're on the verge of dropping some incredibly bad news.

"Okay, who died?" Paris asks. She winces the second she hears what she just said, and curses her mouth for being faster than her manners. "I'm sorry, bad choice of words. Let me try it again. Why are you both here, and how worried should I be?"

"It's not bad," Elsie says. "It's quite the opposite."

"It's an early Christmas present," Sonny says, his shark grin finally appearing. "Unless you're Jewish, in which case it's all eight days of Hanukkah rolled into one."

Elsie jabs him with her elbow. "You can't say things like that. You'll offend someone."

"Counselors," Paris says, her gaze shifting back and forth between the two of them. "I have no idea what you're talking about."

Sonny slides the folder he brought with him across the table. "Happy fucking holidays."

Paris opens the folder. Inside are three black-and-white photographs of herself, enlarged to 8x10s. She's in her car, and it's nighttime. The first picture shows her full face; she's looking straight ahead through the windshield. The second picture is a 45-degree angle of her looking up as she hands over her passport. And the third photo is of her profile as she waits for the gate to lift. All three are time and date stamped.

US Border Patrol has finally come through, and Paris is looking at proof that she crossed back into the country at the exact time she said she did.

"Got these about an hour ago. The DA's office emailed them to me." Sonny reaches over and taps a thick finger over the time and date stamp. "You crossed at 12:22 a.m., which means the soonest you could have gotten home is two thirty, just like you said."

Paris is afraid to breathe.

“But wait,” Sonny says. “There’s more.”

“What are you going to do, sell her a Thigh Master now?” Elsie shakes her head, but she’s smiling.

Her lawyer pushes another folder toward her. “The medical examiner’s final report. As we thought, it confirms Jimmy’s time of death as between nine thirty and midnight.”

Paris is confused. “I thought you said that was too close for your liking.”

“Not anymore,” Sonny says. “Take a closer look at that report. What does it say right there?” He taps a box in the middle of the page.

Paris follows his finger. “It says cause of death is exsanguination due to a severed femoral artery.”

“Not that,” Sonny says. “Below it.”

Paris looks closer. Under the box for *Underlying Cause of Death*, the box for *Homicide* has been left unchecked. So too have the boxes for *Natural Causes* and *Suicide*. However, there is an X in the box beside *Undetermined*.

“Undetermined? What does that mean?” Paris looks up. “Are they saying they’re not actually sure how Jimmy died?”

“Bingo,” Sonny says. “The ME is saying that there’s no direct evidence confirming that Jimmy’s death was the result of a homicide. And you can’t be charged *with* a homicide if there wasn’t one.”

Paris holds her breath, unable to react until she hears him say it. One of them needs to say it.

“The DA has withdrawn the murder charge,” Elsie says. “It’s over.”

Paris waits three seconds. “Okay,” she says slowly. She refuses to relax until she understands it fully. “But they can still press charges in the future, right?”

“Against you? No.” Sonny cracks his knuckles. “The border crossing photos provide more than enough reasonable doubt. Against someone else? Maybe, if the cause of death changes, which it won’t, or if new evidence comes to light. But if they haven’t found it by now, I doubt they will.”

“All that’s left to do is return your ankle monitor. And I’m happy to take care of that for you.” Elsie reaches across the table and squeezes Paris’s hand. “It’s really over.”

Paris exhales so hard, she collapses in her chair. The tears follow a moment later, which turn into sobs that rack her whole body. She's only vaguely aware of each lawyer's hand touching her shoulder as they leave quietly.

Life has a way of balancing everything out. And the only reason this moment feels so good is that what happened to Jimmy was so bad. She knows the feeling won't last. When Paris is finished crying, all she'll be left with is the guilt that her husband was so unhappy and in such a dark place that he felt the only way out was to end his own life. And she'll spend the rest of her life trying to understand how he got there, how she could have missed it, how she might have saved him.

When the sobs subside, she heads upstairs to her room to wash her face and change into something comfortable. She needs to call Henry, and then she needs to finish making plans for Jimmy's funeral. Per his wishes, he'll be cremated, and his urn will rest next to his mother's in the family mausoleum.

A little way down the hall, she sees that the door to Jimmy's bedroom is open. She can still smell the bleach coming out of it, reminding her that it's been cleaned and that it's safe to go inside. She takes a step toward it, then stops. The last time she was in Jimmy's bedroom was the night he died.

She's not ready.

Jimmy, I love you. And I'm sorry. I'm so, so, so sorry.

All that's left to do now is grieve. And the way Paris grieves is: she cooks.

For the past couple of hours, she's been listening to Jimmy's cassettes on his old boombox in the kitchen. It's nice. Every song on his "Hits of '70s" compilation cassette has a memory of her husband attached to it. Right now, The Hollies are playing, and she can picture Jimmy sitting at the table with his reading glasses on, drinking his coffee as a light rain comes down on the window. *Sometimes, all I need is the air that I breathe ...*

She lifts the lid off her Le Creuset and gives the lightly simmering pork adobo a stir. Every cook has their own recipe for the traditional Filipino stew. Some like it saucy. Some like it dry. But the basic ingredients in any Filipino adobo are soy sauce, vinegar, bay leaves, and patience. She's also making *lumpia* (spring rolls) and a huge batch of *pancit* (noodles), and when she's finished, she'll have enough leftovers for a week. The only good thing

that ever came out of her time in Maple Sound was that Lola Celia taught her to cook.

The doorbell rings. Paris checks the clock on the stove and frowns. She can't imagine who could be at the front door at nine o'clock at night, other than a photographer hoping for a picture or a journalist hoping for a comment. But the crowd that was camped outside for the past week is finally gone now, and the neighborhood is back to normal, with its usual amount of city gazers taking photos at Kerry Park.

The doorbell rings again, and this time, it's followed by a knock. Whoever it is, they know she's home, because all the lights are on inside the house. She looks around for her phone to see if she's missed a text. Maybe Henry was planning to stop by. But she left her phone upstairs on the charger.

A thought occurs to her. What if it's *Ruby*? She's out on parole now, and although she's forbidden to leave Canada, her mother has always been crafty. And she can be very motivated when someone else has something she wants. Like husbands. And money.

The knocking stops. Paris keeps her ears perked, waiting for the doorbell to ring again. It doesn't. Padding down the hallway to the front door, she finally looks out the peephole to see if she can at least catch a glimpse of who it might have been. But there's no one there.

Feeling a little rattled, Paris heads back into the kitchen. She'd started cooking around six o'clock when her stomach began to rumble, and then got carried away—she's knee-deep in it now. The song has changed to "Midnight Train to Georgia," and she sings along softly with Gladys Knight. *I'd rather live in his world than live without him in mine ...*

Something crashes outside, and she jumps. *What the hell is going on?* Is someone in the backyard? Are they trying to break in now?

In a panic, she reaches for the closest sharp object she can find: the cleaver she used to chop all the vegetables for the *pancit*. There's a glare on the kitchen windows and patio doors from the overhead lights, preventing her from seeing anything in the backyard, so she flicks them all off before approaching the glass to see if there's anyone outside.

A man appears at the patio door, and she screams, nearly dropping the cleaver. Whoever he is, he must have hopped the fence. He's dressed in dark clothing, wearing a black ball cap with some kind of red insignia on it. She fumbles for the switch to the backyard lights, but it's dark, and all she ends

up doing is flicking the kitchen lights back on again. The face vanishes behind a reflection of white.

The man pounds on the patio door.

“Go away,” she says, as authoritatively as she can muster. “You are trespassing, and I’m going to call the police.”

But how can she call? Her fucking phone is all the way upstairs.

He pounds on the glass again, and her fingers finally find the lights for the backyard. She switches them on, and sees a tall Black man staring in at her.

“Come on, Joey,” Drew says, his voice muffled behind the glass. “Let me in.”

CHAPTER FORTY

Paris hasn't had the wind physically knocked out of her since she was a child, but this feels almost the same. An emotional gut punch, right to the diaphragm, and now she can't breathe.

There was a sci-fi action movie she and Drew had rented a long time ago called *Timecop*, starring Jean-Claude Van Damme. It's set in the future, where a cop is sent back to the past via time travel to prevent something bad from happening. She can't remember the specific details of the plot now, but she does remember that the younger version of Jean-Claude cannot in any way touch the older version of Jean-Claude, or they'll both explode into nothing, like a supernova. There was a line that was quoted throughout: *The same matter cannot occupy the same space.*

Joey Reyes and Paris Peralta cannot both be here. And yet, looking at Drew through the glass of her back patio doors, this is exactly what's happening. Her mind flies through the possibilities of what she should do next.

Option one: She can pretend she's not Joey and insist she doesn't know this man. As stupid as it was, this was always her plan if she ever found herself confronted with her past. If you deny something over and over again, and for long enough, people might eventually believe you. It works for politicians. Bonus: You might even convince yourself it's the truth.

Option two: She can call the police, say she has a stalker, and have him arrested for trespassing.

Option three: She can kill him.

But it's too late for any of those. Drew is looking right at her, and she at him, and she knows that the mindfuck of the situation has got to be written all over her face. Maybe if she'd known he was coming, she would have had time to prepare, to practice her reaction. But that's exactly why he didn't call first, or text, or send an email. He needed her reaction to prove she was Joey. He needed to make sure she wouldn't run.

The past is melding with the present. The truth is mixing with the lies. This is a supernova.

“Joey, I didn’t come all this way to fuck up your life,” Drew says through the glass. “If I was going to do that, I would have just called the cops. Come on, open the door.”

She stares at him, unable to move, feeling her mind trying to disconnect, trying to not be *here*.

“Joey, please,” he says again. “I came all this way. I just want to talk to you.” He glances up at the dark sky. “And it’s starting to rain.”

Even now, nineteen years since she last heard his voice, Drew sounds maddeningly, infuriatingly *reasonable*.

She reaches forward and turns the deadbolt, and then reaches up to flip the security latch. She steps back as Drew pulls open the door and steps into the kitchen. He takes off his ball cap, shakes off the moisture, and then puts it back on.

He looks around. He takes in the kitchen, the food simmering on the stove, the kitchen table where she was wrapping *lumpia*, and then his gaze is back on her. She realizes then that the red insignia on his hat is a dinosaur claw shaped like a basketball. A Toronto Raptors hat. Because it’s Drew Malcolm. From Toronto.

“Do you think you could put down the cleaver?” he asks.

Paris opens her mouth to speak, but nothing comes out. She’s imagined this moment a thousand times, of course, in various scenarios, this one included, but now that it’s actually happening, it feels nothing like she expected.

“You’re scaring me right now,” Drew says. “You have this look on your face, and I can’t tell whether you’re going to kill me or ask me if I’m hungry.”

“*I’m scaring you?*” she says, incredulous.

“Joey.” Drew’s voice softens into a gentler tone. “It’s *me*. I came here straight from the airport. I didn’t come all this way to hurt you, I promise. I just needed to see for myself that you’re really alive. And here you are. Alive. And you should know that despite everything, I’m really glad that you are.”

“What do you want, Drew?” she asks.

She hates the way her voice sounds, small and timid. It’s like she’s nineteen again, hoping to find a place to stay, armed only with a duffel bag and the cash she stole from Maple Sound, facing Drew in that shitty little basement apartment kitchen with the checkerboard floors, crossing her

fingers that he'll see past his preconceived notions since it's clear he knew who she was. Only now, it's Drew standing in her decidedly not-shitty kitchen, and she's still hoping he'll see past everything he thinks he knows and allow her to explain.

Drew steps forward slowly, his hands up. When he's a couple of steps away from her, he reaches forward and carefully takes the cleaver out of her hands, and places it in the sink. He then lets out a sigh of relief. As if he actually thinks she might have whacked him with it.

In fairness, she did consider it for a split second. But that's because he surprised her, and she was panicking.

"You faked your death?" Drew says. "Are you fucking serious?"

"I'm sorry."

"You're *sorry*?"

She looks up at him. He looks down at her. She forgot how tall he is. There are specks of rain on his glasses. She doesn't know what to say, other than to apologize. If their positions were reversed, she would be angry as hell, too. And in this moment, standing in front of him, his body less than two feet away from hers, she suddenly can't remember why she did it, why she ran, why she ran away from Toronto, why she ran away from him.

Drew is waiting for her to say something. She needs to say something. Anything. *Goddammit, speak.*

She bursts into tears.

He steps forward and wraps his arms around her, squeezing her tight, and he feels different but the same, and he smells different but the same, and as terrified as she is that he's found her, he's *here*, and she's glad. She feels his lips brush her hair. He breathes into her ear as he speaks slowly and evenly, enunciating every word.

"I am so fucking mad at you."

"Are you hungry?" Paris asks.

He chuckles, as if he knew she would ask that, and nods. "Starving. Last thing I ate was seven hours ago."

"I'll fix you a plate," she says. "There's beer in the fridge. Help yourself."

She sticks a few rolls of *lumpia* in the air fryer, then putters around the kitchen. She fills a plate for him, and then a plate for herself, scooping freshly made rice out of the cooker before spooning a generous amount of

adobo on top. *Pancit*, too. It feels good to have a task that allows her to be busy so she doesn't have to look at him while she compiles her thoughts. She can feel him watching her, and is suddenly aware that she's wearing the oldest, baggiest sweats she owns, her hair in a loose, messy ponytail. She pulls two beers out of the fridge.

She can't decide whether to tell him the truth, or some of it, or none of it. She sets his plate down. He takes a bite, chews slowly, then nods. "It tastes just like I remember."

They eat in silence, the two of them darting looks at each other between bites. It feels awkward and familiar at the same time. He hasn't changed all that much, though there's a softer thickness to his body now, the kind that comes with age. There are a few lines around his eyes and mouth that weren't there before. His hair, cut short, is still mostly black, with only a hint of gray at the temples. She wonders what he's thinking about her. His face has always been hard to read.

She reaches for the ball cap sitting on the table beside him and examines it, running her finger along the embroidered Raptors logo.

"Think they'll ever win a championship?" she finally asks, breaking the silence.

"Yes," he says. "You ever think to call and say, 'Hey, Drew, guess what, I'm not dead'?"

She puts the hat down. "I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"Because I couldn't ask you to keep that secret."

The air fryer dings, and she gets up to retrieve the *lumpia*. She serves them with a store-bought sweet chili dipping sauce.

"I cook when I'm sad," she says. "You know that."

"I'm sorry about your husband," Drew says. "I heard on the way over here that the murder charge against you was dropped. Still, do you mind if I ask—"

"I didn't kill Jimmy," Paris says. "The official cause of death is undetermined, but we believe he died by suicide."

"We'?"

"The people who knew him best," Paris says, and leaves it at that.

"I'm sorry," Drew says again. "I understand you're grieving, but I grieved *you*. Do you understand that? For nineteen years, I blamed myself for your death."

“Why?” Of all the things she imagined him saying, him thinking her death was his fault had never crossed her mind. “The fire had nothing to do with you.”

“It would have been nice if you told me that,” he says. “I was the one who ID’d your body that night.”

She nearly chokes. “What? How?”

“I came back,” Drew says. “After we talked. You went inside, I drove away. And then I came back. There were fire trucks, police. They were loading your dead body onto an ambulance, and I looked under the tarp.”

“Oh God.” Paris stares at him. “Oh, Drew.”

“And so before we get into anything, and we *are* going to get into it,” he says, raising an eyebrow, “I want to start with an apology.”

“I’m sorry,” she says.

“Not you. Me.” Drew’s plate is empty, and he pushes it to the side. “I owe you an apology for the things I said to you that night. There hasn’t been a day I haven’t thought about it. All I ever wanted was to rewind and go back to those last moments in the car with you and take back everything I said. I’m sorry. For judging you when it wasn’t my place. For making you feel like shit. Do you forgive me?”

Paris can see from his face that he means every word. She swallows, and then nods. “How ... how was the wedding?”

“I never got married,” Drew says. “And don’t try and change the subject. A girl died, Joey. You have some explaining to do.”

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

She tells him about Mae, and Drew doesn't say a word the entire time she's speaking. He'd always been a good listener. The only time he shows any kind of reaction is when she tells him that Chaz, the bouncer from the Cherry he met that night, was the one who got her the Paris Aquino ID. Drew's face does a thing, but she doesn't know what it means.

"I believe you," he says when she finishes. "It's the conclusion I came to when I fell down this rabbit hole. I figured out it was probably Vinny Tranh who killed her. What I couldn't understand was why you set the fire. You could have just called the police."

"And then what?" Paris asks. "The police start looking for Vinny? What if he found me before they found him? Mae hid the drugs and cash in my apartment, in a spot nobody was supposed to know about. What if Vinny thought me and Mae were in on it together?" She looks away. "I had the cash. I saw a way out. A chance at a new life. I took it. Honestly, I didn't think anyone would miss me."

"Not even me?" Drew asks.

"Especially not you."

A short silence.

"How much cash was it?"

"A hundred grand. Combined with my savings, I had enough to get where I was going."

"And where did you go?"

"Everywhere, but nowhere special."

"And you settled in Seattle?"

"I like it here." She frowns. "Why does it feel like you're interrogating me?"

"Because I am. I'm trying to make sense of it, why people around you tend to end up dead." Drew's voice hardens. "Think about it from my perspective. Charles Baxter. Mae Ocampo. Jimmy fucking Peralta. What's the common denominator? *You*. And you've already proven you have the

incredible capacity to lie. Your entire life now is a lie. Every one of those people died prematurely from exsanguination. That means—”

“I fucking know what ‘exsanguination’ means,” Paris snaps. “I probably knew that word before you did. And don’t come at me with your Occam’s razor bullshit. Life is complicated, Drew. And in case you didn’t notice, I’m not a girl anymore, and you’re not allowed to lecture me. Thank you, by the way, for reminding me of how self-righteous you can be. It’s probably your only flaw, but you might remember it’s the reason things didn’t go so well the last time we spoke.”

Drew sighs and puts a hand up. “Okay, look, it’s been a long few days —”

“I’m not finished.”

Paris stands up, puts their plates in the sink, and leans against the counter, trying to stay calm. She thinks carefully about what she wants to say to him now, because this may be the only opportunity she has to say it before she throws him out.

“You always came across as this self-aware, sensitive guy who was willing to listen,” she says. “And I know you’ve apologized, but even your apology comes with an agenda. Telling me you’re sorry is just your way of manipulating me into letting my guard down, so that I’ll talk to you. But the truth is, you were the person who judged me more than anyone else ever did. My mother never had expectations for me. She thought I was nothing, and that was an easy standard to meet. But you? You had all these hopes for what you thought I could be, which were really just expectations disguised as optimism.”

She looks down at him, her breath coming fast.

“And when I didn’t turn out the way you hoped, when you decided that I didn’t meet your definition of what a good person was, when you couldn’t *fix* me, I became *less than* to you. Even now, all these years later, you’re expecting me to apologize to you for the choices I made when I was twenty, that had nothing to do with you. I can say that I’m sorry I left Toronto with you thinking I was dead—I agree that was a shit move. But I won’t say I’m sorry for anything else, because you don’t know what it’s like, Drew.”

Paris is heaving.

“You don’t know what it’s like to be born into a life of cruelty and abuse, and you don’t know what it’s like to have to claw your way out in order to have any sense of self-worth. There’s probably a long line of people

who will always wonder if I actually did kill my husband, and there's nothing I can do about that. They're allowed to think whatever they want. But not one of those people is allowed in this house, because I decided a long time ago that I'm done being everyone's toilet. You no longer get to shit your opinions on me. So if you're going to sit there like the king of perfect, you can take your Raptors hat, go back to Toronto, and go fuck yourself with it."

She gets up and walks away. If she stays in the kitchen, she doesn't know what she'll do. She plops down on the living room sofa and puts her head in her hands.

She's so tired. So tired of the journey she took to get here, and already exhausted just thinking about the thousand more miles she still needs to go. It doesn't matter that the murder charge was dropped. There will always be whispers, questions, doubt.

And she hasn't even dealt with Ruby yet.

A few minutes later, Drew takes a seat beside her on the couch. He hands her a fresh beer. He's gotten himself another one, too.

"I deserved that," he says quietly. "Joey—"

"It's Paris now."

"It feels weird to call you that," Drew says. "But you're right. You're Paris now. I'm sorry, okay? In another life, you and I were best friends. I don't know where things stand now. I do know I want to understand. The last time I saw you, you were on a stretcher under a tarp, being moved into the back of an ambulance. I saw your body. I saw the burns. If not for the tattoo and your necklace..."

"You saw the burned body?" she asks, hearing the anguish in his voice.

He nods. "It was bad."

She slumps into the sofa. For nearly two decades, she hadn't allowed herself to think about Mae, who was so vibrant, the kind of girl who could instantly change the energy of a room just by walking into it. She had loved Mae. Just like she had loved Drew.

Paris leans her head back against the sofa. She's completely wiped out.

Drew looks at her. "I should go."

"Stay," she says, and it surprises them both. She reaches for his hand. "Just stay. Please. We can talk about the rest of it in the morning, if you still want to. But you're the one person who knows me, Drew. So just ... stay."

He doesn't say anything, but he doesn't move, so Paris leans into him and rests her cheek on his shoulder. They stay like that for a while, and as she listens to him fall asleep first, she wonders what Drew would think if he knew the truth about Charles.

Because Drew doesn't know her, not really. If he did, he would leave. In the end, everybody leaves.

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

When Paris wakes up the next morning, the doorbell is ringing and Drew is gone.

She sits up, the sofa blanket falling off her. At some point in the night, he must have covered her with it, which is something he used to do whenever she'd fall asleep in front of the TV in their apartment all those years ago. He was only here for maybe fourteen hours total, but already she feels his absence.

He didn't even say goodbye.

She pads upstairs to retrieve her phone, and sees that she has several texts and emails, many from people who've been silent the past couple of weeks. The press release from the DA was released the evening before. *The underlying cause of Jimmy Peralta's death has been ruled undetermined. The District Attorney's Office has withdrawn the first-degree murder charge against Paris Peralta.*

Henry texted her a link to a local news station's website where there's a video of Sonny Everly's response, which appears to have been filmed earlier that morning in front of his law office. "Jimmy Peralta's death has not been ruled a homicide, because there's simply no evidence to prove that it was," her lawyer said to a dozen or so reporters, looking rather respectable in a suit and tie. "Even so, my client, Paris Peralta, has been cleared of all wrongdoing, and she respectfully requests that you all give her time and space to grieve her enormous loss."

Henry has also texted, *Don't read the comments!* which of course is a surefire way to make her want to read the comments. She scrolls down, and the first one she sees says *Paris Peralta got away with murder!* She puts her phone down immediately. In a lot of ways, it doesn't matter that the murder charge against her has been dropped. She's already been tried in the court of public opinion, and been found guilty. Sighing, she pads to the window and chances a peek out from behind the shades. Other than the usual sightseers across the street at Kerry Park, there's nobody there.

It's really over. Life can go back to normal. Except she has no idea what normal is now, without Jimmy.

The aroma of fresh coffee hits her when she enters the kitchen, and she's surprised to see a half-full pot in the coffee maker. Somehow, the kitchen is clean. All the food from the night before has been stored away neatly in the fridge, dirty dishes in the dishwasher. She wonders if Zoe is here somewhere, because this is the kind of thing the assistant always did. But it's not Zoe. Outside on the patio, Paris sees a man in one of the lounge chairs with his legs up, typing on a laptop.

She swallows. It's Drew. He didn't leave. When she opens the glass doors, he looks up with a grin.

"Good morning." Drew closes his computer, and then stands, stretching his arms up over his head. He's dressed in swim trunks and a damp tank top. "You slept ten hours. You must have needed it."

"You're still here." Paris is thrilled to see him, but tries not to let it show. She moves aside as he steps through the patio doors and into the kitchen. "How long have you been up?" The stove clock tells her it's ten a.m.

"About three hours. I'm still on East Coast time. I didn't want you waking up alone." He places his laptop on the counter. "Don't worry, I had things to do. I made coffee, went for a swim in your pool, and fixed myself a plate of leftovers for breakfast. I figured if I was going to overstay my welcome, I might as well go all the way."

She grins.

"And you're lucky that I didn't know you still had one of these lying around, or else I would have brought all my old mixtapes." He points to Jimmy's old Sony stereo. "You know I have songs on those tapes that aren't available on iTunes, that I haven't heard in two decades? I might have to go on eBay and find myself an old boombox."

Even after nineteen years, he's still so ... *Drew*. It feels exactly right for him to be here, to cover her with a blanket, to make himself at home. She doesn't know where they go from here, but in this moment, she's never been more certain about one thing: she wants her best friend back.

His phone pings, and he grimaces when he reads the message. "Shit. I forgot to check into the hotel last night, and they just canceled my reservation. And now the hotel is fully booked. Any recommendations? I thought I'd stick around for a couple of days."

For me? she wonders, but she doesn't dare say it out loud.

"I have a bunch of recommendations, but I'm not giving them to you." She pours herself a cup of coffee. "You can stay here."

"I don't think that's a good idea." Drew hesitates. "Don't you think that might, I don't know, raise some eyebrows?"

"Since I married Jimmy, my entire existence has been one big raised eyebrow," she says dryly. "I have two perfectly good unused guest bedrooms upstairs, and you already know the food and the pool here are better than at any hotel. Just stay, okay? It's..." She pauses. "It's nice having you here."

They make eye contact. Paris looks away first.

"All right, you're stuck with me for a while longer." Drew rubs his face. "I could use a shower and a shave, and of course a razor is the one thing I forgot to pack. Any chance you have one I can borrow? Otherwise, I can run back out."

"I have a Venus disposable I can lend you." Paris snorts when he makes a face. "Kidding. I'm pretty sure there's a pack of Gillettes upstairs. I'll find them for you."

The doorbell rings. They exchange a look.

"Want me to hide?" Drew asks.

While he says it in a joking tone, they both know it's a legitimate question. A houseguest so soon? And a man, to boot? There'll be questions. And judgment.

"No," Paris says, sounding more decisive than she feels. "You're my guest. You don't have to hide from anything or anyone."

The doorbell rings again, and then there's a muffled knock, as if someone is using an elbow or a knee to bang on the door.

"You sure?" Drew says. "I can make myself scarce. Although my rental car is parked in the driveway."

"I'm a free woman now, and you're my friend. I don't owe anybody an explanation." Paris pads toward the front door, and Drew follows. "Although, there's no reason to give specifics if anyone asks how you and I know each other. Let's just keep it vague."

She unlocks the door. Zoe is standing on the porch, her hands full. She's got her laptop bag over one shoulder and a large cardboard box from the post office in her arms. Piled on top of the box are several unopened packages she must have also picked up. The box is more of Jimmy's fan mail, of course, a reminder that Paris is going to have to deal with Ruby, and soon.

Not that Ruby would ever let her forget. By now her mother must be well aware that Paris is inheriting everything Jimmy left her, and she's betting that Ruby will push even harder for her money now that the murder charge has been withdrawn.

Paris is a millionaire now. As is the frizzy-haired woman standing in front of her.

"Why didn't you just let yourself in?" Paris reaches forward and takes the packages off the top of the box before they can slide off. "You still have your door code."

"I didn't want to assume it was okay to use it again," the former assistant says, stepping inside. "And is that a rental car in the driveway? I saw an Avis sticker—" She stops when she sees Drew. "Oh. *Hello.*"

"Let me grab this for you." Drew reaches out to take the box from Zoe's hands, and then flashes her a charming smile. "I'm Drew. An old friend of J—" He coughs. "Of Paris's."

"I'm Zoe," she says, appearing not to catch the near blunder. She gives him a once-over, and Paris stifles a smile at the slightly breathless tone in the other woman's voice. "Great to meet you."

"Can I put this somewhere for you?" Drew asks, his smile widening.

"Anywhere is fine," Zoe says, still staring up at him.

Paris points down the hallway. "Jimmy's office is good, if you don't mind," she says to Drew with a small smirk. "Thanks."

When he's out of sight, Zoe takes the packages back from Paris. "Where did *he* come from?" she asks. "And is he single? I didn't see a wedding ring."

"He's ... actually, I don't know. We haven't had a chance to catch up fully yet, but the last time we saw each other, he was in a serious relationship." It's the truth. Paris just doesn't bother to mention that this was nearly twenty years ago. "You want some coffee? And you know you didn't have to stop by the post office, right? You're not on the payroll anymore."

"Yeah, about that," Zoe says, following her into the kitchen, where she places the packages on the table. "What if I was? I know I said I was planning to move on, but I don't feel right leaving you to deal with all this. There's stuff I've ordered for Jimmy that will still be arriving that needs to be sorted and returned. There's his fan mail—"

"I can help with that," Paris says quickly.

“—and I have to make updates to the website. Also, Jimmy was involved in a lot of charities. He was always talking about starting a foundation, and I thought I could—” Zoe hesitates. “I was going to propose that we honor him by starting it on his behalf. If that’s something you’re interested in. There’s already money earmarked for it in his will, and you wouldn’t have to do much, as I could—”

“Do it,” Paris says immediately. “I’ll kick in ten million. I’d like to be involved, of course, but only behind the scenes. You should be the one to run it. Why don’t we talk more about it after the funeral?”

“Sounds like a plan.” Zoe smiles and squeezes her arm. “Speaking of which, Elsie should be here soon. She wants to help with the arrangements. My advice? Don’t let her take over. Because she will. She thinks she knew Jimmy better than anyone.”

“Well, in fairness, she did.”

“Maybe,” Zoe says. “But the problem with going that far back with someone is that they have a hard time letting go of the old versions of you. Jimmy worked really hard to evolve. But whenever Elsie was here, all they did was talk about the old days. I always thought their friendship kept him stuck in the past.”

Paris nods, thinking of Drew upstairs. “Do you think it’s possible for old friendships to evolve but stay close, even if both people have changed?”

Zoe’s eyes flicker to the ceiling, as if she has some sense of what Paris might be getting at. “I don’t know. But I do think good friendships are worth fighting for.”

The doorbell rings again. It’s starting to feel like old times. There was always a lot of activity around the house when Jimmy was alive, people coming and going. Even when he was retired, his presence created a certain kind of energy.

“I’ll get it,” Zoe says. “Remember, Elsie is here to help, not make all the decisions. You get to decide whether we celebrate Jimmy big, or small.”

“What do you think he would have wanted?”

“Jimmy always seemed happiest when he had all his friends around.” Zoe’s smile is gentle. “But he’s not here. His celebration of life is *about* him, but it’s *for* us. You should do whatever you feel comfortable with.”

The last thing Paris wants is to mingle in a house full of people she barely knows, many of whom she won’t know at all, but Zoe is right that it would have made her husband happy. When she and Jimmy got married,

Paris stepped into Jimmy's world. Soon enough, she'll step back out, and back into the quiet life. After all the things Jimmy has done for her, she can do this for him.

The doorbell rings again, followed by an impatient knock.

"All right, you better let Elsie in," Paris says. "Drew needs to borrow a disposable razor, and they're in Jimmy's room. I haven't been back in there since..."

"It's okay to go in. His room is pristine, like nothing ever happened. I checked myself after the cleaning crew left." Zoe touches Paris's arm again. "I promise it will be fine."

"I can see why he loved you," Paris says with a soft smile. "You really are a gem."

"I could say the same about you."

It's not exactly a fresh start, but it's safe to say they've turned a page.

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

Paris takes a deep breath and opens Jimmy's door. Before she can chicken out, she crosses the bedroom quickly, heading straight for his private bathroom. The scent of bleach hits her, not strong, but not faint. As Zoe promised, everything looks as it should. The white tile is white, the bathtub is shining, the glass is wiped clear.

She opens the first vanity drawer and pokes around, looking for the disposable razors she bought her husband months earlier. Oh, the drama over *shaving*. As she searches through the random dental floss picks, combs, hair pomades, colognes, and the electric shaver he always forgot to charge, their last argument comes back to her. They'd ended it on a compromise.

"Just give me the damn razor," Paris had snapped. "If you're going to insist on a straight shave, then at least let me do it for you."

The suggestion worked. Jimmy had finally calmed down.

"This is the beginning of the end, kid," he'd said with a dramatic sigh. He was sitting on the edge of the tub, facing the tile with his head tilted back, his face and throat slathered in shaving cream. Paris stood behind him and worked slowly, being sure to keep the exact right amount of pressure on his skin. It was her first time shaving anyone, with a straight razor or any other device. "Today, I can't shave. A couple of years from now, I probably won't be able to take a piss. My balls are already creeping down to my knees. I'm on the downward slide to dead."

"Don't you dare make me laugh, or I might accidentally cut you," Paris told him. She leaned over to give his forehead a kiss. "You're lucky I love you, you stubborn, cranky old man."

She pulls open the second drawer now and sees his small collection of straight razors. Four of them, all folded to protect the blades, lined up neatly on a soft microfiber cloth. It reminds her that the police still have the one that Jimmy used on himself, and she wonders if they'll ever return it. Jimmy owned five razors, each one with its own little backstory.

Would it be weird to have Jimmy's straight razor collection framed? He'd cherished these razors. He was so old school in the things he loved.

“If you don’t follow the trends, you can never go out of style,” he used to quip.

A thought niggles at Paris then, and she stops. Something’s not right. When the crime scene forensic team was here, they’d photographed the bathroom extensively, including the contents of the drawers. Sonny had insisted she look at all the pictures so she’d understand the full extent of the evidence the prosecution had against her. Unless she’s misremembering, didn’t the crime scene photos show one straight razor, presumed to be the murder weapon, lying on the bathroom floor by the tub, and only *three* razors in the drawer?

If so, that would mean that on the day she was arrested, one razor from Jimmy’s collection was missing. And now it was ... *back*?

She shakes her head. That can’t be right.

Opening the bottom drawer, Paris finally sees the unopened pack of Gillette safety razors that Jimmy never bothered to use. She grabs it and heads out of the bathroom.

“Hey,” Drew says from the bedroom doorway. He’s changed into regular shorts and a T-shirt. “Great water pressure in that guest bathroom. Any luck with the razor?”

“Here.” She hands him the pack of Gillettes.

“What’s the matter?” he asks. “Your face is doing a thing.”

She doesn’t answer him.

It’s possible Jimmy misplaced one of his razors. In fact, with his memory issues, it’s likely. But still ...

She moves past Drew and jogs down the stairs to the kitchen. She passes Elsie sitting in Jimmy’s office, who gives her a small wave. The lawyer appears to be on a work call. Zoe is at the kitchen table, sorting through the contents of the opened packages as Creedence Clearwater Revival plays on the old Sony stereo. *I wanna know, have you ever seen the rain ...*

Paris grabs her phone from the counter and heads back upstairs. Somewhere in her Gmail is a PDF file Sonny sent her after their first meeting, which includes the crime scene photos.

She finds the email as she enters Jimmy’s bedroom once again, and opens the attachment. She scrolls past the numerous pictures of Jimmy’s body, the blood smears, the area on the tub’s edge where Paris hit her head. Finally, she finds what she’s looking for.

In the crime scene photo, there are one, two, *three* straight razors in the drawer.

She scrolls back up to the close-up shot of the razor the police still have, and confirms that it's the one with the ebony handle that Jimmy bought in Germany. Which means the razor missing in the photo—which has since been mysteriously returned—is the one Elsie gave to Jimmy. Paris had used it to shave Jimmy that morning. She remembers because when she was finished, she had rinsed it, careful to ensure there were no bits of shaving cream or hair stuck in the inscription. IT'S A CUTTHROAT BUSINESS, BUT YOU SLAYED IT. LOVE, E.

And then she had left it on the edge of the sink to dry.

So who had taken it? It had to be the same person who put it back in the drawer. Considering how few people have been in the house recently, the list of possibilities is short.

Drew meets her in the upstairs hallway, his face freshly smooth. “Want to tell me what you're thinking about?”

Again she doesn't answer, and he follows her downstairs to the kitchen.

Still at the table, Zoe has sorted through the packages and is now on her laptop, printing return labels for the items going back. Drew walks over and picks up an eight-pack of Maxell cassette tapes sealed tightly in clear plastic wrap.

“I can't believe they still make these,” he says, delighted.

“Right?” Zoe glances up at him with a smile. “And thank God they do, because Jimmy used them to record himself practicing his jokes. He ran through the last eight-pack in about two weeks.”

“Hey Zoe, quick question,” Paris says. “Did you happen to take one of Jimmy's straight razors out of his drawer? Before he died?”

“Hmmm?” Zoe continues typing.

“You know, the one that was engraved, from Elsie? It wasn't in the drawer on the day the crime scene unit was here taking photos. But it's back in the drawer now.”

Zoe's gaze remains fixed on her screen as she answers. “Did I ever tell you about the time Jimmy and I were traveling here to Seattle, and he tried to put his straight razors in his carry-on? TSA caught it, of course, and you should have seen their faces. If he wasn't Jimmy Peralta, they probably would have arrested him. I was able to get it into his checked luggage.” She rolls her eyes. “Typical Jimmy. So smart in some ways, and so clueless in others.”

“Zoe.” Paris does her best to stay patient. “The straight razor. The one from Elsie. Did you take it, maybe to have it sharpened, before Jimmy died? And then put it back, sometime after the house was released back to me?”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about. I never touched Jimmy’s razors.”

“When were you last in his bathroom?”

“I told you, I gave the bathroom a quick look after the cleaning crew left. But I didn’t actually go inside.” Zoe looks up again, and this time she sits back in her chair. “What’s going on? Why are you interrogating me?”

Paris crosses her arms over her chest and waits. Drew is leaning on the kitchen counter, pretending to browse through Jimmy’s cassette collection.

“The last time I was physically inside Jimmy’s bathroom was the night of his charity gig,” Zoe says. “Remember I told you he was upset with his performance? When we got home, he wanted to practice in the bathroom so he could see himself in the mirror.”

Paris nods.

“When he got upstairs, he called down and said the tape in the deck was full, and he asked for a fresh one. We only had one tape left, so I brought it up to him, and then filed the other one in his office.” Zoe holds up the package of Maxell cassettes. “And then I ordered him another batch. Right after he told me to go home.”

“Wait.” Paris stares at her for a moment, then turns to Drew, who’s still pretending he’s not paying attention. She turns back to Zoe. “Are you telling me that the cassette in the tape deck was *new*?”

“Yes.”

“And you put it in at what time?”

“Nine thirty or so, right before I left.” Zoe is exasperated. “What are you getting at, Paris? I feel like you’re accusing me of something.”

“The police confiscated the cassette that was in the stereo as part of their evidence.” Paris speaks slowly, trying to process this new information. “That cassette had Elsie’s voice on it right at the end. It wasn’t anything much, something like, ‘Did you forget we had plans?’ And then Jimmy stopped the recording.”

Drew is looking at her, nodding. He seems to understand exactly where this is going, even though it’s clear Zoe does not.

“But when the police asked Elsie about it—” Paris stops abruptly.

Elsie has entered the kitchen, finished with her work call. In her hand are several return shipping labels that she grabbed from the printer in Jimmy's office, and she hands them to Zoe.

"When the police asked Elsie what?" she says to Paris. Then she turns to Drew, looking him up and down. "Hi. Elsie Dixon. And who might you be?"

"Drew Malcolm." He shakes her hand.

"What is it?" Elsie looks around. "What are we talking about?"

"Elsie." Paris works to control her voice. Internally, she wants to scream. "When was the last time you saw Jimmy?"

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

If not for Jimmy's old stereo playing a Fleetwood Mac song, the kitchen would be completely silent. It feels like everyone is holding their breath, and all eyes are on the petite lawyer. *Thunder only happens when it's raining ...*

"Elsie," Paris says again. "I need you to answer the question, please. When did you last see Jimmy?"

"You already know when I last saw Jimmy." Elsie tucks a lock of silver hair behind her ear. "The detective asked me that during your first interview, remember? It was a few days before he died. Tuesday. I came here to the house to pick him up for breakfast."

"And that's how your voice got on the tape," Paris says. "The one Detective Kellogg asked you about. The one of Jimmy practicing."

"Are you telling me or asking me?" Elsie looks around the kitchen, aware that everyone is staring at her. "Yes, that's how my voice got on the tape. Now, why don't you just say what you're actually trying to say?"

Zoe's gasp is sharp and loud, and they all turn to her. She finally understands what Paris is getting at, and her eyes widen as she stares at Elsie.

"Oh my God, you lied," Zoe says, a hand over her mouth. "You fucking lied. That cassette with your voice on it wasn't from Tuesday morning. It was from the night Jimmy died. I put in a new tape at nine thirty, before I went home. Which means that you were here, at the house, in his bathroom, after I left. Why would you lie about being here that night unless you..."

"Elsie, what did you do?" Paris's voice is soft. She can hardly believe this is happening. "Did you kill Jimmy? Did you kill Jimmy and set me up?"

Elsie's face is bright red, and she glares at them both. "You two have some nerve accusing me—"

"Nobody's accusing you of anything, ma'am," Drew says. "They're just catching you in a lie, is all."

Elsie throws her hands up. "This is ridiculous. You are all out of your goddamned minds. We all know Jimmy killed himself." She turns to Drew,

her voice shaking. “And I don’t know who the hell you are, but you can shut the hell up.”

“Then *why lie?*” Zoe cries. “It was you who disabled the smart home system and wiped all the data usage reports, wasn’t it? You didn’t want anyone to know you were here. What, did you use Jimmy’s facial recognition to get into his phone after he—” She chokes. She can’t finish the sentence.

“Did you take the straight razor, Elsie?” Paris asks. “The one you killed him with? It was lying on the edge of the sink. Did you switch out the razors to make it look like he used a different one to commit suicide? All those blades are pretty much the same size and shape, and there were three in the drawer the morning I was arrested. There are *four* there now. Did you take the murder weapon and then put it back at some point over the past few days? You’ve been here more than a few times.”

“You hateful, conniving bitch,” Zoe says, not bothering to wait for Elsie’s answer. “You let Paris get charged with murder.”

Elsie’s face is white. She’s standing against the wall of the kitchen, her shoulders curved inward like a cornered animal, her eyes darting from Paris to Zoe to Drew and then back to Paris. “I don’t have to listen to this. After everything I’ve done for you—”

“I wasn’t supposed to come home that night,” Paris says, taking a step toward her. “You weren’t trying to set me up, because how could you if I wasn’t due home until the next evening? But *you* were here.”

She takes another step forward. It’s all she can do to not wrap her hands around Elsie’s throat.

“You killed him, didn’t you?” Paris says. “And then you tried to make it look like a suicide. You knew people would believe that because of his history. The fact that I came home early fucked up that plan. It made everyone think I murdered him. And you never said anything, because if anyone was being charged with murder, it was better me than you.”

Elsie shrinks back even farther against the wall.

“So was it an accident?” Paris asks her. “Or did you stab him on purpose? And what did he say to you to make you so angry? And if it was an accident, why the hell didn’t you call an ambulance?”

“Because it was too late!” Elsie shrieks, and then bursts into tears. “I was never going to get him back, so I was supposed to, what? Watch him be

happy with you? I was so close—we were so close—and then out of nowhere, there you are, sweeping him off his feet.”

Elsie is sobbing so hard, she can barely get the words out.

“Jimmy and I had so much history, but all he wanted was to be with someone who knew nothing about the person he used to be. And then six months ago, he asks me to change his will. He wanted to leave the majority of his money to you. I told him he was out of his goddamned mind. And he literally *was* losing his mind, wasn’t he?”

“He left you money, too,” Paris says. “And Zoe.”

“But I didn’t want his money, I wanted *him*,” Elsie says. “I loved him. Don’t you get that? For fifty goddamned years, I loved that broken, selfish, arrogant man, and half the time he couldn’t even remember when we had plans. I came over that night after the charity gig because we were supposed to have some time together, and he *forgot*, because he *always* forgot when it was *me*. I went upstairs, and he was in the bathroom rehearsing his jokes, and the new will was sitting on his nightstand. I saw the amount he was leaving you, and I told him he was crazy, and he told me—”

Elsie is heaving, and she stops to catch her breath. “He told me it was none of my business and to *get a life*. Can you imagine? After everything I’ve done, that he would say that to me? I didn’t mean to do it. But the razor was right there, and I snapped.” Her knees give out, and she crumples to the floor.

“He was angry,” Paris says softly, looking down at her in wonder and horror. “Because he really did forget, Elsie.”

The song is over. A few seconds later, the cassette ends, too, with an audible *pop*.

Jimmy didn’t kill himself. Despite all the tech in all the world, Elsie is going down for her oldest friend’s murder over an analog Maxell cassette tape with no time stamp, no backup, no iCloud.

Jimmy was right.

Technology sucks, kid. Always best to go old school.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

The celebration of life is a lavish affair, with friends from Hollywood and all over the world flying into Seattle to pay their respects to the funniest man most of them had ever known. There are some tears, but mostly there's laughter. It's exactly what Jimmy would have wanted.

The only person who isn't at the celebration is Jimmy's oldest friend.

After she was arrested, Elsie gave a full confession to Detective Kellogg, explaining what happened the night she killed Jimmy. They were arguing, and Jimmy said something cruel. Elsie grabbed the straight razor on the counter and waved it in his face, but only to make a point, she said. She reminded him of the day she gave it to him, and their decades of friendship, and told him that she was sick of being taken for granted.

Jimmy laughed at her, and she lunged at him. He grabbed her wrist and they struggled for a bit, until she wrenched her arm away and the razor sliced his inner thigh. He fell back into the tub and bled out in less than a minute.

His death was an accident, Elsie said. It was not her intention to kill him, and the only thing she felt she could do was make it look like a suicide.

She plugged the bathtub and filled it with warm water. Using a washcloth, she carefully removed a different razor of an identical size and shape from his drawer, dunked it in the bloody water, and then put it in his hand so it could fall to the floor naturally. Using Jimmy's phone, she wiped all the data usage from the smart home app. And then she wrapped the straight razor she had killed him with and took it with her, along with his copy of the new will.

She was afraid to dispose of the straight razor because it was engraved. Instead, she bleached it, and then put it back in Jimmy's bathroom drawer once his underlying cause of death was officially ruled "undetermined" and the charge against Paris was dismissed. With the case closed, she figured nobody would question why there were three razors in the drawer before, and four now.

No one was supposed to be accused of murder.

Nico Salazar wanted to charge Elsie with second-degree murder, tampering with evidence, and obstruction of justice. On the advice of her lawyer, Sonny Everly, she agreed to a plea. Seven years for manslaughter, but with good behavior, she might be out in four. Due to her age, and with no history of violence, they agreed to send her to a small, medium-security women's prison.

Elsie Dixon will be seventy-two when she gets out.

There's a FOR SALE sign outside the house. Zoe is taking care of Jimmy's estate sale. Everything is up for grabs except for Jimmy's old boomboxes and his cassette collection, the only things Paris wants for herself.

Drew stayed for the memorial service, and now, like so many years ago, they say goodbye in the driveway.

"So I never asked you," Paris says as she walks him to his rental car. "What happened with Kristen? And did you have a son or a daughter?"

"*Kirsten*," Drew says, giving her a look, and they both chuckle. "When I got back to my mom's place the morning after the fire, she was waiting for me on the porch. Before I could say anything, she said she thought the wedding was a mistake, and all we'd do is end up resenting each other and messing up the kid. We're good co-parents. Kirsten got married a few years later, and Sasha has a half brother and sister. Everything worked out the way it was supposed to."

He pulls out his phone and shows her a picture. Sasha is beautiful, because of course she would be. She has Drew's smile.

"And you never wanted to get married?" Paris asks.

"Not really," Drew says. "It turns out I've got some of my own stuff to work on. My mother says—" He cringes. "I never thought I'd be a guy that starts sentences with 'My mother says.'"

"Belinda is an amazing woman. Tell me."

"It's been *suggested*," Drew says, sticking his hands in his pockets, "that the reason my relationships don't progress to the serious stage anymore is because they don't measure up to the relationship I imagined I would have had with you."

"Oh." Paris feels her face flush. "Do you ... agree with that?"

He looks down at her. "Now that I've seen you again, I probably do."

For the first time, she realizes it's possible to feel devastated by grief and elated with happiness, all at the same time.

“I’m not ready,” Paris says, but she doesn’t look away. “I may never be ready.”

“We can talk about it when you’re back in Toronto.” Drew grins. “We’ll go to Junior’s.”

“How do you know I’m coming back?”

“Because of Ruby,” Drew says. “You have unfinished business with your mother.”

A brief silence falls between them.

“How much does she want?” he asks.

“Ten million.”

He lets out a low whistle. “You want my advice?”

“You know I do.”

“Don’t pay her a dime. There’s no proof that you killed Mae, because you didn’t. You set a fire. You’re not a murderer.”

He gives her another hug, and kisses her forehead. She remains in the driveway until the taillights of his rental car disappear.

She didn’t murder Jimmy. She didn’t murder Mae.

But she is a murderer.

After Zoe finally leaves and the house is quiet, Paris opens the cardboard box of Jimmy’s fan mail. It only takes a couple of minutes of digging until she finds it.

My dearest Joey,

Congratulations. You’ve been exonerated. Quelle surprise.

I have to tell you I’m losing patience. I appreciate you’ve been busy, but there are still ashes in an urn that aren’t yours. And we both know what you did to Charles.

Ten million. This is my last letter. Which means this is your last chance.

All my love,

Mama

Paris finds a pen and a blank piece of paper. She scrawls a quick note, which she mails right after she writes it.

Be there soon.

J

PART SIX

I'm only here to witness the remains of love exhumed

—BARENAKED LADIES

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX

She can't go into the Golden Cherry, and she can't go into Junior's. She's supposed to be dead, after all. As she sits in Drew's Audi in the parking lot behind both buildings, she gets a text.

Lineup. 10 minutes. Jerk or curry?

Both, she replies.

He sends her back a pig-face emoji. She sends him a picture of her middle finger.

The back door to the Cherry opens, and she sees a man come out. Six five, thick, naturally tan complexion. His jet-black hair now has a sprinkling of salt to it. She finally looked him up on LinkedIn—private browsing, of course—and learned that he's been Cherry's business partner for the past ten years.

She watches Chaz for a while as he moves things out the back door and into a van. After he's finished, he reaches around and rubs at a spot on the right side of his lower back. That spot always did bother him, and it's weird how familiar that gesture is to her, even after all this time. Then he stops and turns around.

He always did have that uncanny ability to sense someone watching him. Her instinct should be to hide her face, but she doesn't. Instead, she rolls the window down so they can see each other better.

Chaz freezes. Recognition slowly lights his face, and he breaks into the widest grin she's ever seen on him. They look at each other across the parking lot. He doesn't approach. She doesn't get out of the car. Instead, he puts his hand over his heart, and she does the same.

Thank you, Chaz.

Drew jumps into the driver's seat of the car at the same time Chaz goes back inside. The smells of jerk spice and curry fill the car, and her stomach rumbles in response.

"Heard that." Drew puts the car in drive. "Where do you want to eat this?"

"Take me home," she says.

Twenty-five years later, 42 Willow Avenue does not look exactly as she remembers it.

It's brighter. The old brown brick has been painted a cream color, and the rusted balcony walls have been replaced with wrought-iron railings. The building lobby has been renovated with new doors, new tile, new everything. It actually looks like a nice place to live now, and the park across from the building is clean, with two new play structures for children that weren't there before.

She looks up to where apartment 403 is, wondering who lives there now. There have probably been many tenants over the past nineteen years, all with different stories to tell. Hers was just one. Being here brings up vivid memories of Ruby being taken away that night, and while she's worked hard not to think about it, it isn't really possible to forget something that changed the entire direction of her life.

But with time, she can remember it less.

A plume of smoke catches her eye, and she spots a man barbecuing on his fourth-floor balcony. Barbecue grills used to be forbidden, but maybe they allow them now. He flips his burgers while chatting on his cell phone, and she realizes it's Mr. Malinowski, the building superintendent who used to live on the first floor. Is he still the super?

The glass doors to the lobby open, and she watches as a woman wearing colorful nursing scrubs holds the door open for an elderly woman with a walker. She recognizes Mrs. Finch immediately; her old neighbor from down the hall must be in her eighties now. Her housedress is stained and hangs off her bony frame, her white hair so thin that the pink of her scalp shows through. In the end, the woman had done the right thing when she finally called the police, even though the years that followed were hard.

Paris gets back into the car. As she and Drew drive away, she mentally says goodbye to the girl who lived in Willow Park, the one who survived her mother. All the memories here are painful, but they belong to a life that's no longer hers.

And over time, she will remember it less.

CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN

Maple Sound looks so different in the daylight, serene and pretty, a picturesque small town someone might want to settle down in if they wanted to escape the city.

Ruby must loathe it here.

They make the long drive up the hill toward Tita Flora's place, and Drew cuts the engine when they reach the top. They sit in silence for a moment, staring across the pond at the exterior of the two-story house that she lived in for five long years. It was too dark to see much of anything when she was last here, but now, in the late-afternoon sun, she can see the effort that's been made to keep it up. The siding has been painted white to match the porch, and the flowers along the front of the house are in full bloom. Tita Flora is retired now, and with Tito Micky gone, she must have a lot of free time to maintain the place. It looks better than it ever did.

There's a shape moving in the kitchen window. She doesn't need to see a face to know who it belongs to. She would know that silhouette anywhere.

"How long, do you think?" Drew asks, breaking the silence inside the car.

"An hour," she says. "Which is fifty-five minutes longer than I'd prefer to be here."

"Do you have the cashier's check?"

She pats her pocket.

"I still can't believe you actually went to the bank." He shakes his head. "Want me to come in with you?"

"No, I need to do this alone." She gives his hand a squeeze and opens the passenger door. There's no way to predict what Ruby will say, and however this meeting goes, there are things she will never want Drew to hear. Ever. "I'll be okay."

"I'll be waiting right here," Drew calls out before she can shut the door. "Don't, you know, kill each other."

"Can't make that promise." She sees the alarmed look on her friend's face and rolls her eyes. "Drew, I'm kidding."

“With you two, it’s not funny.”

She shuts the car door and stares at the house for a few seconds more. Slowly, she walks toward it, passing the pond, which for now is silent. She heads up the porch steps, but before she can lift her hand to knock, the door opens.

After twenty-five years, she is now standing face-to-face with her mother.

They stare at each other from two feet apart on opposite sides of the doorway. Neither woman offers to shake hands or hug.

The first thing she notices is that Ruby’s signature long, lustrous black hair has been chopped to her shoulders, its natural shine dulled due to age and cheap hair dye. There’s a slight papery texture to her skin, highlighting angles in her cheekbones that never used to be there. Though her mother is still a couple of inches taller than Paris, she seems to have shrunk. She’s wearing loose jeans and a yellow T-shirt, and there are new slippers on her feet.

“You look like me when I was your age,” Ruby finally says. There’s a tinge of jealousy in her voice. It’s as good a compliment as she can offer.

“And you look like Lola Celia now,” Paris says.

There’s a long pause. Paris makes no attempt to enter the house. For all she cares, they can do this on the porch.

Ruby opens the door wider. “Come on in.”

Paris steps inside, and as if on cue, the frogs by the pond begin to croak.

The house is cleaner and quieter than it ever used to be.

“Where is everyone?” Paris asks, even though she already knows the answer.

“Your *lola* is in Cebu,” Ruby says. “She left right before I arrived, but she’ll be back in a month. And your Tita Flora went to Toronto for the weekend.”

“And you didn’t want to go with her to the city?”

“She’s staying with friends. I wasn’t invited.” Ruby takes a seat at the kitchen table and gestures for her to do the same. “Is that Drew I saw in the car outside? When he asked if I was available today, I assumed he was coming to interview me for his podcast, which is going to be all about me. He didn’t mention he’d be bringing you.”

“There is no podcast about you,” Paris says. “I asked him to kill it.”

“And he agreed?” Ruby raises an eyebrow. “Just like that?”

“Amazing, isn’t it?” Paris allows a small smile. “And to think, I didn’t even have to sleep with him.”

“So you’re sarcastic now.” Her mother’s lips flatten. “Nice way to talk to your mother.”

“Would you rather I hit you?” Paris asks. “Smack you? Put cigarettes out on your neck? Would that be more polite?”

“Oh my God.” Ruby’s chair scrapes as she pushes back from the table. She goes to a cabinet and pulls out two mugs, and pours them both a cup of coffee from the pot on the counter. She dumps powdered Coffee-Mate into them, which is no different from how she used to drink it back in the nineties. “Are you still upset about all that? That was so long ago. It’s time to move on. You’re an adult now, *Paris*.”

“I was a child then, *Ruby*.”

Her mother sighs, placing both mugs down on the table. “Are you here to talk about the past, or are you here to pay me so *I* don’t talk about the past?”

“Both,” Paris answers. “You’re getting your money.”

“Good,” Ruby says, her shoulders relaxing. “You owe me. I deserve that money. I did twenty-five years in prison for you.”

“*For* me?” Paris forces herself to stay calm. “Is that what you tell yourself?”

“You know I did.” Her mother sips her coffee and leans back in her chair. “I never told anybody what you did to Charles.”

“Because you know they wouldn’t have believed you,” Paris says. “His blood was all over your dress, and your prints were on his knife. You stabbed him sixteen times.”

Ruby cocks her head. “Was it that many?”

“Sixteen times,” Paris repeats. “And I was only thirteen. You would have made yourself look even worse if you accused me of anything.”

“You fucked me over in court, testifying that Charles never touched you. All you had to say was that one thing. That one *true* thing.” Ruby’s lips flatten into a hard line. “No jury would have convicted a mother for protecting her daughter.”

“Holy shit, you’re still doing this.” Paris stares at her in disbelief. “Bending the truth to make it fit what you want it to be. I heard you and Charles, okay? I heard you fighting with him in the other room. You accused

him of using you to get to me. And you were right about that, because that's exactly what he did, because that's what men like Charles do. And then I heard him laugh and say that you were ugly when you were jealous, and that you'd never be together because you had no class."

Ruby's eyes narrow, her cheeks turning pink. "That is not what he said."

"Oh, Mama," Paris says, which will be the last time she'll ever call this woman by that name. "I've always envied your ability to deny any reality that doesn't serve you. Allow me to jog your memory."

She takes a long sip of the terrible coffee. Then she takes them both back to the night she thought she'd never have to revisit again.

Joey was in a dead sleep when Charles got into bed beside her. Though she often couldn't fall asleep when she knew he was nearby, he'd seemed so preoccupied with her mother all evening that it had felt safe this time.

It was her own fault for assuming. It made no difference to Charles that this was his house, his family home, and that his daughter's bedroom was on the other side of the wall. There were no boundaries with men like him. They were only built one way.

She felt a hand on her stomach, and woke all the way up. Her eyes flew open, but there was nothing to see, because the room was dark. Instinctively, she tried to scuttle to the other side of the bed, but he got on top of her and pinned her down with his body weight.

"Shhhhh," Charles whispered, his breath acidic from the red wine and cheese he'd been eating earlier. "Just relax. Your mom can be a lot of fun, but I've missed you, Joey."

She wriggled violently underneath him, but like the last time—like every time—it was useless. He was bigger, smarter, and more powerful than she could ever hope to be. It was never a fair fight. All she could do now was close her eyes, remain still, and allow the darkness to take over.

She didn't know how much time had passed—it could have been one minute, or ten—but she heard the *swoosh* of the door opening, and then all the lights in the room flicked on. The mattress bounced with the sudden absence of Charles's weight as he quickly rolled off her, his feet landing on the floor with a heavy *thump*.

Joey opened her eyes and blinked at the bright room. Her mother was standing in the guest bedroom doorway, her eyes darting from Charles to

Joey and then back to Charles again. She looked furious. Joey sat up, the bedsheets falling away, and was relieved to see that she was still dressed.

“What the fuck were you doing?” Ruby’s voice was hoarse. Her eyes were focused with laser precision on the man now stumbling around the bedroom, adjusting his clothes. It was amazing to Joey that her mother would even bother to ask a question she already knew the answer to. “Were you *touching* my daughter?”

“No, darling, no,” Charles said. His face was bright red. “I got up because I thought I heard a noise, but I’ve had too much to drink. I seem to have ended up in the wrong bedroom.” He forced a laugh.

Ruby turned to her daughter. “Joey? Is that true?”

Joey couldn’t bring herself to answer. Instead, she stared at Ruby, willing her mother to hear her anyway. *And now you know, Mama. You saw it with your own eyes. Please make it stop.*

Ruby turned to Charles. “You asshole sonofabitch. Am I really not enough for you?”

“Now, Ruby—”

“Don’t you dare *Now, Ruby* me,” she hissed. “She’s thirteen. Were you trying to fuck her?”

Charles stepped forward and hit her.

Ruby staggered backward, her head smacking the doorframe. Joey could see a red welt forming on the side of her mother’s face.

“Ah, shit,” Charles said in disgust. “Look, this is all a misunderstanding, okay? Let’s all calm down. There’s no reason to be upset. Right, Joey? Tell your mom everything’s fine. And then we’ll all go back to bed. In the morning, I’ll make breakfast and take you girls out shopping. How does that sound?”

“We’ll talk in the bedroom,” Ruby snapped, turning on her heel, and Charles followed her out.

A minute later, Joey heard them arguing, the two of them hurling vicious insults at one another. Ruby called Charles a sick fuck. Charles called Ruby a jealous, gold-digging bitch. The irony was, they were both right.

Joey slipped off the bed and went straight into the connecting bathroom, where she used the toilet and tried to straighten herself up. She stayed in there until the shouting stopped, only venturing out when it had been quiet for more than a minute.

When she opened the door, she saw that Ruby was back, and she was horrified to see that her mother's summer dress was splotted with blood. In Ruby's hand was the long, thin knife Charles had been using to cut their cheese and fruit earlier. The blade of the knife was also covered in blood.

"Mama?" Joey said, alarmed. "Mama, what happened?"

"I killed him." Her mother's eyes were glassy with shock. "Oh God, I killed him. Charles is dead. You have to help me ... oh God, Joey, you have to help me. I don't know what to do."

Just as she would testify in court a few months later, Joey told Ruby to change her clothes and go get the car. Then she headed down the hallway toward the master bedroom to clean up after her mother.

But unlike what she'd said in court, Ruby never did come back to finish the job.

As Joey was taking one last look around the master bedroom and bathroom, trying to make sure that everything her mother had brought with her was now in the garbage bag, she heard a moan, and jumped. Heart racing, she turned slowly and looked down at the carpet where Charles lay. His eyes, which had been closed before, were now open. Ruby had said he was dead. But there he was, staring up at her from the floor.

The monster her mother was supposed to have killed was trying to *speak* to her.

Joey looked around wildly, terrified to be alone with him, certain he was going to stand up and come for her. But Charles remained where he was, lying on his side on the floor.

"Joey." He managed to lift his head an inch off the carpet. "Joey, help me."

At the sound of his voice, Joey backed up until she hit the wall, holding the garbage bag out in front of her as some kind of useless shield.

"Joey ... Joey, call 911 ... Joey ... please..."

Charles's breathing was shallow, but he *was* breathing. What was she supposed to do now? She had offered to clean up her mother's mess ... but for what? Even if Charles died, and they somehow got away with this, there would eventually be another Charles.

It was Ruby, after all. There would always be another Charles.

The knife was somewhere at the bottom of the plastic bag, covered in Ruby's fingerprints and Charles's blood.

Joey was surprised at how easy it was to make the decision.

Setting the garbage bag down on the floor, she walked down the hall to Lexi's room to retrieve the ice skate. She brought it back with her to the master bedroom, where she took a seat in the chair in the corner, filled with calm certainty about what was going to happen next. She slipped her foot into the smooth leather boot, and laced it up.

And then she stomped on Charles's neck, feeling the muscles and tendons split apart under the blade with a wet crunch, driven by the force of her thirteen-year-old rage and fueled by years of abuse and helplessness and shame.

Joey couldn't slay all the monsters, but she could slay this one.

CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT

When Paris finishes speaking, her mother's coffee mug is empty.

"You don't regret it, do you?" Ruby says softly.

"No," Paris says. "But I paid the price for it, just as you did."

Ruby opens her mouth to say something, then closes it again. After a few seconds, she finally nods. "Just wire me the money," she says. "And then we can be done with each other, which is what we both want anyway."

"I brought a cashier's check." Paris leans back in her chair. "And I'll give it to you once you give me what I came for."

Ruby gets up and walks into the living room. Paris watches as she removes the decorative screen in front of the fireplace and reaches for the urn, which is sitting right inside the hearth. Paris's flashlight had passed right over the fireplace screen that night; it never did occur to her to look behind it. Ruby walks back to the kitchen table with the urn and stands near her, holding it up so the name on it is visible.

The urn is plain, about nine inches tall, and made of plastic. JOELLE REYES is stamped into the tarnished metal plate across the front.

But inside it is Mae Ocampo. Paris stares at it. To think, an entire adult human body can be reduced to ashes that fit inside a container this size.

Oh, Mae. I wish you were here.

She reaches for the urn, but Ruby moves it out of her reach.

"I want my ten million," her mother says. "And then you can take the urn and get the fuck out."

"Ten million?" Paris cocks her head. "Who said it would be ten million? Your original demand was one million, so that's what I brought."

Across the small table, Ruby's lips flatten again, her eyes darkening into twin storm clouds. Twenty-five years ago, this slight change in her mother's facial expression would have struck terror into Joey's young, soft heart, turning her insides into mush as she braced herself for the imminent explosion. This face meant a beating was coming. This face meant slaps and punches and kicks.

But she's not Joey anymore. She's Paris. And all she sees when she looks at Ruby is a miserable old woman who's mad she's not getting her way.

"That's not what we agreed." Ruby's voice is low.

This, too, used to be scary. The drop in tone, a decibel above a whisper, was worse than any shriek or shout. Not anymore. Once you understand how the magician does their tricks, they no longer dazzle.

"I never agreed to anything." Paris moves her chair back and stands up. "When did I ever say I'd give you ten million dollars? One million for the urn, and also your life. I could have just come here and killed you, you know. Trust me, I gave it serious consideration. Who'd even care if you were gone?"

She reaches into her back pocket and pulls out the cashier's check. Unfolding it, she holds it up. Under PAY TO THE ORDER OF, the name RUBY REYES is typed and clearly visible, as are the words ONE MILLION DOLLARS AND ZERO CENTS in the line where the amount is specified.

It looks legit, because it is. The bank manager in Seattle questioned her need for a paper method of payment, suggesting that Paris move her money via wire transfer instead. Should the cashier's check be lost or destroyed, it would be an arduous process to reclaim the funds, and could take months. Paris thanked her for her suggestion, and said she'd still take the check.

"I'm not you," Paris says to her mother. "I'd rather pay you than be you."

"Oh, get off your moral high horse." Ruby barks a laugh. "You think we're so different, you and me? We're exactly the same. We're survivors. Look who you married. You gave yourself the life I wanted Charles to give me. I taught you well, you ungrateful little grasshopper. You owe me, and I want my ten million. Don't be greedy. We both know you can afford it."

"You know what?" Paris says, as if something has just occurred to her. "I actually don't have to do this with you. In fact, I've changed my mind. No deal. Tell anyone you want about the urn. Nobody will believe you, because no matter how you got out, you're still a convicted murderer."

The look of shock on Ruby's face is almost comical. Paris slips the check back into her pocket and walks calmly out the front door, bracing herself for a push or shove that might send her flying off the porch. But Ruby doesn't follow.

Paris heads toward Drew's car, still parked in the same spot on the other side of the pond, and then finally hears footsteps coming up fast from behind.

In the grass, she whirls around to face her mother. She knew Ruby wouldn't let her leave without a final negotiation. Paris is aware that her back is to the pond, a little too close to the edge for her liking. But if this is where their last conversation has to happen, so be it.

The frogs have gone silent.

"Just take the urn," Ruby says, thrusting it toward her. "And give me the check. I can work with a million. It's fine."

"It's *fine*? You can *work* with it?" Paris stares at her in wonder. "Do you even hear yourself? How is it that you came to believe you deserve things that aren't yours?"

"Give me the check, and we'll never see each other again." Ruby gives the urn a quick shake, her arms still extended. "It's a small price to pay in the scheme of things, isn't it? You tried to get rid of me once, when you helped put me in prison. Just give me the check, and you'll be rid of me forever. I promise."

She promises? When has Ruby Reyes ever kept a promise that didn't benefit her?

Paris finally takes the urn.

"Well?" Ruby holds out her hand.

Tucking the urn carefully under one arm, Paris reaches into her back pocket for the check.

And then she rips it in half.

She does it so quickly, it takes Ruby a second to grasp what just happened. Only when Paris tears it again does her mother scream in fury, a sound so intensely satisfying that it was worth a million dollars just to hear it.

"*Tanga kaayo ka,*" Ruby spits. "You always were a stupid girl. I was glad when I found out you were dead all those years ago. Now we might as well make it true."

Her mother charges at her, full force.

The edge of the pond is slippery, and when Ruby makes contact, Paris is propelled backward into the pond. She instantly goes under. She feels the lid of the urn lift off, and sees the ashes—Mae's ashes—float out and dissolve into nothing.

In a panic, Paris lets go of the urn and tries to stand, but the pond is shockingly deep, just like her aunt always insisted it was. She tries to kick her way back to the surface, but it's no use. She can't swim, she never learned, and as the pond water enters her mouth, she hears Tita Flora's voice screeching in her head. *Stay away from the pond Jason you can't swim you will drown!*

Oh, the irony, Paris thinks. But before she can sink any deeper, she feels strong arms grab her under both armpits and pull. She can't swim, but Drew can, and he heaves her out of the water, stumbling backward with her into the grass.

From somewhere nearby, Ruby is still screaming as Paris sputters and vomits. The pond water tastes exactly like it smells.

"The urn," she manages to say, before she coughs up more water.

Drew helps her sit up. He points to the urn, which is now floating too far out in the pond to retrieve without swimming for it. As relieved as she is, it makes Paris sad to look at it. Of all the places she thought she might spread Mae's ashes, it wasn't here, in Maple Sound.

Goodbye, my friend.

In the distance, they hear the sirens. Drew called the police as soon as Paris came out of the house.

"Did you get it?" she asks him, still trying to catch her breath.

Ultimately, it probably doesn't matter. For her mother, being stuck in Maple Sound would be as bad as prison.

Drew shows her where the video he made is saved.

"I got it," he says.

The shove that Ruby gave Paris is all on video. Ruby Reyes has violated her parole and will be going back to Sainte-Élisabeth to serve out her sentence.

Her life sentence.

There are two patrol cars and four officers at the house, which might well be half the entire Maple Sound police force. As two of them lead Ruby to a car, she thrashes in her handcuffs, hair flying everywhere, her eyes wild and desperate.

"That's my daughter!" she shrieks. "She's not who she says she is! She's a liar!"

It takes both of the officers to push her into the police car, and even when the door closes, Paris and Drew can still hear her screaming.

“So that’s the infamous Ice Queen,” says the officer taking down Drew’s and Paris’s statements. “I was just a rookie when she was on trial, and I remember the story well. She is not what I expected. At all.”

His partner, young enough to look like a rookie herself, could not seem less interested in Ruby Reyes. Instead, her gaze fixes on Paris as she hands Drew’s phone back.

Both officers watched the short video twice. Drew captured Ruby following Paris out to the pond, where she seemingly forced Paris to take the urn. With Paris’s back to the camera, the cashier’s check is not visible. All that’s shown is Ruby screaming and impulsively pushing Paris into the water.

From inside the police car, Ruby hollers again.

“Do either of you understand what she’s talking about?” The senior officer looks back and forth between Paris and Drew. “What’s this about her daughter?”

Paris is rubbing her wet hair with an old towel Drew found in his trunk. She shakes her head.

“We honestly don’t know,” Drew says. “I was supposed to interview Ruby Reyes today for my podcast, and I brought my friend along. Ruby must have been triggered when she saw her, because she started going on about her daughter being alive. But if you’re familiar with the story, Ruby’s daughter died nearly twenty years ago, in a house fire.”

Drew points to the empty urn, now floating in the middle of the pond. “Unfortunately, those were her ashes. Her daughter’s name is on the urn.”

Both police officers nod.

“This might be a weird question,” the young officer finally says to Paris, sounding hesitant. “But ... aren’t you Jimmy Peralta’s wife?”

She exchanges a look with Drew, then nods. “That’s me.”

Paris braces herself for a comment about the murder charge, or maybe something about her inheritance. But the officer merely nods and gives Paris’s arm a light squeeze.

“I’m sorry for your loss, ma’am,” she says. “Your husband was a really funny guy. I loved the first special.”

“Terrific stuff,” her partner agrees. “The second one is coming out soon, right? What’s it called again?”

“*I Love You, Jimmy Peralta*,” Paris says, and saying the words out loud makes her smile.

Because she does. And always will.

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And lastly, I am incredibly grateful to my readers. I get to do what I love every day because of you. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

ALSO BY [JENNIFER HILLIER](#)

Creep

Freak

The Butcher

Wonderland

[*Jar of Hearts*](#)

[*Little Secrets*](#)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

JENNIFER HILLIER is the author of the bestselling *Little Secrets* (*Los Angeles Times* Book Prize and Anthony Award finalist) and *Jar of Hearts* (ITW Thriller Award winner and Anthony and Macavity Awards finalist). A Filipino-Canadian, born and raised in Toronto, she spent several years in Seattle before returning home to Canada. She currently lives in Oakville, Ontario, with her family. You can sign up for email updates [here](#).



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This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this novel are either products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

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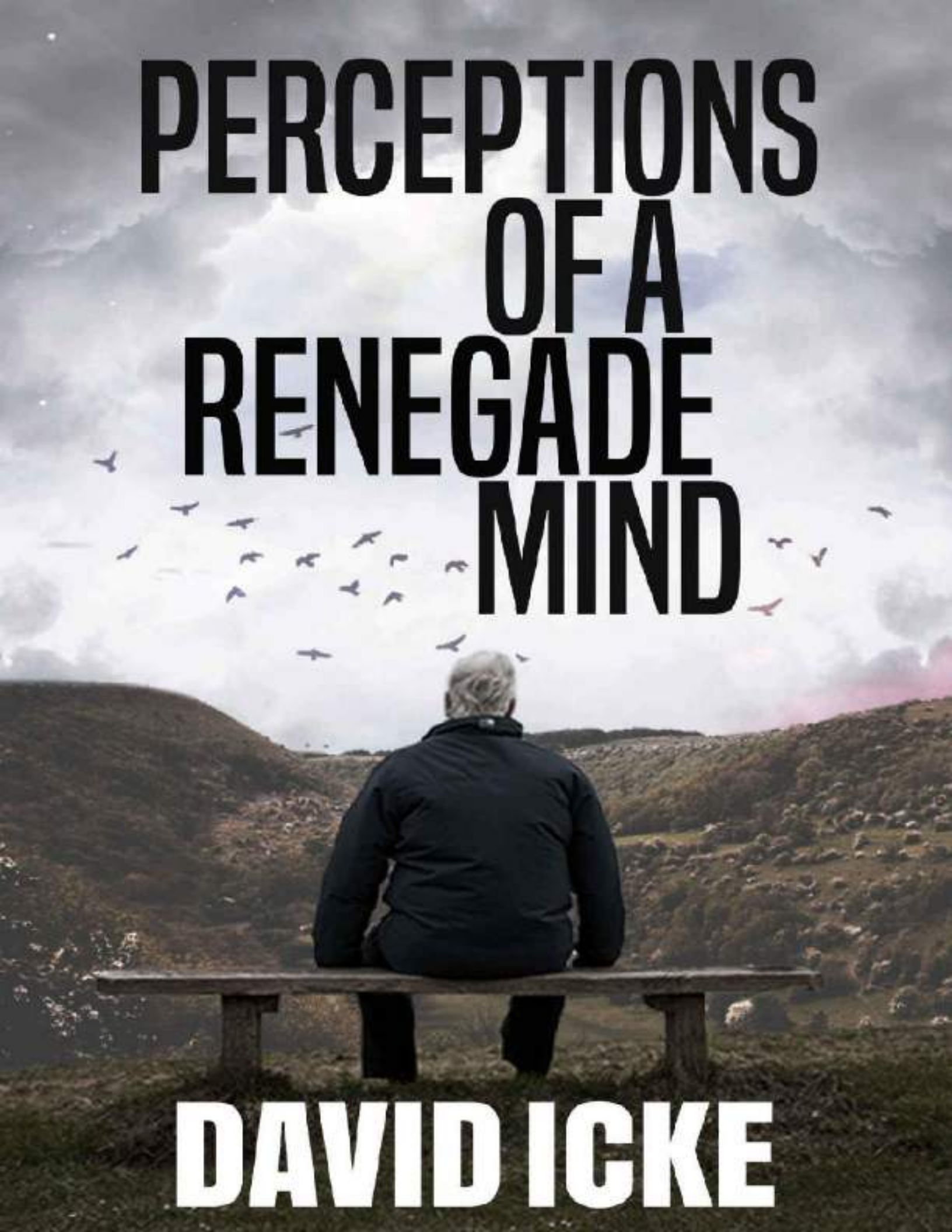
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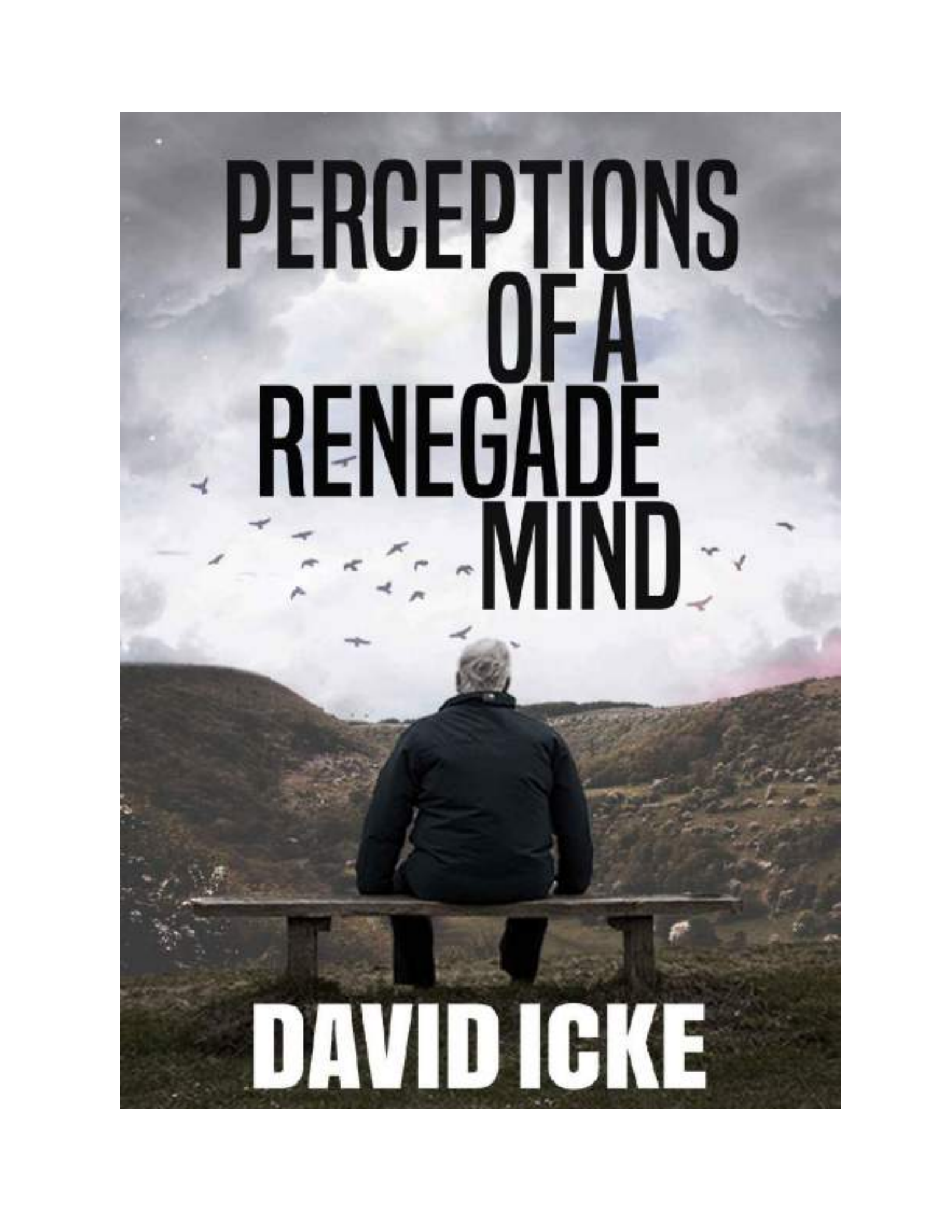
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A person with short grey hair, wearing a dark jacket, is seen from behind, sitting on a wooden bench. They are looking out over a vast, open landscape of rolling hills under a cloudy sky. Numerous birds are flying in the air, scattered across the scene. The overall mood is contemplative and serene.

PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND

DAVID ICKE

A person with grey hair, wearing a dark jacket, is seen from behind, sitting on a wooden bench. They are looking out over a vast, hilly landscape under a cloudy sky. Numerous birds are flying in the air, scattered across the sky. The overall mood is contemplative and serene.

PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND

DAVID ICKE

**PERCEPTIONS
OF A
RENEGADE
MIND**



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**PERCEPTIONS
OF A
RENEGADE
MIND**

A flock of small, dark birds is scattered around the bottom half of the title text, appearing to fly in various directions.

DAVID ICKE

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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 Nazi-like 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 free-minded 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 super-psychopaths 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.

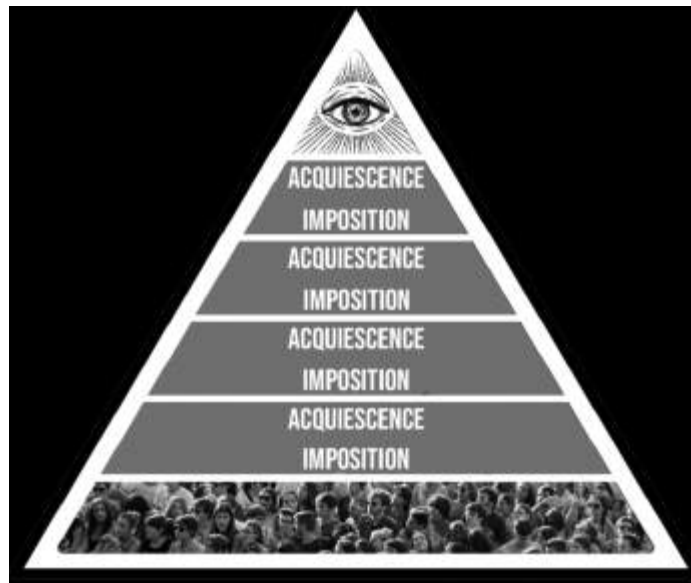


Figure 2: The simple sequence of imposition and compliance that allows a handful of people at the peak of the pyramid to dictate the lives of billions.

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 full-blown 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 'free-trade 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 health-destroying 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 all-medium 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 initiatives 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 first-past-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 disdain 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 multi-party 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 regime-change in countries including Iraq, Libya and Syria. Neocons arranged for Bush (‘Republican’) and Blair (‘Labour Party’) to front-up 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 'Dönme' 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 Dönme '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 Dönme 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 lightning 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 far-right 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 Geächteten.

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 one-world 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), Google-owned 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 multi-billionaires 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 'One-percent' 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, fresh-air, 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 Sabbatian-controlled 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 dual 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 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 'anti-

hate' 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

I 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 hear 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 \$1 billion of that was down to him personally and not his companies. This mega-disaster 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 government-intelligence-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 Utah-based Insurgence USA which is an affiliate of the Cult-created-and-funded 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 terrible-tvos, me, 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 mega-narcissist 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 motto 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 be 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 top-level 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-allowed-to-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 Rockefeller-envisaged 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 young-

looking 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 self-reported 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 brilliant 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 to 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-rights-free 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 control-structure 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 Cult-owned, 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 salvos 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 of 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 no '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 Cult-driven '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 multi-billion 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 re-diagnose 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 ABBCCDDDD 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 computer-generated 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 Gates-funded World Economic Forum. But, don't worry, it's all just a coincidence and absolutely nothing to worry about. Zzzzzzzzz.

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-health 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 Rockefeller 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

Against 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 pneumonia-type 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 suppressed 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 re-diagnose '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 ever-growing 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.' Hying 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 corrupt-beyond-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, 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 *Medrx* *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. Puppets 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 grim-faced, 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 vaccinate 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 job 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, 'feeble-minded', 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 two-hour 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 DNA-manipulating '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 gunights. '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 indeed, 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

I 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' silence-them 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 Ofcom 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 Office-connected 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 Cult-government 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 ‘Covidiot’s’. 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-napped 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 literally, 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-foot 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 six-foot distancing. Then in March, 2021, after a year of six-foot '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](https://www.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 vaccine-return-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 Gates-funded 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, non-biodegradable 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 self-replicating 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 self-respect 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 fact-deleted 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 adaptation 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?

Workers 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 Moulscroomb (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 car-jacking 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 self-obsessed, 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 numerically-dominant 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 co-opted 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 promoters 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 post-industrial, 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 co-founder 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.

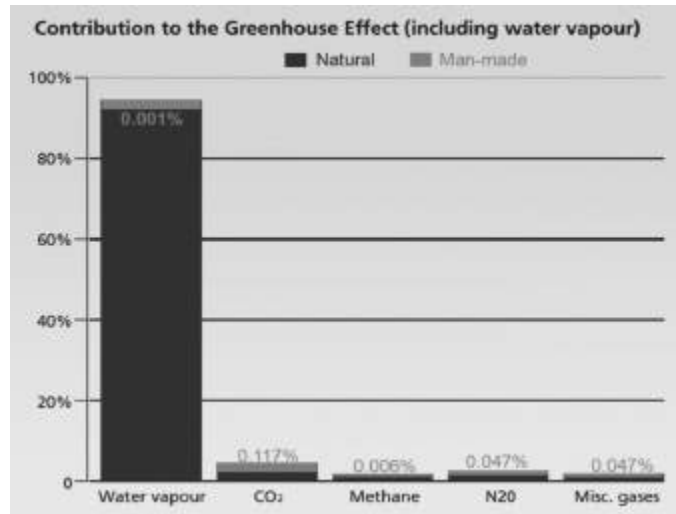


Figure 9: The idea that the gas of life is disastrously changing the climate is an insult to brain cell activity.

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 promoters 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. World-renowned 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. Cult-owned 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 anti-cancer 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 own 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 re-analysis 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 DNA-manipulating '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-wearers 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](https://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 'hyper-vigilant' 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 off-switch, 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 neurodegenerative 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’

I 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 sub-human, 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 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 cross-cross 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 receiver-transmitter 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 body-changer. 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-quickenning 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 fetuses 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 highest-ranked 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 *unvaccinated* 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 sub-locations 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*

I 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:

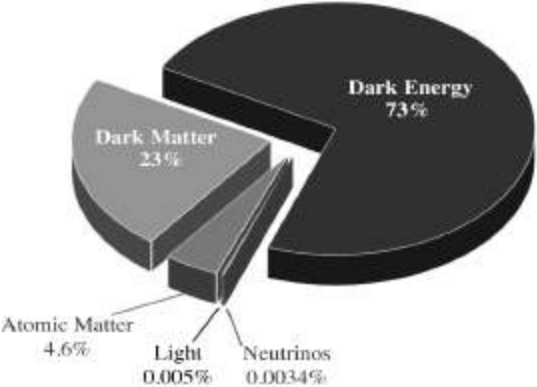


Figure 10: Humans can perceive such a tiny band of visual reality it's laughable.

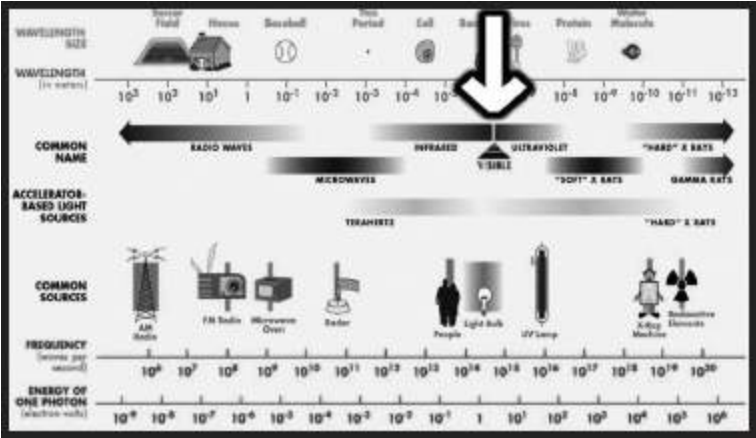


Figure 11: We can see a smear of the 0.005 percent electromagnetic spectrum, but we still know it all. Yep, makes sense.

Consider that you can see less than 1% of the electromagnetic spectrum and hear less than 1% of the acoustic spectrum. 90% of the cells in your body carry their own microbial DNA and are not 'you'. The atoms in your body are 99.9999999999999999% empty space and none of them are the ones you were born with ... Human beings have 46 chromosomes, two less than a potato.

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 pump-primers 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:

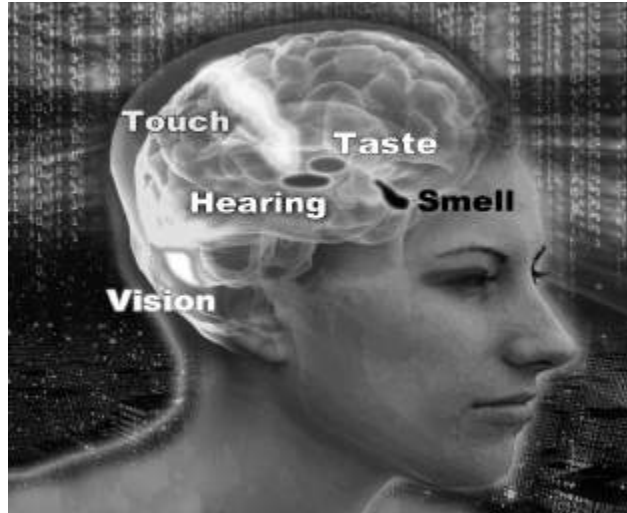


Figure 12: The brain receives information from the five senses and constructs from that our perceived reality.

[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 so-called '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.

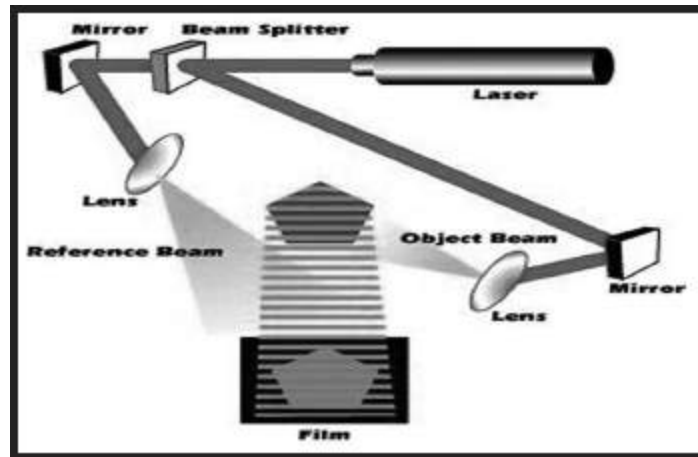


Figure 14: How holograms are created by capturing a waveform version of the subject image.

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 'God-fearing' 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 on 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 non-human '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 all-seeing 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 attach 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 life-changing 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.

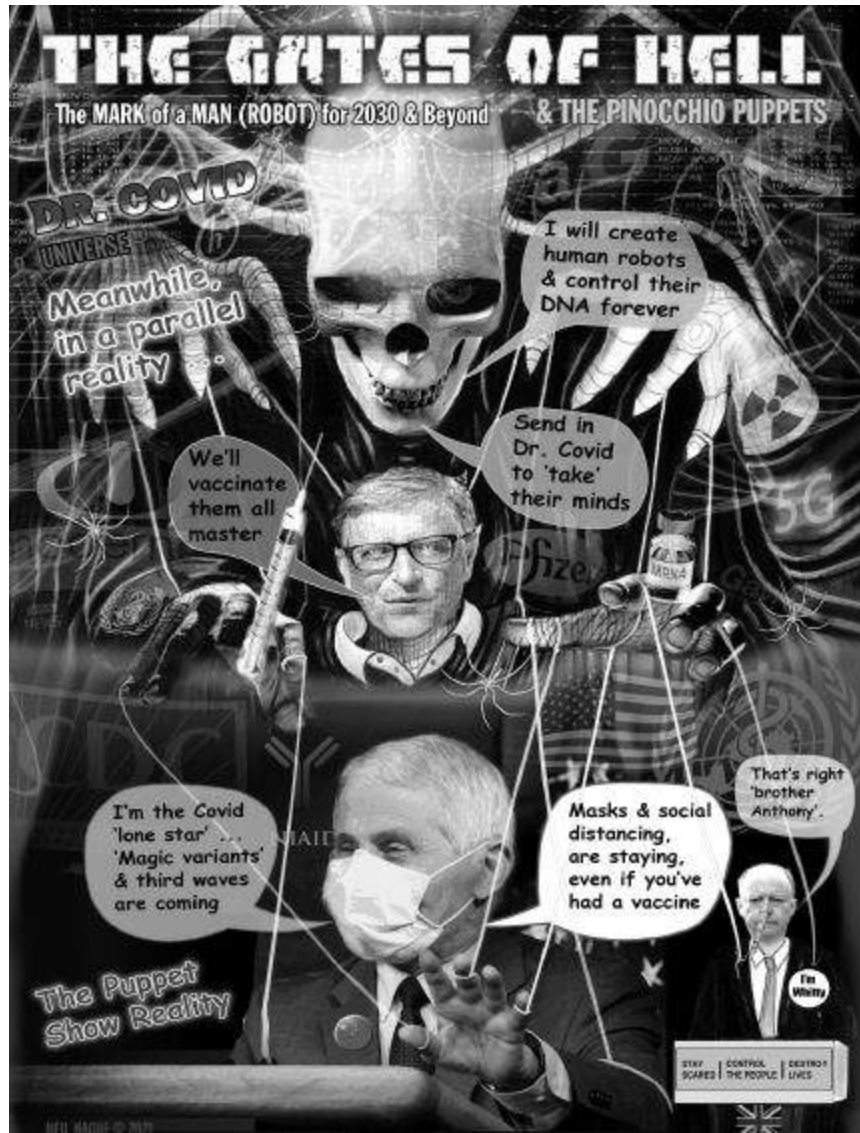


Figure 17: Artist Neil Hague's version of the 'Covid' hierarchy.

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 anti-racism. 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 certainly 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. Near-death 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 *Archontocracy*. 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 error-correcting 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 'never-ending 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 its 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 devastatingly-powerful 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 five-sense 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.

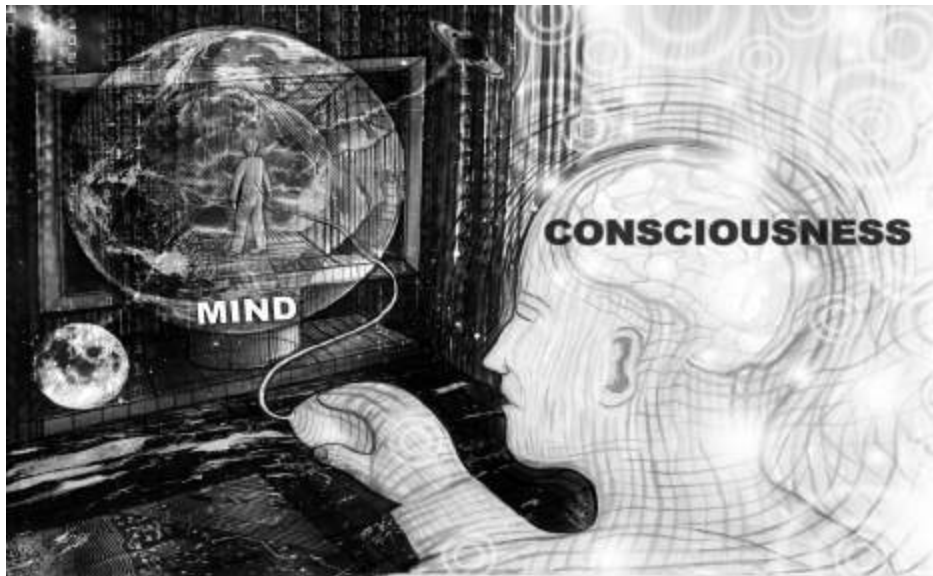


Figure 20: The mind ‘virus’ I have been writing about for decades seeks to isolate five-sense mind (the computer) from the true ‘I’. (Image by Neil Hague).

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 unsuspecting 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* ‘anti-fascists’ 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.

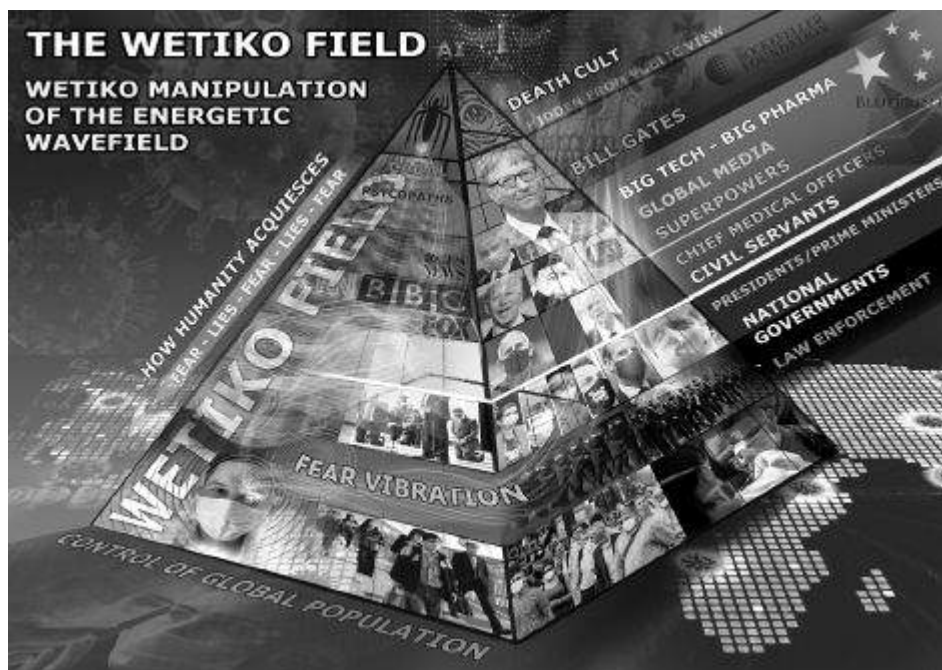


Figure 22: The Wetiko Field from which the Cult pyramid and its personnel are made manifest. (Image by Neil Hague).

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.' *Yeaaaaaaes!* 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.

AI 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 low-vibrational 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 ever-increasing 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 vanquish 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 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 non-corporate 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 all-powerful 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 disinformant 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 disconnecter – 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 reality 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 ...
FREEEEEEEDOM!

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 anti-human 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 hyper-inflation 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 nose 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 non-invasive 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.' Freedom-destroyer 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 self-deluded 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'. Cult-gofer 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 Cult-owned *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 job 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

1 Isolation, characterization and analysis of bacteriophages from the haloalkaline lake Elmenteita, Kenya Julia 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 "Extracellular Vesicles Derived From Apoptotic Cells: An Essential Link Between Death and Regeneration," Maojiao Li 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

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 computer-simulation 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 **THE ALTERNATIVE**

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.

Free Press and the Opportunities that the internet could have given would mean that the Media are able to expose things like never before and hold people to account for their actions. As we all know there are 'Untouchables' that walk among us, people the Media simply won't touch, expose or investigate and that leads to the dark underworlds that infest the establishment the World over. Well I say enough, it's time for something different, a different kind of Media, where no one is off limits from exposing and investigating. All we're interested in at Ickonic is the truth of what is really going on in the World on whichever subject we're covering.

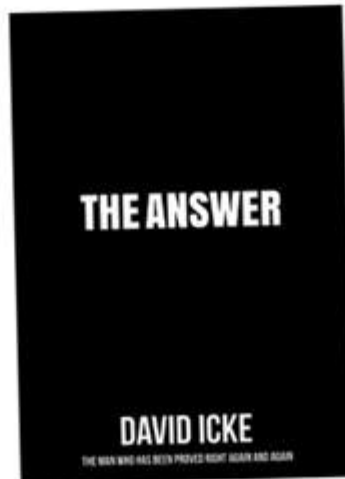
We hope you enjoy what we have created and take something away from the platform, we aim to deliver information that's informative and most importantly self-empowering, you're not a little person, you're part of something much bigger than that and its time we as a collective race began to understand that and look to the future as ours to take.

It's time...

Jaymie Icke - Founder Ickonic Alternative Media.

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/ˈren·iːgeɪd/

noun

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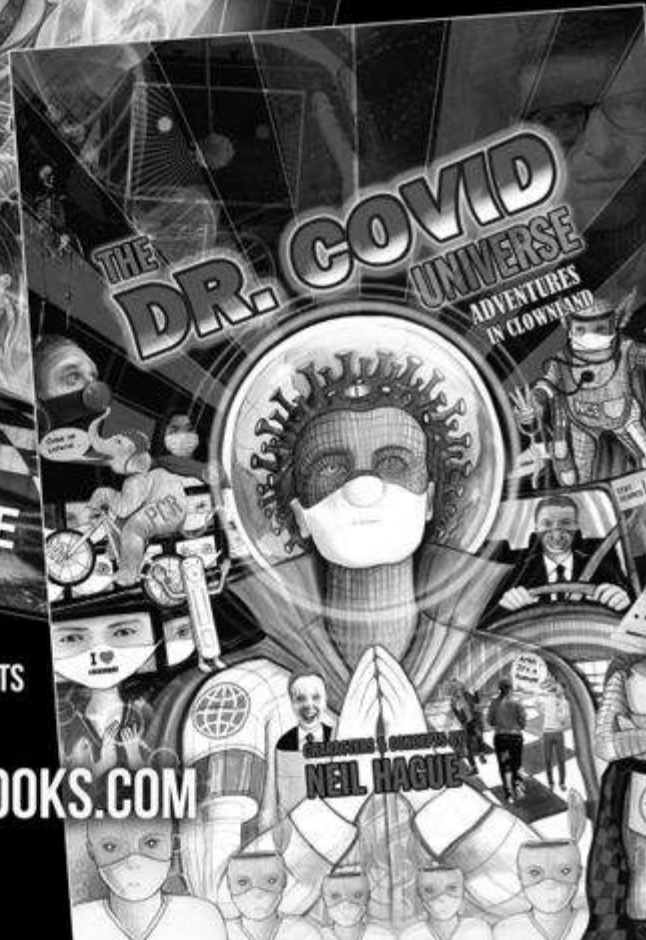
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