

JOHN SANDFORD

#1 *NEW YORK TIMES*
BESTSELLING AUTHOR

A LUCAS DAVENPORT AND
VIRGIL FLOWERS NOVEL

RIGHTEOUS PREY

ALSO BY JOHN SANDFORD

Rules of Prey

Shadow Prey

Eyes of Prey

Silent Prey

Winter Prey

Night Prey

Mind Prey

Sudden Prey

Secret Prey

Certain Prey

Easy Prey

Chosen Prey

Mortal Prey

Naked Prey

Hidden Prey

Broken Prey

Invisible Prey

Phantom Prey

Wicked Prey

Storm Prey

Buried Prey

Stolen Prey

Silken Prey

Field of Prey

Gathering Prey

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Golden Prey

Twisted Prey

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Masked Prey

Ocean Prey

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The Investigator

STAND-ALONE NOVELS

Saturn Run (with Ctein)

The Night Crew

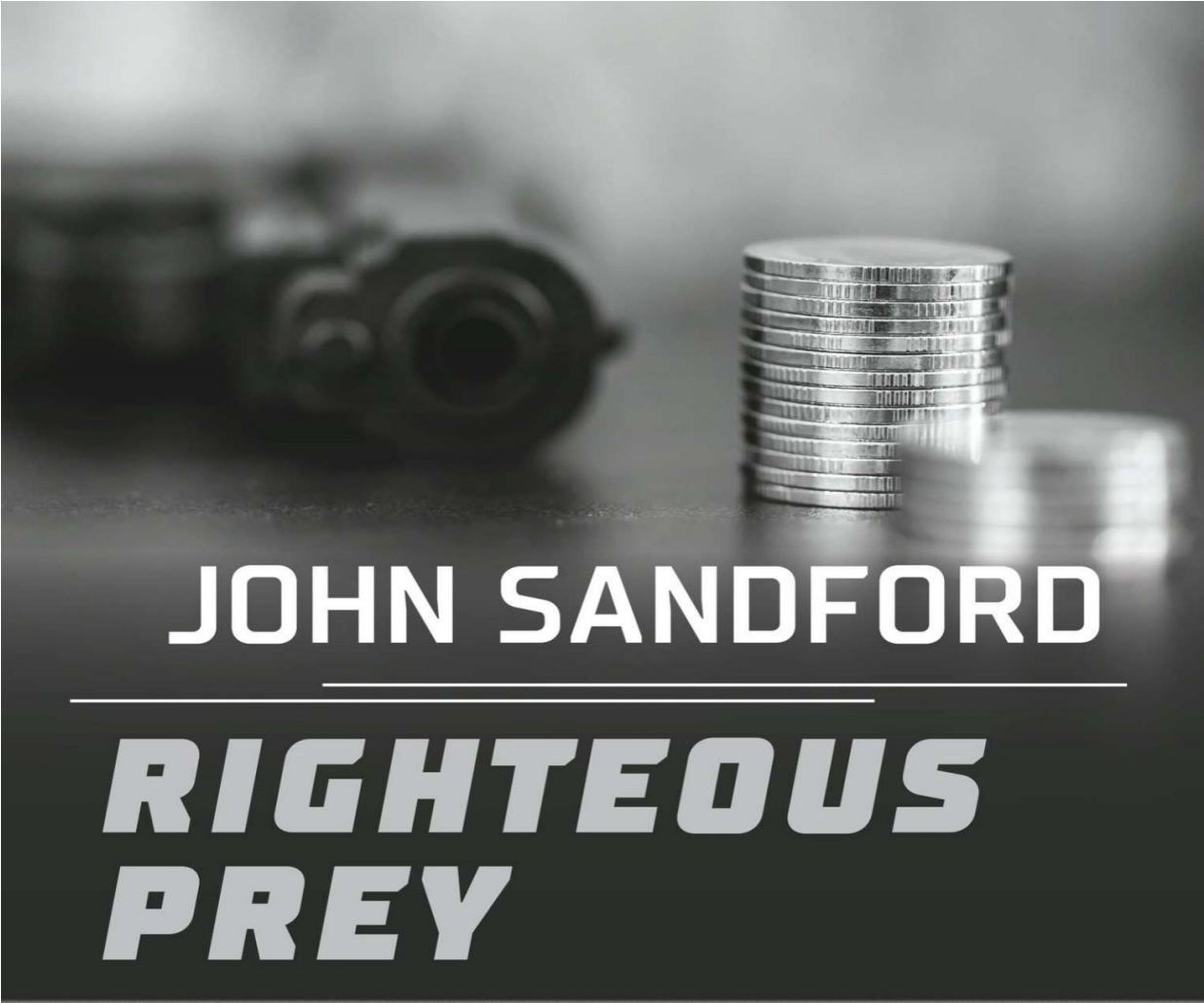
Dead Watch

BY JOHN SANDFORD AND MICHELE COOK

Uncaged

Outrage

Rampage



JOHN SANDFORD

***RIGHTEOUS
PREY***

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
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PUTNAM

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ONE

Bitcoin billionaire, amateur art historian, onetime farm boy George Sonnewell sat on a concrete abutment in a sour-milk-smelling alley near Union Square in San Francisco, the cement rough against his jean-clad butt.

The night was chilly, a good excuse for the long-sleeved work shirt and nylon Air Force jacket, heavy jeans, and boots, although a neutral observer might have been puzzled by the translucent vinyl gloves he wore on his hands.

The clothing had been worn only this once, the better to minimize the transfer of DNA to a murder victim.

And he waited, a predator in plaid.

Overhead, between the buildings, he could see exactly one star, surrounded by roiling purple nighttime clouds that reflected the kaleidoscope of city lights back to earth. Though he rarely used alcohol, Sonnewell had three-fourths of a jug of Burnett's peach vodka by his hip.

Bait.

His hands trembled. Nerves, he thought. He was scared, but he was going for it.

And here came Duck Wiggins, right on schedule, down the alley that he considered *his* alley. He spotted Sonnewell and the jug. Wiggins was a battered man, his face a collection of fleshly crevasses, eroded by his years on the street. His beard might almost have been mistaken for religious expression, so twisted and solid with filth it was.

Wiggins said, "Hey! This is my street, bitch!" and a moment later, "Whatchagot there?"

Sonnewell, matching the aggression: "What the fuck is it to you?"

"Gimme a taste."

"Why should I?"

Wiggins: "Give me a taste and I'll blow you. Later." He was lying. He was the top of the food chain, not this dweeb sitting on the wall like Humpty Dumpty.

Sonnewell pretended to think about it: "Bite me and I'll kill you."

"I don't bite."

Sonnewell pretended to think about it some more: “Okay.”

They sat together, a yard apart on the abutment, silent except for the steady gurgling of the vodka—Wiggins got on it and never let up. It occurred to him at one point that the other man was neither drinking nor complaining, but if he wasn’t complaining, then Wiggins wasn’t complaining.

Sonnewell turned as if to say something, but instead cocked his arm and struck Wiggins at the base of the skull with a scything forearm blow, knocking the other man off the wall, facedown in the alley. The bottle fell backward, still on the wall, but didn’t break.

As Wiggins hit the ground, Sonnewell dropped all his two hundred and twenty pounds on his back. Too drunk to fight, Wiggins tried to push up and then to roll, but the other man forced him down to the broken concrete.

Wiggins, face to the side, mumbling into the dirt: “Wha . . . t’ . . . fuck?”

Sonnewell pulled a short hard-finished nylon rope from his hip pocket. The ends of the rope were knotted around four-inch lengths of dowel, like an old-fashioned lawnmower starter rope, the better to grip it. He dragged the rope past Wiggins’ forehead, nose, lips, and chin to his neck, and pulled on the dowels for a long three minutes as Wiggins thrashed and kicked and pounded the concrete with his fists.

Sonnewell cursed and looked up and down the alley as he rode the other man, fearing a witness, but he’d chosen the kill site carefully and there were no other eyes. The alcohol was too much for Wiggins to overcome; Sonnewell won in the end.

When he was sure Wiggins was dead, Sonnewell untangled the rope from his victim’s neck, put it back in his hip pocket, looked up and down the alley. Then he crossed Wiggins’ feet and turned them, rolling the dead man onto his back.

Wiggins’ forehead was wet with sweat and maybe vodka, and air burped from his lungs, creating a stench compounded of alcohol and old meat. Sonnewell took a black Sharpie from his shirt pocket and wrote a careful “1” on Wiggins’ forehead. He retraced the “1” three times, to make sure it was perfectly clear. When he was satisfied, he stood, looked both ways, and left Wiggins as he lay.

Sonnewell was a half mile from his car and it was dark, and the San Francisco streets were mean. He touched his hip, where he’d tucked a compact nine-millimeter handgun. He was not to be fucked with, not on this night. Before he left the alley, he pulled on a dark blue Covid mask; he

shouldn't get close enough to anyone to get Covid, but it was a useful disguise.

As he walked back to his car, he passed a row of tents inhabited by homeless people. He left the remains of the vodka there, next to a tattered plastic POW flag planted in a bucket of dirt.

When he got to his Mercedes SUV, unharmed, he locked himself inside, took out a burner phone, and called a memorized number. The phone call was answered by a woman. Her name was Vivian Zhao. She lived somewhere in Southern California, but he wasn't sure where. One thing he did know for sure: she was crazier than a shithouse mouse, and smart.

"How did it go?" she asked.

"Done. Alley near Union Square. As we discussed."

"You're my hero," she said. "Don't forget to throw the phone away. And your rope."

She hung up.

On the way out of town—Sonnewell lived south down the peninsula, in Palo Alto—he asked himself how he felt about killing a man. He was interested, but not surprised, to find that he was now genuinely frightened.

He would be frightened for a while, he thought. Accompanying the fear was an unfamiliar and growing exhilaration.

Sonnewell had grown up on a Central Valley corn farm, one of the four abused children of a hard-faced descendant of Okies who'd actually made it in California. His father believed, as his parents and grandparents had, in the fist and the razor strop. Sonnewell, his two brothers and his sister, lying on the banks of a local creek, had talked of killing the old man. They'd never done it, or even tried, though the talk had been serious.

Through strange and unrepeatable circumstances, Sonnewell had once invested fifty thousand dollars in a thing called Bitcoin. When he'd sold out, with Bitcoin at \$46,000 per coin, he was a billionaire. He'd ripped off ten million dollars for each for his siblings and they unanimously told their father that he and his farm could go fuck themselves.

Yet, in his heart, Sonnewell was still an American farm boy, and believed in an America he saw dissolving around him. Half the people in the Central Valley couldn't speak English; the crazies who ran the California government had jacked taxes so high that ordinary hardworking people could hardly make it without abasing themselves before the assholes in the statehouse. The assholes who stood by as the great coastal cities of

California were swarmed under by the unclean, the unhealthy, the addicted, the grasping.

Like Duck Wiggins.

The product of beatings since he was a toddler, Sonnewell was not quite right in the head.

He knew that. He was willing to use his difference.

AS SONNEWELL WAS pushing down the peninsula, U.S. Marshal Lucas Davenport was pulling into his driveway in St. Paul, Minnesota, half a continent away. Snow was falling: more than a flurry, less than a blizzard. There were two new inches of snow on the driveway, and he knew, as he drove across it, that he'd leave frozen tracks behind himself that wouldn't come off with a snowblower. He'd either have to laboriously scrape off the tracks in the morning, or they'd be there until February or March.

Though it was late, there were lights in the windows. He pulled into the garage, got out of the car, walked back outside and turned his face up to the snowflakes. They were like feathers, caressing his face; cold, tender, refreshing.

From well down the street, he could hear the faint tingling of recorded Christmas music coming from a house that must have had six hundred red, blue, and green lights hanging from it, and a sleigh with eight plastic reindeer in the front yard, along with a crèche. It was far enough away that he didn't mind, but he suspected the nonstop jingles were driving the adjacent neighbors nuts. Christmas was two weeks gone. In his opinion, it was time to can the Christmas tunes.

As the snowflakes evolved from refreshing to cold and wet, he went back into the garage, dropped the overhead door, and walked through the access door into the house, where his wife, Weather, was burning toast.

"You're burning the toast," he called.

Weather ran back into the kitchen and popped up the toast. "Mmm," she said, "Peanut butter-covered charcoal."

"Do anything good today?" Lucas asked.

"Skin grafts on a guy who got fried trying to fix a high-tension wire," she said. She was a plastic and reconstructive surgeon. Her tone was routine because the work had been routine; it was what she did. "Blew most of the

fat off his body. He's got the face of a thirty-year-old angel, but everything below his neck is a mess of scar tissue."

"Nice image," Lucas said, shucking his coat. He hung it on a hook in the hallway between the kitchen and garage.

"How about you? You catch him?" she asked.

"No, but I've got a better idea where he might be hiding. Not that I care much. He's not exactly Al Capone."

"What are you going to do now?" Weather asked. She was a short slender woman, with blue eyes and an oversized, slightly bent nose, which Lucas had found instantly attractive when they first met: gave her a craggy aspect. Her hair, originally a dishwater blond, was showing the first hints of gray, and now was being managed by an enormously expensive hairdresser named Olaf, though only Lucas considered him enormously expensive.

"Get a beer, and either watch some basketball from the West Coast or roll around in the bed with my old lady," Lucas said.

"I'll meet you upstairs in fifteen minutes," Weather said. "My breath will smell like peanut butter and burnt toast."

"Mmm. Peanut butter." He patted her on the ass on his way to the refrigerator.

LUCAS WOKE AT ten o'clock the next morning, pleasantly relaxed after the moderately athletic sex. He got up, yawned, scratched his stomach and wandered downstairs in his undershorts and tee-shirt, made himself a cup of cocoa with tiny marshmallows, turned on his laptop and brought up the Google news feed.

The headlines weren't all bullshit, but most of them were; his eyes hooked on a short story about a man strangled in San Francisco, the strangulation having been announced in a press release by the killer. The press release was attached to the story as a sidebar.

A vertical wrinkle formed between Lucas' eyes. A killer was sending out press releases?

We are all, he thought, going to hell.

If you have money, a lot of money, as all of us do, how do you get your thrills? Skydiving? Fight clubs? Orgies? Gambling? Fly your own jet, sail your own super-yacht? Well, of course you do. All of that. But it gets old, doesn't it? It has for the Five.

So now, to liven our lives, we're going to murder people who need to be murdered. We're doing a service to the American culture at large, and at the same time, enjoying the extreme thrill of being hunted by the police, by the FBI, by whomever takes the time to chase us. Yes: we are going to help rid America of its assholes. We invite others to join in. Really. Please do. We can't get this done alone. So many assholes, so little time.

As for us, we've already killed the first of our designated victims, Duck Wiggins. Wiggins lived on the streets of San Francisco. He was a disgusting piece of human trash. He stole, he raped, he precipitated fights, he attacked innocent elderly Asians, and the San Francisco police believe he stabbed at least three of his fellow denizens of the gutters. And, of course, he defecated on the sidewalks whenever he felt the urge.

One of the Five strangled him this morning. We put a numeral "1" on his forehead and San Franciscans will no longer have to put up with Wiggins' vicious insanity.

To complicate the moral matters for all of you, each of the Five have put an anonymous, untraceable Bitcoin (worth \$44,123.23 apiece at the instant of this writing) into a Bitcoin wallet whose address we've already sent to Street of Hope, a San Francisco organization dedicated to helping the homeless. Will Street of Hope accept the \$220,616.15 (as of this instant) to do good? Or refuse to do \$220,616.15 of good on grounds that it's blood money? We shall see, shan't we?

The Five

(Next up? A politician! Stay tuned to this station.)

A WEEK AFTER the Wiggins murder, an almost cartoonishly handsome dude—and a dude he was, with big shoulders, square teeth, a chin he could have used to chop wood, a thousand-dollar sport coat, loafers worn without socks—snuck out the back door of the Asiatic Hotel in Houston, Texas. He planned to walk around the corner to where he'd parked his car.

His simple plan was sidetracked by a bottle blonde, a beauty, maybe thirty, maybe a little older, medium tits, small waist, tight ass, the whole alluring package. She was leaning against the wall of the theater building across a narrow brick walkway from the good-looking guy, next to a door used by the stage talent. She was wearing a black silk blouse and dark

skinny jeans. She was smoking a cigarette, like one of those '40s stunners in the black-and-white noir films.

The good-looking guy was not bashful. He pulled up, nearly stumbled, and said, "Whoa! Howya doing, girlie? All alone in the dark?"

"Taking a break between sets," she said. He could hear the faint sound of music behind her, coming from the partially open door. She frowned, stepped closer to him, said, "Say . . . are you Jack Daniels?"

He gave her his best whitened-tooth grin. "Maybe. You from around here, or are you traveling?"

"From Austin," she said. She looked out of the alley toward the street. They were alone. "Are you sure you're really . . . let me see your face."

She reached out a slender hand, as if to turn his head into the light. Daniels let her do it, the grin still on his face. She didn't touch him, though. She had the blade of a straight razor tight between two fingers, snatched her hand back toward herself, nothing gentle about it, and Daniels felt a streak of cold pain, like a lightning strike, across his neck.

The woman stepped away and he realized, as blood gushed across his thousand-dollar sport coat, that she was wearing translucent vinyl gloves.

Andi Carter's father was the executive vice president of the LaFitte National Bank in New Orleans. He'd never be president, nor would he ever be less than the exceptionally well-paid executive vice president.

When Andi Carter's father was thirty-eight, his wife had run off with a building contractor to begin a new and better life in the Florida Keys. Her father was left in a middle-management bank job with not much in the way of prospects and with no notable assets . . . with one exception.

Her.

A smoking-hot thirteen-year-old, she'd caught the eye of several LaFitte executives and board members. They'd collectively made a deal with her father, and thereafter taught Andi the ways of the world, along with several uncomfortable sexual acts. They eventually (under some duress) pooled money to send her to Wharton, at eighteen, to study finance. Her father, in the meantime, had been promoted into the do-nothing executive vice president position. From which he'd never be promoted or demoted. That's just the way it was, in New Orleans, if you'd whored out your teenaged daughter.

At Wharton, Carter had been told about this extraordinary investment opportunity in a thing called Bitcoin; all the smart kids were talking about it.

She'd extracted the necessary money (under some duress) from the bank executives and board members, and though she'd gotten in a little late, it wasn't *too* late. A few years later, she was worth more than all the executives and board members put together. She could have bought the bank, if she'd wanted it.

She didn't.

Now, in the alley with the slightly crazy Andi Carter bending over him, Jack Daniels bled to death, but not instantly. When cut, he'd staggered in a circle, grasping at his neck, his carotid artery slashed open by the razor and furiously pumping out his lifeblood.

When he finally fell, Carter had again looked out toward the street, then dragged the body to the end of the walkway and behind the dumpster there, leaving a long bloody streak on the bricks. It was hard work, made easier by the jolt of adrenaline that was surging through her.

When they were out of sight from the street, she squatted and watched in the harsh illumination of a LED penlight as the last of Daniels' blood trickled out on the bricks. Trickling, not pumping: his heart had stopped.

She gagged once, not because of the blood, but because of the rotten-tomato-sauce and spoiled-banana odors that lingered behind the dumpster. When she was sure he was gone, she took a Sharpie from her purse and wrote a loopy "2" on Daniels' forehead. She packed the penlight in her purse, along with the tissue-wrapped straight razor and the Sharpie, and removed a compact 9mm pistol, just in case—she was not in a good part of Houston.

She walked three blocks to her Panamera, which had a splash of mud across the license plate, obscuring the number. Still wearing the gloves, gun in hand, she made it to the car unmolested, looked at her watch. She'd be back home in New Orleans well before dawn. She took a burner phone from under the front seat, punched in a memorized number, and said, "It's done. Straight razor, his body's behind a dumpster at the side of the Asiatic Hotel."

The woman on the other end said, "A dumpster? That's so delicious."

"The best thing of my life, Vivian," Carter said. "I want to do another."

"That can happen—but we should leave some room for Three, Four, and Five before we go all Lizzie Borden."

"I guess. But move them along, huh?"

"I will."

Carter clicked off. The phone would be dropped on a dark portion of I-10, its parts run over a thousand times before first light. She'd stop on a side street to wipe the mud off her license plate, so a cop wouldn't stop her for that violation, and maybe remember it, if her car had been photographed as it passed near the murder scene. She giggled as she pulled off the blonde wig, threw it in the back seat, and settled down to drive.

That whole thing with the executives and the board members? It had left a mark on her psyche, one not easy to rinse out. Not that she tried too hard.

THE FIVE

We're pleased to announce the death of the second of our designated assholes, U.S. Representative Clayton "Jack" Daniels of Brownsville, Texas. He was a real turd: a man of no morals, a liar, a racist, a deeply corrupt rabble-rouser who opposed the timely imposition of Covid-19 protective measures, a man whose vote in Congress was openly for sale to the highest bidder. He needed to go, for the safety of us all.

One of us cut his throat with a straight razor early this morning—those are not easy to come by, in this day and age—and left his body in the alley behind the Asiatic Hotel in downtown Houston. Note to Houston police: look behind the dumpster. Another note to police: look for Bunny Blue's fingerprints. They should be all over the bed.

We put a numeral "2" on Daniels' forehead and Americans will no longer have to put up with his political and sexual debaucheries.

Again, to make the murder more interesting, each of the Five have placed an untraceable Bitcoin in a wallet with the address sent to the Texas Poverty Law Center, which leads the fight against Texas hate groups. At the time of the donation, each coin was worth \$42,320 U.S. dollars for a total of \$211,600. Will the TPLC accept the blood money? We shall see. Fun, isn't it?

The Five

(Next up? We're killing a real greedhead!!)

AS CARTER WAS rolling through the night toward New Orleans, Virgil Flowers, an agent of the Minnesota Bureau of Criminal Apprehension, was working late in front of a Lenovo computer. He looked up from page 388 of a 500-page printed Microsoft Word manuscript that had been edited in red ink, to

the same manuscript on the computer screen. He corrected an on-screen typo and . . .

Quit for the night.

“Jesus.” No one awake to hear him. He’d been crouched over the screen for five hours and his back ached like fire. He stretched, scratched his head, yawned, and printed out the chapter he’d just edited.

The printer ran for a while, stopped, signaling that it was out of paper. Virgil put more High Bright Boise Multi-Use copy paper in the printer and it started grinding away again. When the last page came out, he moved the edited paper manuscript to the “done” box on his desk and saved the electronic manuscript to his local drive, to the cloud, and to a thumb drive.

He didn’t want to do it, but he’d need to print out and read the whole paper manuscript one last time after he’d edited all five hundred on-screen pages. Doing that, he’d probably find another five hundred small changes.

He’d learned that if he read the novel on paper, he could more easily spot problems. It was a pain in the ass but had to be done. He kicked back in his chair and looked at the stack of paper: this one was good, he thought.

His first effort, the beginner novel, had been naïve. He hadn’t known what he was doing, but he *had* been learning. The second novel, the practice novel, had been better, but was rejected by a New York literary agent, though she’d been encouraging.

“You write well,” Esther had said, in a thirty-two-second conversation. “You need more complications, more characters, and you need to spend more time developing them. You need to keep the velocity, but you do have to spend enough time with the characters to make them three-dimensional.”

He’d done that with this third novel.

THE NEXT MORNING, he woke late—he’d been up until two o’clock—and found his girlfriend, Frankie, sitting in the kitchen, feeding the twins and simultaneously reading the *Daily Mail*, the American edition, as she did each morning.

“How’d it go?” she asked.

“Got up to page three hundred eighty-eight on the rewrite. I’ll finish the inserts tonight.” He got Cheerios from the cupboard and milk from the refrigerator. “One more trip through, and it’s gone.”

One of the twins poked a Cream of Wheat–covered spoon at him and said, “Da,” looked confused for a moment, then went back to her Cream of Wheat. Frankie said, “Good. You’re gonna sell this one.”

“From your lips to God’s ears,” Virgil said, settling across the table.

The *Daily Mail* was voracious in its search for the very worst things that happened in the United States each day, and now, Frankie said, “A Texas congressman got his throat cut last night. Somebody wrote a ‘2’ on his forehead.”

Eyebrows up: “Like the ‘1’ in San Francisco?”

“Exactly. Press release came out before the cops found the body.”

“Fuckin’ cops,” Virgil said.

“This is gonna be something,” Frankie said. “Actually, it already is something. I’ll bet you ten American dollars that CNN is all over it this afternoon. *Breaking News!*”

“Fuckin’ CNN.”

The late nights on the novel left him feeling grumpy.

A WEEK AFTER that, it was Jamie McGruder’s turn, the Minnesota ninja warrior in training.

McGruder slipped over the brick wall and duckwalked across ankle-deep snow and past a line of dormant bridal wreath bushes that edged the swimming pool. He was leaving tracks, but the front two inches of his size thirteen boots were stuffed with paper to make them easier to control on his size ten-and-a-half feet.

McGruder was a tall young man with dark hair, gray eyes, and long, feminine eyelashes. He was wrapped in a dark green Givenchy down parka (\$2,990 from Nordstrom) along with black gloves and a black ski mask. He was wearing a black Tumi backpack. He was a hard body who worked out an hour every day under the eyes of a personal fitness coach. Until six months earlier, he’d never considered murder, not that he personally had anything against it.

He’d scouted the mansion, inside and out, and knew where the security cameras were located. The closest one was at the corner of the empty swimming pool, but on the far side of the bridal wreath.

The half owner of the house, Anson Sikes, was in New York. His wife, Hillary Sikes, the other half owner, should be on the move, coming home;

she rarely left her office later than six o'clock. The housekeeper was in her apartment at the back of the house. He'd seen her shadow on the window shades.

McGruder had never served in the military but had taken a dozen courses from the wannabe tactical schools. He'd trained in knife fighting, sniping, pistol shooting, scuba diving, and evasive driving. He'd learned to spot enemies who were following him, in cars, on motorcycles, or on foot, and he'd learned how to lose them.

He'd spent a year in a boxing gym, where an instructor lied and told him that if he continued to work out for another three years, he'd be ranked in the top ten light-heavies. He'd jumped out of an airplane with a tac pack dangling below him; he had a brown belt in karate and would be a black belt within a year.

In stalking Hillary Sikes, most of that training had proven to be useless, although, he thought, maybe he could use it someday. And he had a pistol in his pack. He was an excellent shot, even if he said so himself.

All that training, but never yet knowing the thrill of an actual kill.

Yet.

McGruder moved slowly through the expensive snow-covered landscaping, mostly duckwalking, but sometimes on his stomach, as much for the thrill of it, the ninja vibe, as for concealment. He took a full minute to cross the last open space to the corner of the garage and settle there in the soft snow.

In January 2011, in McGruder's first year at Harvard, he'd turned eighteen and had received the initial payment from the trust set up by his grandfather: one million dollars. He would receive another million at age twenty-one, another at age twenty-five, and the last million at thirty.

At eighteen, the twelve years to age thirty seemed like an eternity, and a million, well, it wasn't really all that much, was it? Not in this day and age. You couldn't exactly go crazy with it, or you'd find yourself broke. His stingy wastrel parents made him pay his college costs from his trust, but okay, he had that covered. What should he do with the rest? Could he use it to make more?

The boy had a gambling gene and he'd heard about this thing called Bitcoin. Some ultrasmart computer nerds told him it was going to be big. In February 2011, Bitcoin reached parity with the U.S. dollar and McGruder thought, what the fuck, what else are you going to do with your money? Buy

more shoes? Another guitar? He put a hundred and ten thousand dollars into Bitcoin at \$1.10. A hundred thousand bitcoins.

In November 2020, Bitcoin reached \$18,000 per coin and he dumped the whole lot, only to curse himself later when Bitcoin got to \$60,000. Still, his original investment was worth better than a billion dollars even after he paid his taxes, which he carefully did, and being a self-made billionaire at twenty-eight wasn't all that bad.

Until he got bored.

The band was particularly disappointing. McGruder sang and played rhythm guitar—rhythm guitar because he'd only learned the chords A, C, D, E, G, plus E minor, A minor, and D minor, because they were easy. He simply couldn't do bar chords, which the B and F required, because the strings fell in the cracks of his index finger.

He also wrote some songs, three or four chords each. He thought they were pretty good, until he overheard the bass player, in discussing the music they were playing, refer to him as “the dipshit.”

He'd fired her that same night but hadn't since been able to escape the secret feeling that he might *actually be* a dipshit. Even with all the money, the tactical stuff, the karate, the jumping out of airplanes, the high-end pussy. When he was at Harvard, he'd never been one of the guys invited to go out and drink until they were projectile vomiting, or to drive a rental car to Miami and back on a four-day weekend.

Because, he suspected, nobody liked him. Not even his parents—his parents least of all. He couldn't imagine what his mother was thinking when she bore him. Must have thought she was getting some kind of stuffed toy, like you'd win at a carnival.

So here he was, a simmering human soup of resentment, creeping across Hillary Sikes' yard, dressed in dark green and in black. Halfway across, it occurred to him that dark clothing might not be the best camouflage in a snow-covered landscape. Whatever. At the corner of the garage, he pulled off his backpack, slowly, slowly, and extracted a Japanese chef's knife with a fat nine-inch blade. The knife was sharp enough to cut through a thread floating in the air.

McGruder was wearing cross-country ski gloves made of leather and nylon fabric, the better to handle the knife. They were uninsulated and his hands were very cold. He touched his pants pocket and the Sharpie was

there. He pulled it out and slipped it into his parka's handwarmer pocket, along with his hands, and waited.

The frigid Minnesota air held no water and he could feel the hair prickling inside his nose as he breathed. Not since the day he'd cashed the Bitcoin had he felt like this, so alive; the tension, the engagement, gripping him like a fist. He could still back out, but everything had gone so well that he didn't believe he would.

There would come a moment, though, when he'd either have to commit, or not. If he didn't, he never would. That moment was coming.

Then it did.

Down the driveway, he saw a flash of light through the inch-wide gap in the security gate panels. A moment later, the gates were fully open and the Lexus SUV rolled up the curving stone driveway as the garage door started up and the interior lights came on. Hillary Sikes slowed as she approached her parking spot. Her summer-only Ferrari Portofino crouched in an adjacent stall like a crimson bullet; not something she'd want to ding, McGruder thought, so she shouldn't be looking into the rearview mirror.

But you never knew, did you? That you *couldn't know* was part of the thrill. If she saw him, locked the car and called the cops, he'd be in real trouble.

With that thought blundering through his brain, McGruder pulled the pin.

As the car edged into the garage, for a second it blocked the camera that covered the driveway. McGruder lurched forward, duckwalking, at first beside the car. Then, as it drove deeper into the garage, he moved behind it, holding his breath against the exhaust. The garage door rolled down behind him.

The garage was heated and Sikes swiveled and stepped down from the seat of the Lexus, scarlet Manolo Blahnik BB pumps flashing below an ankle-length silver fox coat; the coat was hanging open.

Sikes walked briskly around the back of the car, jingling her car keys, and then opened her mouth to scream as McGruder lurched up and slipped the chef's knife into her chest below the breastbone, angled upward to slice through her heart. He simultaneously slapped a gloved hand over her mouth to smother any scream.

Through the thin leather of his knife-hand glove, he could feel her heart thrashing against the blade. He pressed her against the car and the scream never made it out of the garage. She died there, lying like a murdered silver

fox in a puddle of purple blood. McGruder extracted the blade from her chest, wiped it on her blouse, swiveled, dropped it in the pack. Took the Sharpie from his coat pocket and wrote the numeral “3” above Sikes’ half-open eyes.

He stood, looked down at her, awaiting the rush: and oddly, he didn’t feel much. A deceased woman, lying on a concrete floor. Nothing to do with him . . .

One of her pumps had come off. He picked it up, looked at it in the overhead light, turning it, and then impulsively pulled the pump off her other foot and put them both in his backpack. For the trophy room he’d someday build. Ten seconds later, he was out through the garage access door; moving slowly across a short open space and then behind the bridal wreath, to the wall and over.

The neighborhood, part of the lake country west of Minneapolis, was heavily treed. His car was a quarter mile away, in a lakeside parking lot with two dozen others, kids and parents out on the ice, whacking a puck around. The road was actually a lane, barely wide enough for two cars to pass, trees right down to the edge of the tarmac, with almost no traffic.

He stayed at the very edge of the lane except when a car went by—there was only one—and then he stepped behind a bush where he would be invisible. At the parking lot, he waited until there was no one walking toward a car, then hurried across the lane to his Subaru Outback.

He drove a mile out, stopped on a dark back road to pull the stolen plates off his car. They went across a fence into a snowdrift. Another few miles, he was on I-494, following the loop around the Twin Cities to an intersection with I-94 east of St. Paul. On the way, he took a burner phone out of his pocket and called a number he’d already entered.

The woman on the other end asked, playfully, “How’s my boy?”

He said, “Done. With the knife. She was wearing a silver fox fur coat, if you need a detail for the press release. It was soaking up her blood when I left.” He didn’t mention the shoes.

“How do you feel?”

He thought about it for a moment, then came up with the word: “Ebullient.”

AT I-94, MCGRUDER turned east, crossed the St. Croix River into Wisconsin. Forty minutes later, at Menomonie, Wisconsin, the first flakes of snow began bouncing off his windshield. Hadn't counted on snow. He peered up at the sky but could see nothing at all.

By the time he reached Eau Claire, he was driving thirty miles an hour on the interstate, through a tunnel of snow defined by his headlights and by the winking red taillights of a semitrailer ahead of him. He could see an occasional flash of lightning in the sky. He eased around the exit at Eau Claire and headed north.

Driving was still difficult, but he was only going a few blocks up the hill. Now moving at ten miles an hour, alone on the street, he took a left, stopped to look at the street sign to make sure he had it right—he did—and then continued through the business park. Slowing again, he found the building he used as a landmark, then turned onto a dirt trail. Another hundred yards and he saw a pile of broken blacktop, another landmark.

Head down, he got out of the car, took a flashlight from his pack, and checked his location. He needed to pull forward another ten feet, and then make a left turn. He got back in the car and did that.

With the car now wedged between two fifteen-foot piles of dirt, he parked, and again got out into the storm. He had two two-gallon plastic containers of gasoline in the back seat. He got them out, and, hunched against the wildly blowing snow, poured the gas through the passenger compartment.

When he'd finished, he threw the two containers onto the back seat, opened all the windows and doors, took a wadded piece of computer printer paper out of his parka pocket, lit it with a BIC lighter, and threw the burning paper into the car.

The gasoline flashed into roaring flame, singeing his eyebrows. He stepped away, then hurried on foot back the way he'd come. He had a good long trek ahead of him, but he was wearing the world's warmest parka, and with his head bent against the wind, he trudged toward the University of Wisconsin campus.

Overhead, there was a flash and a peal of thunder. Thundersnow usually didn't last long; it hadn't been snowing twenty miles west of Eau Claire, and he believed that like most thunderstorms, this one would be moving east. He'd get to his car, wait the storm out, and then head back to the Cities.

If he pushed it, he might have time to drop by a club. He was well known at a couple of them and they all had security cameras. If he could get his face on a camera, the night of the murder, that'd be icing on the cake.

And he would greatly enjoy himself, and enjoy the mental image of the asshole lying on the cold concrete of her garage floor. He might even try walking around in her shoes that night.

TWO

Murders done by Night People often aren't found until the Day People begin to stir. That was the case with Hillary Sikes. Her housekeeper, who lived in an apartment at the back of the house, got up at 6:30, took a shower and dressed, and headed for the kitchen.

Sikes usually ate two scrambled eggs with Canadian bacon and a cup of vanilla yogurt with strawberry, raspberry, or blueberry jam stirred in. Sikes was an early riser, and the housekeeper could usually hear her thumping around in the bedroom suite—she had a heavy tread.

This morning, the housekeeper heard nothing at all . . . what she thought (later) was a foreboding silence. She went to the bedroom door and knocked.

“Miz Sikes? You know what kind of jam you want in the yogurt?”

No answer.

She tried again: “Miz Sikes?”

No answer.

She pushed open the door, far enough to peek into the bedroom, and saw the bed had been undisturbed since she'd made it the day before.

When she thought about it for a moment, she hadn't heard the television the night before, she hadn't seen lights come on or off . . . though she thought she'd heard the garage door going up and down.

Confused, she went to the garage and looked inside, and saw the Lexus in its normal parking space. She later told the cops she didn't know exactly why she did it, but she walked past the Ferrari to look in the Lexus . . .

And saw the body in its puddle of blood.

She didn't immediately scream. Instead, she walked back into the kitchen, got her cell phone, dialed 9-1-1, and when the operator asked, “Is this an emergency?” she opened her mouth to say “yes,” but instead, she began screaming uncontrollably.

She was sitting on the front porch, in minus-ten temperatures, wrapped in nothing but a quilted housecoat and already suffering from hypothermia, when the cops arrived.

VIRGIL FLOWERS WAS hard asleep at 7:45 when his cell phone rang and Frankie groaned, “Damnit. Somebody’s dead and it’s ten below.”

Virgil crawled across both her and Honus the Yellow Dog, who snuck up between them on cold nights, to the nightstand. He picked up his phone and looked at the screen: Jon Duncan, his nominal boss at the Minnesota Bureau of Criminal Apprehension.

He put the phone to his ear and asked, “What?”

“Minnetonka, right now,” Duncan said. “You’ll need to bring some working clothes in case you have to stay a few days. I’ll get you an address and the rest of it as soon as I can.”

“Man, I . . .”

“Number Three was killed in Minnetonka.”

Virgil could hear the capital letters, but they didn’t register for a second. Then he lurched upright: “Not here.”

“It’s real,” Duncan said. “The newsies started getting press releases right after midnight. The feds are on the way, we’re on the way. The locals are there but standing back. We need you. I’ll see you in Minnetonka.”

Virgil had been up late, putting the final touches on his novel. At one o’clock that morning, he’d punched the computer key that would send the manuscript to New York, then lay awake for two hours assailed by thoughts of writerly inadequacy. Now this, with four hours of sleep.

Mostly because of Frankie’s interest—she was a news junkie and had an instinct for things that were about to blow up on the media—Virgil had been following the investigations into the two “Five” murders, as they were now being called.

When the first press release had landed in the emails of fifty selected journalists, several of them had called the San Francisco cops on the off chance there was something to it. The San Francisco police spokesman said it was unlikely that anybody would have time to search downtown alleys in the middle of the night, based on an anonymous press release, but they’d get to it as soon as they could.

When they finally did, at six o’clock in the morning, they admitted that there was a dead Duck Wiggins lying in an alley with ligature marks around his neck and the numeral “1” written in black ink on his forehead.

On the second killing, the Houston cops had at first denied knowledge of a murder at the Asiatic, and then—whoops—admitted that there might have

been a body there, behind the dumpster.

They refused to identify the body before notification of next of kin, but reporters for the *Houston Chronicle* were told, privately, that the dead man did, in fact, resemble U.S. Representative Clayton “Jack” Daniels. There had been no political meetings at the Asiatic that night; no real reason for Daniels to be there . . . at least none until the police took the tip from the Five. They found the fingerprints of Bonnie “Bunny” Blue, a sometime actress, on the headboard of the bed in the room rented that night by a “Bob Brown.”

Blue was mostly known for her pneumatic breasts and a full-frontal nude scene in the Texas thriller movie *Chainsaw Shark-A-Palooza*, in which she was eaten (by sharks).

She didn’t deny being in the room Daniels had rented, for cash, under the name Bob Brown, but had no knowledge of what had happened to him after he left the hotel room. The *Daily Mail* was the first with the story, followed by the *Chronicle* and, simultaneously, for some reason, the E! network, which may have paid for a first-person interview. Blue claimed she’d been exploited by the dominant male paradigm of Houston and she planned to sue Daniels’ estate.

Daniels’ wife said Blue could go fuck herself, if she wasn’t too busy fucking everybody else in Houston, and she wasn’t getting a dime. In Hollywood, a screenwriter thought the murders might be a concept. He noted the liberal tendency reflected in the press releases and began trying to sell it to Amazon and Netflix as a series to be called *The Antifa Assassins*.

The sensation had not abated when Three was found dead in her Minnesota garage.

Virgil had the best clearance rate in the BCA. Sometimes, when the suits got nervous, his reputation jumped up and bit him on the ass. Virgil told Frankie what Duncan had said and she scrambled off the bed and down the stairs, calling, “It’s really cold outside. You’ll need a hot breakfast.”

Virgil kept a bug-out bag because he often travelled on short notice. After a fast shower and shave, he added a dressy blue cashmere sweater he’d gotten for Christmas, and a Glock semi-automatic pistol, to the top of the bag, pulled on a pair of Vasque winter hiking boots, and headed down the stairs.

The farmhouse had been built in the 1940s, a couple of years after World War II, and the kitchen smelled like all the soups that had been made there

since; it currently still held the lingering odor of the balsam fir they'd put up for Christmas and left up until after New Year's. In his spare time, Virgil, along with Frankie's older kids, had done some modest modernizing, mostly out of sight. The well water no longer smelled of ancient cow manure.

"Eat," Frankie said. "Cream of Wheat with brown sugar and half and half. I made extra coffee and got out the Yeti bottle. Three! I mean . . . You're gonna be famous."

"We're not there, yet," Virgil said.

He was a tall man, lanky, casual, blue-eyed with blond hair worn too long for a BCA agent; he had smile lines on his cheeks and a few worry lines on his forehead. He might have been a surfer, if Minnesota had surf.

He worked out of his home office, covering the southern third of Minnesota, with the authority to call on the St. Paul headquarters for backup when he needed it. He ate three-fourths of the Cream of Wheat and gave the rest of it to Honus, who sat quietly drooling on the floor next to his boots.

Frankie said, "Number Three. I'll probably be on the network morning shows—Virgil Flowers' paramour—to tell them how modest you are and how you broke it. Maybe that red silk blouse with the cleavage. Something hot."

Frankie was a short, busty blonde with the face of a fallen angel, who salvaged old buildings for a living. She and Virgil, cooperating, had produced the set of twins, one of each, and someday might get married. Frankie insisted on hearing about Virgil's murder cases, in detail, with an emphasis on the blood shed by the villains, as she called them.

"Everything you wear is hot," Virgil said, "Because you're in it." He got his parka, ski hat, and winter gloves, kissed her goodbye. "This is gonna be a mess."

One of the twins began to cry in the second upstairs bedroom and then Sam, Frankie's twelve-year-old son by another father, came out of his first-floor bedroom rubbing his eyes, looking cranky, and asked, "What the fuck is going on?"

"Say 'fuck' again and I'll kick your ass up around your ears," Virgil said. "I'll see you guys when I see you."

Sam scratched his stomach and said, "Shoot somebody for a change, huh?"

"Don't forget the Yeti," Frankie said, and Virgil snagged the bottle as he went out the door.

A thermometer on the back porch said it was seven degrees below zero. Virgil crunched across the crystalline snow to the garage, backed his Tahoe out, and pointed it north toward the Twin Cities. The farm had recently been expanded to include a stable, a barn, and two horses. A forever-uncelebrated side effect of the Three murder was that Virgil wouldn't be shoveling horseshit on this particular morning.

Which was good, because it was frosty. A weather forecast from a local radio station predicted temperatures would rise to three degrees above zero by noon, before falling again. The fields around the house were covered by a thin coat of snow, with a shiny, frozen surface that glittered orange when the sun peeked over the horizon.

They hadn't had snow for three weeks, and not much then, just missing a storm that had hit the Twin Cities two days earlier. The drive north to the Cities was uneventful, on mostly clear highways, much of it following the Minnesota River north, the river marked by a bosque of barren gray trees. At one point, outside the town of St. Peter, he saw a murder of crows dive-bombing one of the trees, and assumed an owl was lurking there, the mortal enemy of corvids everywhere.

The snow had gotten deeper as he drove north, showing signs of drifting by the time he crossed the I-494 ring highway. Duncan called again, with an address and information about the victim, Hillary Sikes, and told him to drive faster. Virgil arrived at Sikes' home at nine o'clock, an hour and a half after the first call from Duncan. At a checkpoint a block out from the house, a local cop checked his ID and waved him through.

Sikes' driveway looked like a police union convention, a dozen cops in and around the driveway in groups of two and three, all wearing Covid masks, and pumping gouts of steam into the frigid air as they talked. Virgil found a parking spot up the narrow street, put on a mask, and walked back.

Lucas Davenport, an old friend and a U.S. Marshal, had his butt propped against the front fender of an SUV. He was wearing a blue Patagonia parka with the hood down, jeans, boots, sunglasses, and a mask. He nodded when he saw Virgil coming.

Virgil said, "So?"

"Crime scene still at work," Lucas said. "Body was found by the live-in housekeeper who got up at six-thirty and wondered why nobody had slept in the victim's bed. She looked in the garage and called the cops. The cops called the BCA, and the BCA called the FBI. Looks like Sikes was stabbed

to death by somebody who knew where the security cameras were. He came over the side wall, crawled along the bushes by the swimming pool and then waited by the garage door.”

“Tracks in the snow?”

“Guy had long, narrow feet. Or long narrow shoes,” Lucas said. “Might have been dropped off and then picked up by the wall, so there could be two people involved.”

“Other security cameras?”

“Looking into it, but the houses here are set back in the woods and have driveways that curve up through a lot of trees. The cameras are on the houses, and don’t monitor the road.”

“You look pretty relaxed,” Virgil said.

“I’m not standing in front of a media firing squad, like some people,” Lucas said, with a grin. “This is gonna be a shit show.”

Lucas was as tall as Virgil, with a heavier build, blue eyes, dark hair shot with gray at the temples. A scar tracked across his forehead from hairline to eyebrow, then continued on a cheek, the result of a fishing accident.

Like Virgil, he’d been a college jock, a hockey defenseman versus Virgil’s third-baseman. They’d both gone to the University of Minnesota, Lucas twelve years earlier than Virgil. Lucas had once been Virgil’s boss at the BCA, a status that had never impressed either of them.

“Okay, I know why I’m here,” Virgil said. “Why are you here?”

“I got a call from Porter Smalls,” Lucas said. Smalls was a U.S. senator from Minnesota. He and the other Minnesota U.S. senator, Elmer Henderson, had conspired to get Lucas appointed as a deputy U.S. Marshal, partly because they liked him and considered him a law enforcement asset, and partly because they could use him. “Sikes was one of his larger donors.”

“Good to know this is going to be a clean, well-run operation without political interference,” Virgil said.

Lucas nodded at the cluster of cops in the driveway and said, “Here comes your boss.”

Jon Duncan shouldered his way through the crowd. Like Lucas and Virgil, he was wearing a parka, jeans, boots, and a mask. Unlike them, he sported a Russian-style fur-trimmed hat with the side flaps tied down over his ears, which exponentially increased his nerd factor. He knew that, and it bothered him not in the slightest, because he was warm. He nodded at Lucas and said

to Virgil, “We might turn you around and send you home—the feds are being obstreperous. Anyway, you ought to look at this.”

“What is it?”

Duncan handed Virgil a piece of paper that had been folded over twice, and then sat upon in a car, so it held a butt-curve. “A press release from the Five. You need to read it to get the full favor.”

Virgil unfolded the paper and glanced at Lucas. “You’ve seen it?”

“Yes,” Lucas said. “It’ll piss you off. Fuckin’ posers.”

THE FIVE

We have struck again, as Batman might say, and another asshole is on his—Did we say *his*? We meant *her*—way to Hell. This time, we visited the Twin Cities, as we’re sure our beloved Twin Cities law enforcement community will discover tomorrow morning.

This particular body is in her garage. We stuck her in the heart with a butcher knife and left her lying in a puddle of blood, currently being absorbed, or possibly, sopped up, as the vulgar might say, by her silver fox coat. Pity the poor foxes, we pray you, but not this particular asshole. She was well known both for her insatiable greed, single-handedly putting dozens of workers on the streets, and for her right-wing-crazy politics.

So that’s Three. We’re tracking Four as we write. Good day to you gentleman and gentlewomen, and please, try to be fair—these people really are gargantuan assholes.

The Five

P.S. Once again, the Five have donated one Bitcoin each, now worth a total of \$218,050, and have sent the wallet’s address to the Northern Reach Garden Co-Op, for reasons that will become apparent.

Virgil finished reading and nodded. “It’s like the *Washington Post* says: snide, college educated, politically liberal, knows the difference between ‘lying’ and ‘laying,’ capitalizes ‘Hell’ as a proper noun. Probably rich if he can tell the difference between a mink and a silver fox on the fly. Or, it could be a ‘she,’ I guess.”

“Doubt it,” Lucas said.

“The FBI probably has fifty experts arguing about the difference between ‘lying’ and ‘laying’ right now,” Duncan said. And, to Virgil, “You want to look at the body?”

“Will I learn anything?” Virgil asked.

“No, but . . .”

“I know. ‘Always look at the body.’ I think Lucas is responsible for that particular commandment,” Virgil said, tipping his head toward Lucas. “I first heard it at the BCA.”

“That was me,” Lucas said. “Gets your heart rate up. The murder stops being theoretical. Look in their eyes, if they’re open.”

“Then we should look,” Virgil said.

“I already did. I didn’t learn anything,” Lucas said. “There’s a tank of hot coffee in that Minnetonka squad. I’ll get you one, if you want a cup.”

“I got a bottle of it in the truck,” Virgil said. “Don’t go away.”

Duncan led the way through the crowd to the garage, which was built of gray limestone from ground level to shoulder height, and from there up, was finished in wooden shingles. The back wall was covered with pegboard on which were mounted rakes, hoes, a sickle, manual hedge cutters, and an empty golf club travel bag.

Four cars were parked in a line, with two side-by-side overhead doors: a gunmetal-gray Lexus SUV, a red Ferrari, a black Mercedes SUV, and a reddish-orange Porsche Carrera Turbo. A group of cops were discussing whether the Ferrari and Porsche should be seized as evidence, and if so, who’d get to drive them to the impound lot.

Sikes’ body was on the concrete floor behind the Lexus, a lush fur coat open beneath her, a congealing puddle of blood beneath it. Her face was almost paper-white in death, strong rather than pretty, with blunt features and a mouth that naturally turned down into a grimace. Her teeth were just visible between pale, slightly parted lips; she had a diastema. She had hair the color of last year’s wheat straw, cut efficiently, rather than fashionably.

“She was stabbed, once, big knife, below the sternum, angling up to the heart, like the press release said. The guy knew what he was doing,” Duncan said.

Virgil looked at the body for fifteen seconds, learned nothing useful. He could smell the blood. He’d once worked with a female homicide cop who described the scent of drying blood and the off-gassing of dead-body odors as “icky.” Virgil had never come up with a better word for it: a sickly, fleshy smell, with a hint of copper.

He found the sight of her depressing and felt the first stir of anger. As an investigator who did murders out in the countryside, he’d seen far worse—decomposed bodies not found for days or weeks, crawling with flies and

maggots. Still, he felt a touch of nausea from the sight and smell of Sikes, the icky odor of death mixed with a hint of a flowery perfume and the grate of car exhaust.

Lucas and Virgil were each other's closest male friends, in the way men form friendships around shared traumatic stress and a predilection for jockstraps. Though they were friends, they were not alike.

Lucas could look at a body and become immediately absorbed in the technical details of the death: how the killing had been done, possible motives, who had the opportunity. He saw murder as a puzzle. The body was a detail, but not the only one. Murder signaled a competition that he was determined to win.

Virgil sought balance, rather than a victory. He wanted to wrench his world back into what it should be, a peaceful place where people cooperated to create a civilization. He disliked violence and rarely resorted to it. Murder was always a shock to his system.

He was angered and disgusted by the sight of Sikes sprawled on the cold concrete of her garage. Lucas was . . . interested.

As he stepped away from Sikes' body, Virgil said, "We're gonna have to deal with the feds. They got the gun, here."

"Sometimes I hate those guys," Duncan said.

"Yeah, well . . . I saw a couple guys in long overcoats by the front door. Like movie Gestapo. I assume . . ."

"Yeah. FBI," Duncan said. "If you got to play with them, please, play nice, Virgie. They've got all the details from One and Two, which we might need, if we get involved here."

LUCAS WAS DRINKING coffee from a plastic cup when they got back to him, and he asked Duncan, "Did Sikes have any protection? Bodyguards? She's really rich . . ."

"Not as far as I know," Duncan said. "There were pump shotguns inside the front hall closet and a back closet next to the door from the garage. Another one in a second-floor dressing room. All three were loaded but had empty chambers."

"Do we know if she'd been warned of anything coming?" Virgil asked.

"The FBI contacted her husband—he's in New York, now on his way back—and he says they were not," Duncan said. "No indication that she was

a target.”

Lucas: “What about the political thing?”

“Snowmobilers for Trump on Facebook. She’s said some pretty goddamned outrageous stuff,” Duncan said. “She thought Trump was going to be reinstated as President as soon as Biden was convicted of child molestation. That’s what she said, anyway.”

“Any reason to think the killer is local?” Virgil asked.

“All three killings have a local feel to them—like the killer knew his way around. On the other hand, they could have come from New Jersey or Utah,” Duncan said. “She was hated by a lot of people and they’re not all local.”

Virgil: “Because . . .”

“Her business. She created SPACs, S-P-A-C,” Duncan said, spelling it out. “SPAC stands for Special Purpose Acquisition Company. It’s like a free-floating bunch of money that investors give you. Then you go out and buy something that’s worth a lot more than you’re paying for it and you split the eventual take with your investors. Apparently, somebody always gets screwed.”

“I know one of them,” Lucas said. “There was a warehouse kind of place in St. Paul, off West Seventh Street, that was used by a Korean company to assemble small electric appliances.”

“I had a shooting there when I was working for St. Paul,” Virgil said.

“Yeah? Anyway, it’s the only piece of private property on that side of the road, and it’s right above a lake . . .”

The warehouse had a long history of manufacturing different small appliances, mostly junk, Lucas said. Sikes’ lawyers found that she could buy the business, and the zoning would allow her to replace the building with anything she wanted, as long as it was less noxious than an assembly plant. She created a SPAC, got thirty million together, according to the *Pioneer Press*, bought the plant, tore it down, and was in the process of putting in four lakefront apartment buildings when she was murdered.

“Although,” Lucas said, “It’s really more like swamp-front.”

Virgil: “And?”

“Kicked three hundred low-income, twelve-dollar-an-hour people out of their jobs,” Lucas said. “Just, ‘Hit the road.’ No compensation, no nothing. There was a media fuss at the time, but that went away soon enough.”

Virgil: “Then it probably is local.”

Duncan: “Maybe. She’s had heavy attention in the social media, both for the SPACs—there were several of them—and the snowmobiler stuff. They had a ‘Circle the Lake for Trump’ thing up at Mille Lacs, the last two Decembers, supposedly a thousand snowmobilers. I haven’t seen it, but I’ve been told there’s an anti-Sikes Facebook page. Maybe it’s still there, I dunno.”

The cops who’d been looking at the Ferrari and Porsche suddenly broke into laughter, and then just as quickly stopped, looked around, mildly embarrassed to be laughing at a murder scene with the body still uncovered and basically underfoot. Only mildly embarrassed.

“What’s this Northern Reach that’s supposed to get the Bitcoin money?” Virgil asked.

“The victims of another SPAC deal,” Duncan said. “She bought up a big parcel along the river north of Minneapolis that was being rented to a truck-garden co-op. Fifty-some farmers out of business, the ones selling at the farmers’ markets around town.”

“Oh, boy.” Virgil rubbed his nose, looked at Lucas: “The killer could have come from anywhere that has Facebook. He leaves no trace of himself as far as we know, except that he has long narrow feet. Or shoes. So, basically, after an in-depth analysis, I’d say we’re fucked.”

“Not us, so much, as the feds,” Duncan said. “They’ve taken over. They might need somebody to do the scut work, but they’ll be doing the heavy lifting, brains-wise.”

“Brains-wise. I wish I’d said that,” Virgil said.

“We need to talk to them,” Lucas said. “Maybe they won’t want us around. They’re good at all kinds of things—better than we are.”

“But we’re better at other stuff,” Virgil said. “Like the scut work that usually makes the case.”

“There is that,” Lucas agreed.

One of the FBI agents came out on the home’s wide stone front porch and called something down to another agent who was sitting in a black SUV. Duncan, watching him, asked, doubtfully, “They can do things better?”

“Some things,” Lucas said. “Who’s running this circus? Has anybody seen St. Vincent?”

“He’s inside,” Duncan said. “That’d be our best shot at a quick meet.”

David St. Vincent was the Minneapolis agent in charge. Lucas, Virgil, and Duncan ambled over to the porch, looked up at the FBI agent, who was

wearing a knee-length wool coat nowhere near as warm as a down parka, and Lucas called, “We need to talk to David.”

The agent looked down at them: “You’re Davenport.”

“Yeah. And this is Virgil Flowers, BCA, and Jon Duncan is coordinating for the BCA.”

“Let me talk to Agent St. Vincent,” the agent said. “I’ll be right back.”

And he was: thirty seconds after he went inside, the agent was back and said, “Give him five minutes. He’s on the phone to Washington. He wants to talk with you.”

While they waited for the agent in charge, Virgil, Lucas, and Duncan went back to the garage to watch the crime scene people work. Duncan said, “They’ve been all over the car. Doesn’t look like the killer touched it.”

One of the crime scene techs, a middle-aged woman named Cheryl, turned and said, “If one more of you jerkoffs steps in that snow, I’ll shoot you myself.”

“You looking for DNA?” Duncan asked.

“Of course. I’ve got low hopes,” Cheryl said.

“Can you get it off snow?” They all looked at the body-sized depression in the snow at the corner of the garage.

“Gotta say that’s unlikely,” Cheryl said. “I mean, if there was blood, or snot . . . or if he drooled in the snow. I don’t see anything obvious. He did lie down in a couple of places and melted into the snow a little. We’re trying to document the impressions.”

She nodded at a guy with a LED light panel and a camera with a wide-angle lens.

Lucas turned, looked up and down the street, and said to Duncan, “You know what? We gotta knock on doors.”

“Yeah.”

“Gotta be a camera somewhere that sees the road,” Virgil said. “My navigation system says it’s a half mile along the lane, on either side of the house, before you get to an intersection.”

They were still chatting when David St. Vincent came out on the porch and called, “Jon Duncan: bring your guys up.”

St. Vincent was a short man with a fifties-style flattop, tortoise-shell-framed glasses, a chiseled chin, and a missing pinky finger, which Lucas happened to know was congenital, rather than the product of an accident. He was wearing a blue wool suit, white shirt, burgundy necktie, and a mask.

When Lucas, Virgil, and Duncan climbed the porch, he said, as they all shook hands with him, “C’mon inside, get warm.”

They followed him inside, down a short hallway between two coat closets, and into an expansive living room with a bloodred carpet, mid-century furniture in colors coordinated with the carpet, and a bookcase built in sections on both sides and above a bar. One wall had an expressionistic oil painting of a horse, and from the way it was displayed, Lucas assumed that it was what art people called “important.”

Two masked FBI agents were perched on a beige sofa with briefcases by their feet; one was typing on a laptop, the other was on a cell phone.

St. Vincent said, “We need your help—mostly with crime scene.”

“Everything we’ve got,” Duncan offered.

“Thank you. We’ll reciprocate. We’re coordinating the results of the investigations in California and Texas and we’ll be adding yours to it. Plus we’re doing our own research with the serial killer team.”

“Do we know for sure that Sikes isn’t a copycat?” Virgil asked. “That it’s the Five group?”

“Yes. I assume you’ve seen their so-called press release? It came in to their list of reporters at midnight last night, seven hours before the body was found. They included a copy to the moderator of the Five channel on Facebook. She got so excited she tried to call the White House. Already got more than a million followers, or whatever you call them. I got woken up at one o’clock to warn me that this was coming. Didn’t mention Sikes’ name, but the rest of the detail is right,” St. Vincent said. “With this, I’ll tell you, things are about to get seriously ugly.”

“It’s already ugly,” Lucas said.

“About a three on a scale of one to ten. This will push it to seven. If there’s a fourth murder, the ugly will be off the scale,” St. Vincent said. “Thank God this wasn’t another politician, or the wingers would be going nuts. Get 2020 started all over again.”

Lucas: “I got a call from a politician.”

“I’m not surprised,” St. Vincent said. He knew about Lucas’ relationship with the Minnesota senators. “In any case, this is what we propose: everybody does everything. Don’t worry about conflicts. If you’re about to do something that will attract media attention, we’d appreciate a heads-up. Then go for it.”

“I’m not sure at this point what we can go for,” Duncan said. “I’ve read the reports out of Houston and San Francisco, and they were mostly notable for not coughing up any leads at all. No video, no DNA, no witnesses, no known connections between killer and victims . . .”

“That’s correct, but we haven’t dug deep enough,” St. Vincent said. “These people are more reminiscent of a terrorist group than an ordinary gang. One thing seems clear to us: the victims were not only researched, they were scouted. Stalked. The stalker was seen, by somebody. They might not realize it, but somebody saw this guy.”

“Have your computer people been looking at the sources of the emails?” Virgil asked.

“Of course. We’re holding this close, but the emails come from a never-before-used Gmail account. They use it once and then not again. The next email comes from a different Gmail account and there are literally millions of Gmail accounts. The emails all come from the same computer. Unfortunately, it’s an old Apple, sold long ago, then traded at a defunct used-computer place where nobody kept track of who bought what. It’s a very cleverly crafted dead end.”

“They’ve been thinking about this for a while,” Virgil said.

“Yes.”

Lucas: “Their press releases say they’re all rich, and there’s a hint the money might have come from Bitcoin investments. Have you guys . . .”

St. Vincent was nodding: “The problem is, one of the chief characteristics of Bitcoin is its anonymity, which is why criminals like it so much, and tax evaders. And IRS confidentiality rules don’t help . . . we want them to cough up whatever they have on big Bitcoin winners, but they won’t do it. We have to specify a name and then get a subpoena to get his or her records. Of course, a lot of the Bitcoin winners aren’t hiding, they’re bragging. We’ve got a list of those guys. There’s more than a thousand names on it right now.”

“That’s tough,” Duncan said. “Especially since you know the list is incomplete, and the ones you’re missing are probably the biggest crooks.”

St. Vincent nodded: “Yup.”

“VIRGIL AND I will be knocking on doors,” Lucas said. “Because that’s all we got.”

St. Vincent ticked a finger at him: “I believe that’s about the best thing you could do right now, Lucas. We need cops talking to local residents. *Somebody* saw the killer. *Somebody* did. I’d rather have local law enforcement pushing that angle, than my agents.”

—

BACK OUTSIDE, LUCAS said to Virgil, “Never heard anything quite like that, not from the FBI.”

“Don’t give him too much credit,” Duncan said. “He wants local law enforcement to do it because his agents are too valuable to be knockin’ on doors.”

Virgil looked back at the porch, where St. Vincent was watching them go; he raised a hand and Virgil raised his. To Lucas: “We knockin’?”

“We knockin’,” Lucas said. “Doesn’t seem right for cops as high-powered as us, but that’s what we’re doing.” He looked at the crowd of cops in the driveway. “We can get some local uniforms to walk with us.”

Virgil checked his iPhone for the time. “Ten o’clock. Meet you back here. Get lunch.”

“If you guys get the slightest sniff of anything, call me,” Duncan said. “I’ll be wired into everybody by then. Now, I gotta go kick some crime scene ass. They need to produce something.”

“If they can’t?” Virgil asked.

Duncan, grim-faced: “Then they’re not working hard enough.”

THREE

Vivian Zhao was short and thin with intelligent dark eyes and a way of talking to a person with her head half-turned away, but her eyes cut back to the person's face. She wore one tiny piece of silver jewelry, a simple loop that pierced the side of her left nostril. Her nails were always chewed short.

Zhao's hair fell to her shoulders and she did nothing with it: she called it her witch hair and most mornings, however it was when she woke, was the way it stayed for the day. She had tattoos never seen by anyone but her few lovers: they started below her collarbones and stopped above her knees. Her body between her collarbones and knees was a tangled universe of Japanese manga cartoons, a little color but mostly black, white, and gray.

Zhao had been a PhD candidate in economics until the process had become too boring to tolerate further. Everything was boring except, perhaps, money, of which she had little.

And murder. Murder wasn't boring.

It had become apparent during her economics coursework that much of the sand in the gears of America—and the grit in ordinary life, for that matter—was created by assholes. Specifically by assholes.

She could think of no more salient term for them. They were human scum who went through the world hurting others, with not a whit of conscience to be stirred. They weren't necessarily criminals, because the assholes in state legislatures, the Congress, and the presidency had bent and twisted the criminal laws to protect themselves. Everybody knew it; nobody knew what to do about it. The assholes held the levers of power.

They kept the American mushrooms—the people kept in the dark and fed bullshit—struggling toward all their individual concepts of freedoms: the right to own any gun you wanted, for the gun nuts; the right to abortion, for the feminists; fetal rights, for the anti-abortion crowd; the right of universal equality, for the progressives; the right to smoke weed, for the dopers.

It was all bullshit, Zhao thought. There was only one thing that got you real freedom: wealth. Money. With enough money, you could get anything you needed, anytime you needed it. You could get away with actual crimes for years, if you had enough money to protect yourself.

Zhao's money hunger had led her to a Bitcoin convention in Los Angeles. She'd gotten a low-paid speaking gig, in which she'd been introduced as "Dr. Vivian Zhao," although she had never finished her thesis. She hadn't corrected the convention's organizers. She hadn't bothered to tell them that her objective was to find somebody rich, cut him or her out of the crowd, and get some of that cash.

Her speech—"Get Out! No Taxes and the Good Life Elsewhere!"—had been well attended. During the cocktail party at the end of the day, she'd encountered George Sonnewell.

Sonnewell was standing alone, a big man with hooded eyes, a powerful neck and shoulders. A bull. He had a glass of bourbon in his hand, looking solid as a rock, and at the same time, innocent and lost. She'd approached with an inane comment about the attendance. He ignored that and told her he never wanted to leave the United States, not even to save his Bitcoin fortune.

"I love this country too much. I'd never leave. I admit that it doesn't work anymore," he told her. "The assholes are tearing it down. They're everywhere. I'll tell you what needs to be done: we need to start killing them. If we kill enough of them, maybe the rest will get the point."

With an impulse that she never quite understood, Zhao reached out and grasped the coat sleeve of this nerdish ex-farm boy and said quietly, "I totally agree. What you said . . . I've been waiting for somebody to say that. It's so obvious, but I never really thought of it that way. Maybe we should . . . begin."

He'd looked around and instead of fleeing, he'd asked, "Have you met Andi Carter?"

That was the beginning.

By chaining through the members of the ABC—American Bitcoin Council—they'd found two dozen members who had reached the same conclusion and seemed ready to act on it. But most weren't, not really. When the talk grew specific, about tactics, weapons, and targets, the recruits began dropping out. Two at first, then three more, then another, and another.

The talk, the planning, had been done inside dark web chat rooms set up by Zhao, using a software package called DesKreet. As members dropped out, she'd delete the old room and set up a new one, unknown to those who'd left. When they'd gotten down to five people, plus Zhao, it seemed they'd reached the necessary level of commitment in all of the members.

For security reasons, none of the five knew the identity of the other members of the final group except Zhao, and Zhao knew all five of them by name. When they'd gotten deep into their planning, they'd asked her to prove her commitment. That she wasn't simply hustling them, maybe setting them up for blackmail. Of Zhao and her five recruits, she was the only one who wasn't unreasonably, Bitcoin-filthy rich.

Zhao suggested a victim, a hedge fund operator named Josh Roper, known for his investments in West Coast slums, which, he bragged, returned sixty-five percent annually. The other five agreed he should be dealt with.

After weeks of research, scouting, and discussion in the chat room, Zhao killed him in his driveway on a cool Sunday morning in April. The six knew many things about the victim, and one really interesting thing: he got up at dawn on Sunday mornings, put on a dressing gown, walked out to the gate that protected his driveway, opened it a crack, stepped through, and recovered the *New York Times* from where the delivery man had thrown it.

The gate opened to the left. Zhao was standing to the left, behind the gate as it opened. The victim stooped to pick up the paper and Zhao shot him three times in the back of the head, and then twice more to be absolutely sure he was dead. She filmed the killing with a GoPro camera and posted it in the chat room.

Then the other five believed. None of them mentioned death, or murder. Their questions tended to the technical: "Where'd you get a silenced pistol?" and "How'd you choose a .22? Wouldn't a nine-millimeter have been more certain?"

"Suppressors are not hard to find, thanks to the assholes," she answered. "Those of you planning to use guns should ask around. You'll see."

The other five:

George Sonnewell hated what the street people had done to San Francisco. Andi Carter hated the greedy, grasping redneck politicians who'd played games with the bankers who'd taken her to bed a hundred times over. Jamie McGruder wasn't strong enough to hate but wanted to try killing someone because he was crazy. Killing an asshole seemed like a good idea and he picked one that made Zhao and the others happy. Bill Osborne was a black man, made rich by a timely investment in Bitcoin, who hated the gun dealers who were turning his beloved hometown of Cleveland into a war zone; and he knew of one who assembled ghost guns, and sold them to children. Marty Meyer's great-grandparents and most of their offspring had died at

Auschwitz; he hated fascists and saw them everywhere on the rise. He had his eye on a right-wing talk show host known for his incessant promotion of every absurd right-wing lie.

Since the five recruits had decided not to reveal their real names to each other, they'd chosen airport codes as pseudonyms. SFO was San Francisco and Sonnewell, JFK was New York and Meyer, CLE was Cleveland and Osborne, MSY was New Orleans and Carter, MSP was Minneapolis–St. Paul and McGruder.

When their group had been reduced to the final Bitcoin five plus one—Zhao—with everyone committed to killing, they spent hours online together, working out methods of murder. Their watchword was “analysis,” as in “We need more analysis” of this or that. They talked about weapons, about getaways, about evidence, about the tactics used by prosecution and defense attorneys so they could manipulate their killings to the benefit of the defense, should they get caught.

They looked at one another's choices of victims, suggested changes and dangers. They read thriller novels, most of which were useless, though some made interesting points about gunfire. They reviewed true crime stories, looking at the failures of other murderers, and how those failures might be avoided. They read police reports and learned how to buy dark web police scanners that could hear encrypted digital radio traffic.

While all five recruits knew Zhao, none of them knew for sure who the other four members of the Bitcoin group were, even though they'd all met at ABC conventions at one time or another. Meyer thought Osborne was a member and Sonnewell was almost sure that Carter was. The other three members had no idea of who anyone else was, and Meyer and Sonnewell were only guessing.

At the end, they felt . . . itchy. Carter had used the term. “I'm feeling . . . itchy. Got the urge to actually do something. If we're really going to do this, who's going first among the five of us richies? Somebody has to be first.”

“I'll do it,” said the man they knew as SFO.

Then he did.

And Carter followed.

Then McGruder.

FOUR

The Minnesota murder had taken place on the frozen banks of Lake Minnetonka, in the tiny town of Woodland, covered by police from the neighboring tiny town of Deephaven. Lucas and Virgil found the Deephaven police chief and got uniformed officers assigned as partners in the door-knocking expedition.

The Sikes place sat at the outside of a ninety-degree turn in the lane, with iced-up lakeshore behind the house at the bottom of a shallow slope. Lucas and his partner took the west leg of the lane, while Virgil took the north.

They were plodding and they both knew it but couldn't take a chance of missing something. Since it was a workday, most of the houses were empty. The others were occupied by people who worked at home, retirees, and women who wouldn't have identified themselves as housewives.

Lucas' partner was named Mark Corian, a tall bulky man with pink cheeks and blue eyes, whose layer of fat would help protect him from the winter chill that might claw its way beneath his police parka. He asked, "We walkin'?"

"Think it'd be faster to drive?" Lucas asked.

"No, but it'd be a hell of a lot warmer."

"Good point."

Lucas was driving a Porsche hybrid SUV, and they took that. The first stop was a half block down the street. "Louis and Betty-Anne Carpenter. Both lawyers. I know them. Nice folks," Corian said.

They weren't home. There were cameras on the house, but they didn't cover the street.

Next house. "Don't know these folks, sign says Bartley," Corian said. They left the car at the bottom of the driveway, walked a hundred feet up to the porch. The house was buried in what amounted to a forest. They knocked: nobody home.

Lucas said, "Camera." He pointed at a camera mounted on the corner of the garage. "Can't see the street."

Back in the car, Lucas said, "Damn good thing we took the car. I got cold walking up the driveway."

“Told’ja,” Corian said. “Supposed to be cold all week. Then we fall off the edge. Could be twenty below, middle of next week.”

“I’m looking forward to it,” Lucas said. “I plan to stay inside.”

In an area that had about one reported crime a year, all of the houses had cameras and some of them had multiple cameras. They talked to a retired man who invited them in and showed them a glass case full of quartz-crystal watches in the living room, all synchronized to the second. Other than that, he had nothing.

An elderly woman had a thousand pounds of yarn in a bedroom, which she showed them with pride. She offered to knit them sweaters or scarves, but Lucas explained that as police officers, they couldn’t accept gifts; and no, she had no idea what had happened to Sikes.

“She was a real pain in the posterior,” the woman said cheerfully. “In the summertime, she used to tear around in that red car of hers. Sounded like a tornado was coming. I’m not surprised she was murdered. The world has only so much room for people like her, and occasionally, one of them has to go. Sort of like these Five people say.”

She was correct, but Lucas didn’t tell her so.

As they walked away from the house, Corian asked, “Why do you think the FBI is so hot about this? I mean, okay, there’s a conspiracy that crosses state lines, but . . . they seemed completely skizzed out. For dead assholes.”

“Nobody cares that assholes are being killed,” Lucas said. “Dozens of people are murdered every day in the U.S., a lot of them good innocent people. What’s intolerable to the FBI is the direct challenge to their authority. The media’s been playing with that, and the feds can’t take it.”

“You’re probably right,” Corian said, in a glum voice. “Gotta take care of Number One, or the politicians might cut your salary.”

FIFTEEN HOUSES DOWN the street, they got to Charlotte Roe, who lived in an ultramodern three- or four-story home that looked like a collection of intersecting cubes, lots of glass, exposed steel beams. During the course of the interview, Roe told them that she was a master gardener, yoga instructor, licensed aroma therapist, certified sommelier, and published poet.

Lucas and Corian were not quite hypothermic when she came to the door, eleven o’clock in the morning, already exercising her wine enthusiasm. She

invited them in, sat too close to Lucas while ignoring Corian, and told him in the first fifteen seconds that she was a widow.

Her house was overheated and smelled faintly of cats, one of which, a red tabby, showed up to stare at Lucas, but not Corian. Roe offered them a delicious California chardonnay, which they declined, and then she said, "It's probably nothing."

"I'll take anything," Lucas said, parked on a wine-dark sofa.

"Well. You know this is an affluent neighborhood. Quite affluent. And also, quite contained. We don't have random sightseers going through."

"I could see that," Lucas said. He took off his gloves and flexed his fingers. They were white with the cold. Behind Roe's head was a painting that looked expensive and probably French, since America hadn't had picturesque peasants, until recently.

She said, "Yes. Quite affluent. My late husband was a *very* successful commercial real estate dealer. He did *very* well . . . until he died in a tragic mountain bike accident."

"Here in Minnesota?" Lucas asked.

"Right here in this house," Roe said. "He had a home bicycle repair shop down in the basement. His hobby. He was doing something with a drill-thingy, and he electrocuted himself."

"Really?"

"Yes." She sniffed. "He never cried out. Nothing. The first I knew he was gone was when . . ." Another sniff. ". . . I smelled burning hair."

"That must have been awful," Lucas said, stifling a yawn.

"That's the most tragic story I've ever heard," Corian said, wide-eyed and sincere. "I wasn't on duty, but I remember that. Three or four years back, right at the end of summer."

Roe's attention drifted toward the uniform. "Yes, that was it. I often think of that day . . . actually, I published a poem . . ."

Lucas: "About the thing that's probably nothing?"

"Oh. Well, as I was saying, this is an affluent neighborhood," Roe said. "If you have only one million, liquid, you're considered trailer trash. So, everybody has household help. The thing about household help is, they get out of here between three and five, unless they're live-in. Hillary had a live-in. The people in this neighborhood know the live-ins, too. See them all the time."

"All right."

“In the last week or so, I’ve seen this car,” Roe said. “In the evenings, after dark. It’s not the kind of car the residents here drive. It’s not one of the live-ins, unless it’s a new one, and I haven’t heard of any new ones. But it’s something the help would drive. I mean, around here, it’s Mercedes, Porsche, Land Rover. The Sikes have a Ferrari and a 911. I personally have a Mini and a Cadillac. This car I noticed . . . I first saw it when I was coming back from the Nez d’Vin. I don’t know the kind, but I *think* it was one of those lesbian cars.”

Lucas: “Lesbian cars?”

“You know . . . lesbian cars,” she said.

Lucas had to think about it, then Corian asked, “You mean . . . a Subaru?”

“That’s it,” she said, nodding. “One of those. Green. I’d see this car after dark, six o’clock or even later, after the help is gone. I saw it coming both ways on the street, moving slowly. It occurred to me that the driver might have been a burglar, casing the neighborhood. But, you know . . . I didn’t really take the idea seriously.”

“Why not? Take it seriously?” Lucas asked.

“Well . . . everybody has guns. A burglar comes to this neighborhood, he’s dead meat. I personally have a Mossberg 500 and I know how to use it. That baby’d blow a hole in a burglar the size of a picture window.”

“That’s true,” Corian said.

Lucas: “Okay. A green Subaru, acting somewhat suspiciously.”

“I wouldn’t say *acting* suspiciously—being what it was, was somewhat suspicious,” Roe said.

That was about all Roe had. Since it had been dark, she hadn’t seen the Subaru’s driver; nor had she paid any attention to the license plates.

Lucas was on his feet, about to leave, when Virgil called with a second possible break. Lucas answered, said, “Hold on a minute . . .” and said goodbye to Roe. He and Corian went out on the porch, where a breeze had sprung up, a wintry insult just short of intolerable.

Virgil said, “I got exactly one thing. There’s a guy here who has a heated wildlife pond out on his front lawn. You know, fake pond, well lit, running on a pump that cycles the water through a heater and then out into the pond . . . Gets bobcats, coyotes, raccoons, and so on. Birds.”

“I believe you,” Lucas said. “So what?”

“He has a camera looking at the pond. It catches passing cars. Not at a good angle, but . . . his camera sees cars. A bunch of them last night. Several

of them about the time Sikes must have been getting home from work.”

“Porsches, Land Rovers, Mercedes . . .”

“Yeah, like that,” Virgil said.

“How about a green Subaru?” Lucas asked.

“No . . . not last night. Should we look more?” Virgil asked.

“Yes, roll back a few nights,” Lucas said. “See what you get.”

“I’ll call you. Where are you?”

“Standing on a porch about halfway out,” Lucas said.

“That’s where I am, about halfway up the road and my ass is a block of ice,” Virgil said. “I’ll call after we roll the video.”

VIRGIL CALLED TWENTY minutes later. “Green Subaru. Four nights in a row, but not last night. About the time Sikes would have been getting home. Can’t see the numbers on the plate and the memory card recycles after ten nights, so we don’t have anything before then. If you think it might be something, we should talk to Sikes’ assistant, find out what time she left her office on those four nights. The Subaru would usually go by between six and six-thirty—we’ve got the exact times on the camera—which would be right in Sikes’ slot. If it turns out that she left later on one night, and the Subaru showed up later, and earlier on another night, and the Subaru showed up earlier . . . then we might have something.”

“I’ll call St. Vincent, have somebody talk to the assistant,” Lucas said. “Give me the times from the camera.”

Virgil gave him the times for the four sightings of the Subaru, and said, “If it looks like something, we can get a bunch of the locals and swarm the whole route out to 494. Lots more cameras out there, if we know what we’re looking for.”

Lucas called St. Vincent, told him about the Subaru, and gave him the times from the camera. “If this works out, I’ll sponsor three Masses at the St. Paul Cathedral,” St. Vincent said. “What are you guys doing next?”

“Same thing, knocking on doors,” Lucas said.

“Well, stay warm.”

When they’d done about two-thirds of the street out to the intersection, Virgil called Lucas and said that he and the cop with him were freezing to death.

“So are we,” Lucas said. “We’re talking about going back in for a while.” Lucas suggested that he drive up the street and pick them up.

Virgil, who’d walked, said, “I would have offered you a hundred dollars to do that, if you hadn’t offered to do it for free.”

Lucas picked them up; he had the Porsche’s seat heaters on high. Virgil said, “This sucks. We live in fuckin’ Siberia.”

When they got back to the Sikes house, St. Vincent wasn’t hopping up and down, because FBI agents in charge don’t hop, but if they *did* hop, he would have been. The Subaru’s appearance times seemed to sync with the times Sikes would be arriving home from her office. Virgil had brought back a thumb drive with ten days of video and they spent an hour watching it on an FBI laptop.

“We have no idea if this is the killer,” Virgil said. “Could be a delivery guy with a route . . .”

“Nope, nope, nope, this is the killer,” St. Vincent said, as he peered at the computer screen.

“How do you know that?” Virgil asked.

“Because it’s gotta be,” St. Vincent said. “If it isn’t, we’re suckin’ wind. And besides, the delivery boy theory . . .”

“Yeah?”

“Let me freeze the Thursday tape . . .” He did that and tapped the computer screen. “Can’t read the plate numbers, but I’ll tell you what—that’s not a Minnesota plate.”

Lucas crouched to get a closer look. “Huh. You know what? That looks like a Wisconsin plate. White with big numbers. Is that a smear of red in the upper corner? It’s a smear of something and that’s where Wisconsin puts the state name.”

“How do you know all that?” St. Vincent asked.

“I’ve got a cabin near Hayward. I’m over there all the time, pushing Wisconsin farmers down the highway at fourteen miles an hour.”

“Pennsylvania plates got a lot of white,” Virgil said. “So does Texas.”

“But it’s a lead,” St. Vincent crowed. He looked at his Apple Watch. “I gotta call Washington.”

“All of it?” Virgil asked.

WHEN ST. VINCENT stepped into the kitchen to make the call, Virgil, in the living room with Lucas, muttered, "Fuckin' idiot."

"Not really," Lucas said. "Sometimes, God wants you to catch a break. I think we did. Has that feel about it. St. Vincent feels it, too."

"I'm talking about calling Washington, to get the suits involved."

An FBI agent on the couch said, "Hey. I'm wearing a suit."

Lucas shrugged. "See. They're already involved."

"Are you going to stick with this, or are you going to try to weasel your way out?" Virgil asked Lucas.

"Dunno . . ." Lucas said. "It's better than the other stuff I'm doing right now. Then, there was the call from Smalls. Those guys get me interesting work, so I want to stay on their good side. And Smalls was spooked. Politicians can smell trouble coming. If only it weren't so goddamned cold . . ."

"When I was coming out of downtown this morning," the FBI agent said, "it was so cold the hookers were blowing on their fingers."

Virgil rubbed his forehead: "Jesus, maybe you ought to try stand-up instead of criminal investigation."

"I *am* pretty funny," the agent said. "You know the one about the blonde and the redhead walking through downtown Tifton, Georgia?"

Virgil: "Please, don't tell us."

St. Vincent came back. "Okay. We created some enthusiasm in DC. They want the video for the lab. They think they can bring up the tag numbers." He frowned. "Though our profilers are saying that whoever is writing these notes, these press releases, is certainly a college graduate and if he has the leisure to spend days or weeks scouting his victims, and then donating a Bitcoin for each killing . . . then a Subaru is an unlikely ride. They had already proposed that we look for a car in the hundred-thousand-dollar class."

"Could be a stolen car for this one thing, scouting Sikes and her house," Virgil said. "Could be stolen plates, too."

"Could be," Lucas said. "But if we find the car, we maybe get prints and DNA."

When Lucas and Virgil were thoroughly warm, they rounded up their door-knocking partners and went back out, found nothing new, but got cold all over again.

“Here’s a moneymaking idea for you,” Corian said, as he and Lucas drove back to the Sikes house. “How about inventing a heated vest that runs off a battery pack. Even if it only . . .”

“You’re too late. They’re out there. I know a hunter who swears by them,” Lucas said. “The only drawback is, some guys don’t wear warm-enough coats. Then, the battery runs down when they’re three miles out from the cabin and they freeze to death on the walk back.”

“Damn. I thought for a minute, there, that I was gonna get rich.” Corian thought for a minute, then said, “You know what we really need for days like these? Something like space suits. Totally enclosed, heater in a backpack. Breathing tube like a snorkel to warm up incoming air.”

“Maybe you *will* get rich,” Lucas said.

When they got back to the house, they found Virgil talking to St. Vincent. St. Vincent brightened when they walked in, and said, “You were right, Lucas. Wisconsin plate. It’s a 2019 Subaru. I’ve jacked up every police department from here out to the interstate to look at security cameras and spot the car.”

“Then what?” Lucas asked.

“We try to track him,” St. Vincent said. “It’s unlikely, but possible, that we’ll be able to follow him from one camera to the next all the way back to Wisconsin, if that’s where he’s going.”

“Then you don’t really need me and Virgil,” Lucas said. “This is now a research problem. It’s not a door-knocker anymore.”

“Probably not in this neighborhood, but we might need some more door-knocking downstream,” St. Vincent said. “If you work through the logic, it’d make sense for these guys, these Five, to kill locally. You solve a lot of logistics problems that way. The guy ditches the car on a local street downtown, walks over to a parking ramp, drives home. He has an excuse for everywhere he goes, because . . . he lives there.”

“You’re right. But it’s gonna be a huge clusterfuck and I hate those.”

“A clusterfuck does have one fine and desirable characteristic,” St. Vincent said.

Virgil: “What’s that?”

“Spreads the blame around if you don’t catch anyone,” St. Vincent said. Everyone within earshot looked over at St. Vincent and nodded.

FIVE

The FBI took over.

Teams of cops pulled in from around the metro area, each team headed by an FBI agent, tried to locate and review every video camera that might look at a road leading away from the murder scene.

There were a lot of Subarus and not much Lucas or Virgil could do to help. They both hung around Minnetonka until early afternoon, when Lucas suggested that they find a diner for lunch, and then go home. Virgil saw the wisdom in that, and called Duncan, who had gone to BCA headquarters in St. Paul.

Duncan had always been reasonable, and once upon a time, a competent investigator. He said, “Yeah, I been talking to St. Vincent. Go on home. I’ll call if we need you again. I’m not sorry we dragged you up here, Virgil—you guys got the only thing anybody got.”

Lucas and Virgil trundled out to the nearby town of Hopkins, Lucas leading the way, skating across patches of black ice. When Virgil got out of his truck at the restaurant, Lucas said, “I got a call.”

“Uh-oh.”

“Senator Smalls. He wants me to *liaise* with the FBI on the investigation, wherever it goes,” Lucas said. “I asked if they thought it might be possible to put together a Marshals Service task force out of Minnesota to follow it . . . wherever it goes. Sort of like the task force down in Florida.”

Virgil had been on the task force in Florida. When one of the bad guys had tried to escape in a small plane, Virgil had shot out one of the wheels as it taxied down a runway. A number of national media outlets had simplified the story by saying that he’d shot down the airplane.

“You’re dragging me into it?” Virgil asked.

“Not unless you want to go. Could be interesting,” Lucas said. “Make you even more famous. Maybe get a series on Netflix.”

“Give me a few minutes to think about it,” Virgil said.

THEY GOT A booth at the Perkins, a semi-tired chain restaurant with semi-tired food, took off their parkas, ordered cheeseburgers, fries, and Diet Cokes—they were culinarily compatible—and Lucas asked, “How’s the novel going?”

Virgil: “It’s in New York. Esther says she can sell it.”

“Holy shit! You think she can?”

“I don’t know. I think so,” Virgil said. He picked up a napkin and started shredding it: nerves. “The longest conversation I’ve ever had with her lasted thirty-two seconds, so it’s hard to tell. There probably won’t be much of an advance.”

“What’s that mean? ‘Not much’ is how much?”

Virgil shrugged: “Twenty-five grand, maybe. Could be less. After you take the taxes out, it’s half a small car.”

“It’s a start,” Lucas said. “Are you the hero? I mean, is the hero a cop who works out in the sticks?”

“No. He’s retired military, a former lieutenant colonel, got out after twenty, in his early forties. Gets pulled into stuff because, you know, he’s that kind of guy. Years ago, there was a thriller hero named Travis McGee, author was John D. MacDonald. I’m modeling my guy off of Travis.”

“I remember those,” Lucas said. “It’s a good model. At least you won’t be stealing stuff from C. J. Box.”

“I kinda worried about that. I mean, I do read the guy. In the practice novel, which was set up in the Northwoods, I heard echoes,” Virgil said. “This way, not so much. And there’s already a cop writer in the Cities.”

“Mostly that one guy,” Lucas said. “Whatshisname. But his cop never does any paperwork. Or uses the can.”

“Paperwork is boring and nobody wants to read about a hero taking a dump,” Virgil said. “I learned that much from Esther.” The Cokes came, and they paused the talk. When the waitress had gone, Virgil asked, “So . . . a task force?”

“I’ve got a speech about that,” Lucas said. “The FBI plays zone defense. They’re all over the place, but nowhere in particular. The Marshals Service is man-to-man. Right now, we’ve got no place to go, so we have to rely on the FBI’s research. When they actually find something . . .”

“*If* they find something. . . .”

“*If* they find something,” Lucas corrected himself, “then they might want a couple of hunters on the trail. Man-to-man. That’s us. I’d like you to go

along. Not so much as a cop, but more like a good-luck charm. You're a lucky guy. I personally rely more on intelligence and good looks."

"About six hours ago, you weren't that interested," Virgil said. "What changed?"

Lucas shrugged. "I thought about it. Six hours ago, I could see us walking around the Cities in January, ringing doorbells. But now . . . I think this could take us anywhere. Rather than sitting around the Cities in January, getting our nuts numb, we could be hitting some of the Bigs. Who knows, San Francisco, Houston, New York? Last year at this time, we were in Miami, nice and warm."

"Huh. And I had the five weeks in Hawaii with the scuba training. That wasn't bad, except now, the whole goddamn family is bugging me to take them back."

"Maybe if you sell the novel . . ."

They talked more about the novel and the case, then Virgil took a phone call from Duncan:

"The feds found a video camera that got a good shot of the car when it was going past a streetlight . . . what they think is the car," Duncan said. "Wilderness Green Metallic. They saw it twice heading out to 494. Looks like what Lucas said: Wisconsin plates, got the number, looking for the owner. Haven't spotted it further down the highway."

"That's more than San Francisco or Houston got," Virgil said.

"Yes, it is. Expect press releases from everyone involved. The feds are organizing a posse from all the local departments to check every hotel in the metro area for Wisconsin-based credit cards and green Outbacks."

"Anything for us to do?"

"Not really—I thought you'd like to know."

VIRGIL PASSED THE information to Lucas, and they finished their meals and headed to their separate homes. When Virgil was almost home, Duncan called again: "The Wisconsin plates were stolen. The owner is in the clear; older schoolteacher lady. The plates weren't just stolen, they were replaced with another set of stolen plates. The schoolteacher didn't even notice, but the owner of the car whose plates wound up on her car, did notice, and reported the theft to the Eau Claire cops. Plates probably stolen three or four days ago."

“So well thought-out. The whole car thing.”

“Looks like it,” Duncan said. “And really, what’d we expect with the Five?”

Virgil passed the word on to Lucas, who watched some pro basketball that night, while Virgil went back to work on what he hoped would be his second published novel.

The next morning, Lucas continued a desultory search for a woman named Virginia Clayton-Weasling, who hadn’t shown up for a federal court trial on tax evasion.

The day before the trial was scheduled to take place, she’d sent an email to the judge informing him that (a) she wouldn’t be showing up, and (b) that she’d done a tarot-card reading on his future, which strongly suggested that he’d be dying soon, though he was only forty-five and in good health.

The judge had taken that as a veiled threat and wanted her picked up. Lucas tried to be interested but wasn’t.

VIRGIL, WORKING WHAT he now thought of as his day job, resumed his hunt for a man named Ellis Hamm, who robbed gas stations. He’d arrested Hamm six years earlier, for the same set of crimes—gas station robberies—which was Hamm’s sole skill set.

He’d been released from Stillwater state prison the month before, and gas station robberies, which, until then, had been almost nonexistent in southern Minnesota and northern Iowa, had flared up again. The robber was carrying a .223 semi-automatic rifle into the gas stations and had fired a couple of shots into ceilings. Virgil worried that sooner or later, somebody was going to get killed—maybe a gas station attendant and maybe the robber. Rural gas station attendants tend to keep revolvers under the counter . . .

Virgil had talked to Hamm’s wife, Edna, who said she didn’t know where he was, though Virgil had noticed a CAT hat hanging from a hook in the mudroom off the kitchen, and Hamm liked to call himself a heavy-equipment operator.

Threats and warnings hadn’t produced Hamm, so the hunt continued until 4:45 p.m., the day after Sikes’ body was found, when Lucas called.

Virgil was in his truck. “Yeah?”

“You want to go to Eau Claire?”

“What’s there? Other than an older schoolteacher?”

“The cops found a burned 2019 Subaru this morning. Color is right. No plates. They called the fire department, but the fire was mostly out. Didn’t realize the feds were looking for a green 2019 Subaru until late this afternoon. Car’s still in place. I’m going. Stay overnight, the Marshals Service picks up the tab. Already cleared through Duncan, and I already got permission from Frankie. She’s packing your bag.”

“Wait. You called Frankie?”

“Of course,” Lucas said. “She’s talking about cleavage and a morning talk show. I don’t know about the talk show, but she’s definitely got the cleavage under control.”

“I’m thirty miles from home . . .”

“So? You got lights and a siren. I’ll see you at my place at seven o’clock.”

“If Frankie says okay . . .”

FRANKIE SAID OKAY.

Getting her permission wasn’t a hypocritical nod to equality, but more like a concession to reality. She was caring for two infants and a raucous preteen son, which was an exhausting job. Virgil tried to take some of the load off her, when he could, but she never had much work in the winter, and they needed his full-time job and the benefits that came with it.

She said, “Go.”

Lucas and Virgil drove through the early dark of January to Eau Claire, Wisconsin, past a half-dozen dead deer carcasses on the shoulders of the interstate highway.

“I was heading up to the cabin last fall and between here and Menomonie I saw twenty-two dead deer,” Lucas said. “Must have been in late October or early November . . . That’s my all-time record for dead deer.”

“The rut,” Virgil said. “The annual highway massacre.”

At Eau Claire, they checked into a Hampton Inn. At eight o’clock the next morning, Lucas called an Eau Claire investigator named Dick Presston who suggested that they meet at a McDonald’s across the street from the hotel and not far from the burned car.

They were standing in line at the McDonald’s when Presston walked through the door, red-faced, pulling off his gloves. He was wearing old-fashioned rubber galoshes and a parka. He spotted them and Lucas raised a hand.

“Flowers and Davenport?”

Virgil: “That’s us.”

“Yeah, you look like cops,” he said. He looked up at the menu behind the counter. “God help me, I could eat six of those Egg McMuffins. Goes straight to my hips.”

Presston was a hefty man, maybe in his mid-forties, who might be right to worry about his hips. He had a heavy face and small cut-scars under his eyes, as though he’d once spent time in a boxing ring. He had a woolen watch cap on his head and was carrying a thin yellow file folder.

Virgil said, “Nippy this morning.”

“Had a guy froze to death three weeks ago, under a bridge, street guy who used to hang around the university,” Presston said. He wasn’t grim about it, he was matter-of-fact. Freezing to death was something that happened to street people, like the light of the moon falling upon the earth. Not much to be done about it, unless civilization should unexpectedly occur.

They got their breakfasts and moved to a booth and Presston pushed the yellow file folder across the table. “This is what we got, sad to say. We already sent it to the FBI. The way they were talking, I expected them to parachute a battalion in by dawn today.”

Lucas: “They didn’t?”

“Not yet. They got one guy down at the car. I expect more of them will be poking around after they finish their meetings.”

“How far are we from the car?” Lucas asked. “I think I spotted the location on a Google map . . .”

“A few blocks, I guess. You got a ride?”

“Yeah.”

“You can follow me over. If this is the car you’re looking for, there’s not much left. Looks like somebody sprayed a couple cans of gas inside it, touched it off. Burned it right down to the tires.”

“And stolen plates,” Lucas said.

“Yep. Stolen plates.”

THEY ATE AND talked about recent cases and goofy street shit and salaries and benefits and the weather. Outside, they saw a woman nearly slip and fall in the driveway, doing what looked like a Russian sword dance to keep her feet beneath her.

“One thing,” Presston said, dragging the talk back to the burned car. “Two nights ago, we had thundersnow. Four inches of snow in an hour and a half. Lightning knocked out the power on the south side. Whoever burned the car left all four doors and the back hatch open, maybe to make sure it burned better. The fire combined with the snow made a real mess. On the passenger side you can still see some fabric on the bottom of the seats, both front and back. The passenger-side carpet got soaked with meltwater, both front and back, not all of it burned, so you can still see some of that.”

“Will that be any help?” Virgil asked.

“Mmm, no.”

“Your crime scene people over there now?” Lucas asked.

“Since daylight. Yesterday there was some confusion, but we threw a tarp over it in case it snowed again. Crime scene was swamped, we had four people stabbed in a bar fight and crime scene had to cover the situation in case somebody died. Nobody did, but . . . you know how it goes. They didn’t make it out until this morning. The VIN plate had been pulled off the door panel and the dash, but the number is stamped into the firewall, and they got a partial from that, sent it to the feds. There might be a couple more VINs on it somewhere, we’re checking on that with a Subaru dealer. If we can get a full number, we’ll have the owner. If you’re looking for blood or DNA, you’re not going to get it—everything inside is soggy toast.”

THEY FOLLOWED PRESSTON down a hill on the highway they came in on, then up a street through a business park, onto a narrow lane between a couple of industrial buildings, then onto a patch of dirt, partly covered with snow, partly cut up by truck tracks. A couple of dump trucks were parked on the edge of the open space, along with three pieces of heavy excavation equipment, unused orange road signs, and piles of dirt and heaps of broken asphalt.

The Subaru hulk was sitting between fifteen-foot piles of dirt. Two cop vans and a Toyota sedan were parked a few yards away, as the Eau Claire crime scene techs worked over the hulk. Presston pulled over and they parked behind him and got out.

As Presston led the way down to the burned car, Lucas asked Virgil, “Anything occur to you?”

“Nothing except what you’re thinking: whoever brought the car here, had scouted it,” Virgil said. “He didn’t find this spot by driving around looking out a window.”

Presston: “Especially not that night. Dark as the inside of a coal sack. He knew where he was going and knew what he was doing.”

THE CRIME SCENE crew was excavating the interior of the car. A tall man in corduroy slacks, which showed a flash of white long underwear at the cuffs, and a puffy blue ski jacket, walked over and said, “Richard Gomez, FBI.”

Lucas and Virgil introduced themselves and Gomez said, “I heard you were coming. I was sent over to monitor the crime scene work.”

Presston introduced the lead crime scene investigator as Sandra Oakes, a heavysset woman in a white coverall. “We’re mostly getting sludge from the burned interior,” she said. “It appears the car was cleaned before it was burned. We did take two plastic gas cans out of it, but I’m not sure anyone will even be able to identify the manufacturer or where they’re sold. They’re melted, standard red with yellow spouts.”

Gomez added, “We’re packing them up and sending them to the lab. If we can find a chain store where they’re sold, and somebody who bought two at the same time . . .”

The interior of the car was a bucket of muck, remnants of burned fabric soaked by the storm.

“Nothing else at all?” Virgil asked.

“One thing, only one,” Oakes said. “Let me go get it. Some kind of plastic thing.”

Oakes came back with a transparent plastic bag and held it up high, so Virgil and Lucas could look at it. “Burned, melted . . . Under the right side of the driver’s seat, like it fell out of somebody’s pocket. Not a bottle cap, or anything like that. I dunno. I kinda think it might be a button—you know, the kind with a loop on the back. Maybe the feds can identify it. Even if they do, it might just be a button.”

“Might be able to use a button, if we can find a matching one,” Virgil said.

The object was a plastic disk, originally white or beige, the size and thickness of a quarter, twisted, melted, charred by the fire. One face showed what might be tiny letters. It seemed to be something, rather than nothing—something peculiar to whatever it was. The other side of the disk showed a

white melted lump, what Oakes had suggested might have been a button loop.

“You got a magnifying glass?” Lucas asked, his nose an inch from the bag.

“I do. Let me go get it,” Oakes said. She went to get it, passing the bag to Virgil, who squinted at the disk.

Lucas called after her, “Bring some tweezers, so we can take it out of the bag, hold it up to the sun.”

“Sure.” Oakes got a magnifying glass and the tweezers, opened the bag, took out the disk. Lucas took the magnifying glass from her as she held the disk up to the hazy sun, turning it back and forth. “The letters . . . Looks like an uppercase *W*. Or, an uppercase *M*, if I’m holding it upside down. But I think a *W*. A *W* and a lowercase *a* and there’s a little tail down, like a small *g* or *j*.”

“You look like Sherlock fuckin’ Holmes with that magnifying glass,” Preston said.

Virgil said, “Gimme the glass . . . let me look.” He looked and said, “I see that little tail . . . could say Wag? I dunno . . . Wag the Dog?”

Gomez. “What? Wag the Dog?”

“Could be a brand name,” Lucas said.

“This is ringing a bell with me,” Virgil said. “But I don’t know why.”

Lucas: “Well, think.”

“I’m trying . . . it’s something. Something I should recognize. Something I’ve seen in the Cities.”

THEY PUT THE disk back in the bag and Lucas stepped away from the burned Subaru and surveyed it. “Tell you what, Virgie. St. Vincent said that first day that this is the car, and by God, he was right. This was a good car and somebody torched it and not because it was stolen. It was torched to get rid of the evidence. DNA, prints. Torched by a smart guy. This is the killer’s car.”

Virgil: “St. Vincent also said that the killer was probably local, because it would simplify the logistics of the murder. If he’s right, then maybe the killer lives here, instead of the Cities.”

Gomez took out his phone: “I’m calling it in. Maybe that button is something. They’ll probably want me to ship it to our lab,” he said.

He made the call as Lucas, Virgil, and Preston watched the crime scene crew and when Gomez came back, he asked, “You guys got computers with you?”

“Yeah, back in our rooms,” Lucas said.

“Give me your emails. I’ll send you Zoom links. Big Zoom conference at noon, eastern time. Eleven o’clock here. They want you on it.”

Virgil took his computer to Lucas' room and at eleven o'clock they both clicked through the Zoom links sent by Gomez. With Presston looking over their shoulders, they found themselves talking with Louis Mallard, a deputy director of the FBI, along with a checkerboard of other FBI agents and cops they didn't know.

Mallard knew Lucas well, and Virgil somewhat. He opened the conference by saying, "One of our agents and a marshal and a Minnesota investigator are looking at a burned Subaru in Eau Claire, Wisconsin. It's the right year, the right color, and it seems to have been burned for no legitimate reason anyone can figure out, so we think the Eau Claire car was probably the one used by the Minnesota killer. Eau Claire crime scene investigators found that whoever drove the car tried to conceal its origin by stripping the VIN numbers off the door panel and the dashboard, but didn't realize that there are other VINs concealed on Subarus, including on the firewall."

He continued: "The Eau Claire police sent us a partial VIN number from the firewall, which we managed to reconstruct and trace to a Richard and Lorna Hogan of Elk River, Minnesota. Minneapolis. Agents visited the Hogans an hour ago and were told that the car had been sold in early December, for cash. The description of the buyer was unexpected—he was short, not very well dressed, and spoke with a Spanish accent. He told them that he'd been born in Mexico but had lived in the U.S. for twenty years and was now a citizen."

FBI analysts did not think the car buyer was the Minnesota killer, Mallard said. "If the Eau Claire car is the one used by the killer, then the car buyer was obviously cooperating with the killer and could most likely identify him, so finding this man has become a top priority."

A cop in the upper-left corner of the screen asked, "Why don't you think he's the killer?"

Mallard said, "Because of his dress and the physical indicators. The Sikes killer lay in the snow, on his stomach, at several spots as he made his way across the Sikes yard. Minnesota crime scene specialists believe he is between six feet and six feet, two inches tall. The Hogans estimated the car

buyer's height at five feet, eight inches. Mr. Hogan is not tall himself, at five feet ten inches, but said he was taller than the buyer. Also, the killer was wearing a coat of a distinctive design. In two separate places, he actually melted that design into the snow outside the Sikes house, with body heat. One of our FBI researchers identified it as a Givenchy down parka that, among other outlets, was sold at the Neiman Marcus and Nordstrom stores for two thousand, nine hundred and ninety dollars. There is a Nordstrom store at the Mall of America in the Twin Cities. Judging from the Hogans' description of the buyer's clothing and demeanor, he could not have afforded that coat."

Virgil looked at Lucas and said, "Slight unsupported assumption there."

"I heard that, Virgil," Mallard said. "Anyway, I'm right. We are now going through sales records at Nordstrom to see if we can determine who sold the parka, when it was sold, and hopefully, the credit card that was used to buy it."

A white-haired man chipped in: "So the earlier guesses were probably correct. These guys, or this guy, have the big bucks."

Mallard: "Yes. If we can identify the precise coat he bought, we'll know more about his height and weight. Hopefully, the salesclerk will remember him, given the price of the coat. A credit card would, of course, be perfect. Unfortunately, the coat was sold two years ago."

Lucas: "That much for a parka would tend to confirm that he's local and needs it for our weather. Either that, or he travels in cold weather places that rich people go. Like ski resorts."

Mallard: "I suppose that is correct. For those of you who don't know, Lucas Davenport is a U.S. Marshal from Minnesota, and Virgil Flowers is his partner. They're now in Eau Claire. We're going to ask Davenport and Flowers to go back to Minneapolis to join our FBI agents in tracing both the Subaru buyer and the parka . . ."

Virgil: "There must have been some papers connected to the Subaru sale."

"Yes, there are," Mallard said. "They are indecipherable. The Hogans didn't pay much attention to that part, they were too eager to get the cash. And they were paid in cash—hundred-dollar bills. It's possible that the last name on the buyer's signature is 'Anderson,' but that seems unlikely to be a real name. The hundred-dollar bills, by the way, are gone—deposited in the bank the same day the Hogans got them."

Lucas mentioned the discovery of the disk and that Gomez, the FBI agent, had it and would be overnighting it to the FBI lab. He added that Virgil thought he might have encountered the disk somewhere but couldn't remember where.

"It would be nice if you could remember," Mallard said, drily.

"I'm trying," Virgil said. "Maybe I'll remember when I get back to town, but we still have a few more things to do here . . ."

Mallard: "If you could be more specific . . ."

"The car was burned in a depression in an Eau Claire work yard . . . heavy equipment yard," Lucas said. "There was a serious snowstorm going on, and the fire wasn't seen at the time. A local worker discovered it the next morning. After he burned the car, the killer would have had to leave the scene on foot. The storm dumped several inches of snow in a couple of hours, as I understand it, but you could still see the tracks made by a single car in the snow. There were no other tracks. We think the killer either walked out of the quarry and was picked up on the street, or he had some other way to get out of there. We hope to figure that out, maybe find some witnesses who saw him leaving the scene."

Mallard: "Okay. Check what you can but be quick about it. I want you working in the Twin Cities by this evening."

The conference continued for another half hour, mostly to do with scheduling, with no additional salient information. When they signed off, Lucas scratched an ear and said, "Well . . . I think we're walkin' and knockin'. Again."

"One reason I'm getting tired of this shit," Virgil said. "Writing novels . . . you sit in a chair, write a couple hundred words, kick back, maybe have a latte, maybe fool around with the old lady, take the boat out . . . no walkin', no knockin'."

"With no knockin', you never find out what's behind Door Number Three, which can be pretty goddamn interesting," Lucas said.

"The difference between you and me," Virgil said, "is that I'm beginning to think that I don't need to know anymore."

THEY WALKED AND knocked and knocked and walked, with the help of Preston and three other Eau Claire cops, stepping high through snowdrifts, getting cold again. They talked to residents, passersby, to a snowplow driver.

Nobody saw anything. Virgil suggested that the killer's accomplice, the man who'd purchased the car, might not have known what the killer intended to do with it, and might not have picked him up.

"Say you had a guy, a rich guy, with a couple of cars, or even three or four cars. He wanted to get rid of the Subaru after the killing and he wants to get it across a state line to confuse the investigation," Virgil said, as they high-stepped down a snow-covered sidewalk. "He doesn't think it'll be spotted around Sikes' house, but he's super-careful. He decides to dump it and burn it some distance away, without involving the accomplice. How does he do that?"

He would scout a place, Virgil argued, but it would have to be a place where he could pre-position a getaway car after he burned the Subaru. Where could he leave the second car where nobody would notice?

"We're close by the university here," Presston said. "And the technical college. They got big parking lots and some of them allow overnight parking . . . I think maybe you have to have a permit, but I'm not sure about that . . . But there's lots of parking."

"But after he pre-positions his own car, the getaway car, how does he get back to Minneapolis?" Virgil asked. "Without using a credit card? Without anybody seeing his face or an ID?"

They all thought about that and then Presston said, "You know, I believe there's a daily Jefferson Lines bus that runs from the university here, to Minneapolis. He could leave the car in one of the lots over there, catch the bus . . . he's all bundled up against the cold, wearing a hat and scarf and sunglasses, he pays cash for a ticket . . ."

"Be nice if we could find somebody who rode the bus," Virgil said. "But we don't know what day that would have been. And we don't know who the riders would have been."

"Could try to find the driver," Presston said.

"That's gonna be . . . sketchy," Virgil said. "Maybe a driver would remember some guy all bundled up in a super-parka, but if he couldn't see a face . . . we'd be out of luck."

"Gotta give it a try," Presston said. "But there are a hell of a lot of possibilities."

Lucas and Virgil agreed. They also agreed that the Eau Claire cops would have to take care of it, because they were making no progress at all, and Mallard wanted them back in the Cities. They said goodbye to Presston,

checked out of the hotel. Lucas invited Virgil to stay in his guest room in Minneapolis, but Virgil declined.

“Duncan got me a room at the Radisson Blu at Mall of America. Frankie’ll run up for a couple of nights—my mom is at the house now. She’ll stay with the kids. She loves that. And me’n Frankie will have a nice little mini-vacation courtesy of the taxpayers.”

“You won’t have time for a vacation. When Mallard gets involved in something like this, it can get intense,” Lucas said. “Anyway, let’s stop at my place and get something to eat. I can call Ellen and get sandwiches.”

THE RIDE BACK was as unscenic as the ride over had been, except that there were fewer deer carcasses on the westbound lanes, for reasons known only to the deer. They crossed the St. Croix River back into Minnesota, got off I-94 at Cretin Avenue, heading south toward Lucas’ house. On their right, they passed the snowy open fairways of a golf course. Virgil, driving, scooted his butt around in the seat a bit, which helped him think, and then said, “I got it.”

“What?”

“That disk. That’s not a button—it’s a ball marker. You know, a golf ball marker, for marking your ball on a green. The lump on the back was a little pin, for pushing down into the turf.”

“I don’t play golf, so . . . You’re sure?”

“Yeah. Want to know where it was from?” Virgil asked.

“The famous Wag the Dog golf club?”

“No, the famous Wayzata Country Club,” Virgil said. “That wasn’t the tail of a lowercase g hanging down, it was the tail of a y.”

“Ah, shit,” Lucas said.

“What, we . . .”

“I’m hungrier than hell and now we got to drive across town to Wayzata? There’s hardly any place further away from here that’s still in the Cities . . .”

“That’s a huge sacrifice, all right,” Virgil said. “Probably take us more than half an hour to get there, you fuckin’ slug.”

“Tell you what—let’s grab the sandwiches at my place and then go. Won’t set us back much.”

“What about the FBI, sweating bullets, hoping against hope that we’ll come up with something . . .”

“Fuck ’em. Chicken sandwiches.”

Lucas lived on Mississippi River Boulevard in St. Paul and, like Hillary Sikes, had a live-in housekeeper, Ellen Jansen, with her own apartment. She’d made them sandwiches and a cold pasta salad, which she left in the refrigerator before she went out shopping.

They ate, drank root beer, decided that Virgil had done enough driving, left his Tahoe in Lucas’ garage, and took Lucas’ Cayenne. They went straight across the Cities and out the west side, past the I-494 loop and into what in the summer looked like a bucolic countryside, but in the winter was revealed by leafless trees as an upper-middle-class suburb.

“Never been here in the winter,” Virgil said, watching the passing landscape. “I was here in the fall once, when the color was good. One of the prettiest places in the state. Lake’s a little dirty, though.”

“After you’re a rich author, you could move here,” Lucas said.

“I’ll keep it in mind,” Virgil said. “Though as naturally humble as I am, I’ll probably stay on the farm.”

“Rich guy, have your own dock, put a Ranger 622 on it . . .”

“Okay, fuck the farm,” Virgil said.

THE WAYZATA COUNTRY CLUB was set in a vaguely Tudor-style clubhouse perched up a hill. The driveway was nicely plowed and melted, and they bypassed the parking lot to park under the portico outside the front door.

A man popped out and said, “You can’t actually park—”

Lucas said, “Federal marshals. Take us to the manager.”

Bernice Atwood, the general manager, turned out to be a congenial enough woman. They found her in the dining room, talking to another staff member. Lucas explained the situation and she said, “We’ve got a number of Hispanic men around, both members and employees, but from your description . . .”

“Yeah?”

“I don’t think it’s any of the members or the inside staff. There are three men on the grounds crew that fit. Seasonal people. Let me get their information for you . . .”

She gave them three names, with addresses and cell phone numbers. Two of the addresses were the same, the third was in St. Paul, in the Frogtown neighborhood.

“Would you know if they all have driver’s licenses?” Virgil asked.

“Oh, yes; that’s a requirement. We won’t hire illegals . . .”

In the car, Virgil got online with his iPad and into the state driver’s license division and brought up the driver’s licenses for the three men. He saved them to the iPad memory. Lucas called St. Vincent’s office, was told that he was out of pocket and that St. Vincent or an agent would call back.

Sometime soon. Maybe.

“What now?” Virgil asked.

“Something’s going on and they don’t want to talk to us about it. Why don’t we go back to St. Paul. That Frogtown address can’t be more than a mile from my place. We’ll hit that first, then get comfortable at home. Do some research on these guys.”

“You think we’ve got something?”

“Maybe. Maybe fifty-fifty.”

BACK ACROSS THE Cities, they went to the Frogtown address, a small, neatly kept house on a postage stamp lawn. A detached garage sat to one side, and there were tracks in the driveway, but no response when they knocked on the door.

“Feels empty,” Virgil said.

“Yeah. We’ll be back.”

An agent named Woods called them as they pulled into Lucas’ driveway and told them there’d been a major break in the case. “Agent St. Vincent ordered me to meet with you and brief you on it. Are you close by?”

She didn’t sound happy about the assignment. Lucas suggested that she come to his house at three o’clock where he and Virgil would be working online. “We might have a break ourselves,” he said. “We’ll brief *you* on that.”

Woods showed up promptly at three o’clock. She looked like a lot of young FBI agents, thin, nerdish, with overtones of workout queen. And she looked smart, with narrow black-rimmed spectacles under tightly coifed dark hair. Lorna Woods sat on a kitchen chair, took an iPad out of her briefcase, turned it on, and glanced at it from time to time.

“I don’t know exactly what Director Mallard expects from you two, but we’ve had a major break in the case and we’re moving on it. The Nordstrom lead produced a credit card purchase of the coat—they sold only one coat—

and it went to a man named Howard Gates, who lives in Minneapolis,” Woods said. “He fits the profile: well-educated, wealthy, six feet tall. Three cars registered in Minnesota: A BMW X5 SUV, a Mercedes Benz SL550, and a fifty-year-old Rolls-Royce convertible. Twice divorced, now single. He inherited some of his money, apparently, but is known to have made more as an investor and bar owner.”

“In Bitcoin?”

“Nothing about that. He does invest in technology,” Woods said. “Other Nordstrom purchases show his foot size as a twelve or twelve and a half.”

“Is he a risk-taker? Physical risks?” Lucas asked.

“Nothing like that has popped up. We’ve checked all the social media for background, as well as government records. He does have a presence on LinkedIn, but not much on any of the others. He doesn’t tweet.” She sounded disapproving.

“Alibi?” Virgil asked.

“Don’t know. No credit card use outside the Twin Cities, except for some charges at Amazon. Nothing in the Eau Claire area or anywhere in Wisconsin.”

Lucas: “Any servants?”

“We don’t know. We only got the credit card charge from Nordstrom . . .” She looked at her watch. “. . . about four hours ago. We’re looking at employment data, but if he hires illegals, and a lot of people do, then he’ll be paying them in cash and we won’t have employment records. When I left the office to come here, we hadn’t found any employee records.”

Lucas: “How old is he?”

“Fifty-six.”

Lucas looked at Virgil, who raised his eyebrows and gave a short shake of the head.

Woods caught it, and asked, “What?”

“He’s too old,” Lucas said. “He drives conservative cars. From what you know, he doesn’t seem to be a big risk-taker.”

“You could argue that the killings are done by a person, or persons, who *aren’t* big risk-takers,” Woods said. “The killing itself is a risk, but they’ve taken every possible measure to eliminate the risk or limit it.”

Lucas and Virgil both nodded, and Virgil said, “That seems right. But if you’re smart, and these people seem to be, then limiting risk would be the

logical thing to do, even though they're planning a high-risk crime. A guy could be a high-risk rock climber but insist on the best equipment."

"Our analysis is that he fits the primary parameters of the killer," Woods insisted. She brushed a lock of hair away from her forehead, where it had dropped a half inch. "So, we're moving."

"What does that mean?"

"He will be interviewed by a team this afternoon." She looked at her watch again. "Probably in an hour or so. I would like to be there, so if you're satisfied . . . I really don't have much more information for you."

"We'd like to be there, too," Virgil said.

"That would be up to Agent St. Vincent," Woods said. "You can contact him directly, he authorized me to give you his private number. But, he's really busy right now . . ."

"We'll give him a ring," Lucas said. "Thank you."

"What do you have for me? You were going to brief me?" She was skeptical.

Lucas said, "We may have a photo, name, and address for the man who bought the Subaru."

"What!"

Virgil explained, and said, "So it's a little thin at the moment. You could pass it along to Dave when you see him."

"Who?"

"St. Vincent."

"Nobody ever calls him Dave," Woods said. "Not even his wife."

"DIDN'T TAKE HER long to haul butt," Virgil observed, after the door closed behind Woods. "What do you think?"

"I believe the part about the parka, that whatshisname, Gates? That he bought it," Lucas said. "The feds better be polite until they find out whether he still has it, and if he doesn't, what happened to it."

"It's a good lead . . ."

"Yeah, it is," Lucas conceded. "Maybe they'll kick something loose. Maybe Gates will lock himself in the billiards room and blow his brains out. I wouldn't bet on it."

"You want to call St. Vincent and go watch the show?" Virgil asked. "Maybe they'll frog-walk the guy out of his mansion. If he has a mansion."

“I like that. I’ll call them, get wherever they let us get.”

SEVEN

They called St. Vincent and were politely disinvited from the initial confrontation with Gates. “We already have too many people pushing to go,” St. Vincent said, in what wasn’t quite an apology. “It would be best if we kept this contained within the FBI for the time being. Your efforts are appreciated but we’ve already laid down a careful plan about confronting Gates.”

He did reluctantly give up Gates’ address and told them that they were welcome to stand by, in case something unexpected should crop up, where their help or information might be needed. He added that Woods had told him about the possible identification of the man who’d bought the car used in the murder of Sikes, though she hadn’t really sold the concept.

“We’ll get to it today,” St. Vincent said.

“The goddamn FBI,” Virgil said, after St. Vincent rang off. “They’ll get to it today? In the meantime, the entire Bureau is over-sweating this Gates guy.”

“Yeah, but we still oughta go over there—check out the neighborhood, if nothing else,” Lucas said.

THEY DID THAT. Virgil threw his gear bag in the back of Lucas’ Cayenne, and they cruised the Minneapolis lake district, looking at houses, contemplating a few ice fisherman out with their bourbon flasks and buckets and tip-ups in the subzero temperatures; and as they went, listening to Raul Malo singing “Gentle on My Mind.”

Virgil’s iPad told them that Gates lived on Lake of the Isles. The house was built of a pale blue stone with a red tile roof. It had turrets and dark windows that looked out over the lake, and a wrought iron fence set into chest-high pillars of the blue stone with a wrought iron gate that looked like it should front a German chalet.

Lucas and Virgil rolled past. Three dark SUVs were parked in the driveway and a man in a dark overcoat and a tie, and Lorna Woods, who

wore a dark overcoat, were pacing behind the gate, hands in their pockets, shoulders hunched against the cold.

“The feds are inside already,” Virgil said. “Lorna didn’t get to go in. She’s like a parking attendant.”

“Yeah. And here we are, driving in circles, can’t even park,” Lucas said.

At that moment, Lucas’ phone rang: St. Vincent: “Where are you two?”

“Just cruised the house. Saw that you’ve got a couple of agents on the gate,” Lucas said.

“Yes, we do. I’ll call them and tell him to let you in,” St. Vincent said.

“I thought we were disinvited because you didn’t want a crowd,” Lucas said.

“We’ve had a change of heart. Actually, we’ve had our heart changed by your friend in Washington, which pisses me off, but it is what it is.”

“Is Gates the guy?”

“We’re still talking,” St. Vincent said.

“Five minutes,” Lucas said. He was smiling as St. Vincent clicked off.

“He could hear you smiling,” Virgil said. “Must be nice to have that kind of pull in high places.”

“I can understand why he’s pissed,” Lucas said. “In St. Vincent’s shoes, I’d be pissed, too.”

“But you wouldn’t have kept us out,” Virgil said, as Lucas made a U-turn to head back to Gates’ house.

“Not us, but there are people at the BCA—and the Marshals Service, for that matter—who I would’ve told to take a hike. But: Gates is not the Three killer. If he was, we’d still be disinvited.”

Woods waved them through the front gate; she looked like she was trying not to look unhappy.

The three federal SUVs were parked in the driveway as it led toward a porte cochere; from there, the feds had a short march to the front door. Virgil drove under the arch that separated the main house from the coach house, which served as a four-car garage with a loft above it. On the other side of the arch was a stone block courtyard occupied by another federal SUV, this one with an agent still inside. Another agent stood by an elaborate rear entry.

“At least eight guys,” Virgil said. “They weren’t taking any chances.”

They parked, got out, and walked to the rear door, which the agent pushed open for them. He grinned and said, “Just in time to save the day.”

“It needs to be saved?” Virgil asked.

“I’ll agree with anything my betters say about that,” the agent said. And quietly, “Welcome to the jungle.”

“Guns, but no roses, huh?” Virgil said.

“Taste the pain, brother,” the agent said.

Inside the door, Lucas asked, “What was that all about?”

“You’re a generation too old to understand,” Virgil said, walking on.

“I’m going to annoy the shit out of you if you don’t tell me what that was about,” Lucas said, catching up. “I’ll hum ‘It’s a Small World’ when we get back in the car.”

“Jesus, not that,” Virgil said, appalled.

“So . . .”

“He said, ‘Welcome to the jungle,’ which is a Guns N’ Roses song. So I said, ‘Guns, but no roses, huh?’ because the FBI has guns but isn’t coming up roses. So then he said, ‘Taste the pain,’ which is a Chili Peppers song appropriate to a problem the feds may be having with Gates . . .”

“I just pissed away ten seconds of my life listening to that and I’ll never get it back,” Lucas said, as he led the way toward the sound of voices. “Though it amazes me that an FBI agent would know all that shit. With you, it doesn’t amaze me.”

Gates was a portly man, thinning dark hair combed straight back and glistening under a chandelier. His face was red from too much drink for too long, and it showed in a rough, oversized nose. He wore his hair long, tied back in a ratty ponytail because, Virgil suspected, he thought he looked like Jack Nicholson in *The Witches of Eastwick*. That image was enhanced by a red velour robe worn over green cotton parachute pants and ruby-red velvet slippers.

He and four FBI agents were sitting in a great room conversation pit that featured an overhead dome painted gold, with the crystal chandelier dropping from the center of the dome. The FBI agents sat in a semicircle facing away from Lucas and Virgil.

Virgil mumbled, “The Sikes killer climbed over a six-foot wall.”

“You snatched that right out of my brain,” Lucas said quietly. “That guy would have trouble climbing his back porch in the summer and it only has two steps.”

Gates spotted them and asked, in a loud, angry voice, “Who are these asshats and why are they wandering around my house?”

The FBI agents turned to look and Lucas said, "Davenport and Flowers. Here to help."

"I didn't have a fuckin' thing to do with any murder," Gates shouted.

"Yeah, we know," Virgil said.

Gates: "What?"

"We haven't made that determination yet," St. Vincent said.

"I suppose he could be an accomplice," Lucas said.

Virgil: "Seems unlikely."

"It does," Lucas said.

The front door, located down a long hallway, opened, throwing a shaft of light toward the great room, and a chunky man in a suit, carrying a briefcase, stepped inside and looked around. Gates shouted, "It's about fuckin' time, Herb. I'm up to my ass in federal agents. They think I killed that broad out at Minnetonka."

To the agents, and Virgil and Lucas, he said, "My attorney."

Herb, the attorney, walked down the hall and into the great room and said, "All I can tell you, Howie, is don't talk to them until we get an actual criminal attorney here. I called Marv Fingerhut, he's on his way. You haven't talked to them, have you?"

"I said a few things," Gates said.

"Well, shut up, you idiot."

The attorney, Virgil thought, didn't seem intimidated by his client.

Gates pointed at Lucas and Virgil and said, "These guys don't think I did it."

Herb looked at Lucas and Virgil. "It could be they're playing good cop/bad cop."

Virgil said, "That's mostly on TV. In real life, it's bad cop/bad cop."

Gates asked Herb, "When's Marv getting here?"

"He's over in St. Paul at his curling club. He wanted to finish up a game, or whatever they call them. A match."

"That motherfucker," Gates shouted. "I'm dying here, Herb."

Herb said to the feds, "I'm not here to formally represent Mr. Gates, I'm here as his friend. I'm civil, not criminal."

"Get on your fuckin' phone and call that fuckin' Marv and find out when he's gonna fuckin' get here," Gates shouted.

Herb went off to corner, saying, "Don't talk," but Gates shouted at Lucas and Virgil, asking, "Why don't you think I did it?"

“The FBI is actually conducting this interview . . .” Virgil began.

St. Vincent: “Go ahead and tell him. I’m interested myself.”

Virgil shrugged and looked at Lucas, who said, “The killer crawled over a six-foot-high wall with snow on top of it. No sign that he used a ladder.”

All the feds turned and looked at Gates, who burst out laughing, and then said, “There you go, Agent St. Vincent. I couldn’t get over a wall like that if I had a fuckin’ catapult.”

Herb, from the corner, shouted, “Don’t talk.”

Gates: “Fuck it, I’m talking.” To Lucas and Virgil: “Sorry about that ‘asshats’ comment.”

Herb called, “He has to change his shoes, he’s on his way.” And to the feds, “It’s close. Less than twenty minutes.”

“We’ve already decided I’m innocent,” Gates called back. To the feds: “Haven’t we?”

“We have some additional avenues to explore,” St. Vincent said. St. Vincent turned to Lucas and Virgil and said, “Why don’t you guys sit down. Mr. Gates told us that the coat was stolen, he believes during a charity event he held here last month.”

“Middle of December,” Gates said. “Reported to the cops, though they didn’t do anything about it. I don’t think they even tried. The next week, I was going to Aspen. I know movie people. We hang out.”

Virgil said, “Uh-huh.”

“So, I went to the back closet, off the kitchen, where I’d hung up the coat, like two days before, and it wasn’t there. Tore the house apart. Gone,” Gates continued. “Could have been stolen by one of the staff, but I’m ninety-nine percent sure that it wasn’t. When they steal something from me, it’s either money or something they think I wouldn’t notice. You know, batteries, laundry detergent pods, that kind of stuff. Stuff they can use.”

Virgil asked, “How many people were at the event?”

“I don’t know the final count. It was for the Sandhill Crane Rescue League. I let them use the house and fed them. You know, cheese dip with fuckin’ leaves in it. Maybe . . . a hundred people? Hundred and twenty? The Sandhill people should be able to tell you, their PR chick, Mary Ann, mmm, Slattery, I think is her last name. Got some nice tatas on her if I do say so myself. Carries them right out high. First time I saw them in a low-cut blouse, I thought it was a tray of oysters and I almost ate one.”

St. Vincent took off his glasses and pinched his nose. “Jesus Christ.”

“He ain’t here,” Gates said.

Virgil and Lucas took seats in the conversation pit and Lucas asked, “What do you do for a living?”

“I own bars,” Gates said. “Eight of them. High end. No hookers, nothing like that.”

Virgil: “So you’re kind of a gangster?”

Gates: “Hey!”

Virgil: “I mean, if you’d wanted to off Sikes, you would’ve had some other guy do it, instead of doing it yourself.”

“I don’t know no people like that,” Gates said, looking away.

“Do you belong to the Wayzata Country Club?” Lucas asked.

“What? No. I’m at Minikahda.”

Lucas: “Do you think Mary Ann Tatas would have a list of people at the party?”

Gates shrugged: “Probably. I mean, it’s all the same people, every time. Come to the party, write a check for five hundred bucks, write it off, everybody calls you a . . .” He hesitated. “Whatchacallit. Philanderer?”

Lucas: “Philanthropist.”

“That’s it,” Gates said. “And you get your picture in the paper. If there’s still a paper. I haven’t checked recently.”

Virgil turned to St. Vincent and said, “You’ve got the personnel. You need to get the list and start talking to people.”

“I could give you the list right now,” Gates volunteered. “It was invitation only. You had to give up your invitation when you got here, and if you brought a friend, you had to write who it was on the invite.”

“And you’ve still got . . .”

“The invitations? Sure. Documentation for the feds. I can write off the food and booze as a charitable contribution. But, I’ve had some conversations with the IRS a time or two, and now I make sure I can document everything.”

“Could we see them?” Virgil asked.

“Sure.” Gates turned and shouted, “Raoul? Raoul?”

A man came to a second-floor railing and called down, “What?”

“Where’d you put the invites from the Sandhill party?” Gates asked.

“IRS cabinet.”

“Bring them down, would you?”

Raoul went to get the invitations and Lucas asked St. Vincent, “Could we get the list of rich Bitcoiners?”

“I’ll have it emailed to you.”

“Could you do it now? Send it to Virgil. He’s got an iPad, makes it easy to read.”

“I’m in the middle . . .” St. Vincent shook his head and shouted, “Moeller? Where are you?”

An FBI agent came in from the doorway, and St. Vincent told him to get the list from the office and send it to Virgil. Virgil gave Moeller his email address, and Moeller went away to do that. Raoul came down the stairs in stocking feet and handed a stack of white invitation cards, wrapped with a rubber band, to Gates, who tossed them to Lucas.

Lucas said, “We’ll be in the kitchen.”

Not yet convinced of Gates’ innocence, St. Vincent wanted to spend more time with him.

IN THE KITCHEN, Lucas and Virgil spread a hundred and sixteen cards on a breakfast bar and extracted all those containing only a woman’s name. They were left with forty-eight invitations. As they were doing that, Virgil’s iPad chimed with an incoming email. He pulled it up and found an alphabetical list of 1,121 names of people believed to be investors in Bitcoin. The names had been taken from membership lists of Bitcoin-linked associations and businesses, as well as media reports.

They spent five minutes alphabetizing the names of people on the invitations, then began comparing them with names on the FBI’s list. They were twenty-one names down the list when they got a match: Jamie McGruder.

“One hit, but it’s something,” Virgil said. He went back to the iPad. “Let me look him up.”

St. Vincent, who was sitting fifty feet away, called Lucas on his cell about the names of the Hispanic men who worked at the country club. He was pissed off:

“I got a call. The goddamn Hogans, who should be sitting home on their goddamned couch so they could tell us who they sold their goddamned car to, are in Vegas. Nobody knows where.”

“That’s unfortunate,” Lucas said.

“We’re looking for them, but I’m told there are 150,000 hotel rooms on the Vegas strip,” St. Vincent said. “The Vegas office will start looking, but it’s late, and they probably won’t get anywhere until tomorrow.”

WHEN HE’D RUNG off, Virgil asked, “Think we should tell him about this McGruder guy?”

Lucas thought for a moment, then said, “Fuck him. We’ll look up McGruder ourselves, and if it turns out to be something, and we need the help, we’ll call him then.”

They heard a commotion start in the living room, and after a moment, went that way, and found Gates’ criminal attorney, Marvin Fingerhut, kicking the feds out of the house.

Fingerhut was tall, thin as a pencil, wearing a gray suit. He had a series of small scars on one side of his face that might have come from burns suffered a long time ago.

He looked at Lucas and Virgil and groaned, “Fuckin’ Davenport. You might know it.”

He and Lucas were opponents in a men’s hockey league. Fingerhut said, “I don’t want you sneaking questions on my client.”

“Yeah, we won’t,” Lucas said. “The FBI may be interested, but Virgil and I are working on a different angle.”

“You can’t trust cops,” Fingerhut said to Gates. “Also, if this killer they’re hunting lives here in Minneapolis, I could wind up defending him.”

“When we catch him, and we will, we’ll be sure to mention your name,” Virgil said.

“I would appreciate it. In the meantime, stay away from Howard,” Fingerhut said.

“These are the guys who think I’m innocent,” Gates said to Fingerhut.

Fingerhut: “Bullshit. They don’t think anything like that. They might not think you murdered the Sikes woman, but they think you’re guilty of something. ’Cause they’re cops.”

To Lucas, he said, “I understand that my client turned over some party invitations. We want them back, and right now . . .”

St. Vincent: “Forget it. He gave them to us voluntarily. We have them, and we’ll keep them.”

“What? You’re a lawyer now? What do you . . .”

“Yeah, I’m a lawyer,” St. Vincent said. “Admitted to bar associations here and in Virginia. And I know more about this kind of thing than you do, Mr. Fingerhut, because I do it all the time. We’ll keep the invitations.”

Fingerhut, momentarily nonplussed, said, “We’ll see about that.”

“See all you want. Take us to court,” St. Vincent said. “Though if you do, you’ll just embarrass yourself and waste your client’s money. The invitations will be returned if they’re not material evidence.”

Lucas smiled at Fingerhut, said, “High-sticked in a Lake of the Isles mansion, you fuckin’ bender.”

“Bender my ass,” Fingerhut said. “You caught your breath from landing up in the bleachers last week?”

Lucas waved goodbye to St. Vincent and told him that if anything turned up from the invitations, they’d let him know.

Out in the truck, Virgil punched McGruder’s name into Google. When he landed on the right McGruder, which took several minutes, he read the entry and then said, “I don’t believe it.”

“What?”

“Hang on a second.”

Virgil went to Google Maps, typed in an address, got a map up and switched to a satellite view. Went to a saved page, found another address, typed it into the mapping program, and again switched to a satellite view.

He tipped the iPad toward Lucas. “You see the little red pointer things on the addresses?”

“Yeah. Hey, they’re . . .”

“Exactly. McGruder lives on Minnetonka. He could see Sikes’s dock from his back porch. What are the chances he knew her?”

“High. We gotta talk to St. Vincent now . . .”

“Why? I thought we were gonna . . .”

“Now we need his help,” Lucas said.

St. Vincent was gobsmacked that the invitations had provided a hit. “Okay. What do you need from me?”

“We need a cop. Even a fed. But it’s gotta be somebody with lights and siren and a cell phone. We’ll get you an address as soon as we can.”

“Why?”

Lucas told him.

EIGHT

They would meet the cop car, or the federal agent's car, at the corner of Shoreline Drive and Ferndale Road, in the town of Orono. Virgil was looking at a satellite image of McGruder's house, a sprawling mansion across a bay from the Sikes house.

"McGruder lives inside a wall, or a hedge . . . looks more like a wall," Virgil said. He tapped a bare spot on the satellite image and added, "We should be able to sit up here with a pair of binoculars and see everybody coming and going."

St. Vincent called and said a federal SUV would be coming, lights and siren attached.

Lucas drove. Virgil, still working the iPad, read a canned biography of McGruder—college education, Bitcoin, charitable works, a story about flying sailplanes—and found a sale for McGruder's house on a Realtor site: the sale was six years old, for eight-point-four million dollars.

"No more recent sale, so it was probably him. Can't see much of the house, they removed the real-estate photos. Fourteen thousand square feet, if you can believe that. Going to Google Earth . . . No way out the back, it's all lakefront. Except the lake is frozen right now."

"All for one guy."

"We don't know that. There could be eight maids-a-milking and nine ladies dancing, inside." Virgil sang a snatch of "The Twelve Days of Christmas."

"Now I'll have that fuckin' song inside my head," Lucas said. "But, the bigger the house, the better chance that he's got lots of help."

"Here's another idea," Virgil said. He called St. Vincent back and asked if he had a contact number for Hillary Sikes' husband, Anson Sikes. He did, and Virgil took the number and called it, putting the phone on speaker. After identifying himself, he asked, "Do you know a man named Jamie McGruder?"

"Sure. Not well. Got a boatload of money, I'm told. Lives across the water from us."

"Has he ever been in your house?"

“Yes. At the Christmas party. That was . . . December seventeenth. You think he was involved somehow? He’s a slippery little weasel.”

“We’re just checking a lot of possibilities, all that we can think of,” Virgil told him. “Anyway, thanks—we’ll get back to you if we find anything.”

“MCGRUDER SCOUTED THE cameras,” Lucas said, when Virgil had hung up. “From inside the house, no less. Might have seen a video monitor.”

They found a spot on Shoreline Drive and Virgil dug a pair of image-stabilized Canon binoculars out of his gear bag, rolled his window down and looked at McGruder’s house.

“Can’t see much. I do think there’s a wall behind that hedge. Maybe . . . six feet tall? Big steel gate. If he’s got household help, they must park around back. There’s a parking pad back there, you can see it on the satellite photo.”

“If you see a Bentley coming out, that probably won’t be household help,” Lucas suggested. “Wonder where that fed is?”

THE FED ARRIVED ten minutes later. Lucas and Virgil walked over and got in the back seat, behind a male FBI agent and Lorna Woods, who curled a lip at them. The male agent, who was driving, seemed amiable enough, and introduced himself as Jim Lambert.

“What are we doing?” Woods asked.

“We’re looking for the cars of household help coming out of that guy’s driveway over there,” Lucas said, pointing down the road. “We don’t know when anybody will come out, or even if. I don’t have lights or a siren on this car, that’s why we need you. If we do see somebody coming out, we’ll call you and tell you whether or not to stop it.”

“How are you going to decide?” Lambert asked.

“We’re looking for older, rougher-looking vehicles. Something that would be driven by household help.”

“Hope we don’t have to wait long,” Lambert said. “These houses, I’m starting to get Richie Rich poisoning.”

“I’ve got to tell you,” Woods said to Lucas. “This all seems crazy to me. Too random. Too loose.”

“Not crazy,” Lucas said. “Maybe a little loose.”

IN THE FIRST hour, not a single vehicle entered or left the McGruder house. Virgil had cheese and cracker snacks in his equipment bag and shared them with Lucas. Then at three o’clock, two vehicles left, five minutes apart. The first was a single woman in an older Camry and Lucas sicced the feds on her.

They used their lights to pull her over a block from McGruder’s and Lucas stopped behind the FBI truck. He and Virgil got out and were joined a moment later by Woods. A frightened-looking Hispanic woman rolled down her car window and asked, “What did I do?”

“Probably nothing,” Virgil said, smiling. “We’re stopping people at random in this neighborhood, looking for a man who may have worked in this area. We want to know if you recognize him.”

He had the three driver’s license photos ready, and he thrust the iPad at her. As she was checking the photos, a pickup appeared at the McGruder gate, stopped briefly, then turned the other way.

Lucas said, “I got it,” ran back to the FBI truck, climbed inside, and he and Lambert went after the fast-receding pickup.

The woman in the car, still looking frightened, said, “You should ask Paul.”

“Do you know him?” Lucas said, pressing.

She said, “Ask Paul. Paul might know.”

“Who’s Paul?” Virgil asked.

“The man in that pickup. He might know this man. He’s that pickup that came out.”

Woods said, “Ma’am, we need to see your driver’s license.”

The woman fumbled her license out of her purse and Woods asked her if the name and address were correct, and the woman said they were—Alejandra Escobar, from Minneapolis. Woods took a photo of the license with her iPhone and Virgil did the same. Woods warned the woman not to talk to McGruder about being stopped and told her that she could go. She and Virgil jogged back to Lucas’ Cayenne, and on the way, Woods said, “It’s hard to believe, but she knew him.”

“I think so,” Virgil said. “She was scared. Maybe illegal. We can always go back to her.”

Virgil turned the Cayenne around and they drove a half mile up Shoreline, to where Lucas and Lambert were talking to the driver of the pickup. They got out of the truck and walked to the pickup, where Lucas told them, “This is Paul Riley. He just delivered a cord of fireplace wood. He’s happy to cooperate.”

Virgil showed him the photos. Riley squinted at them, then said, “Sure.” He tapped one of the photos. “Dom Velez. He works for Mr. McGruder part-time in winter. He plows the road, blows off the driveway and the patios. What’d he do?”

“We need to talk to him about an investigation we’re working on. You know where he lives?”

“St. Paul, somewhere, when he’s here. I don’t know where, exactly. Mr. McGruder would have a phone number for him. And an address. Dom’s, you know, a Mexican, but he’s an American citizen, he’s legal, and so I think Mr. McGruder might have him on the payroll and have an address.”

“You said, ‘when he’s here.’ Where else would he be?” Virgil asked.

“Sometimes he goes to Worthington,” Riley said. “I think he’s got a wife down there.”

“He just plows roads?”

“In the winter. He’s on a golf course grounds crew the rest of the year, I think.”

Lucas: “Wayzata Country Club?”

“Yeah, that’s it.”

“Does Mr. McGruder belong to Wayzata?” Lucas asked.

“Mmm, maybe. I know he plays golf sometimes,” Riley said. “He has some nice clubs.”

Woods said to Lambert: “Oh my God. I was here for it.”

“We were both here for it,” Lambert said. “I pulled him over.”

Woods said, “Let’s call St. Vincent . . . we can use my phone.”

Lambert: “I got mine right here, let me punch him up . . .”

Riley frowned, asked, “What did he do? Dom?”

Lambert and Woods walked off a few steps to make the call to St. Vincent, arguing as they went. Lucas took a cell phone photo of Riley’s driver’s license, got a business card from him, warned him not to talk about being stopped by the FBI, and sent him on his way.

Virgil was watching the two excited FBI agents, and told Lucas, “They were arguing about whose phone they should use to call St. Vincent. They

each wanted to use their own phone, so their name would pop up on St. Vincent's phone . . .”

“As somebody said—I think it was you—the credit gets sliced exceedingly thin,” Lucas said. He looked back down the street toward McGruder's mansion. “But we've got Jamie McGruder. Yes, we do.”

ANOTHER ZOOM CALL with FBI deputy director Mallard, this time with only four faces in the checkerboard: Virgil, Lucas, St. Vincent, and Mallard.

St. Vincent emphasized the role of the Minneapolis agents in doing the interviews with McGruder's household help, which Mallard didn't quite ignore.

“That's good, David, that's great.” Mallard's eyes tilted down on the screen. “Now we have a name for the man who bought the car. This Velez, and he's apparently right there in Minneapolis, so David . . . get on that. Get your people pounding it.”

“I will. Now,” St. Vincent said. “All night, if we need it.”

“Let's all understand this: we won't get a conviction based on the evidence we now have against McGruder—his being at the party where the coat was stolen, his involvement with Bitcoin, the fact that he seems to be the right height . . . all that circumstantial detail,” Mallard said. “Getting this Dom Velez guy on the stand might get us to sixty-forty. I appreciate everything you guys have done, and the speed you did it with, but . . . dig deeper.”

Virgil and Lucas had done the Zoom call from the Cayenne, while St. Vincent did it from Minneapolis FBI headquarters. He called them immediately after the Zoom call ended and said, “We'll nail down every piece of paper we can find on McGruder, all internet references, all social media, all legal documents. Same with this Velez. Dom, is that Dominic, or Domingo? We'll find out. That'll be coming in heavily by tomorrow, if you want to come over and sort through it.”

“We may do that,” Lucas answered. “We'll see if we can figure out any other approaches. One thing you big brains should start thinking about—if we develop evidence linking to McGruder, but not enough for a conviction, will you offer him a deal if he points us at the other members of the Five? Stop the killing?”

“My personal feeling is, there’s not a chance in hell of that happening,” St. Vincent said. “But, I’ll talk to Washington and get some people mulling it over.”

When he’d rung off, Virgil said, “Well, the FBI are now filling up a big box with paper. The box we’ve got to be thinking outside of.”

“Cliché. ‘Thinking outside the box,’” Lucas said. “Did you put that kind of shit in your novel?”

“Fuck you.”

“WE’VE BEEN LUCKY,” Lucas said, as they drove back toward the Cities. “We look at those press releases and we kinda laugh, because they are kinda funny, and the dead people really are assholes. But McGruder and his pals are psychos. I’m thinking about when I was looking down at Hillary Sikes. Nothing funny about that. Nothing.”

Virgil nodded. “I’m with you. We’ve both seen people get hurt or killed and we think that . . . how it happened was funny. Remember Del and the whole pinking shears thing?”

“A classic,” Lucas said, grinning.

Virgil: “But I don’t think I’ve ever dealt with someone who thought killing was *fun*. Who was doing it for entertainment. I mean, God help us, that’s the feeling I’m getting from the press releases. That they’re really having a good time.”

“They say that they’re all rich and I’m beginning to believe them, when I look at McGruder,” Lucas said. “We’ll see how hard they’re laughing when we bring the pressure. These are not people who are used to getting squeezed.”

Virgil picked up his Tahoe at Lucas’ house. Frankie was waiting at the Mall of America, currently in a Barnes & Noble bookstore.

“See you tomorrow,” Lucas said, as Virgil got in the truck. “We’ll nail down this Velez guy first thing.”

NINE

Jamie McGruder was sitting at a kitchen bar eating a late snack of red raspberries, blueberries, and strawberries soaked in cold unwhipped cream, when Paul Riley called. McGruder almost ignored the call, because he was deep into a streaming series on Netflix, which played on a television set into the kitchen wall, but Riley had never called before, so . . .

He picked up.

Riley said, “Mr. McGruder. I have a heads-up for you. Dom Velez might be in trouble with the federal government. I don’t know why—they wouldn’t tell me. They did ask me not to talk to anyone about it, but I thought you oughta know.”

Like an ice-cold fist gripping his heart: “What happened?”

Riley told him how he’d been stopped as he left McGruder’s an hour earlier and asked if he recognized a bad driver’s license photo of Velez and two others.

“Where’s Dom? You know?”

“He went home to Worthington, I think,” Riley said.

McGruder knew exactly what Velez might have been involved in, but he asked, “You think he might have been haulin’ drugs?”

“Could be. I know he liked his weed,” Riley said.

“Okay. That’s probably it. Keep me up on this if the federal agents come back to you,” McGruder said.

“Sure. I never mentioned you, by the way.”

“Thanks. There’ll be a little extra appreciation in your next pay envelope,” McGruder said.

MCGRUDER SAT STILL as a rock for more than a minute, the streaming video now unheard and unseen. Analysis: if they’d stopped Riley outside his house, with photographs, then they’d found the car and linked it to the sellers. How they’d gotten to him, he didn’t know, but they’d somehow

linked him to Velez. They'd only made the link an hour earlier, so they probably hadn't gotten to Velez himself, if he was in Worthington.

Not yet.

This, he thought, was why he'd taken all the ninja training. He finished the last of the fruit, rinsed the bowl, put it in the kitchen sink, got a flashlight, and walked down to his garage. He had four vehicles, but only regularly drove three of them. The fourth, a top-of-the-line Dodge Ram 1500 EcoDiesel, hadn't been out for a month.

Nevertheless, he took his creeper off the garage wall—he had some of everything he'd need if the SHTF—and slid under the truck, looking for any kind of electrical box that shouldn't be there. He didn't think he'd find anything, because the feds would need a warrant to enter the house and bug him, and if they were just that afternoon linking him to Velez, they wouldn't have had time.

He didn't find anything. Satisfied, but scared, with his heart thumping, he took the elevator to the top floor, walked to his bedroom and past the bed into a dressing room. The last of four ceiling-to-floor dressing mirrors doubled as a door into his safe room. He went inside the safe room and found the 9mm ghost gun he'd taken to Sikes' house as a last-resort backup. He put the gun in a pack along with two loaded magazines of Speer Gold Dots.

He pulled out a concealed drawer, removed a bottle of amphetamines and shook out two tabs, stuck them in his shirt pocket, and retrieved an unused burner phone. Out of the safe room, down the elevator to the first floor, to the kitchen. Two packs of Oreos, one chocolate and one vanilla, both with Double Stuf, went in the pack.

To the home office: he got on the computer, pulled up Dom Velez's legal home address in Worthington. Dom lived alone, when he was in Worthington, although sometimes his ex-wife stayed over. She could be a problem, he thought. Or, he could be a problem for her.

Back in the garage, he put the pack in the Dodge Ram and checked the fuel gauge: it was nearly full, and the computer said he had more than eight hundred miles of range. He rolled the garage door up and looked outside. There was a bare hint of sunlight on the western horizon. He went back to the garage, looked at the cars, decided on the Benz, retrieved the keys from a lockbox in the kitchen, got in the car and backed it out.

More ninja stuff: thank God he'd taken the training. He ran a twenty-mile counter-surveillance route, into town, around dark corners and down long alleys. He saw nothing suspicious. Which didn't mean that they didn't have a chopper up there, spotting him, but . . . you have to take some chances, and again, he didn't think they'd have had time to organize that.

Ninety percent satisfied that he was not being watched, he drove to a downtown club called the @&X, a big dark place known for the price of its drinks, which was high, and the softness of its hip-hop music, which was disgusting, and might have been taken from an elevator. He was known there; he climbed on a barstool and the bartender said, "Usual?"

McGruder said, "Let's go with a Manhattan tonight. I need something sweet." A woman he knew slightly was sitting down the bar with a friend, and he added, "Speaking of sweet, I'm gonna go see how friendly Annie is feeling tonight. Bring it down there."

The bartender said, "Good luck," and went to make a drink.

Down the bar, he asked the woman, Annie, "This seat taken?"

"Jamie," she said. Her blond bangs came down to her eyebrows, which were brown; she was wearing a tight gold choker. "You're buying."

"Of course. As long as it doesn't have umbrellas in it."

She introduced her friend as Gwyneth and McGruder said, "Really? Gwyneth? How'd that happen?"

"My mom watched the *Emma* movie about a hundred times, so . . ."

The women had two drinks as McGruder carefully nursed his Manhattan, and he bought them a third, and then said, "Whoops. Gotta go see the candyman."

He nodded toward a drug dealer who'd just come in from the back door.

"Bring back something good," Gwyneth said.

He talked to the dealer, bought two hundred dollars' worth of cocaine in a small plastic baggie, put it in his pocket, drifted toward the back door, went out and around the building, got back in his car and drove home. The cocaine went down the kitchen sink. Coke frightened him—he worried about heart attacks and strokes. He burned the baggie and put the melted lump in his pocket, to be thrown out when he was on the highway south.

Sober, drug-free, and armed, he put two Cokes of the bottled kind in a cooler and climbed in the truck. Rested his head against the steering wheel for a moment and thought, *Do I really want to do this?*

No, he didn't, but he had no choice. Out of the garage, over to I-494, south to I-35, past the ski slope and into the Minnesota countryside. Remembered to throw the melted cocaine baggie out the window. He got off at a back road sixty miles south of the Cities, did another counter-surveillance run, stopped the truck and scanned the skies for lights of a chopper or airplane, saw nothing.

Maybe the ninja stuff had made him paranoid? So many ways to die . . . But as one of his many trainers told him, if you're paranoid, use it.

He made the turn onto I-90 at Albert Lea a little more than an hour and a half after leaving the house, made it into Worthington an hour and forty-five minutes after that. Velez lived on Tenth Avenue, a neighborhood of small postwar houses redone with molded plastic or aluminum siding, all looking much alike.

Guided by the Google Maps app in the burner phone, McGruder spotted Velez's place, a low yellow house showing the flickering light of a television set through a side window. He eased to the curb, turned off the headlights, killed the engine and sat, not so much thinking as sweating. If the cops had found the car and linked it to Velez and Velez to him . . . Velez, who had the morals of a wolverine, would sell him out in one second.

He watched as he sat, saw no movement outside any of the houses along the street. Not a common hour to be out, in the winter in Minnesota. As he came into town, the truck's exterior thermometer told him it was two below zero. He took the pistol from the pack, slapped a magazine into it, racked the slide, clicked off the safety. Sat for another minute, watching the rainbow colors of a television flickering off the curtain in Velez's house.

Still had time to go back to Minneapolis . . .

And be lynched.

McGruder climbed out of the truck, sniffed the air: somebody nearby had cooked something greasy and meaty: barbeque ribs, he thought. The walkway leading to the front door hadn't been shoveled, but had been walked in. A concrete stoop led up to the door. He knocked on the outer door, a glass storm door, that rattled in its frame. A moment later, he heard Velez's voice through the unopened door: "Who is there?"

"Dom—it's me. Jamie."

The inside door had small pieces of window glass inset into it, too small for a hand, but big enough to peek through. Velez peeked through, and a bolt unsnapped and the door opened a few inches.

“Mr. McGruder?”

“We may have trouble. You may have to disappear for a while. I’ve brought money.”

The door now opened wide. “Trouble? Come in.”

Velez was a heavysset mustachioed man with ample tats on both arms, memorializing a Navy ship on one, and La Virgen de Guadalupe on the other. He was wearing a white tee-shirt, dark cotton slacks, and a worried frown. Behind him, in the living room, a woman was sitting at the far end of a couch, two beer cans on a table beside the couch. Three more empty cans sat on a table at the near end, where Velez had apparently been sitting.

McGruder stepped inside: the room smelled like old fried chicken and bacon grease and tobacco smoke. He pushed the door shut with a foot and took the gun from his pocket. The woman asked, in a dry Plains accent, “Who the hell are you?”

Velez turned to her and began, “This is Mr. . . .”

He stopped talking when McGruder shot him in the back, right through the heart. The muzzle blast was ferocious but contained.

The woman on the couch tensed, said, “Oh, hell no,” started to push herself up and McGruder shot her in the forehead. He listened and the house was still as . . . death.

He stood there, waiting.

Analysis: no alarms. Two shots, inside a closed house in winter, which was surrounded by other closed houses. He spotted both ejected shells, picked them up, put them in his pocket. He hadn’t touched anything coming inside, except the door, and that with his shoe. He bent over each victim: they were dead, no question, Velez on his back with a bloody splotch over the exit wound, right over his heart. The woman had kicked back on the couch, from which she looked sightlessly at the television.

They’d been watching the streaming video *Yellowstone*, and as McGruder watched, a rancher and a woman were shot and killed with a machine gun.

He couldn’t help but smile: lots of gunshots coming out of the Velez house on this winter night . . .

The woman had been using a paper towel as a napkin and he carefully lifted the towel and used it to open the door. Out in the street, everything dark, no eyes that he could see.

He left the lights off in the truck as he rolled out to the end of the block.

So far, so good: but he still had four hours to go, to get back to Orono. Might be ice on the highway he hadn't encountered on the way out. He took one of the amphetamine tabs out of his pocket and a Coke from the cooler. Between the speed and the caffeine, he should be wide awake.

Still in the danger zone, couldn't be caught . . .

Back on I-90, he slipped into the thin stream of traffic, moved into the slow lane, and stayed there, remembering to throw the paper towel out the window. That was part of the whole Five tactical discussion: if you throw anything perishable out a car window, that'll be the last anyone knows of it.

Another ten miles, and he pulled on gloves and began disassembling the ghost gun. He threw the pieces out the passenger-side window and into the roadside ditch, one piece every couple of miles. He followed with the remaining cartridges and then the magazine.

THE SUN DIDN'T come up in Worthington until almost eight o'clock. Shortly after it poked itself over the horizon, two young FBI agents knocked on Velez's door. They'd been rousted out of bed by St. Vincent and sent to the address found on property tax records registered to a Dom Velez.

Velez couldn't be linked to McGruder through any employment records they found, but he did have a Worthington address registered at the Wayzata Country Club, where he'd worked on the grounds crew. A researcher's midnight call to a neighbor confirmed that the Worthington Velez was the man who worked at the Wayzata Country Club, and that he was at home.

Nobody answered the agents' knock in Worthington. One of the agents walked around to the side of the house, where a Toyota pickup and an aging Corolla were parked in the two-track driveway.

"Got two vehicles . . ."

"What do you want to do?" asked the agent at the door.

"Open the storm door and knock on the inside door . . ."

The agent opened the screen and knocked on the inside door, which opened a few inches under his knock.

"The door's open," he said. "Unlocked."

The agent who'd gone around to the side joined him on the porch, used a knuckle to push the door open a few more inches, and called, "Hello? Anybody awake?"

The agent gave the door another nudge, then peered inside. The light was dim, but he knew a dead body when he saw one. “Oh my God . . .”

AS THEY DID that, McGruder was sitting in a chain restaurant, eating huevos rancheros and home fries with copious ketchup, staring—wide-eyed and semi-stoned on the speed—at a ceiling-mounted television. A security camera peered down from the corner. McGruder ate there two or three times a month. A known customer. Good tipper. The waitress called him “honey” and “sweetheart” and kept his coffee cup filled.

Not so much a waitress anymore, McGruder thought. She’d assumed a far more important role.

She was a witness, like the women at the @&X.

Bookended alibis.

Virgil and Frankie had shopped at the mall, had eaten steaks at the hotel restaurant, and watched a distinctly not-family-friendly zombie comedy called *Zombieland: Double Tap*, which cracked them up.

At eight o'clock the next morning, with Frankie planning to sleep until the shopping started at ten o'clock, Virgil called Lucas' cell phone. Lucas answered with a groan and said, "It can't be morning."

Virgil said, "Yes, and reasonably warm for January, sunny, one above zero, could go to eight by noon. I've finished my morning yoga exercises, done some push-ups and sit-ups, shit, showered, and shaved, and I'm heading down to Cecil's. I thought you might want to come along, since it's not far from your house, and I know you like to chat up the waitresses."

Lucas hung up without a word and Virgil smiled at the phone. Mission accomplished: Lucas was not an early riser.

And Virgil had been telling the truth. He was set to go, except for his boots, which he pulled on and tied. He got his parka, kissed the sleeping Frankie on her forehead, caught an elevator, and fifteen minutes later was looking at the café's menu, trying to decide between pancakes with bacon or waffles with bacon.

He went with the waffles, which didn't have nearly the calories of the pancakes, so he could with a clear conscience supplement the waffles with a husky cinnamon roll with pecans and white frosting.

He'd finished the waffles and was working on the cinnamon roll when Lucas wandered in. He was wearing jeans and what appeared to be yesterday's shirt with no tie and a puffy down jacket. He carried his Walther in front of his left hip and had made no effort to conceal it. He slid into the booth across from Virgil, pointed an impolite finger at the waitress and then at Virgil's cup of coffee. Virgil had stopped eating and asked, "What?"

"St. Vincent called. The feds found Velez," Lucas said.

Virgil nodded: "That was enough to get you out of bed?"

"No. What got me out of bed is that somebody got to Velez before the feds did and shot him dead, along with a woman who may have been his wife or

girlfriend. Blood is still tacky this morning, so they were killed last night, probably around midnight.”

Virgil rubbed his forehead, spoke down into his cinnamon roll: “Ahhh . . . fuck me. We set it in motion by talking with McGruder’s help.”

The waitress came over with a cup of coffee and asked Lucas, “Is the gun absolutely necessary, Lucas?”

Lucas tried to smile at her and said, “I’m sorry, Caroline, I got some really, really bad news. I needed to share it with my suspect here.”

She looked at Virgil and asked, “What are you suspected of?”

“Getting up too early in the morning,” Virgil said.

Lucas put both hands to his face and rubbed. The waitress said, “You don’t look so good, Marshal.”

“I don’t feel so good,” Lucas said. He checked Virgil’s empty plate and the half-eaten cinnamon roll, and asked, “Gimme . . . pancakes? With butter and lots of syrup. And bacon.”

“Of course. Your suspect had about the same thing.”

VIRGIL: “LET ME guess. They’re not finding a lot of clues.”

Lucas shook his head. “You know what happened?”

“I can guess. One of those household helpers told McGruder that we were looking for Dom Velez. He drove down there last night and killed him. The dead woman is collateral damage.”

“Before he did that, he established an alibi up here, McGruder did,” Lucas said. He knew that; he didn’t yet know what the alibi would be. “He probably established another one this morning.”

Virgil nodded: “Probably. We’re SOL.”

Lucas explained that with Velez’s driver’s license in hand, the feds had contacted his neighbors and had confirmed that he was probably in Worthington—a neighbor said his truck was parked outside the house. By that time, late in the evening, they decided to roll two agents out in the early hours of the next day, instead of the middle of the night. That was a mistake, which was now being buried.

After listening to the story, Virgil said, “We’re gonna have to bullshit McGruder.”

“We can’t do it directly,” Lucas said. The pancakes and bacon arrived, and he began to wake up. “If we go right at him, he’ll get a lawyer and the

lawyer will gag him. If we don't go right at him, he'd have no excuse to lawyer up—that'd be like recognizing the fact that he's a suspect in a murder, while not having any reason to think that."

"Will St. Vincent and Mallard let us get away with bullshitting him?"

"They won't have much choice. Not with Velez dead," Lucas said. "When I talked to St. Vincent, he wasn't just unhappy. He was crazy angry. He sounded desperate. I mean, we had McGruder in the bag and he unbagged himself. St. Vincent won't be blamed, but there'll be talk about how the local FBI people could have acted more quickly . . ."

"You know what they say," Virgil said. "Oh, well."

"Yeah. St. Vincent wants us to take part in another Zoom call with Mallard at ten o'clock."

"Better come up with some ideas then," Virgil said.

They talked about various flavors of bullshittery and drank coffee for forty-five minutes, then headed over to Lucas' house, a half mile away. At ten o'clock, with Lucas in the kitchen and Virgil in the living room, they signed onto the Zoom link, the four-square checkerboard again, Mallard and St. Vincent in the top two squares, Lucas and Virgil in the bottom two.

St. Vincent: "As you can imagine, there are some unhappy people out here. Nobody's pointing any fingers, it wasn't anybody's fault, we didn't move too slow, it was just that . . . McGruder moved fast. How could we know he had the guts for it? Or would even have any idea he should do that?"

"I doubt that CNN will take that attitude," Lucas said.

"Don't worry about CNN," Mallard said. "We can handle CNN. The question is, what do we do with McGruder? He's not only a lead, he's the actual killer."

Virgil: "Gonna have to bullshit him."

St. Vincent: "If we can't find something solid, I'd agree. I'm hoping Lucas and Virgil can come up with something . . . since they seem to be good at that kind of thing. I'm putting my whole team here on background research. We're already on McGruder's cell phone records and it appears his phone was turned on, plugged in, at his house all night. Earlier in the evening, we traced it to a nightclub. We're looking for any trace of him driving down to Worthington last night . . . if he did."

"He must've," Mallard said.

“Unless he had assistance. With his kind of money, he could buy some. We don’t even know that Velez’s murder was spontaneous,” St. Vincent said. “He might have decided weeks ago to get rid of the only witness who could hang him, and the fact that it happened last night was a coincidence. I mean . . . I hate to use the word ‘hit,’ but the hit looks professional. Two shots, two dead. No shells, no witnesses as far as we know . . . None of the neighbors saw or heard anything.”

Mallard: “Virgil, you want to manipulate him. What’d you have in mind?”

“That we seem to be building a case without needing Velez. That we maybe create a news story, that we leak that story onto the Five page on Facebook, where he’s sure to see it, and hint that we’re closing in,” Virgil said. “He already knows we’re around, looking at him, but we need to pull a reaction out of him.”

“We can’t let him stand pat,” Lucas added. “We have to make him move.”

“You’re talking about manipulating the media as well as McGruder,” Mallard said.

“We have to,” Lucas said. “We have to get the worm in his ear from some other source than us. We can’t talk to him directly or he’ll know it’s bullshit.”

Mallard nodded. “But the media . . . we wouldn’t want it to get out of hand,” he said. “Keep in mind that not all the media is as gullible as it sometimes seems. You need to seem credible.”

“We’re thinking that we might suggest to a selected media outlet that the Velez murder in Worthington is connected to the Five. That’ll get people scrambling around looking at Velez. Maybe we can get the Minneapolis TV news to send somebody over to knock on McGruder’s door . . . you know, based on police rumors that he knew Velez.”

St. Vincent: “Sounds . . . tenuous.”

Mallard to St. Vincent: “Okay, David, what are your other options?”

“Well, better bullshit, for one. I haven’t had the time to develop any ideas along those lines . . .”

“Then let’s get these started,” Mallard said. “Lucas, how are you going to feed the media?”

“You know I’m friends with Elmer Henderson . . . Senator Henderson.”

“I do, somewhat to my past discomfort,” Mallard said.

“He owes me one at the moment . . . and he talks to the Twin Cities media on an hourly basis,” Lucas said. “I’ll get him to feed a story to a woman at

Channel Three who happens to have my phone number. When I refuse to confirm or even discuss Henderson's tip, she'll take that as *being* a confirmation. Since it is television news, they'll go with it. Then we'll feed that story to the Facebook page . . . McGruder's got to be looking at that."

"I hate this kind of shit," St. Vincent said. "Feeding lies to the media. They're already unreliable enough."

None of the other three cops responded and into the silence, St. Vincent began to tap-dance. "But I guess if that's what we gotta do, that's what we gotta do."

Mallard: "Lucas, neither I nor Agent St. Vincent want to hear anything more about this. The media connections. I expect you to do whatever you need to in your investigative capacity to stop these people, the Five, but the media . . . we don't want to hear about it."

"So when the shit hits the fan . . ."

"The FBI will remain shit-free," Mallard said.

When the call was finished, Virgil walked into the kitchen and said, "We're on our own, big guy."

"Not entirely. We'll still have FBI research and surveillance," Lucas said. "Let's figure out what we have to give to Henderson."

"Are you going to tell him it's bullshit?" Virgil asked.

"I have to. We . . . operate on the basis of trust and we've done some . . . hmm, what would you call them?"

"Felonies?" Virgil suggested.

"No, more like . . . things that unsophisticated people might feel are questionable," Lucas said.

"As I said, felonies," Virgil said. "Whatever you do, gotta be quick with it."

"If Elmer goes along, it'll be quick," Lucas said. "We'll be on the air tonight. I'll talk to a guy who can feed the Channel Three story to the Facebook page in an untraceable way."

"You're talking about your friend Kidd?"

Lucas' eyes narrowed: "How do you know about Kidd?"

"I spent some time talking to him up at your cabin, remember?"

"Oh . . . yeah."

Kidd was a painter and a computer genius, who'd been operating in the online swamps well before Google raised its head. He was married to a successful jewel thief, which Virgil didn't know, but Lucas did. Lucas had

no way to prove that Lauren Kidd was a jewel thief, but he knew. Kidd was another University of Minnesota ex-jock, a wrestler.

“I was impressed,” Virgil said. “One other thing, though. We should probably check on Paul Riley. I doubt the woman we stopped would have tipped off McGruder—she was too scared. Riley might have. While keeping the FBI shit-free, we ought to try to keep Riley bullet-free.”

Lucas pointed a finger at his own skull and said, “Duh. I’ll get my parka. We should hurry.”

THEY GOT GOOGLE directions to Riley’s business, and as they drove, Virgil pulled up a website on his iPad. The website was primitive but did have a photo of Riley standing in the center of a semicircle of employees, all smiling for the camera. On the way, Lucas called Senator Elmer Henderson’s office in Washington and asked for an urgent call-back.

Riley operated out of a concrete-block building with a shiny metal roof, the place surrounded by hard-used pieces of landscaping equipment, plastic-wrapped lumber, burlap-wrapped dormant trees, and three older pickups.

They found Riley in his office, which was an unpainted plywood box at the back of the building, with a plastic window looking out at the rest of the shop, which was clogged with newer tools and machinery. He looked up when they came through the door, pushed away from his desk with a placating grin.

“He knows what he did,” Lucas muttered.

“But does he know about Velez?”

“Why don’t we ask him?”

Riley had come to the office door. He said, “Marshals . . . something happen?”

Lucas: “Yes. You told McGruder about our visit, didn’t you?”

Riley said nothing, held out his hands. Virgil shook his head and said, “Don’t lie to us, Paul. You know what happened, right?”

Riley took a half step back, confused. “What happened?”

“Somebody went to Worthington last night and murdered Dom Velez and his ex-wife in their home. Shot them to death,” Virgil said. “You lie to us, you’re an accomplice to first-degree murder. Otherwise, you’re just a witness.”

Riley crossed himself: “Dom?”

“Shot in the back,” Lucas said. “His wife was shot in the forehead, right above her eyes. Saw it coming, never had a chance to stop it.”

“Jesus, Mary, and Joseph . . . I . . .”

“Told McGruder . . .”

“I thought . . . should I get a lawyer?”

“You don’t need one yet,” Lucas said. “Unless you knew McGruder was going to Worthington to kill the Velezes.”

“I did not. *I did not*. How do you know Mr. McGruder . . . ?”

“We’re investigating him. He’s a suspect in another murder,” Lucas said. “If you tell him that he’s a suspect, you *will* be an accessory and we’ll put your ass in prison for a very long time.”

Riley held out his hands again, palms up: “But . . . why would Mr. McGruder kill anyone? He’s a billionaire. He doesn’t have to kill anybody for any reason.”

“He kills because he’s nuts and he’s bored and looking for something exciting to do,” Lucas said. “Now: when did you talk to him, and what did you tell him?”

Riley didn’t have much to say about that—that he’d made the phone call because he thought Lucas and Virgil were investigating Velez, not McGruder. Velez had worked directly for McGruder, and if he was a threat, he thought McGruder should know.

“Why was Velez living in Worthington if he’s working for McGruder and at the country club?” Virgil asked. “He couldn’t be commuting . . .”

“He has, had, two wives,” Riley said. “Everybody knew that. One in Worthington and one here. He went back and forth. He was here, mostly. I don’t know why he went back to Worthington this time. Keep that wife happy, I guess. I didn’t know him that well.”

The FBI hadn’t found an address for Velez in Minneapolis, so Lucas asked, “Was the house in the Twin Cities in his wife’s name? Do you know?”

Riley closed one eye, thinking or trying to remember, then said, “You know, it might have been. I remember he said something about how she had a nice house, which I guess means it was hers, not his. Besides, he didn’t have enough money for two houses. I’m surprised he had enough money for one.”

“You don’t know her name?”

“No . . . but I think they met, mmm, I’m thinking she works at a Starbucks up in Highland Park. In St. Paul. He brought me a free Frap, one time.”

When they’d wrung him out, Lucas warned Riley not to be alone with McGruder. “He knows you told us about Velez. He might be worried that you’ll tell us about the phone call you made. He may want to shut you up. So . . . find a reason not to see him. Don’t do any work at his place.”

Riley said, “You think he might kill me? I mean, he is a little goofy.”

Lucas: “How?”

“He would take all these classes. Jumping out of airplanes. Gun classes. Scuba. Driving like a spy. He has a wooden target in his basement that he throws knives at, and when he’s tired of that, he throws tomahawks. He got a pilot license, but I think he quit that.”

“Thrill seeker?” Virgil asked.

Riley scratched an ear. “Maybe. He had a rock band for a while, he paid all the members. He played guitar and sang. I watched them rehearse one time, and he was not a very good singer. I don’t know if he’s a thrill seeker—I think he just wants to be a cool guy and doesn’t know how to be that.”

Virgil: “When Lucas said he’s nuts, he wasn’t joking. Don’t be his next victim.”

Riley crossed himself again. “I have family in Janesville. Maybe I’ll go for a visit.”

“Good idea, but don’t disappear on us,” Lucas warned. “When we call, you answer. You’re on a narrow ledge here—you’re a witness, for sure. You don’t want to make yourself into an accomplice.”

After poking him a few more times without getting anything, they gave him a final warning and left. On the walk back to the car, Virgil said, “The other wife. The one that’s still alive.”

“Yes.”

THE HIGHLAND PARK Starbucks wasn’t far from Lucas’ house, and on some warm spring Sundays he’d walk there with Weather. The counter woman recognized Lucas, and told them that the manager wasn’t in, but the assistant manager was available.

Amber was fetched. Lucas told her what Riley had said, and she said, “I think . . . I’m pretty sure that’s Helen Socek. She has a live-in boyfriend. She calls him Dom. She’s due in at three o’clock.”

“Do you have an address for her?”

“I do, but she works mornings at a childcare center at her church. It’s a Catholic church near her house . . .”

Amber got Socek’s employment data off a computer. Virgil went to his iPad maps again, found her address. “She’s in Frogtown,” he said. “That’s the house we made a pass at—nobody home.”

A Francis Xavier Church was nearby. The church’s website featured their daycare facility in what had once been an elementary school.

“Ten minutes,” Virgil said.

THE DAYCARE CENTER was a plain one-level tan brick building. A yellowed notice on the entrance door said it was kept locked for security reasons, and that visitors were required to call the office for entry. Lucas tried the door, found it locked, as advertised, made the call and identified himself.

A plainclothes nun came to meet them at the entrance, introduced herself as Rose Ryan. Lucas showed her his badge and she asked, “Why do you need to see Helen?”

Virgil said, “There’s been a tragedy, I’m afraid. Her . . . fiancé . . . was killed last night, in Worthington. She hasn’t been informed yet.”

Ryan put her hand to her mouth and said, “Oh, no . . .” She looked back into the building, then back at them, then took another step out on the stoop and pointed toward the end of the building. “If you go around the corner there, you’ll find another entrance. There’s a break room there, I’ll get Helen and meet you there.”

They walked around to the back entrance, saw another nun hurrying down the hall toward the door, and were let in and shown the break room. After a short wait, Ryan and a third grim-faced nun escorted Helen Socek into the room. They hadn’t told her the reason that the marshal wanted to see her, but when she saw their faces, she blurted, “Did something happen to Dominic?”

Lucas looked at Virgil, who said, “I’m afraid so, Miz Socek. Would you like to sit down?”

She was a lumpy woman, probably fifty, gray hair cut in a way that would have been fashionable in 1940. “Just tell me. I bet Silvia was involved, wasn’t she?”

Her face was clutched in fear and what might have been anticipatory loneliness. She began to cry, and Lucas, who’d done fewer notifications than

Virgil, stepped away, and Virgil moved closer, looking in her eyes, and said, “Dominic was murdered. Silvia, we think it was Silvia, we don’t have a positive identification yet, was killed at the same time by the same person. We’re trying to find who did it.”

Socek made a long wailing sound, groped toward a battered overstuffed chair, and the nuns helped her to sit. Lucas backed another step away, while Virgil squatted next to the chair and let her weep.

He remained that way for two minutes as she cried herself out, patted her shoulder; one of the nuns wrapped an arm around her, and Ryan asked if she wanted a glass of water or lemonade. Socek shook her head, no.

When Socek looked at Virgil again, he asked, “Did Dominic say anything, anything at all, about feeling threatened by anyone?”

“No, he didn’t say anything like that . . . Was this at his house?”

Virgil nodded. “Yes. He and his friend were killed in the living room while they were watching television.”

“Better than the bedroom, anyway,” she said, with a hint of bitterness.

Virgil: “Do you think that might be a consideration? His love life . . .”

She shook her head. “No, no . . .” Then she looked up. “Are you going to ask me where I was last night?”

“Should we?”

“You can. I was at Starbucks until nine o’clock, I have a job at Starbucks in the afternoons and evenings. Then I went home and went to sleep, alone, then I got up at six o’clock and came here at seven o’clock for the first kids being dropped . . .”

Virgil: “Sounds like a very long day.”

“Fourteen hours,” one of the nuns said. “I didn’t know that, Helen. We shouldn’t ask so much.”

Socek began to cry again and Virgil stood up, got a folding chair, and carried it close to Socek. When she subsided again, he said, “We need to get as much information about Dom’s recent activities as we can, and as quickly as we can. We understand that he worked for a Mr. McGruder. Did he have any trouble with Mr. McGruder? Was there a conflict of any kind? Or with other people who worked for Mr. McGruder?”

She was looking down in her lap, sniffed, and Ryan said to another nun, “Go get some Kleenex,” and Socek said, “There was no trouble at work. Mr. McGruder just gave him a bonus for his good work. We bought a new television with it so he could watch the Wolves.”

A nun, with a querulous note: "Is that a nature show?"

Virgil gave her a look to warn her away from interruptions, but the look bounced off, so he said to her, "Basketball . . . Now, Miz Socek, when did he get the bonus? And you bought a television? Must have been a big bonus."

"I think so. Dom didn't tell me exactly how much. He was private about money. When he was asleep, I looked in the bank envelope and there were a lot of hundred-dollar bills. A lot."

"He got the bonus in cash?"

"He was always paid in cash, so . . ." She made a helpless gesture, a flap of the hands, a shrug. "You know . . . taxes. Dom didn't think taxes were fair."

"Okay," Virgil said. "When did he—"

Lucas' telephone buzzed and he looked at it, said, "I've got to take this. I'll do it outside."

He heard Virgil repeat the question to Socek and she answered, "Oh, I don't know exactly. Maybe two weeks ago? Somewhere in there."

OUTSIDE, LUCAS TOOK the call from Elmer Henderson. "I need a favor," Lucas said. "Your pal Porter hustled me into the Hillary Sikes investigation."

"I heard, and I wouldn't have. It was a well-deserved killing, a comment that I will deny if you tell anyone I said that. She was, without any question, the asshole these assholes said she is. Her husband thinks about two things: money and pussy. Hillary was worse, in my opinion, because she didn't even have the human dimension. All she thought about was money and how to get more. You couldn't even think why she wanted more—she had enough for about six Lake Minnetonka lives. Even worse, she donated to Republicans. She wouldn't give a nickel to save the whales, but if you were a tax-cutting Republican, she'd be right there with her checkbook."

"Yeah, okay, that's a wonderful word portrait, Senator, Your Excellency. I'm working a lead to her killer and I need you to leak some stuff to Channel Three, and specifically to Jennifer Carey, without telling her it came from me."

"I know Jennifer quite well. Isn't she the mother of your first kid?" Henderson asked.

"Yes, she is . . . but I don't trust her. She's way too honest. I need you to tell her that the feds are about to break the case and mention, kind of

casually, that I'm on the case and I'm the fed who might break it," Lucas said. "I want her to call me, so I can decline to comment."

Henderson chuckled. "You're a sneaky rascal. I've always admired that in you. Maybe you should run for office, as long as it's not mine."

"Yeah, yeah. Here's what I would like you to do . . ."

Henderson listened, then said, "I can do that. I'll want a complete report later on—after you close out the killers."

"Thank you. We'll talk then."

VIRGIL WAS COMING out the door when Lucas rang off the call. "Not much more," Virgil said. "But, Velez's bonus is something. Maybe a big thing."

"We'll get St. Vincent's guys to look at McGruder's bank withdrawals. That's something they can handle. And you're right. That could be big."

Virgil took a pair of sunglasses out of his pocket, put them on, prompting Lucas to do the same thing. "That phone call was from Henderson," Lucas said. "He's in. He'll make the call right away."

"Excellent," Virgil said. "We can get the bullshit going."

Ryan came out on the steps, and said, "This is terribly sad. Helen is a wonderful woman."

"Are you telling us that she isn't involved in her cheating boyfriend's death?" Lucas asked.

"Absolutely. That she might deliberately hurt somebody is . . . unimaginable. If I were you two, I'd forget about Helen and follow the money."

"You must watch cop shows," Virgil said.

"I don't watch them, but I used to be one," she said. "Thirty years with the Golden Valley PD. Don't have much faith in federal cops."

"Really? An ex-cop? Anyway, I have to agree with you," Virgil said. "I'm a Minnesota cop myself, BCA, temporarily on this federal task force."

"Then you might get somewhere," Ryan said. "I liked the way you handled yourself in there, Virgil." She looked over her shoulder and said, "I gotta get back."

IN THE CAR, Virgil said, as he removed his shoes to warm up his toes, “Didn’t see that coming—that Sister Rose was a cop. Maybe she’s doing penance?”

“Nah. Fits right in. You’d know that if you’d gone to a Catholic school,” Lucas said. “I’ve still got a groove down the center of my skull from getting hit by those hickory pointer sticks that the nuns carried. Some of the sisters had a deep affection for unnecessary violence.”

“You even knew the sticks were hickory?”

“Sure. They had ‘Louisville Slugger’ branded right on the side.”

“I didn’t have to deal with that,” Virgil said, pushing his seat back, the better to get his stocking feet on the dashboard. “Plain vanilla public school. The education sucked, but you didn’t get hit.”

“Honestly? I’m happy I went to a Catholic school,” Lucas said, as he did a U-turn in traffic, looking over his shoulder. “Got a decent education and developed a dirty mind, which is one of the unstated benefits of a Catholic education. My women friends have greatly appreciated that.”

“I struggled with it, developing a dirty mind, you know, as a Lutheran,” Virgil said. “Though I feel I succeeded in the end.”

“So I’ve heard,” Lucas said. “Call St. Vincent and get him working on McGruder’s bank records. And get your fuckin’ feet off my dashboard.”

ELEVEN

St. Vincent already had a researcher working on McGruder's bank records: "We need to get Socek down here on camera," he said. "McGruder moves a lot of money around and we were looking for that car purchase. We couldn't find the exact amount paid, but we found one for five thousand over the purchase price. That sounds like it might fit the Velez payoff, the envelope full of hundreds."

"You guys take that, the car payment," Lucas said. "It's pretty much research from this point on. Virgil and I are going to see if we can dig up some more pressure . . . Have you talked to ATF about gun purchases?"

"Yeah, and he's made some. Quite a few, actually, and spent some good money on them. I'd be surprised if he used one of his legal guns to kill . . . He's too smart for that."

"Still something to look into," Lucas said.

Virgil had been listening to the call, his stocking feet still up on the dashboard, his sunglasses down his nose, his eyes closed. When Lucas got off the phone, he turned to Virgil and asked, "How would you feel about black-bagging McGruder's place?"

"With or without a warrant?" Virgil asked.

"Without. I don't think we could get a warrant—not yet," Lucas said.

"The guy's a zillionaire, he's got to be heavily protected," Virgil said. "I wouldn't be surprised by full-time camera monitoring separate from an alarm."

"Is that a 'no'?"

"I'll bag a place if I'm reasonably sure I won't get caught and if the problem is serious enough," Virgil said.

"This is serious enough," Lucas said. "Five dead—three that he did himself."

"Yeah." Virgil turned and looked out the window for a moment, where an elderly woman was pushing a walker up the street, a bag of groceries in a front bin. Then, "How would you do it?"

"I don't know yet," Lucas admitted. "I have the feeling that we might kick something loose, if we could get inside."

Virgil: “The possibility of bagging the place had already occurred to me, of course. That woman we pulled over at McGruder’s house, Alejandra Escobar, we’ve got her driver’s license . . .”

“Oh, yeah.”

“She was scared. Scared of us. She could be an illegal. If she’s a housekeeper, she’s got an alarm code.”

“There you go,” Lucas said.

“Now I’ve got another question,” Virgil said. “How do you feel about terrorizing some poor woman who’s just trying to scrape though life?”

“Not great,” Lucas said. “Maybe we won’t terrorize her, we could try to go a little gentle. Ask her help. Something . . .”

“Bullshit. We’re gonna terrorize the shit out of her,” Virgil said.

“Yeah, probably. To catch a serial killer.”

“What about the cameras in McGruder’s house? He’s a billionaire, there’re gonna be some.”

“We talked about getting my friend Kidd to anonymously feed a Minneapolis news report to the Five page on Facebook . . . that would be child’s play for him. I think he could fuck with McGruder’s cameras, if he wanted to, and if they’re connected to the internet, or a security service.”

Virgil nodded: “So talk to him.”

ALEJANDRA ESCOBAR, McGruder’s housekeeper, lived in the Near North neighborhood of Minneapolis. She might be at McGruder’s, but Lucas had a hunch that she wouldn’t be—McGruder had been betrayed by one employee, he might have told the other one to take the day off.

As they drove to her address from St. Paul, Jennifer Carey called. Right on schedule. Lucas picked up, put the call on speaker, and said, “Yeah, Jen. What’s up?”

“I understand you’re running hot on the Sikes murder and have a solid lead on the Three killer,” she said. She had a voice with some grit in it, and a decade and a half after their relationship had ended, Lucas still felt a tingle when he spoke with her. “We’re going with that much of the story. I wanted to see how much more you’re willing to tell me.”

“You sound tired, babe. Maybe you should get some sleep.”

“I’m wide awake. Give it up,” Carey said.

“Jesus, Jen, I can’t talk about an active investigation,” Lucas said, not quite whining.

“ . . . Unless you decide that it’ll help you out,” she interrupted. “I mean, like, you’ve done it so often you’ve got a plumber on speed-dial just to fix your leaks.”

Made Virgil smile. “That’s unkind,” Lucas said.

“But not untrue,” Carey said. “So: you say it’s okay to use your name . . .”

“I didn’t say that . . .”

“ . . . But I would like the name of the other marshal you’re working with so I can give equal credit if I hear a marshal’s been shot and it’s not you,” she said.

“There’s no other marshal working the case. I got pulled in personally because I work in the Twin Cities and was at the Three scene . . .”

“And because Porter Smalls and Elmer Henderson wanted you on it,” Carey said. “I got called by one of them, and he kept saying ‘them’ instead of ‘him,’ so I know there’s another marshal.”

“Henderson never could keep his mouth shut.”

“Hey! Did you take that fuckin’ Flowers with you again?” she demanded.

Virgil called, “How you doin’, Jen?”

“Much better than a minute ago. Now I can recount the whole buddy-act you two did down in Florida last year, the scuba diving and all that. I can promise our viewers that with two quality cops like you guys, you’ll have Three in handcuffs by the end of the week. How about this: ‘Davenport and Flowers, known for their sometimes unusual and occasionally grossly illegal, not to say fascist, tactics . . .’”

Lucas: “Jen, don’t do that. Be nice, and I’ll give you a couple of things.”

“Give,” she said again.

“We do have a solid suspect,” Lucas said. “Here’s a fact that nobody else has, but you have to attribute it to another source . . .”

“I can do that.”

He told her about the murder of Dom Velez and the belief that the Three killer did it in an effort to cover up. He sketched in the tracing of the killer’s car from Minneapolis to Eau Claire and then to Velez.

She said, “Hot damn! So your suspect has killed at least three people, and the numbers gang have killed at least a total of five.”

“You can use that, but you’ve got to attribute it to a source in the FBI,” Lucas said.

“That would be wrong,” Carey said.

Lucas: “Yeah? So what?”

“Okay, got me there,” Carey said. “You know, I’m starting to feel the slippery finger of a Davenport manipulation in all this, the Henderson call, th
—”

Virgil jumped in: “When will you put this up? On the air?”

“Five, six, and ten,” Carey said. “I’ve got makeup standing here, ready to powder my nose. You think the Worthington cops will talk to me about Velez?”

“Use your feminine wiles,” Virgil said.

“I did that with Davenport, once, and he knocked me up,” Carey said.

—

LUCAS RANG OFF a moment later—she never said “thank you”—and he and Virgil continued to the Near North, a neighborhood of small crumbling houses, each one a different weathered color than the next, with rough blacktopped streets, cars stored in driveways, some covered with plastic wrappers. Escobar’s house was painted a rust-red with a driveway that ended at glass windows that had once been a garage door, the garage having been converted into a room. A Camry sat in the driveway, facing the windows.

“That’s the car she was driving, so she’s probably there,” Virgil said. “Want me around back in case she books?”

“Not a bad idea. Did she look like a runner?”

“She looked like somebody’s overweight grandma,” Virgil said.

“If she’s not going to run, but other people do . . . you’d just be in their way, and you might get run over. If somebody runs, but she doesn’t, it just lowers the pressure inside. Nobody gets hurt.”

They went together to the front door, knocked. A face appeared at a window to the left, then disappeared. Virgil said, “Maybe I should have been around back . . .”

They knocked again, tried the doorbell, which didn’t seem to work. Virgil went sideways, to look toward the back of the house, didn’t see anyone running, but did see untracked snow. He walked back to the porch as Lucas pounded on the door and then the door opened a crack and a pair of dark eyes peered out. “*Que?*”

Virgil said, “We need to talk to Alejandra Escobar.”

“She not here,” the dark eyes said. They seemed to belong to a young girl, maybe a teenager.

“Her car is here. We only want to talk,” Virgil said. “We’re police, but we don’t want to arrest her or send her away. Talk only. We’re not ICE.”

The dark eyes pulled back, and seconds later were replaced by a slightly different set of dark eyes, older, but not as old as Escobar’s. Their owner spoke good but accented English: “Why do you want Alejandra? She’s asleep. She’s done nothing.”

“We don’t think she has,” Virgil said. “You need to wake her up. This is very important. Very important and you don’t want to be on the wrong side.”

“One moment,” the woman said.

The door closed most of the way, they heard women talking, then it opened again, wider this time, and Escobar stood behind it. She looked at Virgil and said, “You’re the policeman who stopped me.”

Virgil nodded: “We need to talk to you about Mr. McGruder. We will not tell him we spoke to you.”

She hesitated, reluctant, then let the door swing further open. “What has he done?”

“Maybe nothing, maybe something. You’ve heard about Mr. Velez . . .”

“I heard this. I am sorry.”

Lucas: “Could we come in? It would be easier to talk inside.”

Escobar let the door open all the way, and Virgil stepped through. There were six women and three children in the living room, looking at him. The room contained three old but full-sized couches arranged in a semicircle, so all three could see the same television, which sat on a table in the center of the room, with an extension cord winding off to an outlet. All three couches had blankets and pillows and were apparently used as beds. The house smelled of beans and rice, tacos, stewed tomatoes.

Lucas crowded up from behind and Virgil stepped deeper into the room. The walls were nicotine yellow-brown, bare, with one exception, a framed picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Lucas nodded at the picture. “My mother had that picture,” he said to Escobar.

“*Catolico?*” she asked.

Lucas nodded. “Yes. Uh . . . we should talk privately . . . by ourselves?”

Escobar nodded.

Lucas had wanted to get inside, but once inside, there was no place to talk privately: there were a dozen people living in the house. They wound up sitting in the Porsche, Virgil in the back seat with Escobar, Lucas in the passenger seat, where he could turn to look at the woman. She was short, heavy, sallow-faced, weary. Not, Lucas thought, weary from the day, but weary from the life.

Virgil said, "We are investigating Mr. McGruder. We think he may be involved in the death of Mr. Velez."

"I know nothing of that. I clean the house," Escobar said. "Every day, I clean, wash the clothes, iron the clothes, make the beds, I vacuum . . ."

Lucas nodded and asked, "Have you ever known Mr. McGruder to do anything . . . evil? Very bad?"

She didn't want to answer: He could see it in her eyes. He pushed: "Miz Escobar, we don't want to cause you any trouble . . ."

She picked up the implication: that they could cause her trouble if they wanted to. She said, "One time he slept late with this woman and he hit her. She had blood in her nose."

"Do you know if she called the police?" Lucas asked.

She shook her head. "I don't think so. I think she scratched him. Maybe before he hit. He had blood on his shirt, I think he had scratches here." She made an *X* on her chest.

Other than the one incident, there was not much. She'd heard McGruder lose his temper on two other occasions, shouting into a telephone. He'd also gotten harsh with her once when she'd washed a silk shirt and ruined it.

"I told him, my fault, I pay. But, he said no, I don't pay, but I have to be more careful. He's not bad with me. He pays good."

Virgil asked, "What time do you go to work?"

"Seven o'clock in the morning. I stop at three o'clock or when I finish."

"Is Mr. McGruder awake when you get there?" Lucas asked.

She shook her head. "Never. Okay, maybe one or two times. He sleeps to ten o'clock, he tells me he works very late."

"If he doesn't wake up early, then you must be able to turn off the alarm?" Virgil asked.

"Yes, I have code."

"What's the code?" Virgil asked.

They got the code, they got the location of the alarm panel inside a door that opened on the back parking pad. Virgil asked to borrow her key, which

she reluctantly gave him. “We need to make a Xerox copy of the key, but we’ll bring it back in half an hour,” Virgil said.

Lucas asked, “How long have you been in the United States?”

Escobar looked down at her folded hands, as if expecting a blow: “Fourteen years.”

“Fourteen years, a long time,” Lucas said. Then he added, “We are investigating Mr. McGruder. We don’t want to warn him. You are not to tell him that we talked to you. Do you understand? You are to work like you do every day, but do not tell him that we talked to you.”

She bobbed her head but didn’t look at either of them.

Virgil, “I hope you understand. You can’t talk to him.”

“I understand very well,” she said, peering at Virgil. *I understand you will send ICE to get me, if I talk.*

“THAT WASN’T SO bad,” Lucas said, as they drove away from Escobar’s house. Virgil had used his iPad to spot a Home Depot not far away, where they could get the key copied.

“Bull. We scared the shit out of her,” Virgil said.

“You think she’ll talk to McGruder?”

“No. Or, not for a while,” Virgil said. “She’s caught between him and us. He pays well. We don’t pay jack shit.”

“But we got ICE on our side.”

“Fuck those assholes,” Virgil said. “But you’re right. That’s the way she’ll see it.”

“So?” Lucas had a question mark in his voice.

“Bag the motherfucker. Call Kidd, see what he can do about the cameras.”

LUCAS CALLED KIDD, who cross-examined Lucas on the importance of the proposed hack, and when Lucas finished explaining, Kidd made a crunching sound and then said, “Sorry. I’m eating a stick of celery.”

“How about it?” Lucas asked.

“Five dead. Three assholes and two innocent people. Or at least one innocent person. Give me a few hours—I’ll look into it.”

“The faster the better,” Lucas said. “We’d want to go when it’s dark. He’s a nightclubber, so . . .”

“It’ll take what it takes. I’ll concentrate on it,” Kidd said. “You wouldn’t happen to know what security service he uses?”

Lucas hadn’t told Kidd that Virgil was listening in, so Virgil stayed quiet but held up a finger, and went to his phone. He called up the camera, flicked through a couple of photos, then showed Lucas the foot-square security service sign that sat next to McGruder’s driveway.

To Kidd, Lucas had said, “I’m checking my phone, I took a picture . . . Okay, It’s Bass-Antrim Security, Armed Response.”

“That’s great, an armed response, shoot first, ask questions later,” Kidd said. “Glad I’m safe in St. Paul, instead of sneaking around the affluenzia.”

Virgil, looking at Lucas, mouthed “camera lens” and pointed at three concentric circles on the security service sign.

“I thought the sign had a circle on it, but looking at it, I think the circle is supposed to be a lens,” Lucas said to Kidd. “They may run the cameras.”

“I’ll get back to you,” Kidd said. There was a final celeric crunch, and he hung up.

THEY GOT TWO copies of Escobar’s key at Home Depot, no questions asked. They drove back to Escobar’s house and returned her original key, and Virgil said once again, “We needed to document the key, so we know if it is changed.”

She nodded her head, her face down again, not believing a word of it.

“Really,” Virgil said, feeling ashamed of himself. “That’s what we did.”

TWELVE

McGruder was lying on a yoga pad doing stretches and watching television when the fortyish blonde came up over a caption that read, “Channel Three Investigates: Jennifer Carey.”

Carey said, “Channel Three has learned exclusively that two well-known Minnesota law-enforcement veterans, working with the FBI, are closing in on one of the infamous Five killers. A source with the Justice Department confirmed that U.S. Marshal Lucas Davenport and Minnesota Bureau of Criminal Apprehension agent Virgil Flowers have determined that the Three killer also murdered two people in Worthington, Minnesota, yesterday, apparently in an attempt to cover up . . .”

McGruder thought, *No, no, no . . .*

Carey’s report lasted three minutes—forever, in television terms—and ended with a brisk, “The FBI refused to comment.”

He lay back on the yoga mat: had they dead-ended at Velez? Maybe. But they’d stopped Riley outside his gate, so they were obviously looking at him. He had a momentary fantasy about appearing in court, looking tough but elegant, a team of smart-looking lawyers at his elbow . . .

But what if they lost? And he thought: the shoes. He had to get rid of the shoes.

And these two cops. He couldn’t remember the name of the marshal, but the other one, the state agent, had a weird name. Flowers. Virgil Flowers. Sounded almost fictional, like the guy changed his name from Bob Jones or something.

On his way to retrieve Hillary Sikes’ shoes, he paused to jot the name down on a sticky note. Virgil Flowers . . .

THE SUNLIGHT WAS dying fast, going a sulky orange, when Lucas and Virgil returned to McGruder’s house, which was showing lights on all three floors. They cruised the front of the house and Virgil finally said, “I’m getting cold feet. That wall and gate look like they were modeled off Stillwater prison.”

“Gonna be dark, though,” Lucas said. “We’ve got that going for us. Not much traffic.”

“That wall is old—old walls sometimes have glass shards embedded on the top cap. It used to be a thing.”

Lucas said, “I hadn’t thought of that. I’m thinking, ‘Not in this neighborhood’—the glass thing. I’m willing to take the chance. We’re not going to do anything until we hear from Kidd.”

THEY’D PASSED A grill that called itself The Grille, a sure sign of mediocre food, but it was close by, so they went there. The place was crowded with prosperous-looking Minnesotans, a sprinkling of diamonds and pearls among the women. They waited ten minutes for a booth and ordered steaks and crinkle fries and beer, and Lucas called St. Vincent and asked where McGruder was.

“At home,” St. Vincent said. “We’re tracking his phone and we’ve got four cars on the ground. If he moves, we’ll be on him like a coat of paint.”

“Don’t chase him back home, for Christ’s sakes,” Lucas said. “We need to see where he goes when he’s out and about. Who he talks to.”

“He won’t see us. By the way, I saw this Jennifer Carey report on Channel Three. What, you guys hire her as a publicity agent?”

“I haven’t seen it,” Lucas said. “She is known for overcooking her investigations.”

“Well, she’s now gone national—CNN and Fox have picked up her story. She did mention the FBI as an afterthought. Implied that we were assisting your investigation. Thanks for that.”

“Sorry, boss,” Lucas said, grinning at Virgil.

“Yeah, right,” St. Vincent said. “What are you two doing?”

Virgil said, “We talked to another one of McGruder’s household workers, no help there. Did you get with Helen Socek?”

“Yes. No exact count on the cash that Velez got, but she can testify that it was a lot. She estimates a half-inch-thick stack of hundreds.”

“Good. Listen, I’d like to talk directly with your surveillance guy, if that’s possible,” Lucas said. “We want to know everywhere McGruder goes tonight, if he goes anywhere. If he’s clubbing. We may go in on top of him, see who he talks to.”

St. Vincent: “Okay, but keep me in the loop. Don’t make any big moves . . .”

“We’ll take care of you,” Lucas said. “No more of the Channel Three stuff.”

St. Vincent gave them the phone number of the lead surveillance agent, and Lucas called him. The agent took Lucas’ phone number and said he’d call the moment McGruder left the house, if he did, and where he went after leaving. Lucas thanked him, and the steaks arrived.

“We’ll park on that side street, a block down from McGruder’s,” Lucas told Virgil, as they ate. “We’ll walk along next to the wall, check out possible neighborhood watchers. When we get most of the way down the wall, you give me a stirrup with your hands and boost me up, and I’ll go over. After I’m over, you keep walking around the block, back to the car and watch for anyone who might be coming. We’ll keep our phones on so we’ll always be in touch.”

“How will you get back over the wall when you’re done?”

“Getting back over won’t be as bad as getting over in the first place,” Lucas said. “It’ll be darker inside the yard, we won’t have to worry that somebody might be watching. Six feet. If there’s no glass up there, I could pull myself high enough to get over, even without anything to stand on. And if those vines go over the wall, onto the back side, I can use those to pull myself up.”

“Still risky.”

“Be okay,” Lucas said. “But getting across the wall, we gotta be quick.”

“At least there’s nothing close by that looks right at the house—no old lady in her bedroom,” Virgil said.

Lucas nodded and settled back, satisfied. “Wave at that waiter. See if we can get some ketchup or 57 Sauce. I think this steak came off the bottom of a shoe.”

When the waiter had dropped off a bottle of ketchup, Virgil took out his phone and asked, “Wonder if there’s a Walmart around here?”

“What are you looking for?” Lucas asked, as he smacked the bottom of the bottle.

“Burners.”

“Of course.” An ounce of ketchup exploded onto his steak.

There were Walmarts all over the place, including one five minutes from The Grille. As they were on the way there, Kidd called. “You oughta drive

over to that security service and slap the owner in the face.”

“You got in?” Lucas asked.

“I could hardly avoid getting in. I own the place. You give me a time, and if the house is empty, I can freeze the video feed—I doubt they have anybody looking at it anyway. I think it’s just scrolled to the ’net so somebody can look at it later, if there’s a reason to. Also, when you’re out, I can erase the computer record of the maid’s entry code.”

“Excellent,” Lucas said. “When you say freeze the video . . .”

“The cameras are fixed—they don’t pan. If there’s nobody moving around the house, the camera views don’t change. I can freeze the video, so if anyone looks at it, they’ll see what they expect.”

“How many?”

“Cameras? Fifteen. They’re in every hallway, every stairway. There’s one that appears to be in a small room on the third floor. I think it might be a safe room. I’d try to find that, if I were you—there are a lot of small cupboards and drawers. Some of the drawers look like they might be file cabinets.”

“Good,” Lucas said. “How much warning do you need to freeze the cameras?”

“Minute or so,” Kidd said. “And listen, I fed that Channel Three report to the Five Facebook page. It’s already gotten three thousand comments.”

“I’ll call you when I’m ready to go in,” Lucas said. “I owe you.”

“Yes, you do,” Kidd said.

They got their burners at Walmart, and Lucas bought a pair of vinyl kitchen gloves, a fibrous door mat designed to soak up snow before it could be tracked into the house, and a three-pack of boys’-sized Jockey shorts. He paid cash for it all. At one point, as they waited in a checkout line, Virgil said, “Maybe it’d be better if I just bent over and you walked up my back?”

“Stirrup will be fine,” Lucas said. “I just hope the damned shorts fit on my head.”

A woman in the next line over gave them an odd look: she must have ears like radar domes, Virgil thought.

He looked at Lucas, tipped his head toward the woman and said, quietly, “Shhh.”

When they walked out of the Walmart, Lucas said, “I don’t want to sit in the car and wait, we can’t go back to McGruder’s because the surveillance guys would spot us. Let’s find a bar, get a beer . . .”

They did that, a place called Fantastiks, a fake dive bar inhabited by silver-haired patrons wearing cashmere turtlenecks, while the waitresses flashed tattoos. A piano man was playing flowery arrangements of Beatles songs, which Lucas suspected might well bring on premature dementia. The piano player had moved on to an elevator version of the Stones' "Brown Sugar" when the lead surveillance agent called: "McGruder's moving, out of his house, heading east. We're on him."

"Don't let him see you," Lucas said.

"He won't."

To Virgil: "We gotta get the fuck outa here before the music kills us."

MCGRUDER HAD DRESSED himself all in black. He'd had one ear pierced a couple of years earlier, after checking which ear was supposed to designate homosexuality so he could avoid that problem, and had snapped a 5.5-carat diamond on it. All black with a diamond the size of a dime, and he was good to go. He had a Minnesota carry permit and considered taking a nine with him but decided not to: if a confrontation with cops was coming, he didn't want to give them an excuse to blow him up.

He'd planned to hit a club or two: he was an innocent man, doing what he usually did. Keep the routine going. He left the house, couldn't help running a brief counter-surveillance route, determined that there was nobody following, and headed for downtown Minneapolis.

AS HE AND Virgil walked out into the brutally cold night, Lucas asked, "You still worried?"

"Sure. But I'm up for it. If I tell you to get out . . ."

"I'll go. Out the back, around the house and down to the far end of the wall and over. I'll talk you through it, I'd want the car right there when I come over."

"You're getting puckered," Virgil suggested.

"A little."

"Me too. Not as bad as you, though. Think how embarrassed you'd be to get caught burglarizing a house with your head inside a pair of boys' underpants."

“That’d be bad,” Lucas admitted. “And listen, if I can’t get to the parking lot, I’ll head out onto the lake. I’ll run over to the hockey rink the kids have scraped out.”

—

THEY DID A couple more runs in the car along the wall, saw nothing new. The houses were rich and widely spaced with heavy landscaping.

“No traffic,” Lucas said. “Let’s do it.”

He called Kidd and told him to freeze the cameras inside McGruder’s house. Kidd said, “Hang on . . . Okay, they’re frozen. The house is empty.”

—

VIRGIL WAS DRIVING. He parked down the block and he and Lucas walked back toward McGruder’s, on the opposite side of the street, then crossed when they got there. “All the way to the end of the wall,” Lucas muttered.

“I feel like a burglar,” Virgil said. “A bad one.”

“Yeah, well . . .”

There was little sound, except a distant snowmobile. The night was cold, windows and doors were closed. McGruder’s house was showing multiple lights, but no sign of motion behind the curtains and shades.

Lucas called the surveillance team lead: “Where is he?”

“Downtown. He’s going somewhere. He actually ran a little counter-surveillance pattern on us, which is kind of interesting.”

“He didn’t see you?”

“Of course not.”

“Keep talking to us,” Lucas said. He signed off, handed his phone to Virgil with his password. “If anybody looks at our track, it’s in the car, where we were doing surveillance.”

“Check.”

A car rolled by, showing no evidence of curiosity about them, if they’d been seen at all. They walked past McGruder’s gate and continued another hundred feet, where McGruder’s masonry wall connected with a fence from the next house.

“Car, let it pass,” Virgil said.

They slowed, let another car pass. When it was a hundred feet down the road, Lucas pulled on the kitchen gloves, took a pair of underpants from his

jacket pocket and pulled them over his head, arranged so he could look through a leg hole. He looked around a last time, flipped the door mat atop the wall and said, “Stirrup.”

Virgil made a stirrup out of his clasped hands and Lucas put one foot in the stirrup and stood up as Virgil boosted him up the wall. Lucas flopped on top of the door mat, lay there for a moment then called quietly, “No glass . . . I’ll be coming down on a shoveled driveway, no footprints inside.”

Then he was gone, over the wall.

Virgil pulled the mat down, tucked it under his arm, and ambled on. He felt like a guilty cartoon character, like he should have his hands in his pockets and maybe should whistle a happy tune. He didn’t do either. Instead, he walked down the block to the car, got in, threw the mat in the back, and started driving in circles around the dark streets. He wanted to keep moving, rather than attract a curious eye by sitting in the dark in one place, but he had to hang close to McGruder’s.

He’d driven the first loop when Lucas called on his burner: “I’m at the back door. No sign of life. Can’t hear anything inside. I’m going in.”

“I’m here, keeping the phone on.”

AT THE BACK door, Lucas found the key went into the lock smoothly enough, but the lock wouldn’t turn. Escobar’s morose face popped up in his mind’s eye, and he muttered, “Goddamn her,” and he jiggled the key and moved it slightly back and forth in the lock and then it turned.

He pushed the door open with a gloved hand, listened, stepped inside and listened again, then pushed the door closed. It had a turn-lock, and he locked it. The house smelled like cleaning products and floor wax. There were lights here and there throughout the house, so he could see where he was going—and he was going up a short two steps to a hallway, where a backlit alarm box was making a beeping sound. He pulled down the cover, entered Escobar’s maid code, and the beeping stopped.

He made himself relax as he stood there, listening. The house buzzed with electronics, and twitched with age, but he sensed nothing human inside. He walked down the hallway past a laundry room lit by the colored LED lights on a washer and dryer, which were silent, turned a corner and nearly had a heart attack when a man loomed up in front of him—the man was himself, reflected in an antique mirror.

“Jesus!”

He caught his breath and continued down a short hall and found himself looking at an expansive living room; a full-sized Steinway concert grand piano stood in one corner, something he knew because he had a smaller grand piano of the same brand in his own living room. To his right, a short hall ended in a dead end but with an opening to the left. He hurried down it and checked: kitchen.

He went back to the living room. At the far end, across two enormous Persian carpets, a curving set of stairs went up two flights. He waited for another thirty seconds, listening again—ears were as important as eyes in a nighttime burglary. Nothing. He crossed the carpet, soft and silent underfoot, and began climbing the carpeted stairs.

Kidd had said that the safe room was on the third floor, off the master bedroom. There were two elevators in the house, but elevators aren't for burglars. On the second-floor landing, he paused by the top newel and slipped the burner from his pocket and whispered, “In. Second floor. Clear.”

Virgil came back instantly: “Nothing moving here.”

Lucas clicked the phone twice to acknowledge, then continued up the twisting staircase to the third floor. The house was enormous. Lucas lived in a large house in St. Paul, six thousand square feet. Standing at the top of the staircase on the third floor, he thought that floor alone would be as large as his entire house.

The layout was complicated. The house, from the outside, appeared to be a cube, but the interior was complicated, each of the floors a square laid out with two long intersecting hallways forming a cross. More hallways and doors branched off the cross. The floors were covered with carpets, small spaces of dark wood floors showing between them.

He hurried down one hall, looking in open doors. No master bedroom. He went the other way, jogging; no master bedroom. He returned to the intersection and from there hurried toward the back of the house. Halfway back, he found a pair of elaborately carved wooden doors, pushed through them, and found himself in what must have been a fifteen-hundred-square-foot bedroom. The bedroom featured a super-king four-poster bed featuring a dozen pillows and a red satin coverlet. A television projection screen hung from one wall, the projector itself on the wall above the bed.

There were four lights on, pale pink vertical multiple-bulb lamps set flush into the room's corners. They were on a dimmer switch, Lucas thought,

because they allowed you to see around the room, but few details. They would, he thought, make anyone's skin look good, just enough pink light for a pleasant romp.

Two doors led farther into the interior of the bedroom: one to a huge bathroom with a pool-sized tub that Lucas imagined you might literally swim in; the other to an expansive dressing room, twenty feet long, and the same width, clothing arrayed on both sides. At least a dozen suits, probably another dozen sport coats with slacks, perhaps eighty to a hundred shirts of varying levels of formality, from ruffled-front formal shirts to short-sleeved pastel polos.

Below the racks for suits and shirts, along two long walls, were rows of wood-faced drawers. The center of the room was dominated by a dressing table, with racks of shoes beneath the rosewood tabletop.

The room had no windows, so he closed the door and turned on the lights and began opening drawers. Socks, underwear, dozens of tee-shirts, empty leather wallets in different styles and colors. He opened one drawer to find a watch-winding machine, its gears tipping ten Rolex watches back and forth, keeping them perpetually wound. Another contained men's bracelets, silver, gold, some set with gemstones.

One cupboard held at least a hundred neckties. He opened the next cupboard, and found even more, and more in the next. *Three hundred neckties*, he thought. He looked at labels: Charvet, Zegna, Ferragamo, Tom Ford, Hermès—probably none cost less than two hundred dollars.

The end of the room featured four mirrors—two were fixed, two others folded on one of the fixed mirrors to give a good all-around view. The fourth mirror was fixed and seemed useless.

Interesting. He pushed and pried on one edge, then another, and the mirror popped open and he was looking at a heavy door covered with a sheet of painted steel. He pulled open the door and it was as heavy as it looked. A safe room.

The room was carpeted, with one chair, which sat next to a table that held a hardwired phone and a cell phone. He pulled open a cabinet door and found three guns: a .44 Magnum revolver, a twelve-gauge shotgun, and an AR-10 semi-automatic rifle with two magazines of .308 ammunition. If a war came to McGruder, he had a solid chance of winning it.

He opened another cabinet and found a safe, shoulder high with an electronic lock. No possibility of opening it. A narrow cupboard held a steel

shield on wheels; another revealed a fifty-inch television divided into squares, each square devoted to a security camera. Nothing moved in any of the squares.

Another cabinet showed a bulletproof vest, a helmet, and a long, dark coat that had been rolled into a cylinder. He unrolled it and found a parka with a funny breast pocket—the parka that had been stolen from Gates. Lucas got on the phone: “Found the parka.”

Virgil: “Then get out.”

“Five more minutes. There are some filing cabinets here . . .”

He started pulling filing cabinet drawers, found reams of financial, tax, and medical records, deeds to property in the U.S. and in Mexico, the Virgin Islands, and France. One of the file cabinets was locked and the lock was a good one.

He hurriedly pulled out all the other drawers, looking for keys, found nothing.

Where do men hide important stuff like keys? Sock drawers. Beneath underwear. He hurried back into the dressing room and pulled open a sock drawer and quickly searched it, found nothing, and was about to open another when Virgil called.

“Lucas! Lucas!”

“I’m here.”

“A woman just came up to the gate and used a key to let herself into the yard. I think she’s coming into the house. I’m not sure about this, but it looked like she was wearing a ski mask.”

“Shit.”

Lucas closed the sock drawer, looked around, saw nothing else disturbed—he’d been careful—and hurried out to the bedroom door. He stepped out in the hall and heard what had to be an exterior door opening, then quietly being closed. Sneaking quiet, he thought.

No lights came on—until a flashlight did, and then the light began splashing off the stairwell walls as somebody started climbing the stairs. He retreated to the bedroom, then to the dressing room, and then to the safe room, where he saw the parka unfurled on the floor. He grabbed it, with a hanger, and hung the parka on a mirror in the dressing room. At he did that, he could hear somebody jogging down the hall, footfalls muffled by the carpets. Whoever it was, was in a hurry. He retreated again to the safe room, where he pulled the mirror closed, but left the safe room door open an inch.

He went to the video screen that showed views from security cameras, but nothing was moving, because Kidd had frozen them.

He went back to the safe room door and listened: nothing at first—all those carpets. Then somebody turned on the lights in the dressing room, the light filtering around the edges of the mirror. Lucas closed the safe room door, as silently as he could, then carefully locked it.

Hidden for the moment, he sat on the floor and listened, and heard absolutely nothing. His phone clicked—Virgil—and he clicked back: *Can't talk.*

Ten minutes passed. Nobody tried the safe room door. He let it go another five minutes, then carefully unlocked the door and eased it open. No more light around the edges: the dressing room had gone dark again.

He shut the safe room door and locked it and called Virgil, speaking as quietly as he could. "Whoever was up here has gone, I think."

"I haven't seen her come out."

Lucas looked at his watch, planning to give it another five minutes. One minute into the wait, Virgil called: "She's out. She's carrying a shopping bag."

"Stay with her," Lucas said. "You gotta stay with her. We need her."

"Why?"

"She saw the parka," Lucas said. "It was right in front of her eyes. She couldn't miss it."

"Ah. What about you?" Virgil asked.

"I'll get out and hide until you can get back."

"I'm going."

LUCAS UNLOCKED THE safe room door, listened, pushed the mirror open. Listened some more, closed the dressing room door and turned on the lights.

The place had been looted. The Rolex watches were gone, as well as all the neckties and the extensive collection of belts and belt buckles. The parka still hung in place. He called Virgil: "Where are you?"

"Behind her. She parked one street over from us. One of those Mazda ragtops. She hasn't seen me."

"She stole a bunch of stuff—watches and neckties and belts and so on."

"Neckties?"

“Hundreds of them, maybe fifty grand worth,” Lucas said. “She knew what she was going for, and where to get them—girlfriend, I bet. Or ex.”

“I’ll get her plate . . .”

THE MAZDA WASN’T moving. Virgil drove by it, catching the license plate in his headlights. Muttering the plate number to himself, he turned a corner, stopped, and wrote it down. He pulled into a driveway, backed out, turned around, and as he did, saw the Mazda go by, left to right.

Virgil gave her a hundred yards, then followed, memorizing her taillight pattern. He got on the burner: “I got her plate. I’m a hundred yards back.”

“Stay with her. She’s the key that’ll get us a warrant,” Lucas said.

“Going.”

“Use my phone and call the surveillance team and find out where McGruder is now.”

Virgil did that and was told that McGruder had gone into the @&X club, and one of the team was inside watching him. He called Lucas to relay the information.

The woman in the Mazda drove east toward downtown Minneapolis for twenty minutes, turned south into the Uptown neighborhood. She made two turns on narrow, dark streets in Uptown, then pulled into a parking space outside an old house with a neon sign in a window that read “Line Gallery.”

Virgil waited until she got out, then cruised slowly by her. She turned to look at him—pretty, oval face, brown hair to her shoulders. He would know her if he saw her again.

He spotted an empty space down the block, pulled into it, got on the phone to Lucas. “I tracked her to a house, she’s going inside,” Virgil said, looking out the back window of the truck.

“Pick me up?”

“Twenty minutes.”

Lucas: “Call me when you’re a minute out. I’m freezing my ass off.”

Virgil drove back to Orono, and when he was a minute away from McGruder’s, made the call.

Lucas said, “I’m squatting on top of the wall. Right at the very end of it, where I went in. Pull over there and I’ll drop down.”

Virgil did, Lucas did, and a second later, they were rolling away.

“Nothing to it,” Lucas said, although he was out of breath.

“The parka,” Virgil prompted.

“It’s the right parka. Now, we nail down the chick you followed because guess what? I hung that thing right in front of her face,” Lucas said. “If she tells us that, if she identifies it . . .”

“We got him. Well, maybe.”

THIRTEEN

Virgil drove them back to the Line Gallery, where the mysterious woman had gone with her shopping bag.

Lucas: "You can identify her for sure?"

Virgil: "Yes. Caught her in my headlights. She looked right at me."

Lucas got on the phone to St. Vincent, who was at home. "We were watching the house, hoping to catch more employees . . ."

As they were watching, they spotted the woman going in, Lucas said, and she appeared to be wearing a ski mask. They caught glimpses of what appeared to be a flashlight on the upper floors. When she came out, they followed her to what might be her home. Her car was still parked outside.

St. Vincent: "She was burglarizing McGruder?"

"That's what it looked like. What I'd suggest is, we put all this in the mouth of a Hennepin County deputy we can trust . . . if we can find one. Have him call McGruder and ask him to check to see if he'd been burglarized. You know, the deputy says the woman was spotted by a routine patrol car, and they noted the license tag. If McGruder tells the cops he's been hit, we pick up the woman and squeeze her about their relationship, if they have one, and what she might know about the Five."

"What could she give us?"

"Don't know, but if we caught her with burglarized stuff, we'd have her ass in a crack. She'd talk to us about the guy."

St. Vincent thought about that for a moment, then said, "I'll check with the Hennepin sheriff. We can work out something."

"We're sitting outside the woman's place, watching. Call us."

As they sat watching, Lucas told Virgil about his trip through McGruder's house. "I was kinda disappointed. The guy claims to be a billionaire, but I didn't see anything you and I don't own, just more of it. You've got one suit from Penney's, he has a couple of dozen from a tailor. You have two shirts, he has a hundred . . ."

"Why don't we compare his stuff to yours?" Virgil asked.

"Okay. He has a Steinway concert grand in his living room, I have an O model, which is like fifty thousand bucks cheaper. He has three hundred

neckties, I've probably got . . .”

“ . . . One hundred.”

“No, no . . . Okay, maybe. He has these huge Persian carpets and Persian runners down the hallways. He has real paintings on all the walls, and I don't know anything about paintings, but they looked good. The frames did, anyway. All gold and so on.”

“You've got paintings.”

“Sure. By Joe Blow. I do have one original Kidd, which Weather bought years ago, and which we could sell for about a nine hundred percent profit but she won't even talk to me about it . . . We could use the money to buy a really nice Boston Whaler center console and not touch our investments.”

“And she won't do it? That's fuckin' crazy,” Virgil said.

ST. VINCENT CALLED back a half hour after they'd asked for his help. “Here's the deal. A Hennepin County sheriff's car will come to your location. There'll be one guy in it, a carefully chosen senior sergeant. He will call McGruder's security company, who will get in touch with McGruder. The sergeant will leave his phone number with the security company and ask that McGruder get back in touch with him. If McGruder calls back and if he's been burglarized, you grab the woman. Since you actually witnessed the crime being committed, we can get you a warrant in about five minutes, if McGruder says he's been hit.”

“We're here,” Lucas said. “I'd like to get this done . . .”

“The patrol car is on the way. He needs to know your exact location . . .”

THE CAREFULLY CHOSEN police sergeant turned out to be a compact black woman who wore an attitude of skepticism like a cloak. She parked behind them—they'd rolled a block back from the mystery woman's house—and climbed into the back seat of the Tahoe, introduced herself as Sergeant Jasmine Green. “You saw her go in and then you followed her? Why didn't you stop her?”

Virgil and Lucas looked at each other, and then back at her, and Virgil asked, “We were told you were carefully chosen. Why are you carefully chosen?”

“ ‘Cause I can keep my mouth shut if I need to,” she said.

Lucas said to Virgil, “We should tell her.”

Virgil told her the story that concluded with the probability that McGruder was one of the Five who’d also murdered two people in Worthington. “We were watching his place when she came along and . . .”

“You mean . . . she just came along?” The skepticism was thick in her voice. “She’s not one of your assets?”

“No. We never saw her before,” Lucas said. “And yeah, she just came along.”

“And you’re gonna jack her up . . .”

“ . . . To see if she can help us hang McGruder.”

She studied them, her head bobbing, then said, “Okay. I’ve heard stranger shit than that, I guess. Who do I call, and then what do I do?”

THEY LIED TO her a little—didn’t mention that Lucas had been inside the house—and showed her the photo of the security service sign. She knew the service, got a twenty-four-hour phone number from the police dispatcher, and called.

“There was just something funky about her,” she told the woman who answered at the security service. “I didn’t have reason to stop her, but I got her tag number and I wonder if you could call the homeowners and ask them if they had a female guest, or if this is something we should look into?”

They could do that and would pass the question on to the homeowner. McGruder called Green two minutes later. He wasn’t quite shouting:

“I’m the homeowner you were calling about . . . Jamie McGruder . . . I didn’t authorize anyone to be in the house at that time. It was all locked up . . .”

“When I saw her, she looked like she was locking up that gate, so she has a key,” Green said. “Like I told your security lady, she looked kinda funky.”

“I am thirty minutes away. I’m on my way to my car right now,” McGruder said. “I think I know who it might have been, that miserable bitch . . .”

“What’s her name? If you got it wrong, she won’t get hurt by you mentioning it.”

“I don’t care about that—Nicole Walker. I can get you her phone number, but I don’t have her address. She always came over to my place. She lives in

some kind of art gallery.”

“We can find her,” Green said. “You call me when you know. If she ripped you off, I’ll go grab her right now. Maybe get your stuff back, if she took something.”

“On my way, on my way . . .”

They heard a car lock beep, and then McGruder rang off.

Green said to Lucas and Virgil, “When we ran the plates you gave us, that’s the name we came back with: Nicole Walker, twenty-four, nothing on her record but traffic offenses, all fines paid on time.”

“Okay. Now: we’d like you to go over there, to McGruder’s house,” Lucas said. “It’s about twenty minutes from here. If he thinks cops might be coming to look at a burglary scene, he might try to get rid of any evidence from his murders. If you could just hang out around his place, see if he tries to sneak back out, maybe hit a dumpster somewhere . . .”

“I can do that . . .”

“You *are* carefully chosen,” Virgil said.

“That is correct,” Green said, as she climbed out of the Tahoe. She walked back to her patrol car, pulled away. Lucas and Virgil went back to waiting.

St. Vincent called: “Anything yet?”

“Not yet,” Lucas told him. “We’ll call.”

When he’d rung off, Virgil said, “St. Vincent wants to be somewhat in the loop, but only somewhat. He wants to be able to back away if we fuck it up, but get in the middle of it, if we happen to break it.”

“So true. That kind of duplicity makes me sad to think about,” Lucas said.

“I’m not sure ‘duplicity’ is the word you wanted,” Virgil said. “Maybe ‘deviousness.’”

“Thank you, famous author.”

They waited some more. Fifteen minutes in, Virgil asked, “How many hours of our lives have we spent waiting with nothing happening?”

“Jesus, Virgil, buck the fuck up,” Lucas said. “You heard anything more about your novel?”

“No, and I’m getting nervous.”

“You mean, ‘more nervous.’ You were already nervous.”

“Okay. More nervous.”

“Why don’t you call your agent? I mean, right now.”

“Because it’s an hour later in New York and I don’t want her to think I’m nervous.”

A stakeout conversation about nothing.

GREEN CALLED BACK forty-five minutes after she left them: “He’s been ripped off. Says he’s down at least a hundred and twenty grand in Rolex watches, another fifty in neckties, if you can believe that shit, and maybe ten more in belts. Plus, she took a one-of-a-kind signed vibrating dildo molded in vinyl from the manly works of a famous porn star, which he says is another grand.”

Lucas: “You got a detailed description on that last item, Jasmine?”

“Look in your underpants and then multiply by ten,” she said.

“Hey!” They started laughing.

“Just sayin’,” she said, laughing along. “I’ll be here to keep an eye on him.”

THEY CALLED ST. VINCENT. “I’ve got a judge sitting in his home office ready to go with the warrant. I’ll drop it to Virgil’s iPad if somebody wants to see it. You’ll have it in five. I’m sending a car over there.”

“Man, don’t do that,” Lucas said. “Your people might not want to . . . mmm . . . get cross-examined about what gets said to this woman. If you catch my meaning.”

“Okay, I didn’t hear that and I won’t be sending a car. But we’ll have one handy if you need it. Watch the iPad for the warrant.”

The warrant came in as scheduled and they drove down the block, parked behind Nicole Walker’s car, got up and walked to the front door. “Line Gallery,” Virgil said. “I wonder if they specialize in drawings . . . Line Gallery. Like pen-and-ink lines.”

“I’d be willing to bet that the owner’s name is Line,” Lucas said.

“I’ve known Liens, Lanes, and Loans, but never heard of anyone named Line,” Virgil said. He knocked on the door, pushed a doorbell, then knocked again.

After the second round of that, a man came to the door wearing a sleeveless undershirt and gray sweatpants. He was barefoot, bearded, and possibly stoned: when he opened the door, the sweet scent of weed floated

out to them. The door was on a heavy security chain. He said, over it, “It’s after nine o’clock, what . . .”

Lucas held up his badge and said, “U.S. Marshal. We have a warrant to find and arrest Nicole Walker, who was seen entering the building less than an hour ago.”

The man scratched an ear, then looked over his shoulder. “Nicole?”

“Nicole Walker. Open the door, sir, we’re coming in, and we’d rather not damage your doors as we do that.”

The man took a step back, and Lucas saw that he had a pistol in his hand. “Put the gun on the floor, put the gun on the floor . . .”

Lucas had his Walther out and Virgil stepped back, but the man pointed the gun toward the ceiling and said, “It’s a rubber gun. It’s a fake. See?”

He bent the barrel of the gun sideways, like a piece of licorice. Then he reached out and touched a light switch, and the lights came on in the room behind him. “Let me . . . the chain. Don’t hurt my door.”

He pushed the door mostly closed, removed the chain, then said, “Nicole is upstairs. Listen, I don’t know what she’s been up to. I don’t know her all that well . . .”

“Is this your place?” Lucas asked.

“Yes.”

“You’re lucky I didn’t shoot your ass with that rubber gun trick.”

“You gotta have something, living around here, and I don’t believe in guns,” the man said.

Virgil: “This address is on Nicole’s driver’s license, so you must know her fairly well.”

“Not necessarily . . .”

“Upstairs?”

The man pointed, and Virgil led the way to a set of narrow stairs that went to a narrow landing and then continued in their narrow upward climb, smelling of old flaking paint and new weed. At the top of the stairs, a door opened on a bathroom and Nicole Walker stepped out, wearing nothing but a thong, and said, “Who was that . . . Hey! Hey!”

She stepped back into the bathroom and slammed the door. The man came up, trailed by Lucas, and Virgil said to Lucas, “She was naked, but this guy doesn’t know her?”

From inside the bathroom, the woman shouted, “I’m calling the cops.”

Virgil called back, “We are the cops.”

“What?”

“Put on some clothes and come out of there,” Lucas shouted.

“How do I know you’re cops?”

“Because we’ve got badges and guns and we’ve got a warrant for your arrest for burglarizing Jamie McGruder and stealing his neckties, belts, watches, and a dildo.”

The man frowned and said, “She stole a dildo? Why would she do that?”

Virgil: “I wouldn’t want to make a comment that could be construed as awkward.”

Long silence, then Lucas asked the man, “Is there a window in there, that she might be crawling out of?”

“There’s a window in there,” he said, “But she couldn’t get through it. It’s too small and it’s painted shut.”

Virgil: “Did she take a shopping bag in there with her?”

“Not as far as I know. She had a shopping bag when she got here, it’s in . . .” He pointed to a bedroom, where they could see a large denim shopping bag laying on the floor. Virgil stepped over to it, pulled it open, looked inside and said, “Belts . . . ties . . . watches . . . dildo. This is it.”

“Come out of there,” Lucas shouted at the bathroom door, “or we’ll kick the door.”

The man said, “The lock doesn’t work.”

“What?” Lucas tried the bathroom doorknob. The knob turned, and he pushed the door open. Walker was standing in a claw-foot bathtub, now fully dressed except for bare feet.

“I did not steal a single thing,” she shouted at them. She was dark-haired, dark-eyed, pretty, and scared. “He owed me that stuff.”

“Let’s talk about it,” Lucas said. “As soon as we pat you down.”

THEY TALKED ABOUT it, after telling the man, who said his name was Richard Line, to take a hike. The upstairs area had a single small room, formerly a bedroom, that had been arranged as a living room, in addition to the bedroom and bathroom. A two-cushion couch and two easy chairs were arranged around an IKEA table with a copy of *Architectural Digest* sitting on it. Lucas took the couch and Virgil and Walker the two chairs.

Virgil opened with, “You may or may not be charged in a rather serious burglary. We had the house under surveillance and saw you enter and leave,

and we tracked you here. We've found the things you stole from McGruder, and McGruder has reported the theft to the Hennepin County Sheriff's Department."

"If you knew what Jamie did to me . . ." Walker began, twisting her hands as she talked.

Lucas: "Was violence involved?"

She hesitated, then said, "More like intimidation."

"Tell us."

She and McGruder had met during a reception at the Minneapolis Institute of Art. They had gone on two dates and then she'd invited him to another reception at an artist's studio in St. Paul's Lowertown.

"Anthony Coppella—he's very, very hot right now. Jamie pretended to be really interested in his art, which is bold, nonrepresentational stuff, very New York, post-Basquiat, unlike the stuff that Jamie has in his house. Anyway, if Jamie bought a piece that I introduced him to, I'd be in line for a commission . . . maybe five thousand dollars. I was interested in keeping him happy and he knew that, so he took me home and fucked me."

They'd slept together a number of times, not without some stress and a couple of arguments. About a month earlier, she began to suspect that McGruder had no intention of buying any of Coppella's art and that he'd almost certainly dump her when she figured that out.

She got out of bed earlier in the morning than he did, and one morning, while exploring the kitchen, she'd found a drawer that contained a wooden box full of keys. She'd tried several on the front door, and when one worked, she kept it—it happened that the same key opened the gate to the yard and the front walk.

"I didn't know what I was going to do with it, but then last week, he did it—he dumped me," Walker said. "Told me to get out, he was tired of me, he didn't want to see me anymore. He told me Coppella was a talentless hack and his work was junk."

"And you wanted your commission," Virgil suggested.

"Exactly. I wanted my commission. He was screwing me under false pretenses."

"He was never violent with you?"

"No. He'd get angry, but . . . he's very, very calculated. That's how he got rich. He calculated. You'd see him calculating all the time. He'd talk to

somebody, and he'd calculate what he could get from that person. He calculated me and what he could get from me, which was sex."

"Why did you wait until tonight to go in?" Virgil asked.

She shrugged. "I saw him going into a club. He left his car with a valet, and I saw him, and I figured he'd be a while getting back. I'd have time to get in and out."

Lucas looked at Virgil and asked, "What do you think?"

"I think we should get Jasmine back over here to take possession of the loot and read Miz Walker her rights. And I think we should see if Miz Walker could give us any information about McGruder."

Lucas looked at Walker: "If you help us, the burglary problem could go away."

"What do you think he did? Jamie?" Walker asked.

"You've heard of the Five?" Virgil asked.

Her hand went to her mouth. "Oh. My. God. Jamie could so totally be a member of the Five. Totally. He's guns and knives and boxing and karate and high-speed driving. He totally wants to kill somebody."

"That's nice to know, but we've got no hard evidence of that—some, but not much," Virgil said. "There's one thing in particular we're interested in. The person who killed the woman in the Twin Cities wore a peculiar, very expensive parka. An imprint was left in the snow and we happen to know that it was stolen from a man here in Minneapolis, at a party that McGruder went to. Did you ever happen to see, during your relationship, a long, knee-length parka anywhere in the house?"

She gaped open-mouthed at Lucas and then Virgil before blurting, "Totally. Totally. It's hanging on a mirror, in his dressing room, the one I was in when, you know, I . . . possessed . . . the neckties and stuff. Let me think: okay, dark green. Like an Army green, but darker than that. Oily, kind of, like one of those British coats that old men think are cool. But not so stiff as them. Barbour coats."

"I've got a Barbour," Lucas said.

"Okay, mostly older men," she said, backtracking. "It's got this weird pocket on the front . . ." She tapped her chest where the pocket was.

Lucas again turned to Virgil: "Good enough?"

"Yes. I'll call St. Vincent. We'll hit him at midnight."

They called St. Vincent, who was at first flustered and then excited. He would get the warrant and an FBI entry team, and he wanted to move

immediately. When they ended the call, Lucas called Jasmine Green, told her what had happened, and asked her to come collect the McGruder loot and arrange to take a statement from Walker.

“We need to see what her cooperation might get us,” Lucas said, looking at Walker. “If she’s a good girl . . .”

“I’ll encourage her,” Green said. “I’ll get a couple more deputies over there to take a statement and so on and stay with her until after we hit McGruder. I would love to go on the raid. Really love it.”

“Get a couple guys here, to take care of Miz Walker, and you’re invited,” Lucas said.

FOURTEEN

Three deputies showed up to take possession of Walker and her loot from McGruder's house. Walker began to cry—she'd never been arrested or put in jail—but that didn't bother any of the cops much, because a lot of women cried when they were arrested, and quite a few men as well. After a few years on the job, cops got accustomed to it.

"We got her," the lead deputy said. He didn't know exactly what was going on, but he knew something was. "You guys have a good time."

THE SWAT TEAM gathered at the FBI field office on the north side of Minneapolis at 11:30, along with a dozen federally deputized SWAT officers from the Minneapolis police force. They'd already been briefed and were getting last-minute adjustments in their assignments when Virgil and Lucas arrived, followed by Jasmine Green.

"Love this stuff," Green said, and she did look like a happy cop as they headed for the clunky gray building that housed the feds. SWAT trucks and a couple of SUVs were idling in the parking lot, wasting gasoline, but then, it was the FBI, and the temperatures had fallen through zero again.

Lucas, Virgil, and Green were sent up to an oversized conference room where St. Vincent was presiding over a gathering of key SWAT members, just then breaking up.

"Quite a crowd," Lucas said, as they edged inside.

"We need a lot of guys because . . ." St. Vincent said, waving a roll of paper, ". . . McGruder did a complete remodel of the house after he bought it. We got the remodeling plans from the building department. It's a rabbit warren in there. There are three sets of stairs that go from top to bottom and a mess of intersecting hallways. We know he's been into all this prepper nonsense and he might try to run for it. Or fight it out."

"We got something that'll help out, we think," Lucas said. "We got a key to the front gate that also works in the front door. Got them from his ex-girlfriend. And we got a key to the back door from his housekeeper."

“Outstanding,” St. Vincent said. “Looks like we’ll need some more adjustments.”

“McGruder’s ex said he’s into guns and has had some training,” Lucas said. “She said he has armor.”

“Good to know,” St. Vincent said. He looked around the room, where a dozen agents were lingering to listen in. “Everybody got that? Subject has gun training and may have armor. Pass that along. Where’d Darnell go? Is he outside? We need to get those keys to him . . .”

After some more confusion, everybody had what they needed for the raid, including the keys.

“We want him uninjured, because he might be able to give us the other members of the Five . . . if there are other members,” Virgil told the group. “Don’t get yourself hurt, but go easy if you can. If he looks like he might resist, we need to talk him down.”

St. Vincent: “Remember the parka that the subject’s girlfriend says is hanging in a third-floor dressing room. If you make it to the dressing room and you spot it, don’t touch it, but guard it tight. We don’t want to contaminate it. Everybody ready? Then let’s get going.”

Jasmine Green, standing behind Virgil, muttered, “He didn’t say, ‘Let’s roll.’”

“He wanted to,” Virgil whispered back. “He did get to say, ‘Outstanding.’”

“True.”

The field office was twenty minutes from McGruder’s place, down Highway 100 to I-394, and then west. The SWAT teams went out in five military-style trucks, led by St. Vincent in a dark Chevy Suburban and by a smaller SUV, with Green in her patrol car and Virgil and Lucas trailing.

Snow was spitting down as they ran along brightly lit highways and then onto dark exurban streets, where the falling snow and the occasional brightly lit plastic angel or crèche scene still lingered from Christmas, putting out a “Silent Night” vibe. They paused a quarter mile out while two SWAT members went ahead in a harmless-looking white Chevy Equinox to open the outer gate with the key.

Virgil and Lucas knew what was going on from the briefing but didn’t know what was happening with the approach; it all went well, they decided, when the SWAT trucks started to move again. The trucks were not quiet,

which would be noticeable in McGruder's neighborhood, but the team moved efficiently enough that the noise made no difference.

McGruder's house was brightly lit, looking like an advertisement for a rich family's Christmas. The four SWAT trucks stopped adjacent to the now-open gate and the team flowed out of the vehicles, some headed to the front door, others around to the sides and back, jogging silently through a dusting of new snow.

Lucas, Virgil, and Green waited by the gate. A half-dozen men were arrayed along the front of the house; they hovered there for a few seconds, then one of them moved to the door, used the key to open it.

When the door opened, they could hear an alarm buzzer go off, and then the team members swarmed through the door, shouting, "FBI, FBI . . ."

They occupied the bottom floor of the house in a minute or less; not enough time for McGruder to get out. The team from the back door pushed in, cleared the first floor, and began climbing the interior stairs after locking down the elevator.

Lucas, Virgil, and Green followed St. Vincent into the house, and could hear the team members calling back and forth as they cleared the three floors. McGruder was not to be found.

"He's here, somewhere," St. Vincent said. "The surveillance team saw him go inside, and he hasn't come back out."

Virgil, moving close to Lucas, said, quietly, "Safe room."

"I think so."

They went on to the third floor, where three SWAT team members had nailed down the bedroom and dressing room, after checking that the bathroom was empty. The parka, Lucas saw, was no longer hanging in the dressing room where he'd put it.

St. Vincent came up and Lucas pointed to the mirror and said, "That's where Walker said the parka was hanging. She described it exactly."

"We can't do without it," St. Vincent said. "Where's McGruder?"

Virgil and Lucas had adopted Green, and she'd followed them up the stairs. Now she piped up, "He's a rich motherfucker: I bet he's got a hidden safe room somewhere."

Lucas and Virgil glanced at each other: somebody else had said what needed to be said.

"Yes, that's good, that's good," St. Vincent said. He put a handset to his face: "We're looking for a safe room. Subject may have gone to a safe

room.”

“You look under the bed?” Green asked one of the SWATs, who said, “Yeah. Not even dust bunnies.”

“Safe rooms are usually close to the bedroom, because rich people see themselves attacked at night when they’re in bed,” Green said. “Usually by extra-large black men, even in a neighborhood like this, where a black guy could get arrested for stopping at a red light. I know about this shit out here.”

St. Vincent frowned at her and began, “I can assure you . . .”

Virgil interrupted. “Everybody shut up for a minute. Okay?” When they did, he cocked his head back and shouted, as loud as he could, “Hey! McGruder! FBI! We know you’re in here! We’ll tear down your walls if you don’t come out! We got sledgehammers!”

Virgil stopped yelling and Green said, “Maybe the room is soundproofed.”

But then they heard a muffled “I’m coming out. Don’t shoot me. I’m not armed. My lawyer’s on the phone, listening in.”

Virgil shouted, “Then come out! Keep your hands up! Where are you, anyway?”

Muffled again: “Behind the mirror. In the dressing room.”

They’d been standing next to the oversized bed and now they all trooped to the entrance of the dressing room. One of the agents took out his gun.

The last of the four mirrors shuddered, once, twice, and then pushed open, and McGruder stepped out. He was fully dressed, pale, his hands open above his shoulders, one of them clutching a cell phone, the camera lens pointed toward them, recording.

“What are you doing?” he demanded. “I was robbed. I was robbed, I talked to a Hennepin sheriff’s deputy.”

St. Vincent: “You’re under arrest for the murder of Mrs. Hillary Sikes. I need to tell you that you have certain rights . . .” With his eyes on the cell phone, St. Vincent then recited the full, technical Miranda warning that most cops learned during training, then mostly forgot; St. Vincent hadn’t.

Lucas stepped past him, as that was going on, and looked into the safe room. The parka had been rolled up again but was laying on the floor under the television. Lucas tipped his head at it; Virgil looked, raised his eyebrows, and Lucas nodded.

When St. Vincent finished with the Miranda, Virgil turned and smiled at McGruder and said, “There seems to be a parka under your TV in there. Is that the parka you stole from Howard Gates and wore to Miz Sikes’ house?”

Scratchy sounds came from the cell phone, and McGruder, who was looking at the parka, said, “I won’t say anything without a lawyer.”

“Give me that cell phone,” St. Vincent said. He snatched it out of McGruder’s hand, gave it to another agent and said, “Keep it turned on—there may be information in there that we can use.”

There were more scratchy sounds from the phone, but they ignored them. The agent walked out of the room, looking at the phone’s screen, tapping from one app to the next, keeping it running. Another agent said, “Go to settings, we need to change the passwords . . .”

With the phone gone—and McGruder’s lawyer with it—Virgil said to McGruder, “You are one coldhearted creep. Murdering a neighbor? What’s all that about?”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about . . .”

“And then Velez and his wife? I mean, Jesus, you’re a full-blown psycho. I know that being nuts is not a good way to go through life, but I think you’d be smart enough to tamp down those urges. With your money? And all the ninja training you had? Why didn’t you go to Iraq and sign up to fight the Kurds? You could have killed all the people you wanted, and nobody would have said ‘boo.’ But a neighbor? Talk about stupid.”

All the cops knew what he was doing—McGruder had his Miranda warning, and if he chose to talk to the cops after that, it was on him.

McGruder knew that, too: “Fuck you,” he said. The feds cuffed him and hauled him away.

FBI CRIME SCENE technicians photographed and then bagged the parka to keep any loose evidentiary particles, like grass or twigs, from falling off. They would also be looking for Howard Gates’ DNA, to link McGruder to the theft of the coat.

After McGruder was taken away, St. Vincent was on the phone to Washington, where it was after one o’clock in the morning. “Yes. Yes. Yes, we have . . . He called a lawyer while he was hiding in his house, we’ll have to deal with that in the morning . . .”

Green had been walking around the third floor, looking but not touching. She marveled at the swimmable bathtub. Then she asked Lucas, “Now what?”

“Now we should go talk to Nicole Walker . . . though we can wait until tomorrow to do that. Give her an overnight in jail to scare her. Then the FBI will pull the house apart. We think McGruder took some trophies from Sikes—her shoes. Very identifiable. Could be back in that safe room or even in his safe.”

“He’s got a safe back there?”

“I’m sure he does,” Lucas said. “Maybe they’ll find something that’ll take them to the other four. McGruder’s got a lot of paper and at least a couple of computers. Gonna take a while to process.”

“Not my thing,” Green said. She poked Lucas in the navel with a sharp index finger. “Hey, it’s been fun working with you two. If you’re surveilling anyone else and you happen to see a burglary, give me a call.”

“We’ll do that,” Lucas said.

When she was gone, Virgil said, “She knows something’s fishy about the surveillance thing, but she doesn’t know what.”

“We should keep it that way,” Lucas said.

THEY HUNG AROUND for two hours, watching the feds haul file cabinets, weapons, and laptops out of the house. That would continue for most of the night, and St. Vincent told them that an enhanced crime scene crew would be brought in from Washington.

“That’s kind of surprising,” Virgil said. “I’d have guessed an enhanced public relations crew.”

“I resemble that remark,” St. Vincent said; nothing was going to get him down.

“If I were guessing, I’d guess that the crime scene crew won’t find anything new,” Virgil said. “I’m surprised that he hung on to the parka. Wonder why?”

“Maybe he was planning to return it and was waiting for a chance,” Lucas said. “That’d confuse everybody.”

“I bet he wore it around the house,” St. Vincent said. “Maybe with the shoes. I would have thought we’d find the shoes . . . that kinda worries me. Anyway, it’s past my bedtime.”

“It’s past mine, too, but Frankie won’t let me sleep until I tell her every last second of what happened.” Virgil yawned. “Gonna be interesting, huh? See where this leads?”

ST. VINCENT, CHEERFUL but sounding beat-up, called at eight o'clock the next morning, and told Virgil that Lucas was sound asleep, but he wanted Virgil and Lucas to know that Nicole Walker had been transported from the Hennepin lockup to the FBI building for an interview. "We're taking her by her house to get a shower and a change of clothes. We hope that might loosen her up."

"She got a lawyer?"

"A pro-bono guy from one of the big law firms. I think he mostly sits in a basement and looks online for possible class action lawsuits, so he shouldn't be a problem."

"I'm dressed, my girlfriend's going to be heading home, so if it's okay with you, I'll run up there and listen in."

"Yeah, you're invited. Come on up."

Virgil went. St. Vincent was wrong about the lawyer. He was a problem. He didn't know much about criminal law except that it was best if the suspect kept her mouth shut.

After some argument about cooperation, a pissed-off state prosecutor said to Walker, "I've got no more questions, since you're not giving me any answers on advice of your fuckwit counsel. I do have a recommendation, though. I'd fire him and get an actual criminal attorney who'd understand that we're trying to deal. We can prosecute and you'd go to jail. That's not what we want, but jail is what you're gonna get, if you keep this lunkhead as your attorney."

The attorney said, "I . . ."

"Shut up."

The prosecutor left and Virgil said to St. Vincent—they'd been watching through a one-way window—"That went well. You gotta get her a real attorney, David."

"Somebody does, but the burglary is a state charge. I don't do that system . . ."

Virgil: "What about Marvin Fingerhut, the guy we met at Gates' house?"

St. Vincent shook his head. "Can't use Fingerhut."

"Why not?"

"Because McGruder hired him. That's who he had on his cell phone last night."

NICOLE WALKER GOT an experienced public defender and was released on her own recognizance. She'd done a deal that committed her to telling the feds everything she knew about McGruder. She'd do no jail time for the burglary.

LUCAS ROUSED HIMSELF early enough to get to federal magistrate's court, where he met Virgil in the hallway outside the courtroom. "Just in time," Virgil said. "They've gone to get him."

McGruder was marched into the courtroom by two marshals and by Marvin Fingerhut, who spotted Lucas and Virgil and nodded, as if to say "Thanks for the client."

The prosecutor argued that McGruder should be detained until an appropriate bail hearing could be held, since he would be charged with first-degree murder. The magistrate agreed, over Fingerhut's objections, but scheduled a full bail hearing for two days later.

As they walked out of the courthouse, Virgil asked, "You think McGruder will get bail? First-degree murder, lot of heat from the media . . ."

"Yeah, he'll get it, but it's gonna cost him. Ten million plus, I'd bet," Lucas said. "We need more stuff to nail him down . . . Fingerhut's gonna want to see the evidence and when he sees the size-twelve footprints from the crime scene report . . . Did you look at McGruder's feet?"

"Yes. Small for his size. Nine or ten," Virgil said.

"That's bail, right there," Lucas said. "Then there's going to be some confusion over where Walker saw the parka and where McGruder knows it was . . . not hanging from the mirror. Fingerhut could get into that. Are you going over to McGruder's? See what crime scene has come up with?"

"Can't imagine it'd be much," Virgil said. "Since you're going, I'll pass. If anything turns up, call me."

Lucas shrugged: "Okay. I have a feeling Jennifer will call and try to get me on camera, but that's not going to happen. If you're interested. . . ."

"Nope. If the Five stay on schedule, they may be killing somebody in a couple of days," Virgil said. "Maybe the day of the bail hearing. If they do, are we going to wherever it is?"

“That’ll depend on what Mallard wants,” Lucas said. “We might not be welcome in, say, Detroit. Or Miami. Or wherever.”

“We weren’t really all that welcome here,” Virgil said. “But it seems like you’re the senators’ pet bloodhound, so I figure you’ll be going.”

“I’ll invite you, if it’s someplace warm,” Lucas said.

“If it’s warm, do that,” Virgil said. “I’ll see you at the bail hearing.”

THEY SLAPPED GLOVED hands. Virgil headed home, and Lucas went to McGruder’s where he spent the afternoon, poking around the house, trying to stay out of the way. McGruder’s housekeeper, Escobar, whom he and Virgil had blackmailed out of the house key, was sitting on a couch by herself. When she saw Lucas, she turned away.

Lucas chatted with the federal crime scene people, and eventually asked if the housekeeper had given up anything good. She had not, he was told. She’d done some routine cleaning but hadn’t hauled anything out of the house except the recycling, the garbage, and a scuttle full of ashes from the big stone fireplace.

“We’re going through it all,” the crime scene supervisor said. “We’re sifting the ashes. If what we think about the Velez murders is correct—that McGruder went there and killed Velez and his girlfriend—then the fire was set the same night. The housekeeper said she found the ash the morning Velez was found shot. Big fire, must have been a dozen logs. Lots of ash. She said McGruder hardly ever uses it, so maybe he was getting rid of something.”

Lucas was still there when a crime scene tech came in with two steel pins taken from the garbage. They’d been bagged, both with some ash attached.

“What are they?” Lucas asked.

They looked like long thin drawer handles but weren’t drawer handles. “If you put a gun to my head and threatened to shoot me if I didn’t come up with the correct answer . . . I’d say they’re the heel supports from a couple of high-heeled pumps.”

Lucas smiled. “Ah. We need to x-ray some Manolo Blahniks.”

“Yes, we do.”

Lucas called Virgil to tell him about it, and at the end of the conversation, asked Virgil what was happening with his novel.

“I don’t know. I finally called Esther and her secretary said she was out in the Hamptons with some publishing big shots. I don’t even know if she was out there for my novel.”

“Probably not. She’s probably out there for one of those polar-bear things, you know, dipping her ass in the ocean at fifteen below. Or talking to people about Carl Hiaasen or somebody else important.”

“Thanks for the thought.”

BOTH LUCAS AND Virgil did some online paperwork involving the case, and filed individual reports, and spoke separately with a federal prosecutor who said she’d be back to them for depositions, but probably not for a few weeks.

On the second day after McGruder’s initial appearance, they both returned to the magistrate’s court, where, after some argument, McGruder was allowed to post a cash bail of fifteen million dollars and agreed to add his house as further security.

The paperwork had been done in advance, and McGruder was released. A car was waiting at the courthouse plaza’s curb and he got inside with Fingerhut and disappeared down the street. Lucas knew the assistant U.S. attorney who would be leading the prosecution and caught her in the hallway: “What do you think?”

“It’s about seventy-thirty,” she said. “Those burned heel pins, from the Blahnik pumps, might do it for us . . . But Fingerhut is good. We need more if you can get it.”

“Seventy-thirty . . . will you deal with him for information on the rest of the mob?”

“We’re talking,” the prosecutor said. “Fingerhut first told us to go fornicate with ourselves, but that was before the pumps. Now . . . We’ll see. Fingerhut didn’t hang up on us this morning.”

“He can’t walk. McGruder can’t.”

“No. But at his age, he could take twenty, get out at fifty and still have a lot of money ditched down in the Islands. If he gave us the rest of these killers . . .”

“The rest of the Five have probably made that same calculation,” Lucas said. “You think they’d let him get away with talking?”

She thought about that, and said, “I don’t know. But I do know, it’s not my problem. It’s your problem. Yours and the FBI’s. I’d just like to say . . .”

“Yeah?”

She grinned and tapped his chest. “Good fuckin’ luck, Lucas.”

FIFTEEN

McGruder was both astonished and frightened when the FBI came through the front door. He'd been standing in the bathroom, looking at his teeth and wondering whether he should pay for dental whitening, sporadically flashing to the burglary that had torn up his dressing room, when he heard the first-floor door bang open and the intruders shouting: "FBI."

He reacted instinctively: he dropped his toothbrush and ran for the dressing room and then into the safe room, latching the mirror and door behind himself. He huddled there, stunned, then called an acquaintance who had once been arrested for income tax evasion and who recommended that he call Marvin Fingerhut.

He did that. Fingerhut had been asleep, but he had an overnight associate who got him out of bed to talk to McGruder. When Fingerhut asked why the FBI was swarming his house, McGruder lied and said he didn't know. "I think I paid all my taxes . . ."

"That's not it," Fingerhut said. Fingerhut thought, but did not say, "This is the jackass who killed Sikes." He said instead, "Gotta be something bigger than taxes. Don't tell me what it is, or if you're guilty or not. I don't want that cluttering up my thought processes."

Fingerhut recommended that McGruder give himself up and to make it clear that he was unarmed and surrendering. "Are you talking to me on a cell phone?"

"Yeah, of course."

"Turn on the camera app, turn on the video, and hold it out in front of you, make movies of the arrest," Fingerhut said. "If there's something irregular about it, we can use the video."

At that moment, McGruder heard somebody, a man, shouting that he should give himself up or they'd knock down the house with sledgehammers.

"They know I'm hiding here," he told Fingerhut. "They're talking about knocking down the house."

"Be calm, be cool, don't talk to them. *Do not talk to them.* They'll try to get you to chat, and it's hard to resist, and they're good at doing that. Leave

your phone on and make movies as you talk to them. I'll see you at the courthouse.”

THE NEXT THREE days were a chaotic mess. When he wasn't in a cell, Fingerhut stuck to him like a tick, which made things a little more tolerable, but McGruder decided that a jail cell was not the way to spend your life. He spoke to an officer from Pre-Trial Services, who, with Fingerhut, tried to come up with a bail package that would be acceptable to both a magistrate's court judge and the media, as well as McGruder.

“What does the media have to do with it?” McGruder asked.

“The magistrate won't want the TV people peeing on his shoes, so he'll jack up the bail to an insane level. Fortunately, you have the resources to pay an insane bail,” Fingerhut said, having inquired about how large those resources might be.

In his cell, McGruder had waking nightmares: he'd burned the red pumps he'd stupidly taken from Sikes, and he assumed Escobar had cleaned out the fireplace—she was meticulous that way—but if the feds found any remnants of the shoes, he could be screwed. Had the garbage been hauled away? He had no idea of what day that was done.

He was still thinking about the problem on the day before the bail hearing, when Fingerhut told him, “They say they've got some metal supports from a woman's shoes. Can you think of any reason a pair of women's shoes might have been burned in your fireplace? I need to know if they might have been planted by the cops. Don't answer right now—think about it. Let me know.”

The bail package was agreed upon the night before the hearing, though Fingerhut warned him that the magistrate would do some posturing for the media, pretending to think about exactly what should be fair, before announcing the agreed-upon bail. McGruder would also be required to wear an ankle bracelet with a GPS locator to monitor his movements. The bracelet, Fingerhut warned him, would be the best the federal government had, and if he did anything, like cut it off, he'd be in jail in an hour.

“Do not talk to anyone on the way out of the courthouse,” Fingerhut told him. “One of my investigators will have a car waiting for us right outside. I'll be with you and I'll take you straight to the car. Don't fight me. Keep your chin up, don't look left or right, don't do anything dramatic, get in the car and we go.”

“Should I say ‘no comment’ to reporters?” McGruder asked, sounding stupid in his own ears.

“No! Don’t say anything. If something absolutely must be said, I’ll say it. You keep your mouth shut. Do not smile. Do not frown. I’ll take a look at your wardrobe tonight, pick out an ensemble for you. We want you looking like a rich but conservative accountant, not like a crazy playboy. Somebody who could never commit a crime like this. If you pay attention to me, that’s how you’ll look. I’ll check your appearance before we go into the courtroom . . .”

McGruder began to feel more confident, and it had all worked out exactly as Fingerhut said it would. McGruder walked stoically out of the courthouse, looking good in a dark blue pinstripe suit, white shirt, and muted red necktie. He looked neither left nor right, though he flinched when somebody shouted—a woman from Channel Five, he thought—“Is it true you throw tomahawks at a target in your basement?”

In the car, Fingerhut looked at him and asked, “Tomahawks?”

It occurred to McGruder then that if some of his ninja training became public knowledge, that information might not work entirely to his benefit.

“It’s a joke, yeah, a tomahawk, it’s like throwing darts . . .”

Fingerhut spoke to the car’s window. “No, Jamie, it’s not like throwing darts. Not like that at all.”

Fingerhut and an associate spent an hour at McGruder’s house, talking about behavior issues. They didn’t want him going to clubs, he wasn’t to visit hookers, he wasn’t to leave the seven-county Twin Cities region. “I would not be surprised if they did some on-the-ground surveillance,” Fingerhut said. “They have the right to check on you any time between eight in the morning and midnight, without warning. If you go to Hudson, Wisconsin, for a drink, they’ll pick you up and slap you back in a cell. Don’t do that.”

“Can they bug my house? Have they done that?”

Fingerhut shook his head. “I wouldn’t put it past them except for one thing—we’re having attorney–client discussions here. If we find a bug, we’ll stick it so far up their asses it’ll crawl out their nose. They won’t take that risk.”

AS A FINAL item, Fingerhut said, “The remnant of those shoes in the fireplace is going to be an important piece of evidence, if we can’t find a way to defeat it.”

Wink wink, nudge nudge.

When he was finally alone, McGruder spent an hour wandering through the shambles of his house: nothing was wrecked or ruined, but the search party had gone through the place inch by inch. In the kitchen he found a note from the housekeeper telling him that she couldn’t work for him anymore.

“Bitch,” he muttered into the silence.

He started putting the place back together, got bored after an hour of it, spent another forty-five minutes soaking in the spa pool in his bathroom, got dressed in clean, comfortable clothes, then went for a drive, just to be doing it. He drove around the lake, following some counter-surveillance routes, and saw nothing.

Not even media—they’d been all over the place at the magistrate’s court, but now, for a while, he’d be yesterday’s news. That would change, he thought, as he got closer to a trial.

If he went to trial.

Fingerhut had suggested that the prosecution might talk about a deal—a substantial prison sentence, but not an unsupportable sentence—in return for evidence against the other members of the Five, assuming, of course, that McGruder was a member.

“We don’t need to think about that yet,” Fingerhut said. “If the members of the Five keep killing, the pressure on the feds will keep increasing . . . right up to the point where they catch somebody else who agrees to deal. That means that you’ll have an opportunity to get a better and better deal, right up to the point where they catch somebody else and you won’t get any deal at all. Is that clear?”

“Yes. It’s what I’d do if I were a prosecutor,” McGruder said.

He drove back home, feeling the isolation. The housekeeper wouldn’t be coming in, he didn’t want to talk to Fingerhut anymore, at least not that day, but he did need to talk to someone. Bored, he shoveled the back deck, the parking patio, steps down to the lake level, and the stone path that in the summer would lead to the dock.

Then he took a nap; when he woke up, it was nearly dark, which surprised him. Of course, he hadn’t been able to sleep in the cell and the stress had

been all over him. He went down to the kitchen, ate some Cheerios, watched the six o'clock news on which he featured prominently.

He looked good coming out of the courthouse, he thought. Like a young businessman.

At ten o'clock, he killed all the lights in the house except the bedroom and bathroom. He put on an all-black winter ninja outfit—that's how he thought of it, black jeans, a black hoodie, black gloves and shoes—and slipped out the back door onto the deck, then down to the parking patio.

He was next to invisible, unless the cops had put an infrared camera on him. A chance he'd have to take. He walked down the stone steps he'd cleared earlier in the day. He lay on the bottom step, and felt over the edge, groping along the bottom of the stones until he felt the edge. He pulled on it, hard, and the stone reluctantly pulled out: his SHTF survival cache as recommended on all the better prepper sites.

Two thousand dollars in cash, which he didn't want, a .357 Magnum, which he didn't want, a bunch of other shit he didn't want—would he ever have needed a handheld GPS under any conditions? Now that he actually thought about it, he doubted it. The whole fantasy about surviving in the wilderness was bullshit.

But the burner phones and the chargers . . . those he needed. There were four of them, and he removed two, and pushed the cache rock back in place. Moving slowly, he climbed the stairs, crossed the parking patio and the deck, and went back into the house. In the basement, he opened a drawer on a workbench and put the phones inside, trailed the charging cords out the back of the workbench to an outlet and plugged them in.

Charging lights came on in both.

That done, he climbed the stairs to the bedroom, changed into pajamas, went to a window that faced the front yard, pulled back a curtain. If anyone was out there, they'd see him. He killed the lights in the bathroom and bedroom and lay down on the bed.

Couldn't sleep, turned on the television projector, went to Netflix and watched an Angelina Jolie movie called *Those Who Wish Me Dead*, which turned out to be pretty good.

When *Those Who Wish Me Dead* ended, he called up another movie, amped the sound a bit, then slipped down the stairs to the basement, dug out one of the burner phones, and called the disaster number.

Vivian Zhao answered on the second ring. She said, “You really hacked this up.”

“I don’t know how they tracked me,” McGruder said. “Not yet. I’m going to need some help. Not much, but some.”

“That’s not part of the deal.”

“It is now. What I want isn’t much—and I really better get it,” McGruder said. “My attorney is suggesting that if I cooperate with the FBI, I could get fifteen or twenty years instead of thirty to life without parole.”

“Is that a threat?” Zhao asked.

“Take it any way you want. But. I don’t want much. I just want a little bit.”

“Suppose I agreed. What kind of help do you need?”

“I need you to find a red, a scarlet, Manolo Blahnik BB pump in size 8 and I need you to half-bury it in a roadside snowbank across the street from Hillary Sikes’ house. I’m sure you can find her address . . .”

“And that would . . .”

“That would suggest that the steel heel supports that they found in the ashes from my fireplace were planted by the cops. No way Sikes was wearing three pumps.”

After a moment of silence, Zhao said, “I can do that. I can be there the day after tomorrow, late.”

“Can you get the pump that fast?”

“In LA? Yes. But—I’ll want to talk face-to-face. Is your lake frozen?”

“It is, but why—”

“Because I’m going to ski across the lake and bring a cell phone with me. I’m going to do a video of you confessing to the Sikes and Velez murders. I’ve been talking to the others and we were all worried that you might begin to cooperate. I’m not sure the FBI could identify the others even with you cooperating, but they don’t want to take a chance. If we even get a hint that you are cooperating, we’ll send the video to the FBI and to CNN so you’ll go down for the whole life-without-parole number.”

“How do I know—”

“We wouldn’t use it unless you were cooperating. We wouldn’t dare. If we bombed you with it, then you’d cooperate simply out of revenge. When we get this video, we’ll both have a gun and neither one of us would dare to use it.”

McGruder thought about it and said, “What time will you get here?”

“Don’t know. I’ll call you.”

“There are snowmobilers on the lake. They run over each other a couple times a year. If you’re out there on skis . . .”

“A chance I’ll take,” Zhao said. “And you have to spend the next two days looking for bugs and hidden cameras.”

“I’ve been looking. My lawyer says there won’t be any and I haven’t seen anything that looks suspicious. But: I’ll go over the place inch-by-inch tomorrow.”

“Then I’ll see you in forty-eight hours. Give me a new number and get rid of the phone you’re on.”

McGruder hung up, satisfied. He should get rid of the phone, and he should have left the shoes with Sikes, as tempting a trophy as they were. And the parka! What the fuck was he thinking, to keep the parka? But the parka hadn’t seemed to be any kind of a threat. He was still mystified by the fact that he found it hanging from the dressing room mirror. Had Walker done that? And why would she? And how did she find the safe room? Anyway, he should have burned it the night of the killing and scattered the ashes in the countryside. There just hadn’t seemed to be any urgency about it. Was it possible that he actually was a dumbshit? How could he be? He was a billionaire.

LUCAS HAD INTERRUPTED his search for the woman named Virginia Clayton-Weasling, wanted for skipping out on a federal trial for tax evasion, to help hunt for the killer of Hillary Sikes. While he was working that case, another Minnesota deputy U.S. marshal had captured Clayton-Weasling, who was now in the federal lockup.

When the U.S. Marshal for Minnesota asked Lucas what he would do now that McGruder was in jail, Lucas replied, “Nothing, for the time being. Is nothing good for you?”

Virgil was owed some time off from the BCA, after working overtime during the McGruder hunt, and he used it to lay down the first chapter of what he hoped would be his second published novel. His agent had left the frozen wasteland of the outer Hamptons for the Bahamas, on a boat, reportedly with executives from Penguin Random House. Did she not, he wondered, have cell service? Something? Why hadn’t she called?

FOR MCGRUDER, THE forty-eight hours crept by at a snail's pace. He could watch only so much television—mostly CNBC during the day, streaming movies at night. After some thought, he wrote a letter to Virgil Flowers, whose name he'd written on the sticky note. He put the Flowers letter in an envelope, sealed it, addressed the envelope to "Virgil Flowers—Eyes Only," put that envelope in another larger envelope with a letter to Fingerhut, and wrote Fingerhut's name on it. He gave the letter to Fingerhut and said, "Don't open it unless I'm dead."

Forty-six hours after he talked to Zhao, she called back.

"I planted the shoe. Soaked it in ice, buried it in the snow. It's gonna work—the snow mounds on the side of the road look like they probably have salt in them, road salt. We'll want that to get into the shoe for a while. I'll call on a burner two or three days from now, tell the cops I don't want to get involved, but I saw a shoe . . . I'll tell them they better report it, or I'll send a video to the media, and they'll all be fired."

"Where are you?"

"In my car across the lake from you. Tavern parking lot, there are other skiers here, they tell me there's a track that follows the perimeter of the lake. Haven't seen any snowmobile lights. I'll be coming. I've got a portable GPS, it'll lead me right into your dock, or where your dock should be. Checked it out on Google Earth."

"Should I meet you at the dock?"

"So we can make a video by shining a cell-phone light in your face so everybody can see it? No. Unlock the door that goes on your deck, meet me there, twenty minutes. We'll go to the quietest place in your house, the place where the cops wouldn't put cameras—inside a coat closet or something, I'll let you choose—and I'll make the video. All we need is the light."

McGruder turned off the first- and second-floor lights, one by one, as he'd done the first two nights after his arrest. He took off his shoes so he could move soundlessly and went down to the sliding doors that led out onto the deck.

McGruder had only met Zhao in person a few times. He didn't know her well, but he did know that she was a manipulative psychopath, like he was, faking her way through life with the normals.

Twenty minutes after she called, he saw movement against background lights, and she was there, by the glass door, dressed all in dark clothing. He

pushed the door open, and she slipped inside and he pushed it shut.

She looked up at McGruder, who towered over her, and said, “We shouldn’t be standing here together. I’m taking a huge risk.”

“What about Four? Is he going ahead?” McGruder asked.

“Yes. But he’s holding off for a day or two. We didn’t want to make your problem worse during the bail hearing.”

“And the shoe?”

“The shoe is in place. SFO cracked Sikes’ American Express account and spotted the shoes she bought. We got an identical pair. They’re not somewhat similar, they’re exactly alike, and one is now half-buried across the street from the Sikes’ house.”

“Great,” McGruder said. “Not only do I get off the hook, we fuck with the cops.”

“I gotta get going and I need that video. Where can we shoot it?” Zhao asked.

“I thought about that,” McGruder said. “The pantry. Plenty of light, doors close tight and it’s small enough that I checked every freckle in the place: no cameras, no bugs.”

“That will work,” Zhao said. “Lead the way.”

McGruder backed away from her, and said, “This way . . .” and he continued backing away.

She frowned and asked, “Why are you walking backward?”

“Because I trust you about as far as I could spit a rat,” McGruder said. He reached behind his back and produced a large silver pistol.

Zhao: “Jesus, Jamie, I’m trying to help you. You want to shoot me?”

“No, of course not,” McGruder said. “Maybe I’ll need some more help from the group. But if you *did* shoot me, that’d solve a lot of problems for you and the rest of them, wouldn’t it?”

“We’re all in this together,” Zhao said. “All together. We wouldn’t do that. We wouldn’t even think about it.”

McGruder continued to back away from her, down a hallway, and into the pantry. There was already a light on, and he backed into the pantry, said, “Walk around me.” His hand was still holding the gun, but it was pointed at the floor. When she’d walked around him, he reached back and shut the pantry door.

Zhao said, “I’m going to take a cell phone out of my pocket. Don’t get twitchy.”

“Okay.”

Moving very slowly, she unzipped a pocket, and slowly slid a cell phone out. “I want you to say your name, say where we are, and then say that you killed Sikes and the Velezes. Doesn’t have to be anything fancy, but it’s gotta be clear and convincing.”

“I can do that. I’ve had media training,” McGruder said.

They made the video, McGruder admitting to the killings, Zhao holding the phone close enough that his face was clear, as well as some of the surroundings.

When they were done, he asked, “Good enough?”

“I think so,” Zhao said. “Let me replay it.”

She started to replay and stepped closer to him, and not thinking, he turned to open the pantry door. Quick as a grass snake, her hand went into her open pocket, the same pocket that she’d kept the cell phone in, and she pulled out her .22.

McGruder caught the sudden movement from the corner of his eye and jerked his head back around. Zhao had brought the gun up to shoot him in the temple, but with the sudden jerk of his head, she wound up shooting him in the cheekbone, penetrating up through his eye. He staggered, tried to bring his own gun up, but she shot him in the forehead, then shot him in the other eye, and he slumped against a cabinet, his feet slipping out from beneath him, and as he started to fall, she fired two more fast shots into his head.

The shots were loud, but as was the case with the Velez house, McGruder’s was closed up for the winter and there was nobody to hear them.

As she stepped outside the pantry, she glanced back once: the fuckin’ moron, she thought. He actually believed there was a shoe in a snowdrift. She collected her skis and disappeared into the dark.

THE NEXT MORNING, Fingerhut called, as he did each morning, to ask even more questions, but McGruder didn’t answer. Nobody answered an hour later or two hours later and the lawyer said to his assistant, “That fucker better not be running.”

“If he was running, wouldn’t the L-Wop have called?”

L-Wop meant “life without parole,” and was their code for the federal prosecutor who’d been assigned to the case. Fingerhut shrugged. “Don’t know. Jamie has a billion dollars and he’s not *too* stupid, so he’s probably got a good chunk of it offshore. Maybe the Five have got a bail-out program if one of them gets in trouble . . . maybe he’s on his way to Brazil.”

“You think?”

Fingerhut touched his nose, thought about it, and said, “No. Go out there and bang on the door until he answers. If he doesn’t, I got a guy, I can check on his bracelet, see if it’s still on his leg.”

The assistant drove out to McGruder’s house, which looked terrific. There’d been flurries after midnight, and an inch of fresh snow dressed up the neighborhood. He noticed that there were no new tracks on the driveway. The front door was locked, and nobody answered the door. He walked around the house, saw tracks that he supposed were made either by squirrels or rats, but no human tracks anywhere.

He called Fingerhut, who said, “I called my guy and he says the bracelet hasn’t been cut and it’s in his house.”

“What do you want me to do?”

“Give me a minute.” His assistant gave him a minute, then Fingerhut came back on the phone and said, “I’m calling the cops.”

—

VIRGIL WAS EATING a peanut-butter-and-grape-jelly sandwich when Lucas called.

Lucas said, “McGruder won’t be cooperating.”

Virgil said, “Basically, I don’t like the way you said that. He shoot himself?”

“No. Somebody did it for him.”

SIXTEEN

Virgil had an early morning talk with his boss, Jon Duncan, who told him that there wouldn't be much more for him and Lucas to do now that McGruder was dead.

"You guys were fantastic. Even the FBI admits it. But now . . . nobody really thinks that McGruder's killer is from around here. We had a killer in San Francisco who apparently knew his way around, another in Houston who apparently knew his way around—"

"Or her," Virgil interrupted. "The feds think it might have been a woman, or a very short man . . ."

"Or her," Duncan conceded. "There's no special reason to think he, or she, comes from here. The ball is now in the federal court."

An hour after talking to Duncan, Frankie called him in from the barn, where he'd been skating on horse urine. "Some guy," she said. "He says it's important and it's about McGruder."

Virgil had left his phone in the house so he wouldn't have to talk to anyone, and he only grudgingly took it from Frankie and said, "Hello?"

"Virgil Flowers? This is Marvin Fingerhut, Jamie McGruder's attorney. We met at Howard Gates' house."

"Oh, yeah. Lucas called you Gates' mouthpiece. What's up?"

"Mouthpiece my ass. Davenport can't get over the fact that last week, I took him into the boards so hard that his false teeth flew into the ninth row of seats."

"Good story," Virgil said. "I love hearing about old people slowly playing hockey, especially the stories that have nothing to do with me. If you're all finished, thanks for calling . . ."

"Hey! I've got a letter for you."

"What?"

"I know. But, I do," Fingerhut said. "Jamie McGruder gave me a letter, said that if anything should happen to him, meaning, you know, he was worried that somebody might bust a cap in his ass. He was right to worry."

"I heard," Virgil said. "Couldn't you just open the letter and read it to me?"

“Nope. Can’t do that. You’d turn me in and I’d get disciplined. The bar dipshits already don’t like me.”

“How about if Davenport . . .”

“Nope. It’s for you and only you,” Fingerhut said. “I have to hand it to you personally. You have to sign for it.”

“So I have to drive up there from Mankato?”

“Well, I guess I can’t require you to. I could stick the letter in the office safe until we both forgot about it.”

“I’ll come up,” Virgil said. “I might bring Davenport with me.”

“Feel free. It’s your letter,” Fingerhut said. “We’re out of the office for two hours around lunchtime, back at one-thirty or so. You’ll have to sign a letter acknowledging delivery. After that, I don’t care what you do with it.”

Virgil called Lucas.

“This is really interesting,” Lucas said. “Never heard anything like it. Why don’t you come up for lunch? We can speculate.”

“Should we call St. Vincent?”

“Hell no. This is us. Let’s see what it is before the FBI sticks its nose in.”

Virgil filled in Frankie and headed north in his Tahoe. He was early and met Lucas at a Baker’s Square restaurant a few blocks from Lucas’ house for pie and conversation. Neither one of them could figure out what McGruder might have to say to Virgil, but Lucas suggested that he’d gotten Virgil’s name from Jennifer Carey’s television broadcast.

“I can’t think of any other way he could do it—not unless Fingerhut filled him in. And if he did, why would he choose you? Fingerhut knows *me*,” Lucas said.

“Maybe he’s trying to poke you in the eye?” Virgil suggested. “No, wait—this is a letter from McGruder, not Fingerhut. No reason McGruder would prefer me over you.”

“We need to find out,” Lucas said.

FINGERHUT HAD AN office in a brick, glass, and fern building on the edge of St. Paul’s Lowertown. Virgil and Lucas walked in at five minutes after two. A bulky male receptionist, bracketed by potted palms, and whose right hand was covered by a desk that might conceal a firearm, passed them along to an efficient-looking secretary who said, “I saw your pictures on TV. Marv’s waiting for you.”

She pushed a button on a box on her desk and said, “Butch and Sundance are here.”

“Which one am I?” Lucas asked.

She looked at him, then at Virgil, then back to Lucas and said, “Butch.”

“Ah, poop.”

“Go on in,” she said.

FINGERHUT WAS SITTING behind a twelve-foot-long table that served as a desk, with computers at both ends and a wide sheet of plastic on the carpet so he could roll back and forth between them. He was wearing a wine-colored cashmere V-neck sweater over a white dress shirt.

He picked up a parchment-colored envelope from his desktop and said to Lucas, “You’re lucky to be back on your feet after the way I took you into the boards last week.”

“I let you take me,” Lucas said. “I thought you might need the morale boost given the fact you guys were getting the shit kicked out of you.”

Virgil said, “Yeah, yeah. You both can take the testosterone test later. Is that the letter?”

“This is the letter,” Fingerhut said, holding up the parchment-colored envelope. “Sit down, sign here, and you can have it.”

Virgil took a visitor’s chair as Fingerhut pushed a sheet of paper across the desk along with a heavy black-enamel Montblanc pen. Virgil read the paper—a simple acknowledgment of delivery of a letter from Jamie McGruder. He signed and dated it, and Fingerhut pushed the McGruder letter across. “Why don’t you open it here? I’m dying to know what’s in it,” Fingerhut said. He tossed a silver letter opener across the desk.

Virgil looked at Lucas, who shrugged, and he picked up the letter opener, slit open the envelope and took out a single sheet of paper. Lucas, still standing, bent to read the letter over his shoulder.

To Virgil Flowers:

I saw on a news program that you and your partner were leading the investigation into my case. I am sending this letter to you because I couldn’t remember your partner’s name. This letter was to be delivered to you only in the case of my death, so if you’re reading it, I’m dead.

If I'm killed, my murderer would most likely be the member of the Five who we call "Six." She is the only one who knows the identity of all the members of the Five. She issues the press releases and maintains our web page, which, by the time you get this, will have changed. She has murdered a man herself, but not one of the five we've been going after. She murdered:

Josh Roper, a hedge fundie, in Los Angeles, Ca.

She's like our teacher. I do not know where she lives, except that I believe it is in Southern California, probably in the San Diego area. She may be involved with the University of California at San Diego. That is all speculation which I won't bother to explain. (All right, I will. I met her at Bitcoin conventions. The first time, when she walked up and identified herself, she was pulling a suitcase with an airline tag on it. She'd flown out of SAN, which I later figured out was San Diego International. When I was talking to her, she said something about getting a PhD.)

Her name is Vivian Zhao. You're welcome.

Jamie McGruder.

PS: If this is Fingerhut reading this, you're so fucking fired, you asshole.

Lucas said, "Holy shit."

Fingerhut: "What is it?"

Lucas shook his head. "We can't tell you that. Or maybe we can tell you a little?"

He looked at Virgil, who said to Fingerhut, "We may have another client for you." He stood up. "Keep watching your television for updates."

"C'mon, guys," Fingerhut said.

"Took me into the boards, my ass," Lucas said, and Virgil followed him out the door.

OUTSIDE, VIRGIL SAID, "We need to talk to St. Vincent."

“We need to talk to Mallard, is what we need to do. St. Vincent isn’t in San Diego. You might have noticed.” He kicked a dirty hump of snow between two parking meters, spraying it onto the trunk of a Prius, if Priuses have trunks. “Let’s go back to my place to make the call. We can figure out what we want to do, on the way.”

Virgil, in the car, observed that they’d just identified a serial killer. “We solved the cases—I mean, not really, but nobody else did.”

On the way, they agreed that it would be interesting to go to San Diego, if Mallard was interested in sending them. “Here’s the thing: Mallard got a lot of internal credit inside the Justice Department for our whole deal down in Miami,” Lucas said. “He got more credit for the work we did here. He’s gonna get credit for this. I figure he’s going to ask us to go. What do you think?”

“Give me a minute . . .” Virgil went into his iPhone and came back a moment later. “The high in San Diego today will be sixty-six degrees.”

Lucas flicked his hand toward the outdoors: snowbanks and a sky with the color and warmth of concrete blocks.

AT LUCAS’ HOUSE, they sat in the den and Lucas made the call. A secretary doubted that Mallard would have the time to talk, but she knew who Lucas was, so she’d ask. Mallard came up fifteen seconds later: “What?”

“We got a letter from McGruder. We thought you’d be interested, so we’re willing to share it with you,” Lucas said.

“When you say, ‘we,’ you actually mean . . .”

“Well, Virgil. It was addressed to Virgil. McGruder left it with his attorney to be given to Virgil if anything unkind happened to him. And it did.”

“Read it.”

Virgil read the letter. Mallard said, “Talk to my assistant—she’ll tell you where to fax the letter . . .”

Virgil: “The FBI faxes?”

“Or, you can scan it and send it that way,” Mallard said. “We’ll want the letter itself, of course. We’ll want to see if McGruder’s fingerprints are on it. I assume you were careful when you were handling it?”

“Pretty much,” Virgil said. “Maybe not entirely.”

“Good. I’ll have St. Vincent send somebody to pick it up from wherever you’re at. I’ll contact the San Diego office and get some research going.

How soon can you two get out there?"

—

THEY COULD GET out on a nonstop Delta flight leaving at seven o'clock. On his way back to Mankato in his truck, Virgil called Frankie and told her to pack the bag for him, jeans and shirts and underwear and socks and the Dopp kit, along with a couple of sport coats. "And maybe a couple pairs of shorts."

"I can't believe you conned your way into another winter vacation," Frankie said.

"Hey. You want to go on a morning show and show off your cleavage, I gotta do this," Virgil said.

"You want me to pack your necktie?"

"It's California. I don't think I'll need it."

—

VIRGIL WAS AWARE that Lucas was a white-knuckle flier, so he didn't mention until they were in the air that the San Diego airport was considered one of the nation's scariest both for takeoffs and landings.

"You're so full of it," Lucas said.

"No, really," Virgil said. "We've got WiFi on this flight, you could look it up."

Later in the flight, Lucas did that, pretending to be casual about it, an afterthought to his real interest, which was national news. But when he did, Virgil said, "See?"

"Shut the fuck up."

—

THEY SURVIVED THE LANDING.

Mallard's assistant had gotten them a rental car—a blue Chevrolet Equinox—and rooms at the Residence Inn in La Jolla, north of San Diego itself but next to the University of California at San Diego and only about ten minutes from the FBI's San Diego field office.

Virgil drove while Lucas scrolled through messages from Mallard and from the San Diego feds. "We're meeting them tomorrow morning. Early, so

we've got to get up. They found an address for Vivian Zhao but she no longer lives there, and they don't know where she went. Moved out two months ago, no forwarding address. She flew to Dallas, New York City, and Seattle two years back, but hasn't flown anywhere in the U.S. in the past year and a half. She has TSA clearance. She's a native American citizen with an American passport, born in San Francisco. She has a California driver's license and hasn't applied for a new driver's license in any other state. She's thirty-four years old, was a PhD candidate in economics at San Diego but never finished it, dropped out of school four years ago. Current thinking is that she may have moved somewhere else in California."

"Car?"

"Old Toyota pickup," Lucas said. "They're looking for it."

"Facebook, Twitter, LinkedIn . . ." Virgil suggested.

"Nothing on that—I gotta believe that they looked."

"Driver's license photo?"

"Got it." Lucas turned the iPad toward Virgil. Zhao was a plain-looking Chinese-American; either that, or the California driver's license division made her plain.

"I got a bad feeling about this," Virgil said.

"How's that?"

"I got a feeling we're walkin' and knockin'."

"Walkin' and knockin' in sixty-six degrees."

THEY MET THE next morning with Roger Callis, the San Diego agent in charge, a thin, white-haired, quiet-spoken man who wore a quiet off-the-rack blue suit. He got them cups of decent coffee and wanted to hear about their adventures in Miami. "Louis filled me in a little on that," he said, referring to Mallard. "Wish I'd been there."

"Didn't seem all that wonderful at the time, but, yeah, it worked out," Virgil said. "That took a lot of planning—you guys and the Marshal's Service spent three months setting it up. This time, it's more like we got lucky."

"You got lucky with this Zhao, too," Callis said. "First of all, we checked the murder that McGruder referenced. It's real. Multiple shots from a .22 pistol close enough to the victim's skull to burn hair. Exactly the same situation we see with McGruder. Shells were recovered from both locations,

so the lab should be able to tell us if they were fired from the same weapon, and exactly what kind of gun that is. With nothing but McGruder's word for it, we couldn't arrest her until that gets back."

"You know where she is?"

"No. She's disappeared—and that makes me think McGruder was telling the truth. She had six thousand dollars in her savings account before she vanished and she took it all out. She was a manager at an In-N-Out Burger for three years while she was going to the university; that's a corporate-owned chain so she wasn't involved in a franchise or anything. She didn't have a financial interest. In-N-Out says she was competent, but not outstanding. Hasn't used a credit card since she went away. And that's tough: we live in a credit society. Some places don't even accept cash anymore. She can't fly, can't rent a car . . ."

Virgil: "Six thousand dollars? She's not one of these rich Bitcoin people? We understood she was."

"Doesn't look like it," Callis said. "Maybe she stashed some money offshore, but from what I'm seeing yesterday afternoon and this morning, she wasn't living like it. Her vehicle is a seven-year-old Toyota Tacoma pickup."

"Interesting," Lucas said. "Was there anything at all at her address?"

Callis shook his head. "She moved out right around the end of November. Left no forwarding address, maybe because her landlord said she never got mail."

"Then she split before the killings started . . ."

"Yup. Just before. Like she knew they were coming and she might be exposed," Callis said.

"McGruder said he met her at a Bitcoin convention. Maybe she was just hustling the rich guys," Lucas said. "She didn't look that great in her driver's license photo."

Callis shrugged: "In my driver's license photo, I look like somebody made a mistake and took a picture of my ass. I've got a better photo I can send you, from Zhao's college ID. She's kinda cute in that picture, but no raving beauty."

"We need to check out her neighborhood. Knock on some doors," Lucas said.

"We're doing that, but, go ahead," Callis said. "You might pick up on something we didn't see."

“Any sign of a boyfriend or girlfriend?” Virgil asked.

“I’m getting back word that she had a boyfriend when she was a PhD candidate at UCSD. We’ve got his name and address, he’s apparently around, but we haven’t been able to hook up with him yet. We’ll find him.”

“She dropped out of college years go,” Virgil said.

Callis nodded: “But that’s all we’ve got in terms of relationships.”

“Political activity?” Lucas asked.

“Yeah, back in 2020 she was involved in anti-Trump demonstrations, but this is California, so that’s not exactly uncommon,” Callis said. “Haven’t gotten a lot on that, yet, but we should have more by this afternoon.”

“Sounds like you guys actually got quite a bit,” Virgil said.

Callis shrugged. “Washington called, we jerked ten guys off their regular assignments and got them running. We’ve talked to several people who knew her when she was a grad student . . . So far, all we’ve got is background.”

They talked for another few minutes, getting that background on Zhao. She was originally from San Francisco and agents from the San Francisco field office were interviewing her parents. Callis hadn’t yet heard back on that.

“Bottom line is, we should know a lot more by this evening. If you want to stop by at five o’clock, we’ll have a team meeting and summarize everything we’ve got.”

“So if you’ve got her last address . . .” Lucas said.

“I do, but there’s nothing there but a house with a back apartment that somebody else has been living in for a month. The landlord lives in the front.”

“It’s a place to start,” Lucas said, standing up.

“I’ll be slightly annoyed if you get something we didn’t,” Callis said.

ZHAO HAD LAST lived in the community of Mira Mesa, in a yellow box of a house whose most prominent architectural characteristic was the garage door, as it was on all the houses in the neighborhood. The small front yard featured a flagpole from which an American flag fluttered in a weak breeze.

They parked in the driveway and before they could get to the front door, it opened, and a man stepped out on the porch. He was in his late fifties or early sixties, bald, overweight, wearing khaki shorts, a long-sleeved shirt

with pearl snap buttons that cradled his gut like a bowling-ball bag, and Nike cross-trainers with over-the-ankle white athletic socks. He looked harassed.

“More FBI?” he asked, as he met them halfway down the sidewalk to the house.

“U.S. Marshal,” Lucas said, “Coordinating with the FBI.”

“I told the agents everything I knew,” he said.

“I doubt that,” Virgil said, cheerfully. “You look like a guy who knows a lot. About a lot of stuff.”

The man considered that for a moment, then said, “Well, I do. But, not about Vivian.”

“Bet you know a lot more than you think,” Virgil said. “The thing is, the FBI does interrogations. We bullshit. If you don’t mind bullshitting for a while, maybe we can come up with a few things you didn’t tell the feds.”

The man’s name was Dwight Bernard, called Ike—“My parents named me after Eisenhower”—and they wound up sitting in his living room drinking off-brand cola that he got cheap at Sam’s Club. “I go in for the rotisserie chicken—a whole chicken for five bucks, I have chicken sandwiches for a week with one chicken, and then I wind up buying a bunch of other shit, like this,” he said, holding up his soda can.

“It’s not bad,” Lucas said. “I might have to start drinking it.”

“Let me ask you this about Vivian,” Virgil said. “She ever get laid back there? You let her bring guys home?”

“I had no problem with it—and back when she first rented the place, she did. I mean, do either of you know about a singing group called Peter, Paul and Mary from the sixties?”

“Vaguely . . . sort of beatniks,” Lucas said.

“That ‘Puff the Dragon’ song,” Virgil said. “Magic Dragon.”

“Yeah, that’s right. Folkies. This guy she brought home, looked exactly like Peter. Or Paul. I never knew which was which. But, you know, tall, thin, going bald, got this beatnik kinda beard. You know?”

They did.

“She brought him home a few times, I couldn’t hear anything going on, but he stayed the night. Drove a Volkswagen, of course. And they smoked some weed. I told them that if they wanted to smoke, I didn’t care, but they had to do it in the yard,” Bernard said. “I didn’t want the apartment smelling like dope. Anyway, I don’t know his name. To tell you the truth, I kinda think the last few years, she might have been singing on our side of the

choir, if you know what I mean. Not that she brought any women home, that I know of.”

Zhao had rented from him for six years, he said, both as a student and later as a manager at In-N-Out Burger. “She never brought me a freebee In-N-Out burger, not even one time.”

They asked about places she might have hung out. “I think, mostly down at the university . . . even after she quit her program and went to work for the burger place.”

Any personal peculiarities?

Bernard pursed his lips thinking about it, then his eyebrows went up. “She wore a lot of green,” he said, “black jeans with long-sleeved green tops, because she had green eyes and green looked good on her—made her eyes seem to glow.

“I let her use my washer and dryer—I mean, why not, she never had much of a load, and only used it once a week. One time, though, the washer went out and I couldn’t get a part for it right away. We both had to do our wash down at the Advantage. That’s a coin-op place, and I ran into her there. She was wearing shorts and a sleeveless pullover blouse because, you know, she was washing everything else. The only time I ever saw skin that wasn’t on her face. And that girl had the ink!”

“Tattoos?” Virgil asked.

“From her neckline down as far as I could see. When she bent over to take some clothes out of the dryer, her shirt pulled up and I seen tats go down under her shorts. So I think she was tatted up from top to bottom.”

Virgil: “You know who did the work?”

“Something she said made me think she got them local, and maybe not until she started living here. She said something about her mother wouldn’t allow it, and she got them after she started college,” Bernard said.

“Did they look like good work?” Virgil asked. “Or were they crude, like prison tats, or . . .”

“They were sort of Oriental, you know, tattooed tigers and gemstones with rays coming out of them, and such. What I could see.”

“Did she drink?” Lucas asked.

“Wine, some. Not much. There’d be a bottle in the recycle every couple of weeks.”

“She seemed nice enough, huh?” Virgil asked.

“No, she didn’t. She acted like she was always pissed off,” Bernard said. “Didn’t take it out on me, though. She was quiet and paid the rent on time. We didn’t talk so much—I don’t think she was shy, I think she . . . maybe she was a little arrogant. I retired from the Air Force and got a job as a driver, an escort, with a real estate company. She thought I was like a cabbie—not in her social class.”

“Never mentioned Bitcoin, or anything like that?”

Bernard frowned. “I don’t even know for sure what that is. Some kind of funny money, or something?”

“Over in that direction,” Lucas said.

“You know what? We didn’t talk much, but money is one thing I know she was interested in. Where to get it, who had it, how to get it. I told her I bought this house right after I got out of the Air Force for one twenty-five. You know what it’s worth now? Look on Zillow. Zillow says it’s worth eight hundred and eighty thousand. She was always amazed by that. She’d talk about finding another place where you could still buy cheap and get rich. She’d talk about flipping houses and so on.”

They talked about that for a few minutes and when they’d covered everything they could think of, Lucas asked if she had any hobbies. Bernard said, “Well, I know she did karate. I told the FBI about that and they said they’d send an agent over. The school’s right down here in the shopping center . . .”

He gave them directions to the shopping center. There wasn’t much more to talk about, so Virgil gave him a card, asked him to call if he thought of anything else that might be useful, and said goodbye. In the car, Lucas asked, “What do you think?”

“I think the karate place is about four blocks from here,” Virgil said.

And it was. The karate studio was in a storefront. It wasn’t open yet, but they could see somebody moving inside and they pounded on the door until a man came to open it a crack. He said, “We’re not—”

Lucas: “U.S. Marshal. We need to chat.”

The man opened the door wider. He was dressed in a white *gi* with a worn black belt; he was barefoot on a wooden floor. “The FBI was already here . . .”

They did the thing about bullshitting instead of being interrogated, and the man, whose name was Alec Smith, let them in. A woman was on her knees

in a corner screwing a metal plate to the floor. Over her shoulder, she said, “We really couldn’t tell the FBI much.”

Zhao had worked out at the studio for two years and had reached the rank of purple belt, which was about halfway between nothing and black belt. “She would have made first *dan*, first-degree black belt, in a couple more years; she had some ability,” Smith said.

Both he and the woman were in their late forties or early fifties and looked like they’d been carved from blocks of wood. The woman introduced herself as Shelby Smith, Alec’s wife. Zhao, they said, was one of the angriest women they’d ever met.

Shelby Smith: “She was kind of a feminist—she believed that most of the rotten things in the world happened because of men, which is true, but she took it personally. We’d tell her that karate wasn’t really a solution for the world’s problems, but it might help her through some personal troubles. She disagreed. She said people had to take world troubles seriously, and if they needed to be solved one at a time, then we ought to start doing that.”

“What did you say to that?” Virgil asked.

“We disagreed, but that was okay. I told her it would take time to get things straight, and she said that was what people always said. It would take time, but it would never get done. She said we had to solve the problems now. I think she was in a Biden campaign group for a while, even after the Trump-Biden election . . . but I don’t think she’d agree with them too much, either.”

Lucas: “Why not?”

“She liked rich people,” Alec Smith said. “She wanted to be one. It seemed like every time we talked, we’d wind up talking about how to make money. I told her that we had our way—karate is our careers, Shelby and me. Our business. She sorta . . . dissed that idea. Working for your whole life. She wanted a trick that would make her rich right now.”

Virgil: “Then she just went away?”

“Well, yeah. She was working hard on her karate, here every day, until one day last November, she didn’t show up and never did again.”

The studio had separate dressing rooms for men and women and Shelby Smith said that Zhao did, in fact, have collarbone-to-knee tattoos, but had kept her arms and her legs below the knees untouched. “She loved the tattoos, but she wanted to keep the visible parts of her arms and legs clean, in case she had to work in a corporate environment,” Shelby Smith said. She

added that Zhao's tattoos covered her buttocks and apparently all the way through what Smith called her "frontal thong area."

Lucas said, "Ouch."

Shelby Smith shrugged: "She didn't seem to react much to pain. We're non-contact here, but there's always some contact, by accident, and when she got hit, it'd make her smile."

Virgil: "You think . . . I don't exactly know how to ask this . . . she must have had a . . . mmm . . . trusting relationship with her tattoo artist?"

"I expect so," Shelby Smith said.

"You could ask her, the tattoo artist," Alec Smith said. "She got her tats from Cheryl Leung. She's over by the university. Great artist." Roger unwrapped his black belt, shrugged out a shoulder to show off a tattoo of a kata pose. "Got it from Cheryl."

Virgil: "Nice work."

"You talk to the FBI about her?" Lucas asked. "About this Leung?"

"No . . . the FBI never got to tattoos," Alec Smith said, as he rewrapped his black belt.

They got rough directions from Smith for the Leung studio, found it on Virgil's iPad—Satori Ink in La Jolla—said goodbye to the Smiths, and headed west.

A mile into the trip, Virgil got a phone call, looked at his phone and said, "Holy cats. It's my agent."

"Maybe you should answer the phone," Lucas said.

Virgil answered it, said, "Hey, Esther," listened, then said, "San Diego, yeah, I'm working a case with my marshal friend. Yeah, the same guy . . . Who? Penguin Random? That's good, huh? Yeah, that's great, that's fine. Thank you. How long to get a contract? Man, this is great, Esther, thank you. Uh-huh. Uh-huh. About fifteen thousand words right now, I can have it in four months. Uh-huh. Okay. Email me everything. Thanks again."

He hung up the phone and Lucas said, "You should have thanked her at least one more time."

When Virgil didn't respond, Lucas asked, "What?"

"That's kinda private."

"If you don't tell me, I'll tell Frankie about that time you drank those Manhattans and started talking about her tits to those marshals in Miami."

"Two-book contract," Virgil said. "Two hundred grand. Thirty-three now, thirty-three on publication, thirty-three on paperback, which is a year after

hardcover publication. Same for the second book.”

“Jesus! Virgil! Man, congratulations, that’s terrific,” Lucas said.

“It’s really fuckin’ great,” Virgil said. A smile slipped onto his face. “I never thought it’d be that much.”

“Enough to quit?”

“Gotta think about that. Be pretty marginal. The money will actually come in over four years for the two books. That’s only fifty grand a year. I make twice that now and I got medical and pension. With the kids . . .”

“Well, hell, it’s a start. Damn! I know a fuckin’ author.” Lucas laughed out loud. “They got a country club in Mankato?”

“Yes, they do. Mankato Golf Club, here I come.”

“Sounds primo, if you gotta play golf—which is a stupid fuckin’ game if you spend one minute thinking about it. But still! Man!”

“I gotta call Frankie,” Virgil said. “She’s gonna freak out. This is, I mean, Esther said I can make a living at this.”

THEY KNEW SATORI INK was open, because they saw a FedEx man walking inside, carrying a box. The tattoo parlor was in a strip mall, between a juice place and a closet-sized store that sold esoteric books and crystal necklaces. They parked at the edge of the parking lot and Lucas got out and walked around while Virgil made an excited call to Frankie.

A woman in the bookstore recommended that Lucas buy a moonstone ring that he should wear on the small finger of his right hand and said that it would increase his feminine energy and smooth out both his mind and body. She added, “Your body looks like it could use some smoothing out.”

“I have a smoother back home,” Lucas said.

Virgil and Frankie spoke for fifteen minutes and then Virgil got out of the car and said to Lucas, “Frankie says I definitely shouldn’t quit until I’ve got five or six books under my belt and know for sure it’s what I want to do. I dunno . . .”

“If you talk to the woman in the bookstore, she could sell you a ring that would smooth out your mind and your body.”

Virgil looked at the store and said, “Ah, Jesus, you didn’t buy a moonstone ring, did you? I mean, you could definitely use the Kunda-lini energy . . .”

“Sometimes, I don’t know why I talk to you,” Lucas said.

Virgil was explaining potential moonstone effects on law enforcement officers when they walked into Satori Ink.

SEVENTEEN

The interior of Satori Ink looked like a beauty parlor decorated by the Hells Angels: black walls, two black leather chair/tables with extensions and rests that would allow a customer to stretch out in almost any shape to get almost any part of his or her body inked up; three vases of enameled-metal flowers on steel stems, for sale; and a crazy-quilt-painted chrome Harley-Davidson in the center of the floor.

The black walls were mostly obscured by framed images of tattoo possibilities and examples of actual skin results, including ink over and around female breasts; all with piercing. In one corner, a stuffed antelope looked out at the customer chairs, its eyes replaced by blinking red LED lights; and on its back sat a teddy bear that was missing its head but was equipped with a fuzzy brown after-market penis. A coffee table showed magazines ranging from *The New Yorker* to *Iron Horse*.

There were no customers. A thirtyish Asian-American woman was leaning on a counter, next to a cash register with an attached credit-card reader. She was reading a *San Diego Union-Tribune* and had just blown a pink bubble gum bubble as they walked in, which, Virgil thought, proved she could read and chew gum at the same time.

She looked up as the bell over the door tinkled, let the bubble deflate, chewed a couple of times and said, “Hey, guys. Matching ink?”

Lucas said, “Uh, no. I’m . . .”

He was interrupted as a fire door that led into the back was banged open and a metal pushcart came through, followed by an Asian-American woman who looked at them and shouted, “No!”

She shoved the cart into the room then jumped back and pulled the door shut, as Virgil snapped, “That’s Zhao!” and he and Lucas stampeded to the door and tried to pull it open, but it was locked from the other side and the woman at the counter shouted, “Wait, wait: who are you guys? Wait, I’m calling the police.”

The door wasn’t moving. Virgil kicked it, but it was solid. Lucas shouted at the woman, “Keys! Give us the keys.”

The woman shouted back, “Fuck that! I’m calling the police.”

Virgil kicked the door again, then gave up and followed Lucas as he ran out the front and looked both ways. Virgil said, “If she went out the back . . .”

They were in the middle of a block-long strip mall and Lucas said, “You go that way . . .”

“Gonna try the crystal shop,” Virgil said. “If it’s got a back door . . .”

He ran to the book and crystal shop and shouted at the clerk, “Do you have a back door?”

The clerk said, “No. We’re a closet.”

Lucas had run into the juice store, had come back out, looked at Virgil, and had then run into a tee-shirt shop two doors down. He didn’t come back out right away, so Virgil ran that way and when he burst through the front door, the counter girl pointed toward the back and Virgil went down a hallway past a unisex bathroom and then out the back door, where he found Lucas in an alley.

“You see her?” Virgil asked, looking both ways.

“No, but I think that’s her truck,” Lucas said, nodding at a gray Toyota Tacoma parked next to a dumpster.

“Did you check the back room? The door’s open.”

They both jogged to the tattoo parlor’s back door, looked inside. It was a small narrow space filled mostly with metal storage racks and a desk; there was nowhere to hide, and Zhao wasn’t there, so they went back outside.

“She’s gotta be on foot. You go that way,” Lucas said, pointing. “I’ll go this way. Be careful, she might be hiding behind one of the dumpsters and she might have that .22.”

Virgil started running again. One side of the alley was contained by an eight-foot chain-link fence, spotted with wind-blown trash; the other side was a concrete back wall of the strip mall, with a dumpster between each two doors. Virgil realized as he ran that if Zhao had an intimate knowledge of the stores, she might know if one had an unlocked back door and she might have run through to the front. Nothing he could do about that, so he kept running.

He didn’t see another living human until he got to the end of the alley and emerged on a street that defined one end of the strip mall. A man with a white dog on a leash was crossing the street; Virgil saw no one else in either direction. He ran up to the man with the dog, flashed his ID at him and shouted, “Police. Did a woman come running past here a minute ago?”

“Not that I saw,” the man said.

He ran around the corner to the front of the mall, where several people were walking back and forth to their cars. No Zhao, but lots of cars, and she could be inside or behind one.

He ran back toward the tattoo shop, his head swiveling, looking for motion between or inside of cars. He saw Lucas come around the far end of the strip mall, just as a black-and-white San Diego police car turned into the parking lot and moved to block Lucas, who raised his hand and shouted something Virgil couldn't quite hear.

Four skater girls were lined up outside a smoothie shop, fruit smoothies in cups, wearing soccer jerseys and overshirts over sports bras, shorts, or sweatpants, their near-hip-high boards leaning against their legs, watching the action. Virgil, out of breath, called, “You see a woman come running by here?”

One of the skaters gave him the finger and Virgil could see they were all thinking the same thing: cop.

No time to argue about it. He ran toward Lucas.

LUCAS RAN DOWN the back of the strip mall in the opposite direction from Virgil, checking behind each dumpster. He turned the corner, didn't see anyone resembling Zhao. He ran back toward the front of the shopping center in time to see Virgil a block away, running in his direction, and then a San Diego cop car bumping over a street entrance into the parking lot.

The cop car stopped thirty feet from Lucas, blocking the line he was running on, and two cops popped out, both with guns drawn, and shouted something he couldn't make out. When he'd seen them coming, Lucas had taken his badge case out of his jacket pocket and he held it up and shouted, “U.S. Marshal! U.S. Marshal.”

One of the cops shouted, “What?”

“U.S. Marshal!” Lucas was closing in on the cop car and he slowed to a walk, and he shouted, “We have a runner, we have a fugitive!”

“What?”

“A runner, a runner!” Lucas shouted, still with the badge case in his hand.

The cops said something to each other and put their guns away and the one closest to him said, “Let's see your ID.”

Virgil was running toward them, and Lucas said, “He’s with me. She’s one of the Five killers. She’s running. She was in the tattoo shop.”

The cop handed back Lucas’ ID and looked around and asked, “Where’d she go?”

“If I knew that, I wouldn’t be standing here with my dick in my hand,” Lucas said. “Short, skinny Asian-American named Zhao, on foot. She’s probably armed, she’s a killer who’s murdered two people that we know of.”

Virgil came up and they were joined by the second cop, who walked around the front of the car. He had sergeant’s stripes and a name tag that read “Raymond” and asked, “What do you want us to do?”

“We need cars in this area to look for her. She was wearing jeans and a gray blouse, long sleeves, dark hair down to her shoulders . . .”

“White running shoes,” Virgil said.

Lucas said to Virgil, “I gotta call Callis.”

One of the cops asked, “Who—”

“FBI,” Virgil said, as Lucas turned away. “Could you guys call in, get people looking for this woman? She is bad news. If she’s panicked and got a gun, she could force her way into a house and shoot the people inside just to get a car.”

“Right,” the sergeant said, and he hustled around the patrol car and got back in.

LUCAS GOT CALLIS: “We spotted Zhao, but we lost her. She saw us at the same time.”

“Sweet bleedin’ Jesus, what . . .”

Lucas explained what had happened and Callis said, “I’ve got the San Diego chief on speed dial, I’ll flood the zone.”

“Do that,” Lucas said. “While you do it, we’re gonna sweat the woman in the tattoo parlor.”

“I’ll send some people over there to help out. Where exactly are you?”

“Tequila Sunrise Shopping Center, over by La Jolla,” Lucas said, reading the name off the shopping center sign.

“You’re not far from us. I’ll have people there in fifteen minutes,” Callis said. “I’m calling SDPD now.” And he was gone.

AND SO WAS Zhao. San Diego flooded the zone, but never saw any sign of her.

CHERYL LEUNG HAD locked up, waiting for the police to arrive, but only reluctantly let them in when the uniformed cops knocked on her door.

“Do you know where Vivian Zhao lives?” Lucas demanded.

“In Mira Mesa . . . I have her address. What did she do?”

“Get her address!”

Leung, now worried, found an accountant’s tax register and gave them the address of the house Lucas and Virgil visited earlier in the day. “She doesn’t live there anymore,” Lucas told Leung. “Hasn’t she mentioned that?”

“No . . . What’d she do?”

Virgil jumped in: “We suspect her of murdering two people.”

Leung scoffed at that. “Vivian? Vivian wouldn’t hurt a flea.”

“Maybe not a flea, but we think she shot two people,” Virgil said. “Both of them execution style.”

Leung said that Zhao had taken part-time work at the studio, cleaning, after leaving her job at a burger place. She drove the gray pickup parked behind the studio, and as far as Leung knew, had no nearby friends where she could have gone to hide. She’d taken time off the job a few weeks earlier, to fly to San Francisco to see her mother, who was sick.

“I drove her over to the airport and picked her up two days later. You know, to save parking money,” Leung said.

Lucas: “Did you just drop her off? Did you see her go through security?”

“No, I just dropped her off.”

“So you’re not really positive she flew,” Lucas suggested.

“Why wouldn’t she? She checked her ID and her tickets, here in the store, to make sure she had them. She had the tickets on her phone.”

Virgil said to Lucas: “She flew. She’s got a good ID, is what she has. She was getting ready to run if she had to.”

Leung had no idea about an alternative ID.

“Goddamnit. That’s something for the FBI to do, find out where she got the ID and what it is,” Lucas said.

“Lot of good IDs around, right out of the DMV,” Raymond, the SDPD sergeant, said. “Comes with the whole illegal-immigration business. Want a

working Social Security number? No problem.”

Two FBI agents, both male, arrived a few minutes later, and Lucas suggested that they find out about the ID. “I’ll call it in now,” one of the agents said. “Flying with a fake ID is a federal crime.”

Virgil turned toward Lucas and rolled his eyes.

The SDPD sergeant asked, “When you guys ran out the back door . . . how far behind her were you?”

“Maybe a minute or a minute and a half. No more than two,” Lucas said. “Why?”

“Just . . . she got lost in a hurry if you were only a minute or two behind her. We didn’t see anyone running down the street . . . We were two blocks away when Miss Leung’s 9-1-1 call came in. I would have thought you’d have seen her if she went down that side street. Or we would have seen her on the main drag out there. I didn’t see anybody running.”

He looked at his partner, who shook his head: “I didn’t either. And we’re always looking for people running.”

Virgil asked Leung. “Where do you live? Could she be there?”

“No way. I don’t think she knows my actual address, that’s never really come up.”

“She ever borrow your car?”

“Never. I don’t live here, I live up north, Ocean Beach. I drive, I park out back . . . it’s the red Mazda right next to her truck.”

Virgil said to Lucas, “There’s no red Mazda out there.”

Leung: “What? Oh . . . no. My purse . . . my keys are in the back.”

Lucas: “She took your car. She was thinking.”

Leung got a key from the cash register and unlocked the door to the back, a narrow extension of the front but with raw concrete walls, a steel rack for boxes of stuff, and a long table used as a desk, with a couple of filing cabinets beneath it. An antique-looking wooden box, open at the top, sat on the desk, and held Leung’s green leather purse, which was also open at the top. “She got my keys,” Leung groaned. “Okay, I’m starting to believe you.”

“We’ll find the car,” Raymond said. “That’s one thing we’re really good at. I’ll go make the call.”

Virgil said to Lucas, “It’s been half an hour since she left. If she stayed in the car, she could be fifteen miles from here and we don’t know which way she went.” He rolled his eyes up and did some math. “That’d be a circle of . . . more than seven hundred square miles.”

Raymond said, over his shoulder, “Of course, a good part of that circle would be in the Pacific Ocean . . . but I get the point.”

LUCAS, VIRGIL, AND the two FBI agents, Cooper and Snell, took Leung back into the front room and pushed her: hinted that she might be cooperating with a serial killer, which could earn her, Leung, a life sentence, if she'd done it deliberately.

“Give us anything, any hint you got that she wasn't living in Mira Mesa and where she might have be living now.”

Leung, who was dressed in jeans and an ivory-colored blouse, had what looked like a raw emerald strung on a gold wire around her neck. She was sitting in one of her tattoo chairs and she shook her head and said, “I assumed she was in Mira Mesa. How often do you talk to your friends about where they live, if you already know where they live? If she moved out at the end of November . . . I don't think we talked at all about where she lived since then.”

They talked that around and then Leung frowned. “You know, she did say one odd thing, but I don't know if it involved where she lived. This was right after Christmas. She said something about almost running over a pig. A pig in the road. I don't know if you can have a pig in Mira Mesa.”

“I don't think so,” the SDPD cop said. “You can have chickens, though. Unless maybe it was one of those potbellied pet pigs that ran away.”

“Fuck a bunch of pigs,” Lucas said, irritated by the idea of finding somebody by looking for a pig. He looked at the cop: “Go call the DMV. See if she got any tickets or anything that weren't in Mira Mesa. Anything after August.”

“Got it,” the cop said, and he left.

Lucas looked at the FBI agents and said, “Well? Come up with something.”

“Utility bills, uh, her phone . . .”

“Got a new ID and I'd bet she's got a burner,” Lucas said. He asked Leung: “You got a working phone number? Did you ever call her in her off hours since November, when she might be at home?”

“Well, yes, a few times.”

Lucas said to the FBI agents: “There you go. Get the number, go to the phone company, see where she's been calling from. See if we can find a

cluster.”

Cooper, the junior agent, said, “I used to be the phone guy. We can get that in an hour.”

“Then do it.”

Lucas was pacing around the tattoo parlor, looking at pictures on the wall, peering at various bits of equipment. He stopped to ask, “Is Zhao an angry woman? We were told by somebody that she was the angriest woman they’d ever met. Is that right?”

Leung considered the question, and then said, “Yes, I’d say that’s correct. I told her at one point that I couldn’t have her around if she kept haranguing me about all the micro-oppressions she’d run into on a daily basis. Nothing was ever done right, by anybody. She thought my tattoos were okay, but I told her she couldn’t talk to my customers after she told this Navy guy that his tattoo request sucked. Which was the word she used. Sucked. And she hadn’t been asked for her opinion.”

Lucas: “What was the tattoo?”

Leung: “Oh, you know, the name of the ship, USS Something, and the number. I do one of those a week. It’s crap, but it pays the bills. Some of them, anyway.”

Virgil: “Give us one thing more about her. Anything. Anything . . .”

Leung thought about it, then said, “She really, really wanted to be rich.”

THEY GAVE UP. They told Leung not to leave town and she said she wouldn’t, since the strip mall was a business condominium, and she owned the tattoo parlor and all the equipment inside of it.

Outside, in the parking lot, they saw the two feds, Cooper and Snell, sitting inside a black Tahoe, engine running. Snell saw them coming and ran the passenger-side window down. “We’re working it. Nothing yet. You done with Leung?”

“Yeah, you can have her if you want,” Lucas said.

“We’re actually monitoring her phone right now, see if she calls anyone, and who that might be.”

“Good thinking,” Virgil said. He looked down the strip mall and said to Lucas, “There’s a fake Chinese food place down the way. You want to get some fake sweet-and-sour pork?”

“Fuckin’ pork,” Lucas grumbled. He looked at his watch, then said, “Time for lunch. Okay. Sweet-and-sour pork.”

“We’re sitting here waiting for a return,” Snell said. “If we get something significant, we’ll let you know.”

“Do that,” Lucas said. “Keep in mind that one of my very, very best friends is a deputy director of the FBI. We talk hourly, and he’s personally monitoring this investigation . . . Agents Cooper and Snell.”

EIGHTEEN

They were halfway through their sweet-and-sour pork when Snell and Cooper came through the door, spotted them and hurried over. “Okay. We were able to jump from Leung’s phone to Zhao’s new burner and there was a cluster,” Cooper said. “The cluster is in a neighborhood, or maybe a town, called Eucalyptus Hills. Or maybe a little east of there, on the other side of a highway. And get this: there are pigs out there.”

“How far away?” Virgil asked.

“Half an hour east,” Snell said.

“Anything since we spotted her?”

“She’s been silent for the last hour and a half. The last call came out of the tattoo parlor and went to a pizza place. She might have been ordering lunch.”

Lucas: “We’re going to this Eucalyptus place. You’re invited. Give us five minutes to finish. Get yourself something to go. Some fake fried rice or fake egg rolls. We’ll mention your names in dispatches.”

“We’d appreciate it,” Cooper said.

Virgil: “Good job, guys.”

THEY LEFT IN a two-car convoy five minutes later, Virgil driving, Lucas on the phone first to Callis, the San Diego AIC, and then to Mallard, who asked, after Lucas told him what had happened, “How in the hell did you miss her? You say she was fifteen feet away?”

“Hey, fuck you, Louis. She slammed a metal fire door on us,” Lucas said. “We tried kicking it and it didn’t even dent. Your guys would have been investigating for three weeks before you got the door slammed on you.”

“Naw, I think instead of barging in, we would have done a little surveillance, and then grabbed her when she wasn’t suspecting anything,” Mallard said.

Lucas got hot: “Why in the hell would you have been doing surveillance on a place where you wouldn’t even have any reason to think she’d be? And

why in the . . .”

Virgil said, quietly, “He’s pulling your weenie.”

Lucas said to Mallard, “Okay, Louis, I’ll just stay with my original ‘Fuck you.’ We’ve got two of your guys going out with us, and if you want to build even more cred inside the bureau, you could give them a call. They’re Agents Cooper and Snell and they’re in a car right behind us. They seem like okay guys.”

“I will do that. And, as Virgil said, I was pulling your weenie, Lucas. You’re on a roll. Keep it going.”

THEY DROVE TO Eucalyptus Hills on the improbably bucolic Highway 52. There were densely populated housing developments on both sides of the highway, most often hidden by artificial forests or dry weedy hillsides. Snell called when they were approaching the end of 52. “Go north on 67, then east on Willow Road, and north again on Moreno Avenue,” he said. “The cluster, as we saw it, would have been east of 67, probably along Moreno or just off it, maybe a half mile up the road.”

THEY GOT OFF the highway, followed Snell’s directions until they were driving up Moreno Avenue.

“This doesn’t look like California,” Virgil said. “This looks like somebody kidnapped Oklahoma horse country and stuffed it into suburbia.”

The land was dry, sparse; instead of houses jammed elbow to elbow, the lots were big and often something other than rectangular. There were fences and animals, brush along the highway, a few nice houses and many that weren’t, the occasional coconut palm. The sky was dissected with power lines hung off big brown wooden poles. Neatly kept yards and acreages were mixed with yards stacked with what appeared to be abandoned cars and trailers. Horses ignored them as they rolled by.

“Pig,” Lucas said, looking out the driver’s-side window. A black-and-white pig was grazing by itself in a field. A few seconds later, “Another pig.”

They saw goats, sheep, and a llama grazing along the road, and chickens.

“Everything you need for fake Chinese food,” Lucas said.

“Llama fried rice?”

“There’s no place to eat here,” Lucas said. “Where would she go to eat?”

They called Snell, who said, “We were thinking the same thing. We need to go back south, there’s a whole cluster of fast-food places right off the highway. It’s the closest place. She called that pizza place this morning, and there’s a pizza place down there. Also the post office and some pharmacies and so on.”

They turned around, got back on the highway and then back off, found themselves in a sprawling business district of low buildings and strip malls, auto-related businesses of all kinds, fast-food places, liquor stores, tanning and tobacco shops, dollar stores. They were on Woodside Avenue, followed it almost to the end, to a nice-looking post office with a sign that read, “United States Post Office Lakeside California 92040.” They parked at the side of the building, and Lucas said to the two agents, “Let’s break up. Cooper, you’ve got your iPad. Do you have Zhao’s pictures on it, the ones from Leung?”

“Yup.”

“Okay. Walkin’ and knockin’. Right straight back up Woodside. You guys on the right, we’ll take the left. We’ll start with the post office. You don’t have to hit every place, just places she might go often enough that they’d recognize her. Probably food.”

The two agents locked their vehicle and marched off with what looked like enthusiasm. Lucas and Virgil went into the post office, asked for the boss, and were introduced to the assistant postmaster. He didn’t recognize Zhao, but took them through the post office, to where mail carriers were putting mail in pigeonhole boxes, so they could show Zhao’s picture to everyone in the facility. Nobody remembered her.

Lucas told the postmaster that they were parked at the side of the building, and he said that was fine, and “Good luck, marshals.”

Cooper called: he thought they might have got a sniff of her at a delicatessen that did takeout. The counter man was almost sure that she’d been in several times but had no other information. If he was remembering right, she paid cash, which he thought was odd; everybody else paid with credit cards.

“He’s pretty sure,” Cooper said. “So . . . we’re on the right track.”

“Keep moving,” Lucas said.

They kept moving. The day was pleasant, but they were starting to sweat, their pores loosening up after the Minnesota winter. “Should have worn shorts,” Virgil said. “Gotta be seventy degrees.”

Lucas: “Look around. The locals are wearing parkas.”

Virgil looked, and saw a tall woman who was wearing a parka, with the hood up, and sunglasses.

The deli was the last sniff of Zhao until they’d almost exhausted the food district. Virgil spotted a Starbucks and said, “I’ll buy your coffee if they haven’t seen her. That’s one place she’d hit for sure.”

“And I’ll buy if they have: I don’t trust your intuition.”

Cooper called: “We’re still across the street. Are you heading for that Starbucks?”

“Yeah, c’mon, we’ll get a bagel or something.”

“Great. Right behind you.”

INSIDE THE STARBUCKS, an assistant manager looked at their pictures of Zhao and looked up at Lucas and asked, “What’d she do?”

“You’ve seen her?”

“She’s come in.” She turned and called to a barista: “Hey, Suze: C’mere.”

Suze stopped steaming milk and came over to look, and said, “Yeah. She comes in with the crazy commie motherfucker.” She looked unapologetically at the four cops, and said, “That’s what everybody calls him. The crazy commie motherfucker.”

Snell: “Who is he?”

The assistant manager shrugged, smiled, and said, “The crazy commie motherfucker. What’d they do?”

“You know where they live?” Lucas asked.

“Everybody knows where the crazy commie motherfucker lives. He’s up on Moreno, maybe five minutes up past Willow . . . right side of the road. Kind of a low house with a dent in the roof and he’s got a flag outside the house, one of those Antifa flags, everybody says. I take riding lessons up there, and it’s like, this black flag with a circle in the middle, and there’s a black flag and a red flag in the circle.”

The four cops looked at one another, and Cooper said, “Bingo,” like they do in cop movies, and Lucas said, “We’ll have four coffees and bagels for everybody. I’m paying.”

THEY WENT OUT to the agents' Tahoe and ate inside and talked about the approach to the crazy commie motherfucker. Cooper called Callis, who wanted to send out a SWAT team but Lucas argued against it.

"We're two hours behind her. She's smart and if she came here, we've gotta know right now—if she's here, we can either grab her, or we can freeze her. But if she already left, we need to know how, what she's driving, where she's going. Every hour that passes, she gets another sixty or seventy miles off in some direction."

"If this guy is really a crazy commie motherfucker . . ."

Lucas turned to Virgil. "Virgil: How many square miles in a circle with a radius of seventy miles?"

There was a moment of silence on the telephone speaker, and Virgil rolled his eyes up, doing the math, and he said, "Somewhere around . . . fifteen thousand square miles."

Callis: "What? That can't be right."

"It is," Virgil said. "And the area of the circle goes up fast. If we give her a ninety-minute lead, and she's traveling at highway speeds, the area's going to be around thirty thousand square miles."

Callis: "How do you know that?"

Virgil: "I work out in the countryside in Minnesota. If there's a killing, I need to know what the limits of the search area are. Because up there, there are back roads in every direction, so . . ."

Callis: "All right, I'll make the call. Go in. Be careful, for God's sakes. You guys got armor?"

Lucas told him that he and Virgil didn't, and Callis said that Cooper and Snell did, so they should approach Zhao's hideout, or whatever it was. "The crazy commie cocksucker's place."

"Motherfucker's," Snell said.

THEY WENT BACK up the highway, off at Willow, left on Moreno. Five minutes north, across from a horse farm, they saw a low rambling gray house partly fenced with chain link, partly with a horse-farm-style wood fence showing

only traces of having once been painted white. The roof did have a distinct dent in the center of the spine.

The flag was there, hanging limply from the top of a twenty-foot pole. They couldn't tell if it had two flags in a circle, but they could tell it was mostly black, and they could see some patches of white and red.

Four cars and a pickup were parked on the side of the house. The pickup looked beat up but drivable, three were larger American sedans. One of the sedans was in decent shape, one was possibly operable, and the third looked like it was being disassembled for spare parts. The fourth was a red Mazda parked at the end of the line, but not quite hidden.

"Leung's car," Virgil said, and Lucas said, "Yeah."

The feds pulled up the dirt driveway, and Snell turned the Tahoe so it blocked the drive. The two agents got out, both wearing armor with the letters FBI on the front. They talked to each other, briefly, then started toward the house. Virgil stopped their Chevy in the middle of the entrance gate, fifty feet farther down the driveway from the feds' truck, and he and Lucas got out. "Spread," Virgil said, "Get wide and watch the back."

Lucas moved off to the right, Virgil off to the left. The two agents approached the front of the house, and when they were ten feet away, the aluminum front door opened and a man stuck his head out and shouted, "I give up. What the fuck?"

Snell and Cooper told him to come out into the yard, which he did: he was a tall man with long black hair and a heavy black beard, grossly overweight, wearing a tee-shirt that read, in small letters, "Mistakes Were Made."

Lucas and Virgil converged from the sides as Snell asked the man's name, and he said, "Larry Loma. What's going on?"

Snell: "Is Vivian Zhao still here?"

"No. She left an hour ago. Threw her shit in her car and took off. She has a truck but I—"

"What kind of car is she driving now?" Cooper asked.

"Toyota Corolla. Silver. Five or six years old, I guess. What'd she do?" He had no idea what the car's license plate number might be.

"You sure she's not inside the house?" Snell asked.

Loma said, "She's not here. You can come in and look, if you want."

Virgil: "Thanks. We better do that. We need to make sure she's not pointing a rifle at your back."

"A rifle? I don't have a gun."

Virgil: “You don’t think you might need a little self-protection, with that flag and all?”

Loma said, “Ah, they call me a what, a miserable commie motherfucker, but they don’t really give me a hard time. I come from around here, my mom keeps them off.”

Since he invited them, the four cops moved into the house, and very cautiously around it, until they were satisfied that Loma was the only occupant. The house was notably less messy than its occupant, who apparently spent a lot of time in front of a projector TV screen that must have been ten feet wide.

Cooper asked, “Watch a lot of porn?”

“Sure do,” Loma said with some enthusiasm. “What’s your favorite? Wait: Let me guess: girl on girl.”

“I don’t watch porn,” Cooper snapped.

Loma shrugged. “Okay, it’s a free country.”

Lucas glanced at Virgil, who was glancing at him: Virgil lifted an eyebrow and Lucas nodded. They agreed. Cooper watched porn, and probably, Lucas thought, girl on girl. Shouldn’t lie about it when you have professional lie detectors listening in.

While they continued prowling the house, they questioned Loma about Zhao, and told him that she was wanted for murder, that she might have been a member of the Five group of killers.

He seemed astonished at that and Lucas thought his astonishment was genuine. He said he didn’t know much about the Five but had seen a story on his news feed that he hadn’t read. “I thought it was just more sensationalistic media bullshit,” he said. “But I mean, wow! Viv’s a killer? Actually, she *can* be pretty harsh.”

He and Zhao had met at an anti-Trump rally in 2020, and he said they were not a couple—“No sex, not that I wouldn’t if she’d let me.” He said that she’d been thrown out of her former apartment when the owner decided to sell the house, and she needed a place to stay, cheap, so he offered his back room.

“He didn’t sell the house,” Lucas said. “She was looking for a hideout in case the cops came after her. Do you know what her alternate ID is?”

“What?” Mystified.

“You know where she was going?”

“San Francisco. That’s what she said. And I think she is. When I asked, she said, ‘San Francisco,’ and then she looked like she’d fucked up by saying that. By telling me that. Anyway, I know she has family there, but really . . . I don’t know,” Loma said. “She lies to me, but I can never tell when until afterward.”

They went over the back room inch by inch. She’d cleaned it out, but they found one significant item: a used .22 shell. Snell went out to his truck and got an evidence bag and put the shell into it.

“If this is the same as the shells they picked up at the McGruder house, that’d seal it,” he said.

“It’s already sealed in my mind,” Virgil said. “You think it’d do any good to call the highway patrol to see if they could spot her?”

Cooper shrugged. “Maybe . . . if you only want to watch the freeways. But she’s a San Francisco native and has likely traveled between here and there quite a bit, so she might know the back roads, and she’s running . . .”

“So probably not,” Virgil said.

“And you gotta remember,” Snell said, “that there’s that big blob of Los Angeles just up north of here. She’s probably already there and . . . a silver Corolla? I mean . . .”

They were still talking to Loma when three more feds arrived in a cloud of dust. Two did crime scene analysis; they’d be looking for Zhao’s DNA and anything that Lucas, Virgil, Cooper, and Snell might have missed.

As they were about to leave, Snell got a call on his cell phone. “Washington,” he muttered. “Hello?”

He listened, then looked at Lucas: “He says to turn the speaker on.”

“Then you better do it,” Lucas said.

He did, and Mallard said, “Good work, all four of you. Cooper and Snell, I’ll have a word with your AIC, about your work on this. Good going. Lucas, Virgil, you need plane tickets.”

NINETEEN

They survived the takeoff at San Diego. When they were in the air, a cabin attendant asked Lucas what he wanted to drink, and when he said, “Nothing right now,” she said, quietly, “I’m not really asking you what you want to drink, I’m thinking you might *need* something.”

Virgil, sitting on the window side, ostentatiously jammed the knuckle of his right index finger into his mouth, as if biting down on it to keep from laughing.

Lucas said, “Fuck you,” and to the cabin attendant, more politely, “You may be right. How about a double gin and tonic?”

“At least,” she said, and hustled off to get the drink.

“She didn’t even bother to ask you what *you* wanted,” Lucas said to Virgil.

“Because she realized she had an emergency situation on her hands and wanted to get a drink into you before you went screaming down the aisle,” Virgil said. And, “Does this plane seem tippy to you?”

“THE BIG PROBLEM here is, what do we do when we get to San Francisco? Wander around all the Starbucks until we find her?” Lucas said, sipping on the gin and tonic.

“We put her on TV,” Virgil said. “We’ve got four photos of her, let’s get them out there. Might provoke a response from her if nothing else.”

“I’ll send a note to Mallard,” Lucas said. “If he makes a big enough fuss about it, the TV stations will bite. Especially since that homeless guy got strangled in one of their alleys.”

Lucas went online with his laptop and sent the note to Mallard. Virgil got on his iPad and found an email from Frankie: “There’s a guy who’s been calling you from North Carolina who thinks he might have information about one of the Five killers. He says he wants to talk to you directly. He doesn’t want to talk to the FBI.”

Virgil sent back a note: “Why me?”

As they were approaching San Francisco, Frankie sent back, “He told me that he doesn’t trust the FBI. He heard about you and Lucas on a news program and thought you sounded more approachable. He sent me a contact phone number and wants you to call him right away. He says if he doesn’t hear from you today, he’s going to throw the phone away.”

Virgil had shown both the first and then the second email to Lucas, who said, “We’ll call as soon as we’re on the ground. You seem to have a magnetic attraction that works over a TV connection. First McGruder and now this guy.”

“This guy could be a lunatic,” Virgil said. “I guess we’ll see.”

“I don’t think he is,” Lucas said. “He mentioned throwing away a phone. That means he’s got a burner. That means he’s probably thought about this.”

They survived the landing at San Francisco and as they were walking out of the jet bridge into the terminal, they spotted a cop and flagged him down. The cop got them to an empty conference room, where they called the North Carolina number.

A man answered, his voice cautious: “Who is this?”

“Virgil Flowers. I understand you called me.”

“Is anyone else listening?” The man’s voice was a middle tenor, cultivated, fluent, each word carefully articulated. There was an almost subliminal foreign accent behind it, perhaps from eastern Europe.

Virgil hesitated, then said, “A U.S. Marshal. My partner. If you’re real, I need a witness.”

“All right. I heard about him, too. I’d rather not talk to the federal government, but I guess a marshal is better than the FBI.”

“You had some information about the Five?”

“Maybe. Listen, I go to Bitcoin conventions. There have been news stories about how McGruder was a Bitcoin billionaire and how these people, these killers, are offering Bitcoins to do-gooder groups after they kill an asshole. I went to an ABC convention—American Bitcoin Council—last year, well, not last year, but a little more than a year ago, in November, and there were rumors of a group of people who were talking about killing assholes. I didn’t want to have anything to do with a group like that, but I know a guy who did, and I think he might be one of the Five. Black man, lives in Cleveland. Made beaucoup bucks in Bitcoin. I don’t know if he’s a billionaire, but he might be.”

“Why do you think he might be one of them?” Lucas asked.

Virgil said, "That was Lucas."

"Okay. I was at this council meeting and there were four or five of us talking about whatever, and somebody brought up this rumor about killing assholes. I laughed it off, but this guy, Bill Osborne, he didn't laugh. He defended the idea, and pretty . . . vigorously. So did his girlfriend. I mean, so much so, that I remembered it for a year."

"His name is Bill Osborne? Spell that."

The man spelled it, then added, "His full name is William D. Osborne. I saved a program and looked at it this morning. It says he's from Cleveland and his work is listed as 'investments,' so that could be anything."

"This girlfriend. You know her name?"

"I do, because she was in the program as a speaker. She's an economist from California named Vivian Zhao, Z-H-A-O. Kind of a cute Asian-American woman."

Lucas poked Virgil with his elbow.

Virgil: "We're gonna need your name . . ."

"No chance," the man said. "I don't want to be involved in this, I don't want any contact with you guys and especially not the FBI. I know you're tracing this call and are recording it so you can do voice recognition later on. I hesitated to call, but I don't want anyone to get murdered. Not even assholes."

"I'm in a conference room at the San Francisco airport. I got here from San Diego about five minutes ago," Virgil said. "We're not tracing anything. We really do need your name."

"Not going to happen," the man said, using the correct American idiom, but without the correct *gonna*. "These people are killers and we don't even know how many of them are out there. You know about the murder down in Jacksonville this morning? The city councilman?"

"No, we—"

"He was shot in a parking garage when he was getting in his car. He's got a number on his forehead. A six. What does that mean? What happened to Four and Five? My feeling is, if I cooperated, they'd hunt me down and kill me, like they killed McGruder. If these people are who I think they are, from the Bitcoin convention, they are smart. You're not going to catch them unless somebody like me helps you out. But if it gets on TV that I talked to you, the next thing I know, I've got a box of .22s in my cerebellum, like McGruder."

“Did you know McGruder?”

“Yes. To chat with, but he wasn’t a friend or anything. Bill Osborne knew him, too. I saw them talking several times.”

“We really—”

“I’ve got to go. I know you’re trying to keep me on the phone, so I’ve got to go. Goodbye.”

Click.

THEY CALLED MALLARD, who said, “This could be the break we were waiting for. I’ll get Cleveland on it immediately and we’ll review all the people who went to that convention. You two stay on Zhao for the time being—our media people are talking to every outlet in San Francisco. Her face will be all over town tonight. We were pushing the stations to break into regular programming to put her face out there, but they decided to go with the insurance commercials. She will be on all the news programs.”

“Are you covering her parents?” Lucas asked.

“Of course. And her brothers. We’re covering everybody we can connect to her.”

Virgil: “What’s this about a so-called six getting killed in Florida?”

“We’re on it, we’re almost sure it’s a copycat,” Mallard said. “Looks like a spontaneous killing. The killer’s on video, we don’t see the kind of care the Five are taking. Could be a personal feud, although I’m told the dead man was a spectacular asshole.”

“Let me ask: what are we doing here?” Lucas asked.

“You’re being available. And vigilant. Doing what you did in San Diego. She’ll pop up.”

“No, she won’t,” Lucas said. “She’s already gone.”

TWENTY

Zhao got to Palo Alto after dark. She was exhausted from tension, from sitting humped over the steering wheel. With the car's crappy suspension, she felt every expansion joint in the freeway and her back was a knot of cramped muscle. She made two stops on the way, to get gas and to buy junk food and Pepsi Cola. A few miles out, she called Sonnewell on his burner: he picked up after a dozen rings, when she was about to give up.

"What?" Terse, gravelly voice.

"I'm on the run. We need to talk," Zhao said.

"Are they on you?"

"They know who I am, but I've slipped them for the time being," Zhao said.

"You're sure?" Sonnewell asked. He seemed controlled, if not calm.

"Yes. They'll grab me as soon as they spot me. They haven't done that yet."

Sonnewell: "Unless they're tracking you to see who you contact . . ."

"George! I'm clean! I'm sure of that!" Zhao said.

Sonnewell: "Okay. Your burner has a mapping app, right?"

"Of course."

"Put in the Palo Alto Costco store. There's a big parking lot, with a McDonald's down in one corner of it. Park in the lot, somewhere around the middle. I'll call you when I get to the McDonald's. Do you have a bag?"

"A backpack," Zhao said.

"Bring it. Leave your car. Lock it. Walk over to the McDonald's, I'll see you coming," Sonnewell said. "I'll be in a dark blue Mercedes Sprinter van. I'll open a side door. Throw the pack in, then get in with it. I don't want any of my neighbors to see a woman with me, so I want you in the back."

"Won't Costco have the car towed when they close for the day?"

"I don't think so. There are always a couple of dozen cars in that parking lot. Overnight employees or some such. They won't tow it right away, and you're not going back to it. I assume it's registered under an alternate identity?"

“Yes, but not my main one,” Zhao said. “They won’t find me through the car.”

“Great. How far away are you?”

“I’ll have to look at the mapping app, but probably not more than a few miles.”

“I’ll be there in an hour,” Sonnewell said. “Dark blue Mercedes Sprinter.”

ZHAO FOUND THE Costco store without trouble, parked in a cluster of vehicles a hundred yards from the McDonald’s. She slid low in the car seat, eyes barely above the steering wheel, watching people come and go. A cop car went by on the street, running hot, flashers screaming for attention. An hour passed, and several minutes more, and she saw a dark van-like vehicle pull into a parking space at the McDonald’s.

Sonnewell called: “You see me?”

“Just pulled in, looks like a big black van, a high van,” Zhao said.

“That’s me. Lock your car and come over.”

Zhao got her pack, checked the car for anything that might identify her, then locked it and hurried across the parking lot. The pack was heavy, and she wasn’t a large woman; she was panting when she got to the van. The side door slid back as she approached and she threw her pack in and climbed onto a leather seat.

She was facing a panel of painted aluminum or fiberglass, and a locked door, that separated the front of the van from the back. There was a window in the middle of it, with a sliding cover that had been pulled open. Sonnewell said, “I’m feeling stupid about doing this, picking you up. You’re apparently not as smart as we all thought you were.”

“I think that fucking McGruder gave me up,” Zhao said. “Maybe he told his lawyer who I was, and the lawyer tipped off the FBI. Couple of agents walked right in on me at my job: I was lucky to get away.”

“I hope you *did* get away,” Sonnewell said. “If somebody spotted me picking you up, we’re both finished.”

“George . . . I’m clean. I’m sure of it.”

Sonnewell said, “We’re twenty minutes from my house. Sit back and take it easy. There’s a Pepsi in the refrigerator.”

One side of the van was lined with aluminum cabinets, as well as a sink and a compact refrigerator. She opened it, and a single bottle of Pepsi sat

there. She took it out, icy cold, and twisted off the top. The other side of the van had a long worktable, with a pull-out bench beneath the table. Above the table was what appeared to be a pull-down bunk.

“What’s this van for?” she asked.

Sonnewell said, over this shoulder, “I’m a landscape photographer. I travel around the west. The best times to shoot are dawn and sunset and the best spots are usually not that close to a motel. I camp out in the van.”

“Really.” That sounded odd to her: why be a billionaire if you’re going to camp out?

“Yeah. Really,” Sonnewell said.

During the twenty-minute trip, Zhao told the story of how the FBI agents—she assumed they were FBI—had walked into the tattoo parlor and apparently hadn’t expected to find her there. She managed to escape in her boss’s car, but only by the skin of her teeth. She’d traded that car for a getaway car she’d kept at the house where she’d been living.

“It’s not a great car, but I hate to give it up,” she said.

“I’ve got a better car for you. My secondary alternative ID will sell it to your primary alternative ID, so you’ll have some paper for it. It was going to be my getaway car if I needed it.”

“Ah, George, that’s great. I can sell it for cash if I need to . . . I’m hoping the others will help out financially. I’ll get to New York, then fly to Hawaii. I’m going to stay in Hawaii if I can—forty percent of the population is Asian and I should be able to slip right into the community.”

“That’s a plan,” Sonnewell said.

They stopped outside Sonnewell’s house, waited for a gate to open, and then Sonnewell drove behind the house and into an enormous garage. There were at least eight cars inside, and one—she thought it might be a Ferrari—was disassembled and apparently being worked on. The van’s side door slid back, and Zhao climbed out, pulling her backpack. She looked around: the disassembled car was sitting in a semicircle of red tool chests, tools sitting both on the car and atop the chests.

Sonnewell walked around the nose of the garage. He had a shotgun, and it was pointing at her.

“George . . .”

“Take your clothes off,” Sonnewell said.

“What?”

“Take your clothes off. You don’t have to take your underpants off, but everything else.”

“What?”

“I have a bad feeling about you, Vivian. You went to Minneapolis and killed McGruder and I’m wondering why,” Sonnewell said. “I know you said that he was going to give us up, but he wasn’t, really—he was going to give *you* up, not us. Now I’m thinking you might be planning to go around the country cleaning us up.”

“George, I would not do that,” she said, her voice going shrill. The shotgun never moved from the center of her chest.

“We’ve got two ways to go here, Vivian. Take off your clothes or God help me, I’ll kill you right here. That would solve *my* problem. Which is, that you know me.”

Zhao stared at him, then nodded: “Okay. You won’t be the first man to see me naked.”

And it really didn’t bother her. She’d seen her share of naked men, and a number of men had seen her naked. They were all animals, after all, the basic parts well known by most adults. She took off her clothes, and after removing her blouse, pulled the .22 pistol out of the back of her jeans and carefully laid it on the floor.

“That’s what I’m talking about,” Sonnewell said. The muzzle of the shotgun held steady on her chest. “Take the jeans off.”

When Zhao had taken off every piece of clothing but her semi-transparent underpants, Sonnewell ordered her to walk to the side of a Mercedes SUV and stand there, hands on the car, her back to him.

“You’re crazy paranoid,” she said. The garage was cold, and she had goose bumps the size of oranges on her arms, legs, and back.

“And not on the run,” Sonnewell snapped.

While keeping an eye on her, Sonnewell picked up the .22 and put it in his pants pocket. Then he felt through the remaining clothes on the floor, and when he was satisfied that they held no weapons, he balled them up and threw them to her.

As she dressed, he opened the backpack and dumped it on the floor, removed a switchblade and a long kitchen knife. When he was done, he put the pistol, the two knives, and his shotgun on the passenger seat of the Sprinter and closed and locked the door. Watched as she pulled on her jacket.

“What’s with all the tattoos?” he asked.

She shrugged. “I like them. And I like the pain when I get them.”

“Okay.” He shook his head. She liked the pain? “Put your stuff back in the pack.”

When she’d done that, he said, “This way. You’ve talked in the chat room about that karate you were studying. I’ll tell you, karate or not, I was a farm kid and I’m in great shape and have been beat up since I was a toddler. You try to fuck with me, I’ll strangle you and throw your body in a canyon where nobody will ever find it. I ought to do that anyway, but I won’t.”

She followed him around the nose of the Sprinter and into the house. She hadn’t been able to see much of it from the van, but it appeared to be two stories high and ultramodern in style. He led the way to the kitchen, where two sheets of paper were lying on a stone countertop with a pen.

From the kitchen, she could see past a stone fireplace to the living room, where she saw what looked like a Calder mobile hanging above a sprawling walnut coffee table, like metal teardrops. A Calder—worth more than all the money she’d made in her life, and more than she’d make in the rest of it.

“Papers for the car,” Sonnewell said, nodding at the two sheets lying on the countertop. “It’s a four-year-old Toyota 4Runner. It’s a little grimy on the outside, on purpose, but it’s in perfect mechanical condition and has a full tank of gas. You can read the papers when you get out of here.”

He pulled open a kitchen cupboard and took out a brown paper bag. “My bug-out cash—fifty thousand dollars in small bills up to fifties. Nothing larger.”

“George, I . . .”

“Don’t bullshit me, Viv. Like I said, I’m afraid of you,” Sonnewell said. “That you might have or find a weapon. I want you to take the money and the car keys and get out of my life. And one more thing.”

A silver kitchen pot was sitting on a gas stove. He took off the lid, reached into the pot, and came out with a small black pistol.

“Works exactly the same way as your .22, but it’s a nine-millimeter and a lot more powerful. Not a friendly gun to shoot, but it gets the job done and you can put it in your pants pocket,” Sonnewell said. “If you can find a lonely place wherever you’re going, stop and shoot at some cans. I’m giving you two magazines, man-killers, fourteen shots in all, and a half box of extra rounds.”

“You want me to leave right now? I’m so tired I’m seeing double.”

“I want you out . . .”

“Goddamnit, George, you’ve got my gun locked up, you can hide your gun where I can’t find it. I need sleep.”

Sonnewell frowned, shook his head, considered, and changed his mind. “A few hours. Okay. I guess I can risk that.”

“There’s no risk, George.”

“Of course there is. You’re radioactive. I’ll give you three hours, then I want you to drive over to the airport, find a spot in the parking garage, climb in the back of the truck. There’s an air mattress back there, and the back right seat folds flat. I’ll show you before you leave. I’ll give you some food and some bottles of water, you can sleep there overnight in the parking structure. I don’t want to know where you’re going.”

“I already told you, I’m going to—”

“What you do is up to you. Stay away from me.”

SONNEWELL GAVE HER a sheet and a bed pillow, put her on the expansive couch in his home theater, showed her how to use the television remote. She wrapped herself in the sheet and turned on the television.

“Want to catch the news,” she told him. “I can’t believe they’d have anything on me, though I expect they will have gotten to my parents by now.”

Channel Five, the CBS affiliate, came up, and after an inane story about a sailboat collision in the bay, and as Sonnewell was turning to leave, her face popped up.

“Oh, Lord,” Sonnewell blurted.

The newsreader identified her as the leader of the Five gang, a self-described economist and part-time employee at a tattoo parlor. She’d fled early in the day from San Diego, the newsreader said. That she might be headed for the San Francisco area. That she was armed and should not be approached. If seen, call 9-1-1 immediately . . .

“Am I fucked?” Zhao asked, wide-eyed.

“Probably,” Sonnewell said. He chewed on his lower lip, then said, “Here’s my analysis. There are always a few state patrolmen out on the highways late at night and after a certain point, they don’t have much to do. They start pulling people over for the entertainment value. You know, changing lanes without signaling, when there’s nobody else on the highway. I guess I won’t kick you out tonight, after all, but if I were you, I’d get out

about six in the morning when the traffic is starting to build and the cops are at the end of their shifts. Get across the Nevada state line as quickly as you can without speeding. Go up I-80 and keep going. The farther you are from California, the better off you'll be."

"I'll set my phone alarm for five-thirty," she said.

"Do that."

She did that; and she slept after a while, and it seemed like only minutes had passed when the alarm went off. Sonnewell came down wearing workout pants and a tee-shirt, showed her to a bathroom where she could shower.

When she was dressed, he gave her a fast breakfast of instant oatmeal and a glass of green juice, then showed her how the back seat folded flat in the 4Runner, so she could sleep in it. He gave her back the .22, the nine-millimeter, and the two knives, told her she should get rid of the .22 as soon as she could, if it was the gun she'd used on McGruder.

When she was ready, with car keys and money, he said, "Sun comes up a little before seven-thirty. It'll be light for a while before then. Still dark now, get on the freeway and get gone. Good luck to you."

"I'm gone," she said. A minute later, she was.

SHE'D SET HER travel app for Reno, Nevada, and it faithfully guided her out to I-80 and then northeast out of the Bay Area. She was feeling better, rested and clear-eyed. She stayed in the slow lane, driving carefully, only a few miles over the speed limit, like everybody else in the slow lane, and barely flinched as two state patrol cars passed her.

Four and a half hours after leaving Sonnewell, she reached Reno, and felt safer as she crossed the state line. She stopped at a McDonald's, got online, went to the dark web chat room and left a message for the remaining members of the Five: "I'm on the run. The FBI has identified me. I need cash. SFO has generously chipped in. I need to stop and pick up additional funds from MSY, CLE, and JFK. I'm driving, I've got a good ID and papers for the car. I can pull this off, but whatever cash you can give me, I'd appreciate."

From Reno, she stayed on I-80, and at eight o'clock that night, arrived in Salt Lake City. She'd stopped at a highway rest stop and had seen a sign that forbade overnight camping. She suspected that the prohibition was rarely if

ever enforced, but she didn't want to take a chance. Using her travel app, she found a downtown parking garage, parked in a cluster of cars, crawled into the back of the 4Runner, pushed down the passenger seat, unrolled an air mattress and a sleeping bag, and went to sleep.

The next morning, needing to pee, she found a Starbucks, used the bathroom to pee and wash her face and hands, got coffee and two bagels with cream cheese. With a ski cap pulled low, and a coat collar turned up, she took the risk of sitting inside to go online; she'd had four answers to her chat room message.

SFO (Sonnewell) wrote: "I think we all need to help her out. I did. Be careful. She's armed, and she might be tempted to get rid of witnesses against her."

MSY (Carter) sent, "I'll get you cash, soon as I can, but I'm in Miami right now and won't be back home until tomorrow night. We can either meet, or you can message me where I can send a FedEx . . . if you think you can trust a FedEx with a box full of cash."

CLE (Osborne) said, "I'm good for a cash donation. When you get here, call me on my burner. I don't want to meet at my house. I'm listening to what SFO said, so we'll meet somewhere public."

JFK (Meyer): "What CLE said. Same terms."

CLE: "For everybody's information, I'm moving on Klink tonight. I'm in too deep to change the timing now, and I want to get this done."

Zhao left an answer of her own: "CLE: That's great. Call on your burner when it's done. I'll do a press release, as usual. All of you, thank you. Will call, will see you soon."

She got back in the car and pointed it east.

TWENTY-ONE

Lucas and Virgil didn't get to downtown San Francisco until after nine o'clock in the evening. Despite the hour, they went to FBI headquarters where a Five task force was meeting. After checking through two layers of security, they were escorted to a conference room where a dozen agents were sitting around a table littered with laptops and coffee cups.

Martin Quayle, the agent in charge, came to the office door to shake hands and to point them at chairs.

"Happy to have you," he said, "though I don't know exactly what you're doing here."

"We talked about that on the plane from San Diego. We don't know what we're doing, either," Lucas said. "I'd guess you have her parents nailed down?"

"Yes. We put them through the wringer, and honestly? We don't believe they know anything. Neither do her brothers. They seem genuinely appalled by what we've told them."

"But you're watching them anyway."

"Of course. It's the only thing we've got," Quayle said. "Other than she's driving a silver Toyota Corolla, which is like saying she's wearing Nike cross-trainers. Not exactly an identifying characteristic."

Lucas told him about the tip on the potential killer in Cleveland, Bill Osborne, and Quayle shook his head. "So do we try to find a needle in a haystack here, or look at a suspect in a much smaller haystack in Cleveland?"

"Let's call Mallard again," Virgil said to Lucas. "We won't do any good here."

Quayle said, "It's midnight in Washington."

Lucas took his phone from his pocket. "Not only that, we talked to him an hour ago and he was already in bed. He does like his sleep. On the other hand, he keeps his personal phone on his nightstand, right next to his ear."

Lucas found Mallard's personal phone number and clicked on it. Quayle said, "Don't mention my presence." He turned to one of the other agents. "If he mentions my presence, shoot him."

The agent nodded: "Will do."

Mallard came up and said, "You better have caught Zhao, calling me at midnight."

"Not even a sniff of her," Lucas said, cheerfully. "We've checked into the St. Regis, but we got the FBI rate of four hundred and fifty dollars a night, and the rooms are really nice."

"What do you want, Lucas?"

"We want to fly to Cleveland tomorrow. Not too early. I like to sleep in."

"Why go to Cleveland?"

"The only reason we're here is that crazy commie motherfucker thought she was coming here, maybe to see her parents. But that's the last place she'd go—she's gotta believe that your FBI guys are stacked up three deep around her parents' place. But I do think she came here. She came to see the San Francisco killer. She knows we've identified her. I think she came here to get money. I think she'll probably tap the others for money, too. Cleveland and Houston and one we don't know about. As far as she knows, we're all over Houston looking for that killer, but she has no idea that we might have identified Osborne. I think she'll go there. I-80 runs out of San Francisco and right past Cleveland. She could be there in three days and a long way from the heat in California."

"Give me a minute," Mallard said. "I'm still asleep."

Lucas pressed: "Here in San Francisco and all we can do is stand on a street corner and wait for Zhao to walk by. That's all we've got. If anyone is going to catch her here, it's your guys, with your full-court press. My belief is, she's gone."

"Have you talked to the AIC out there?"

"Yes, we have." Lucas raised his eyebrows at Quayle. "He seems to be incredibly competent and, like I said, if anybody catches Zhao in San Francisco, it'll be his team."

"Martin's listening to this, isn't he?"

"Of course not," Lucas said. "He totally isn't."

"I'll talk to you in the morning, Martin," Mallard said. Then, after a moment of dead air, Mallard said, "All right. I'll make a phone call. You'll get a text with the flight details. I expect that fuckin' Flowers will be going with you?"

"As always," Lucas said.

When Mallard rang off, Virgil said, “You realize we just had a Mallard talking to a Quayle?”

Quayle ignored that and asked, “You’re not really staying at the St. Regis?”

Virgil shook his head: “Hilton. And lucky to get it.”

AT FIVE O’CLOCK the next morning, with Lucas in a deep stage 4 sleep, the phone on his nightstand buzzed. The first two buzzes didn’t wake him, the second two brought him up to stage 1, and the third two buzzes brought him briefly awake, and then the phone cut over to voice mail. Whoever was calling didn’t leave a message, but called back again.

With his frontal lobes barely functioning, Lucas picked up the phone and rasped, “What?”

“Louis Mallard, here, and good morning. It’s eight o’clock here in D.C., a beautiful January morning, brisk and sunny. We’ve begun our surveillance on Bill Osborne.”

“Is this revenge for the call last night?”

“No, no. This is to tell you Four got hit last night. Ghost gun manufacturer shot while standing in his backyard fifteen miles from Osborne’s house. A racially unconscious neighbor said he saw an n-word lurking in the neighborhood, thought he might have been casing houses for a burglary. Called the police, but nothing came out of it.”

“Goddamnit!”

“Exactly. He must have been waiting for Klink—the dead man’s name was Roland Klink. According to Mrs. Klink, Klink went out back to smoke a cigarette, which she doesn’t allow in the house since they got the new couch, and when he didn’t come back in, she went out, and found him dead with the numeral ‘4’ on his forehead.”

“Goddamnit!”

“Still want to go to Cleveland?” Mallard asked.

“Yes. Maybe . . . I dunno. Louis, will there be anything for us to do? We’re a day late and a dollar short.”

“You should go anyway. You guys see things. And you need to get up, and get going. San Francisco can be a tough airport to get through.”

When Mallard had rung off, Lucas called Virgil, who asked, the sleep thick in his voice, “Who’s dead?”

“Number Four. A guy named Klink. In Cleveland.”

“Goddamnit!”

“What I said. We got a press release. I’ll have somebody email you the text.”

LUCAS AND VIRGIL were at the San Francisco airport at eight o’clock, and despite Virgil’s embarrassment, Lucas cornered a TSA supervisor and got him to cut them in to the front of the long security line.

They had breakfast at an airport café, watched dozens of attractive young women with briefcases walking by, all looking gym-fit and upbeat, ready to unload more crap on tech enthusiasts. At nine-fifteen they were on the plane for the five-hour flight to Cleveland, arriving at five o’clock in the evening.

On the way, Lucas went online with his laptop, got his email, and brought up the press release from the Five.

THE FIVE

We suffered a tragedy last week with the death of our friend Jamie McGruder, a good man. We believe he was killed by Twin Cities police, well known for their violent tendencies. We hope the good people of America who are tired of living under the thumbs of our nation’s assholes will pause for a moment during the day and say a prayer for our Jamie.

On the good-news front, we are pleased to announce the death of Roland Klink, manufacturer of ghost guns, in Cleveland. We shot him in his backyard as he was smoking a cigarette, a plague that’s killed even more people than ghost guns. Maybe we’ll get to tobacco companies later in this journey. In any case, Klink’s passing is a benefit for all of us, and eliminates not only a dangerous asshole, but one who insisted on dumping untraceable weapons into the hands of street gangs.

Klink was most notably quoted as saying, “Freedom comes from the barrel of a gun,” and “Black Guns Matter.” He forgot to mention that the deaths of countless children come from the same place, the barrel of a gun, every year.

So, begone, Klink.

In another piece of news, a “6” was killed in Jacksonville, Florida, and from everything we’ve read, the dead man was a true asshole and deserved everything that happened to him. But: that wasn’t us. That’s you people, the righteous, joining in the fun. Let’s keep that snowball rolling downhill, folks!

The Five

P.S. One of our number was murdered last week, as we said. Up to this point, each of the Five have donated an anonymous Bitcoin to a wallet sent to a charity working against the assholes we've killed. With Jamie murdered, we're upping the donations: each of the remaining Four will donate two Bitcoins to Americans Against Gun Murder. The eight coins are worth, at this writing, \$353,264.

Next up: Ah, we won't tell you anything except that YOU KNOW HIS FACE. That's right, you do. Please be proud of us when that asshole goes down next week.

Lucas and Virgil were met at the gate in Cleveland by an FBI agent who said he had a car waiting.

"We've got a ride for you; we've got a briefing set up at a Travelodge motel near Osborne's place," the agent said.

The agent's name was Lawrence Toms, he was taller than either Virgil or Lucas, was thin as a knife blade, and wore a gray pinstriped suit that made him look even taller and thinner.

"We got the alert about Osborne just about the time Klink was murdered," Toms said. "By the time we had a surveillance team on station, Osborne was already home playing the piano. If we'd moved an hour earlier . . ."

"Nothing to be done about it," Lucas said. "Spilt milk."

"Osborne lives right on Lake Erie," Toms said. "He's home, but he's not moving around at all. It's a tough place to watch. We can't see him from the lake side. We're thinking of putting somebody out on the lake in a boat, down the lake front where it won't be so noticeable. Our AIC has a friend with a yacht and if we anchor it a few hundred yards away . . ."

"On the lake? I thought the lake froze over," Virgil said.

"It does, most of the time," Toms said. "Not this year. Could start in a week or two, if we get another cold front like this last one, but so far, it's mostly open."

"Then the yacht could work," Lucas said.

"It could," Toms said. "Don't usually see FBI agents driving yachts. Don't usually see yachts out on the lake when the water temperature is thirty-four degrees, either. So we have to think a little more about the yacht."

"Is Osborne known to be a shooter?" Lucas asked. "From what we heard from Mallard, sounds like the shooter used a suppressed weapon, if Klink's wife didn't hear any shots inside the house."

"Klink's ghost guns are threaded for suppressors—and a lot of ghost guns picked up in the Cleveland area have suppressors and we think Klink was

running an underground suppressor business to go with his ghost guns. It's possible that Osborne bought one of Klink's guns to shoot him with. Osborne is known to have a sharp sense of humor."

"Our tipster says he was a Bitcoin investor," Virgil said.

"Definitely. He really fits the whole Five profile. Bitcoin-rich and angry. Smart. Tough. That Bitcoin conference your tipster was talking about was in Atlanta and the conference organizers hired a pro photographer to do standard event coverage. We whispered softly in his shell-like ear and he sent us his online portfolio from the event. One of the things he did was take pictures during a social hour, groups of people holding drinks and smiling at the camera. One of the groups has Osborne talking to McGruder and . . . guess who?"

Virgil: "Zhao?"

"Got it in one," Toms said. "There were five of them in that group. We've identified the other two, we'll be interviewing them this evening . . . about now . . . in Miami and Charlotte."

The fed's Tahoe was parked in a no-parking zone outside the terminal, under the watchful eye of a cop. "I told him the trunk was full of machine guns, so we needed some extra security," Toms said.

Virgil: "Is it?"

"I hope not," Toms said. "It'd make me all self-conscious."

THE FEDS HAD two connecting rooms at the Travelodge, the beds pushed against the walls, folding chairs set up in the new open spaces. Eight agents were scattered around the two rooms, drinking coffee and soft drinks; a tray of vegan bagels with vegan non-cream cheese sat on a sideboard. Two of the agents, male and female, had a small chessboard set up on the corner of a bed and were playing chess. They looked up briefly when Lucas and Virgil came in with Toms, then went back to their game.

The senior agent at the site, Donald Clark, told them that they might be more interested in the discussions at the FBI headquarters in downtown Cleveland, that the Travelodge location was more of a convenience for the agents watching Osborne.

"He's less than a mile from here," Clark said. "We've got people on him full time, but we're rotating through here, so he and his neighbors won't see

anyone's face more than once or twice. We're doing two-hour shifts right now."

"We'll want to cruise the place ourselves, to get a feel for it," Lucas said.

The crime scene crew had recovered a shell from the shooting site, Clark said, and had sent it to an FBI lab to be examined for prints and DNA.

Virgil shook his head: "Bet you won't find anything. The killers seem to be careful about DNA. Nobody's gotten anything, as far as we know."

"Did Klink move around after he was shot?" Lucas asked.

"Nope. Looks like he dropped in his tracks," Clark said. "One shot to the head."

"No signs of a struggle, nothing at all?"

"No."

Virgil: "Did Osborne have any history of being involved in radical civil rights actions?"

Clark scratched an ear. "That gets complicated. He was one of the rare politically involved black Republicans around here. A fiscal conservative, against high taxes, that whole thing. Conservative about most things. Came out strong against gay marriage, has something of a reputation as a homophobe. Until 2016, he was the head of the local Republican Party committee. That ended when he came out against Trump and even told the newspaper that he'd vote for Hillary Clinton. When he was the head of the committee, he was considered a big hope for Republicans recruiting black voters. He was strong on racism and street guns and ways that conservatives could deal with those things through private nongovernment initiatives. That went out the door with Trump. In 2020 there was a Black Lives Matter action here, but he never got close to it, as far as we can tell. He's a very rich guy, was never a radical anything, but he was seriously concerned about guns. And racism."

Virgil: "And he's a homophobe."

"Yes."

Lucas: "What are the chances that he's innocent? That we were sicced on him as some kind of misdirection by the actual killers?"

Toms held up his hands, ticking off fingers. "He's a Bitcoin rich guy. Hangs out with Zhao. Knows McGruder. Anti-gun. Gun manufacturer shot. Neighbors see what they describe as a black guy cruising houses in Klink's very white neighborhood, days before the crime."

Virgil: “And a credible tip comes in from North Carolina, pointing us at him.”

“Pretty strong,” Lucas said.

Clark asked, “So are you two heading downtown?”

Lucas looked at Virgil, and then they both shook their heads. “You guys have all that FBI stuff handled. We’re more of the hang-out types,” Virgil said. “We’ll cruise the house, look for people who might help us out . . . When will you know about the DNA?”

“Another day,” Clark said.

“We’ll at least hang around until then, see if we can develop anything, or we can do anything useful,” Lucas said. “We won’t try to get too physically close—we’ll leave that to you and your surveillance team. We’d like to know when he comes and goes and where he goes to.”

“We can do that,” Clark said. “If you want to hang out, they’ve got empty rooms here.”

TWENTY-TWO

Bill Osborne was a tall man, beefy, with heavy cheeks around a small nose, deep-set dark eyes, pro-football shoulders though he'd never played sports, and a deep, resonant voice with which he sang Broadway show tunes while accompanying himself on a grand piano.

He'd left the Republican Party when Donald Trump was elected president, but had become neither a Democrat nor a liberal; he simply couldn't tolerate the proliferation of handguns that was killing his hometown.

He had a whole rap about Democrats: "Way back in the sixties, the Democrats wanted us black folks to be all equal, so they built thousands of playgrounds in the inner cities so that slow, short, poorly coordinated black kids could spend six hours a night shooting baskets and hoping to get in the NBA, when they would have been perfectly good doctors, lawyers, and businessmen if they'd had decent schools and had spent their evenings reading. The Democrats didn't build decent schools. Not their thing. Don't believe me, look at Cleveland."

And, he'd once told the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, "You had to love those liberal jobs programs. They taught my mother to be a hairdresser and my father to be a janitor. In fact, they taught all the black men and women to be janitors and hairdressers. That was the first step on the way up to what? Becoming Super-Janitor? Flies through the air with his mop?"

AS VIRGIL AND Lucas were working the freezing streets around the Sikes' house, the Five were meeting in their chat room to congratulate MSP on what looked like a clean kill.

And to urge on CLE, who was next up.

Osborne's designated asshole was a manufacturer of ghost gun kits—parts kits that could be assembled into fully operational semi-automatic pistols, lacking only the serial number required for ordinary pistol sales.

Roland Klink was delivering a hundred kits a week around the East Cleveland area, where Osborne had grown up. A group of bicycle

messengers—Klink called them “gun runners”—would deliver the kits, along with the extra-cost tools required to assemble them. The gun runners would also pick up the payment. Cash only. Nothing illegal about any of it.

The guns had turned East Cleveland into an even darker dystopia than had existed previously, when it was only drugs and poverty that were killing the town.

Klink had the unfortunate habit—for him—of stepping out on his back stoop at night to smoke, because his wife wouldn’t let him smoke in the house. The thin snow around the stoop was littered with cigarette filters, which his wife would pick up before the spring barbeque, because, as she said, “They look like shit.”

Osborne didn’t like guns, but after joining the Five, he’d made himself familiar with them, shooting at a range an hour and a half from his home, in the countryside south of Akron. He also became familiar with the gun culture, and a fashion for suppressors, which some people still called silencers, but which weren’t very silent. He eventually bought, in the parking lot behind a gun show, one of Klink’s ghost guns, completely assembled, along with a screw-on suppressor, for \$1,750.

Perfect for going into a 7-Eleven, the redneck salesman told him, making an assumption that Osborne, a black man, almost found funny, he being a billionaire.

As he’d been told, the suppressed nine-millimeter wasn’t very quiet, but was it quiet enough?

A little more than a week after McGruder killed Sikes, he found out.

AS LUCAS AND Virgil were flying into Cleveland, Osborne went to the Five’s dark web site to take a calculated risk. He’d been checking the site hourly, for posts by Zhao and other members of the Five. He thought the others would be doing the same.

Zhao had checked in late the night before, saying that she’d pushed all the way to Salt Lake City, and in the morning, wrote that she expected to make Omaha, Nebraska, that night. She’d sleep in another parking garage, and then make the final push to Cleveland, she said.

“I need to rest. When I get to Cleveland, I’d like to bag out at CLE’s place for a couple of days. I did that with SFO, no problem.”

Sonnewell had replied, “SFO here. We didn’t have a problem, but if I were CLE, I wouldn’t let you in the house, and if I were you, I wouldn’t want to go there. We’ve become a cause célèbre, we’re getting close to two million followers on Facebook and the FBI is freaking out. They’ll be all over rich Bitcoin investors in Cleveland since the killing of Klink. I’m not sure, but from what he’s written, I suspect CLE is black, and he killed a gun manufacturer, so what goes for white Bitcoin investors goes triple for him (if he’s black).”

Osborne had replied, “CLE here. I agree with SFO. I don’t want you in my house. I want you gone. I don’t know how much SFO gave you, but I’ll match it or better. I am black and I agree with SFO’s analysis on that aspect, as well. I knew that would happen, so I’m prepared for it. I haven’t seen any obvious signs that the FBI is watching me, but then, I probably wouldn’t. Your arrival is an unanticipated danger point for me.”

Zhao wrote, “Meet here again late tonight. I’ll get into Omaha at ten o’clock or so, if I can keep this up. We’ll figure out a final plan then.”

At midmorning, Osborne went back to the site, identified himself with the CLE code, and left a phone number for one of his burners. “Call me.”

Andi Carter called him ten minutes later. “How do I know this is CLE and not a police trap?”

“You don’t have to talk much,” Osborne said. “I’ll make an observation—some people might get away from the FBI, but not many. We’ve all learned some things about Vivian through this whole process. One of them is, she’s a manipulator and a dealer. I have to think her chances of getting away are low, at best. If she’s caught, she’ll deal. She’ll have three killers to give up, you, me, and SFO, and if JFK gets his man next week, four of us. The FBI might let her walk if they could bag the four of us in trade.”

“What are you suggesting?”

“I’m suggesting that we need to lose Zhao,” Osborne said. “Permanently.”

“Can you do that?”

“I can. You don’t know me, but I’ll tell you, I live on Lake Erie, and I have two dark kayaks down by the lake. I’ll offer to meet Vivian at a local park, in the middle of the night. I can paddle there from my house, and if the FBI is watching, there’s not a chance in hell they’ll see me. I’ll ambush her, like I did with Klink, put her in the kayak, paddle a mile or so out into the lake, wrap an anchor chain around her and drop her over the side. She’ll be gone for good.”

“I kind of like her,” Carter said.

“So do I,” Osborne said. “But that’s not the point. The point is, keeping your ass and mine out of a federal prison.”

“A strong point, since I like my ass right where it is,” Carter said. “What do you want from me?”

“Your thoughts, your analysis,” Osborne said. “She’s a danger to us all, but I think we could also take the chance that she *will* get away and help her do that. I can give her a hundred K that I’ve got stashed at the house and send her on to the last two of the Five.”

Long silence, and Osborne said, finally, “You still there?”

“Yes . . . Thinking. If you can dispose of her, I think that would be best. Yes. That would be best. Are you going to check with the other three?”

“If they call me. I’m taking down this phone number in an hour. I think Vivian’s driving steadily across Wyoming and Nebraska and probably won’t see it. If she does, and she calls me, I’ll make some excuse about how much money we should all donate.”

“All right. You’ve got my vote. Makes me sad, though.”

“I’ll keep this phone in my pocket until tonight,” Osborne said. “If you change your mind, or have some more thoughts, I’ll still be here. I’ll listen to what you have to say.”

JFK CALLED A few minutes later, and SFO an hour after that. They agreed that they’d be better off if Zhao were dead.

“I should have taken her when I could have,” SFO said. “I didn’t have enough time to think about it or get my head ready to do it. Damn it. Listen, if you can do it without endangering yourself, I say, go ahead. Remember that the FBI may be watching you. I’ve been reading about their surveillance teams, and they’re supposed to be the best in the world.”

“Then it’s unanimous,” Osborne said. “I’ll take her out tonight.”

Osborne had a live-in girlfriend. If he’d had a live-in wife, his preparations might have been more troublesome. With his girlfriend Elaine, all he had to say was, “Go visit your mother tomorrow. Take her to SouthPark Mall or something. Stay over at her place tomorrow night. I’ve got some things to do. I need serious privacy.”

This had happened before, and she said, “Okay,” and accepted the envelope he handed her. Inside she found five thousand dollars, with which

she and her mother would have quite the good time. Between the two of them, they could spend a thousand at Sephora alone.

“You’re not doing anything illegal?”

He smiled and said, “Of course not. The people who will be visiting me would rather not have somebody see them who could place them in northern Ohio. I mean, I know you can keep your mouth shut, but they don’t.”

“Arabs?” she said.

He said, “Let’s not go there,” and let her think he’d be visited by Arabs from Detroit. Then, while she was puttering around in the kitchen waiting for the cook to arrive, he went down into his basement to handle his pistol, to make sure everything was working.

He lifted the unloaded pistol up to eye level, aimed it at a light, and squeezed the trigger.

The gun went *klink* . . .

TWENTY-THREE

Clark, the senior FBI agent, gave Lucas and Virgil the keys to a dark blue Nissan Rogue, a car so inconspicuous that it was functionally invisible, and in-ear radio pickups with coat-jacket transceivers so they could listen to, and talk to, the surveillance team. When they'd finished discussing the FBI setup, Virgil and Lucas walked down to the motel office and checked in. They agreed to sleep late and meet at nine o'clock to find breakfast somewhere.

The next morning, they wound up in a Detroit Avenue café eating blueberry pancakes and sausages with a Greek flavor. "What are we going to do?" Lucas asked, over the first of his three cans of Diet Coke.

"Hope like hell that Zhao shows up here," Virgil said. "Houston would be closer to San Francisco, but if she's gathering money, her route would depend on where the *next* pickup would be . . . the one after this one. If it's East Coast, she comes here. If it's south, she probably went to Houston."

"If she's picking up money at all."

"That's a good bet, in my opinion," Virgil said. "On the other hand, maybe she got everything she'd need from the San Francisco killer. If she did, she could be on her way to Vancouver or Hawaii. Thousands of Asian-Americans in both places, she'd be hard to spot."

"Yeah. Thank you for that."

"You don't sound all that inspired."

"I'm not," Lucas said. "But. We're the only two cops who have seen Zhao in person, so I think we need to hang here for a while. If she's coming here, and plans to contact Osborne, she won't arrive until tomorrow night. I can't believe she'll drive up to his front door: he'd be nuts to let her do that. If he goes out to meet her, we need to be there."

"So we come back to the basic question. What are we going to do right now?"

They pondered the question for a moment, then Lucas forked up a piece of sausage, wagged it at Virgil: "Have you ever been to the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame?"

"Nope."

“It’s here in Cleveland,” Lucas said. “I have a few opinions I’d like to share with them on the galactic suckedness of the Beatles.”

“Then let’s go. Maybe Zhao will turn up there.”

OSBORNE WENT OUT to a gym, worked out, got lunch, browsed watches at a high-end jewelry store but didn’t buy anything, and went back home. The surveillance crew didn’t see him touch anyone, or leave anything in a drop.

When Clark asked Lucas and Virgil what they’d done all day, they didn’t mention the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame—which they gave a C+ as a tourist attraction—or shopping.

Virgil said, “We scouted the place out. If Zhao is coming here, and she’s driving, she won’t get here until tomorrow at the earliest. We wanted to understand the contours of the territory.”

“Good for you,” Clark said. “By the way, we’ve pretty much identified that shooter in Jacksonville who claims to be Six. Nothing he did resembles the Five’s killings. He’s a copycat. He was feuding with the victim over a real estate deal.”

“Was the victim an asshole?” Lucas asked.

“Yeah, he was. As is the guy we’re looking at,” Clark said.

“So if you bust him for murder, we’ve got an asshole twofer,” Virgil said.

“I guess you could look at it that way,” Clark said, his tone implying that he didn’t look at it that way.

WHEN THEY’D LEFT the FBI agents staring at their laptops, Lucas said, “You lie well.”

“So do you. We got skills,” Virgil said.

“What next?”

“Dinner?”

“I guess. I’m so fucking bored I’m tempted to chew my arm off. Dinner, then we stare at the TV, maybe actually scout the place out tomorrow.”

“I saw an ad for *Venom: Let There Be Carnage* at a theater around here somewhere. I never saw it and can’t believe it’s still in theaters.”

Lucas was skeptical: “Is it sort of realistic?”

“Oh, yeah. Your basic crime-fighter movie. Serial killer thing,” Virgil said, lying well.

“I’ll go. I like realistic movies. Is the hero a cop?”

“Not exactly,” Virgil said.

THE NEXT DAY, they scouted the neighborhood, looked at Osborne’s place on Google Earth, spotted a marina west of Osborne’s, up an unfrozen river. They went there to talk to the marina manager, who hooked them up with a tour-boat operator who had nothing to do in January, since the temperatures were in the low thirties.

He couldn’t take his tour boat out, but he had access to a cabin cruiser, and they rented it, and killed two hours cruising past Osborne’s place, without telling the tour boat operator what they were looking at, then cruised back to the marina. Osborne’s house was a modernistic hulk on a low bluff. Steps had been cut in the bluff and there was some access to the water, although the shore was iced in.

“You fall in the lake, we got about a minute to pull you out before the cold penetrates and your heart blows up,” the tour-boat operator said. “Another degree colder and it’s ice.”

Osborne didn’t have a boathouse. There was no sign of watercraft nearby, or even an accessible dock.

When they got back to the marina, the sun was on the horizon. They thanked the tour-boat operator, paid him, got a receipt and started back to the Travelodge. Then Clark called: “Zhao could be here if she drove hard and Osborne’s moving.”

“Where’s he going?” Lucas asked.

“We don’t know, but we’re tracking him,” Clark said. “Where are you?”

“Leaving the marina,” Lucas said.

“Then he’s coming your way,” Clark said. “He’s on I-90 heading west. We got him, but we don’t know where he’s going.”

He was going to an Orvis store.

Lucas and Virgil arrived in the Nissan five minutes after Osborne walked into the place. A short, bespectacled FBI agent, part of the surveillance crew, followed him in, browsed the post-Christmas sales table, and called the watchers when Osborne left with a sack.

“Nothing going on here,” the agent reported. Virgil and Lucas listened in on the in-ear monitors. “Walked in, told a clerk that he’d ordered a winter jacket and had an email that it’d come in. The clerk got it for him, he tried it on and paid for it. He looked at some fishing stuff, didn’t buy anything, and walked back out.”

“He’s not going home,” another agent said. “He’s on local streets . . .”

They followed him to a Whole Foods store, where the lead surveillance agent said, “Okay, guys, be on your toes, that’s gonna be complicated in there.”

Lucas touched the transmit button on his transceiver and called, “This is Lucas. We’re going in. We’ll try to stay away from Osborne, but we’ll be looking for Zhao. This would be a great place to hook up.”

“You two look a lot like cops . . .”

“We’ll stay away from Osborne,” Lucas said. To Virgil, he said, “Could have gone to Orvis to see if he could spot a tail. He didn’t, so now he comes here.”

They parked, walked into the store, Virgil got a shopping basket, handed it to Lucas, took another for himself. Inside they walked behind the checkout counters to the bread/bakery/deli section. No sign of Osborne. No Zhao.

Virgil put a loaf of bread in his basket, passed two baguettes to Lucas. They continued past the deli to the back of the store, walked along the dairy case. Still no Osborne, no Zhao.

One of the surveillance agents, a woman, said, speaking into their ears, “Lucas, Virgil, I see you, Osborne is in the frozen food aisle, he appears to be looking for ice cream. I haven’t seen anyone that might be Zhao.”

“We’ll skip that aisle, walk down to produce,” Lucas said. As they passed the back end of the frozen food aisle, they saw Osborne at the front end, standing by an open glass door, peering into a freezer. They moved quickly past, checked five more aisles, saw nobody who’d concealed their faces with the winter clothing, saw no one who looked at all Chinese.

The produce department was at the far side of the store from their original entry point. No Chinese women. Lucas touched his transmit button and said, “Nobody obvious, we’re going back out to the car.”

They were almost out of the produce department when the woman called, the words tumbling out of her, “Lucas, Virgil, he’s got his ice cream and he’s walking toward you, fast. You’re gonna bump right into him.”

“Split up, head toward the back,” Lucas said to Virgil.

Virgil said, “No time and he’ll pick us out if we run.” He shifted his basket to his other side, and said, “Hold my hand.”

“What?”

“C’mon, hold my hand. He’s a ’phobe. Lean your head a little sideways into me, look me in the eyes, and we walk toward the front of the store, taking our time . . .”

Lucas said, “Ah, shit,” and took Virgil’s hand.

One of the FBI agents said, watching them, “Oh my God.”

Osborne went past them and as he did, he looked away. They continued to the front of the store, put their baskets behind a display of fresh flowers, and went out.

The woman called, “What’d you do? Did he see you?”

A male agent, also inside the store, who’d been looking at tomatoes, said, “They walked by him holding hands. Osborne wouldn’t look at them. He’s a homophobe and thought they were gay.”

Lucas, not transmitting, said to Virgil, “I won’t live this down. You will, of course, being an ambisexual hippie.”

The woman agent said, “That’s so cool. That’s really *so* cool.”

Lucas: “Ah, Jesus.”

Back in the Nissan, Lucas said, “Makes me think Zhao’s not coming this way. He’s out drifting around. He’s cool, not hot. I think he’d be hot if she was coming in.”

Virgil: “Like you said, he might be scouting for a tail. We almost blew it in there.”

Osborne was out of Whole Foods five minutes later. He went straight home, carrying a small brown bag containing a quart of raspberry delight and three ripe bananas.

TWENTY-FOUR

Clark called from the motel: “His girlfriend is moving. We’re putting four people on her. She’s headed south, same route she took the first day we were watching her—we think she’s probably headed toward her mother’s apartment.”

“I like that,” Lucas said. “Could be Osborne clearing the deck for a meeting.”

“Or she’s making a delivery to Zhao,” Clark replied.

Lucas and Virgil talked about it, and decided to stake out Osborne’s house, staying well back from the first layer of surveillance cars. “Wish we’d gotten some sandwiches at Whole Foods,” Virgil said. “The crap we’ve been eating is getting me down.”

“We could risk a fast bite at that café,” Lucas said. “That wasn’t too bad.”

“We could,” Virgil said. “If she left San Francisco when we think she did, she wouldn’t quite be here yet. Maybe. If she had some speed on her, she could have cut a few hours off.”

They called out to the leader of the surveillance team who told them that Osborne’s head could be seen through a window in his house; he was apparently playing a piano and singing to himself. His girlfriend was at a shopping mall called SouthPark with her mother.

“Let’s take the chance,” Lucas said, and they did.

WHEN HE’D SUNG his voice out, Osborne spent a couple hours watching an old Denzel Washington movie called *Déjà Vu* that he’d missed when it came out years earlier. He liked it, thought it was one of Denzel’s better movies, though *American Gangster* was still his favorite. That scene where Denzel shoots a rival in the forehead and the entire neighborhood runs for it . . . Wow!

How did that mesh with his distaste for handguns? It didn’t. It was just a good movie.

LUCAS AND VIRGIL had spent hundreds of hours on stakeouts. They were fundamentally boring, but you did see unusual things, especially when you were staked out in an unusual part of town.

On this evening, they saw a man cycling down the street with a sleek, streamlined dog running beside him on a leash. Nothing unusual about that, except that the man was on a unicycle.

“Not something you see every day,” Lucas said.

“Maybe you do in this neighborhood,” Virgil said. “He’s gotta be a local, riding around on that thing.”

“I’m amazed that his dog isn’t embarrassed,” Lucas said.

An hour after that, a long blue car that Lucas identified as a 7 Series BMW ran a stop sign, barely made the ninety-degree turn, ran over an opposite curb, a sidewalk and a piece of hedge, swerved back onto the street and accelerated past them.

“Blond woman, maybe fifty,” Virgil said.

“Yeah. Hope she doesn’t kill anybody.”

“Drunk or pissed off?”

“Could be either, but I’d guess she was pissed about something,” Lucas said. “Most drunks drive slow. Her reflexes were pretty good, getting off that curb.”

“Mmm.”

“Quiet out here.”

“Yeah, but . . . here comes that unicycle guy again.”

OSBORNE GOT THE call on his cell phone at 11:05. “How are we going to do this?” Zhao asked.

“Okay. Where are you?”

“At a gas station off I-80, right straight south of you. It’ll take me forty-five minutes to get to you.”

“I’ve got a hundred thousand for you. I put it in a book bag. I’ll meet you at Lakewood Park. If you look at a map on your phone, there’s a place right in the northeast corner called Lookout Point.”

“Hang on . . . okay, I see it. Why that deep in the park? Why not at the basketball courts, it’d be easier for me to get to, from the street.”

“Because I’ve got to deal with a kayak. I’ll be climbing up there with the kayak tied to a rock down below. I can’t take a chance that it’ll blow off. If the FBI is watching me, I’d be fucked.”

“All right. I should be there by midnight,” Zhao said. “If I can even find a place to park.”

“I might be later than that—the lake’s a bit rough tonight. Watch for me, I’ll be coming up from below.”

They talked about where she could park, and when they’d rung off, Osborne, already dressed in a waterproof paddling suit, turned off two lights on the bottom floor, turned on one light on the second floor. He walked back down the stairs, and farther down another flight to the basement, then out a back door onto steps leading up to the lakeside lawn.

The yard was heavily landscaped, naked maples and a string of cone-shaped evergreens. He moved slowly, watchfully, through the trees to the flight of stone steps leading down to the lake. The steps were set into a cut in the bluff above the water, and he’d left a kayak in the cut where it couldn’t be seen.

He shouldered the kayak with its bungee’d-on paddle and moved awkwardly in the dark down the rest of the way to the lake. He set the kayak on the lakeside rocks and turned to check his surroundings. He could see almost nothing and was moving as much by familiar feel as by sight.

After a minute, he went back and recovered his pack of chain. The pack went in the front hatch of the kayak. He moved the boat into the water, working by feel, and settled into it.

His target was a ten-minute paddle. Once out on the lake, he could see better, because he could see the lights in the top floors of the lakeside homes. When the bluff went dark again, he knew he was at the park.

He beached the boat—the beach was a jumble of rocks—risked a penlight, and made his way up a rocky grade, across a street, up a steep heavily treed slope onto the frozen turf of the park.

He was breathing hard, but now there was more ambient light. He was at the center of the park’s northern edge, above the lake. He’d told Zhao to meet him at the northeast corner, at Lookout Point. He made his way diagonally through the park, nearly bumping into a tree as he went, until he was in a group of bare bushes where he could set up an ambush.

He would be behind her as she walked in. If she stayed on a sidewalk, as he hoped she would, it’d be an easy shot.

He was carrying the pistol in a shoulder holster, under his paddling jacket. He unzipped the jacket, took the pistol out, jacked a shell into the chamber and settled down to wait; the night was mostly quiet, but he could hear passing cars and a small plane off to the west, marked by a red taillight. A bit nervous now, he imagined he heard footsteps coming up from behind, but when he turned his head . . . nothing.

Clicked on his Apple Watch: eleven-thirty.

Maybe twenty minutes to wait.

ZHAO HAD BEEN nowhere near I-80, which ran south of Cleveland, when she called Osborne. She had, in fact, already been sitting in her car a block from the park. As soon as she got off the phone, she opened her car door, and in the overhead light, checked the 9mm pistol that Sonnewell had given her.

She was wearing a black down jacket and black tactical pants with oversized slash pockets, and a black ski mask that she'd rolled up into a watch cap. She'd bought the new clothing at a Cabela's store in Sidney, Nebraska, off I-80. She'd taken a risk in making the stop, but not, she thought, a huge one, and nobody in the store had given her a second look.

She'd stopped once, on a back road, to load and fire the gun. She knew about pistols, mostly from research she'd done on the run-up to the Five murders, and from shooting her .22. Sonnewell's nine-millimeter kicked considerably harder than her .22, and when she'd looked at it closely, she found it had no serial number: it was a ghost gun.

And though a ghost gun, it worked as efficiently as the Ruger American it mimicked, the only difference being the lack of a serial number.

The gun was compact, but heavy in her hands; she chambered a round, made sure the safety was on, and slipped it into her pocket. The gun could be a problem if she ran into a cop: Ohio required concealed carry permits. If she were stopped, and arrested, she'd have cops looking at her closely. Her primary alternative ID was very good, but her face had been all over the news, and posted to the Five Facebook page.

On the other hand, her experience with Sonnewell in San Francisco had been a warning: he'd been close to killing her, she thought. All the people she was dealing with were proven killers, except, so far, JFK in New York, and she had no doubt that he'd be pulling a trigger next week; she'd realized that she represented a risk to them all.

So she took care.

Out of the car, she walked fast along the sidewalk, shoulders hunched, head swiveling, like a lone woman might do in the middle of the night. There was virtually no traffic. As she approached the park, she heard what sounded like running feet, and she stepped into the front walk to a house, then over onto the lawn, where she was concealed by a hedge.

She'd been correct in thinking she heard footsteps, but they weren't human footsteps, rather those of a running dog, accompanied by a loony-tunes on a unicycle. The dog and the cyclist continued down the street, although the dog, she thought, had sensed her presence, and turned to look at the place where she was concealed. When they were gone, she hurried on to the park.

A nearly full moon was rising overhead, casting intricate moon shadows from the mature trees. There was snow on the lawn, trampled down by walkers, and she stayed on it, away from the sidewalks. Lookout Point would be to her right as she approached the water. She walked all the way to the slope down to the lake, then backed up, and huddled behind the trunk of a barren tree.

She didn't have to wait long. Osborne said he might be late; in fact, he was fifteen or twenty minutes early. She heard his kayak scraping over rock—didn't know exactly what it was when she first heard it, but figured it out quickly enough from the hollow sound when he dragged it ashore. He was west of her, down the lake; she heard him climbing the bank, then saw him, not clearly. He was dressed in dark clothing, from head to foot, but that only made sense, she thought.

Instead of moving toward Lookout Point, she watched as he walked diagonally across the park, behind her, nearly stumbling into a tree, and eventually settling in some landscaping bushes near the sidewalk that ran between Lookout Point and the street.

She thought he was looking toward the street, and away from her. She stood, and moved cautiously toward him, her approach muffled by the snow. When she was thirty feet away, she stopped, and knelt next to a tree. He was doing something she couldn't make out, but she heard a zipper being pulled, and then saw him handling something that appeared to be mechanical.

Then she heard a familiar ratcheting sound: he'd just chambered a round in a handgun. He'd killed Klink with a handgun. He was set up to ambush her.

She closed her eyes and felt the anger clutching at her throat. He was planning to kill her. There was no hundred thousand. She'd risked her freedom to get here, and he was set to kill her.

She watched him for a minute, confirming his plan by watching his movements. If she'd come up the sidewalk, he would have shot her in the back. Probably dumped her body in the lake.

The motherfucker!

She'd pulled the ski mask down as soon as she'd gotten into the park, and nothing showed of her face except her eyes and the bridge of her nose. She eased the pistol out of her pocket, stood up and moved closer. At fifteen feet she spoke softly, but with an edge of authority.

"Were you going to shoot me in the back?"

She was close enough to see him in some detail now and saw him stiffen. He turned his head without moving his body and said, "I wanted to make sure you weren't going to kill me. I was going to keep you far enough away that I could show you the cash and then back away from it."

"Yeah? Dump the money out on the ground."

"Here," he said, and for a moment she almost believed him. But not quite, and she kept the gun centered on his body when he suddenly pivoted with his right hand coming up . . .

She shot him: *bam bam bam bam*, just like with the .22, but with more recoil, more impact, snarling as she fired and Osborne toppled over in the snow. She stepped closer and fired one more time, *bam*, directly into his head.

He wasn't carrying a pack: there was no money.

She stood there, looking down at him for two seconds, five seconds, then broke into a panicked run, heading for the car. It was a hundred yards away, maybe twenty or thirty seconds in the dark. She stumbled twice and fell down once, her hip impacting on a piece of icy concrete, got up, twisted, ran, got to her car, piled inside.

In the movies, the car wouldn't have started. The 4Runner started instantly, and she was rolling away, less than a minute after Osborne died in the snow.

She didn't care where she was going or what streets she was taking. She only wanted to go one place.

Away.

TWENTY-FIVE

Virgil was considering a witty reply, stakeout conversation being what it was—desultory bordering on stupid—when they heard the gunshots. Instead of his witty reply, he stated the obvious. “Gun!”

Lucas sat up, turned: “Yeah. Where was it?”

They twisted in the car seats, looking for any kind of movement, any light, but from where they were parked, they could see nothing at all except the surrounding houses. Virgil started the car and said, “I think it came from behind us.”

“Yeah! Yeah! Go!” Lucas pressed the transmit button on the transceiver: “You guys hear that? Gunshots?”

The head of the surveillance crew came back: “We heard something. Sounded pretty far away.”

“Sounded close to us,” Lucas said. “Maybe from that park? Have you seen Osborne?”

“No, but the top floor is all lit up, must be his bedroom.”

Virgil: “That was Zhao. The gun was Zhao. She just killed Osborne. Five shots . . .”

Lucas repeated that to the FBI listeners. “Virgil says she just killed Osborne. Somewhere close by.”

Clark came up: “Why? Why do you think . . . ?”

“Because we heard four or five fast shots, and that’s how she killed that guy in California, the hedge fund guy, and how she killed McGruder, same thing, five fast shots,” Virgil said.

Lucas repeated that to the surveillance crew, and added, “This wasn’t a .22, this was bigger. We’re going to the park, we’re going to the park . . .”

The park was two minutes away, taking into account both their reaction time and their standing start, including the U-turn.

On the way, Clark came up: “Is it possible the shots sounded muffled to us, because they were inside Osborne’s house?”

Lucas: “No. I don’t think so, because they sounded clear to us, but muffled to the people who were closer to the house.”

At the park, Virgil did another U-turn and pulled to the curb and killed the engine and said, “Guns.”

“Yeah.” They checked their guns and got out. The park was dark, but there was enough moon, and ambient light from the houses along the street, that they could see distinct shapes.

“Wish I had my shotgun,” Virgil said over the hood of the car as they headed into the park.

“So do I,” Lucas said. “Get your gun up, get your gun up . . .”

Virgil brought his gun up and they moved side by side down a sidewalk past a basketball court and then a big unlit building.

“I’m going left,” Virgil said. “I’ll hang on the corner of the building until you clear around it. Yell when you’re clear.”

Lucas moved quickly down the side of the building until he was looking into the back of the park, and yelled, and Virgil came around and Lucas said, “Ten yards apart. Let’s go straight down the middle . . .”

Their eyes weren’t yet fully adjusted to the dark, and Clark was shouting at the surveillance crew to get close to the front of Osborne’s house, without giving themselves up, and Virgil and Lucas simultaneously took the earbuds out and put them in their coat pockets, the better to hear movement around them.

Two-thirds of the way to the water, Lucas said, “I maybe got something. Over to my right. Looks like a lump, not a tree. Not a stump. Solid-looking, could be a boulder.”

Virgil walked in an arc around Lucas, still ten yards away, and they edged toward the east side of the park, pistols up. As they got closer, Virgil said, “Yeah. I see it. Is that what you’re talking about?”

“Body. I think.”

“Osborne?”

Lucas got close and said, “It’s a body, I can’t see his face, he’s rolled on it . . . what . . . If she shot him, she’s gone. I’m going to use my phone flash.”

Lucas turned on his iPhone flashlight and shined it at the lump.

“Gun by his hand,” Virgil said. “Hand is black. Gotta be Osborne.”

Lucas went to the radio: “Clark. Clark. We’ve got a body in the park, we think it’s Osborne. Zhao might still be here, it’s pretty dark. We got here in two or three minutes and didn’t see anyone leaving . . . We need some of the team to cover the street-side exits . . .”

Clark came back: “You’re sure it’s Osborne?”

“It’s a big guy, he’s facedown. We can see a hand, and a gun, and the hand looks like it’s black. I don’t want to touch him, I don’t want to mess up the scene.”

“Ah, that’s him . . . We’ll have four guys there in one minute, maybe less. I’m thinking if she didn’t get out on the streets, she’d have to go over some walls or go down to the water and walk out. That doesn’t seem likely.”

“She had a car parked close by,” Lucas said. “Hang on.”

Virgil was on his knees, looking out toward the street. He pulled his cell phone out and turned on the flashlight, pointing at a line of small footprints in the snow, including one with red droplets, stepped on after the blood sprayed onto the surface of the snow.

“Woman’s footprints,” he said. “She ran to the street. She’s gone.”

FIVE MINUTES LATER, a line of FBI agents, including Clark, were working through the park. The senior agent kept everybody away from the body, while sending agents through the park with powerful LED flashlights. A kayak was spotted, pulled up on rocks at the edge of the lake, which explained how Osborne could have gotten out of his house without being seen. When the park was cleared, Clark sent his agents down the street to pound on doors, waking people up, to ask if anyone had noticed a strange car near the entrance to the park.

One man had. He lived a block from the park, and said he’d been cycling late with his dog, and had seen a dark SUV parked in front of a neighbor’s house. He said he hadn’t seen it before on his nightly rides. He hadn’t heard the gunshots—he and his dog were watching a movie—but it had been late. He didn’t know the make of the car, nor had he noticed its license plates. When the FBI talked to the neighbor he’d mentioned, the agents were told that she knew nothing of a car parked in front of her house.

“Zhao’s in a dark SUV,” Clark told Virgil and Lucas. “There are almost three hundred million cars registered in the U.S. Do you think there are less than, say, twenty million dark SUVs?”

“Probably not,” Virgil said.

They were sure the dead man was Osborne, but not technically sure—Lucas and Virgil hadn’t touched the body once they’d seen the massive wound to the victim’s head, and Clark was reluctant to roll it until he was cleared to do so by the crime scene technicians. He was sure enough about

the dead man's identity that he sent an agent to pound on Osborne's door. If Osborne answered, the agent was to ask him about nearby gunshots.

"He must've known we were out here. If he'd killed Zhao, we would have been his alibi," Clark said.

They rolled the body at four o'clock in the morning and confirmed Osborne's identity. He was wearing what one of the agents said was a winter paddling suit, a sweatshirt, and jeans. He had a wallet in his jeans with an Ohio driver's license issued to William Osborne.

By that time, more senior Cleveland agents, including the AIC, had been roused and had come to the park. When Osborne's identity was confirmed, the FBI entered his house with a warrant, Lucas and Virgil trailing behind. A full search would be done beginning later in the morning, and the agents sealed Osborne's office and found a safe concealed in the music room. That room was sealed as well, with agents assigned to make sure nobody went in or out until the search began.

Lucas and Virgil got Clark aside and Lucas said, "We want to observe the search."

"I'm sure you can. Let me check with Henry." Henry Moore was the AIC. "We're fully aware of your friend in Washington."

"Good," Lucas said. "This is the second time we've missed Zhao by a minute or two, and I'm getting tired of it. I'm hoping we can find something that'll tell us where she's headed. I'm gonna kill that bitch."

Clark flinched at the word and looked around; there were no female agents close enough to have overhead.

"Well, I hope it doesn't come to that," Clark said. "If we can get her alive . . ."

"What? She'll give up the other members of the Five? She's already murdered two of them," Lucas said. "I've got a feeling that she'll either kill them, or one of them will kill her, or she'll just disappear."

Virgil: "She'd be crazy to keep talking to other members of the Five—they've got to believe that she's coming for them. They've got to be looking for her, especially when the news breaks about Osborne. If she collected cash and a different car in California, which we think she did—she's probably driving that SUV now—maybe she'll give up on them, at least for the time being, and head for a hideout."

Lucas nodded. "We know she's smart. If she really has thought about it, and has cash from San Francisco and buries herself, finding her will be close

to impossible.”

“We’ll tear the house apart, and if there’s anything to find, we’ll find it,”
Clark said. “Be there.”

TWENTY-SIX

Zhao at first paid no attention to where she was as long as she was away from the park. She fled east, then south on a major street, without any sign of pursuit. Ten minutes after leaving the park, she spotted an all-night Walgreens pharmacy with several cars in the parking lot, and pulled in.

She sat in the parking lot unmoving, calming herself, trying to think. She'd planned to continue driving east out of Cleveland, to the man they called JFK, but now thought better of the idea. JFK hadn't yet acted, and now might decide not to—at this point, he hadn't committed a provable crime, and the heat on the Five was getting intense. He could afford to wait, to keep his head down, and simply stay away from her, and not act at all.

She had nothing to blackmail him with, except a shaky charge of conspiracy. A threat to burn JFK could backfire with her other available resource, Andi Carter, in New Orleans.

She had fifty thousand dollars in cash, in a shopping bag, in the car. A lot of money . . . but not enough. Basically, it was a year's shelter and food, which could be stretched if she got a low-level off-the-books job somewhere, but not enough to get comfortable. Living in a shithole somewhere, doing the kind of menial janitorial stuff like she'd been doing at the tattoo parlor, was not her idea of an inviting future.

And the surviving members of the Five had *so much* . . .

She'd been turning it over in her mind since she left San Francisco and had considered the possibility of checking out with the fifty thousand, and then returning in six months or a year to tap into Andi Carter and Meyer, and maybe asking Sonnewell for another shot of cash.

They all, she thought, should be seriously interested in providing a permanent hideout for her. If she were caught, she would represent a serious threat, as she was sure they all understood. Sonnewell had, and Osborne, too, or they wouldn't have threatened to kill her.

Another thing had persistently tapped at the back of her mind as she drove across the country. She'd met Andi Carter on four different occasions and felt some kinship with the other woman. Maybe Carter would still be willing to help her, even though she'd now killed two of the Five.

But she hadn't wanted to do it!

McGruder had brought it on himself with a threat to expose them all, and she'd killed him to protect the others. Osborne had come to the park to kill her, and she'd killed him in self-defense. Carter would understand that.

She thought more about it, slumped down a bit when two police cars, a hundred feet apart, went past in a hurry, sirens and flashers blowing up the quiet night. They were headed in the general direction of the park, and she felt an impulse to get farther away, and quickly.

She quelled it, and still thinking about Carter, got out of the 4Runner and went into the Walgreens, bought three boxes of Good & Plenty licorice candy, two bags of potato chips, and a half dozen bottles of Pepsi. She would kill, she thought, for a pizza. The thought amused her: the *kill* part.

Back in her car, she picked up her burner and called Carter. Carter didn't answer. She thought about calling again, decided against, started the engine, and was about to back out of her parking place, when the phone rang.

"Yes?"

"This is me," Carter said. "I was asleep."

"I killed CLE," Zhao said. No point in dressing it up.

"What!"

"Bill Osborne. I think you knew him. He tried to ambush me in a park. He told me he had money for me, but he brought a gun and tried to shoot me with it. SFO gave me a gun and I shot Bill with it. Before he could shoot *me*."

"Oh my God, Vivian! That's awful. I mean, awful for you!" Carter said. "He tried to shoot you like he did that ghost gun guy?"

"Exactly like that. I got to the meeting place early and he came sneaking in, all dressed in black and he hid in some bushes that he thought I'd walk past. He was going to shoot me in the back. I actually talked to him, asked him if he was trying to shoot me, and he spun around . . ." She started lying a little. ". . . and he shot at me but missed because he was off-balance . . . I don't think he missed me by an inch, I felt the bullet go through my hair."

"Oh my God!" Carter said again. "What are you going to do?"

"Same as I was planning before I came to this place—I want to disappear," Zhao said. "I don't want to hurt anyone else . . . I only did McGruder because . . ."

"I know why," Carter said. "Where are you now?"

“Sitting outside a Walgreens in Cleveland. I got that money from George, but it wasn’t all that much. I really need cash from the rest of you guys. Bill had no intention of giving it to me . . .”

“Well, I will. How about JFK?”

“He hasn’t done anything yet. He’s still in the clear and this whole . . . program . . . seems to be coming apart. I decided you’d be my best chance for more cash . . . if you’re still willing.”

“Of course I am! What was Bill thinking about? Christ, all he had to do was give you a little money. JFK and I are willing to contribute . . . A hundred thousand dollars? Bill wouldn’t even have noticed that it was gone. Neither will I. As a matter of fact, I’m willing to up the amount. Considerably. Where can we meet?”

“I dunno. I haven’t thought through it that far. We can work that out tomorrow. I’m going to head south, get out of here, find a place to sleep. I’ll call you tomorrow on this same phone. I’ll call you in the morning.”

“Good. Do that. This is fuckin’ horrible! Horrible! I can’t believe Bill would do that . . .”

They talked for another minute, then rang off. Carter had sounded genuine, Zhao thought, but then, as a psychopath, Carter was probably a well-practiced liar. She’d have to be careful. Their meeting would be in a crowd somewhere; somewhere she wouldn’t be recognized, but where Carter wouldn’t be able to pull any crazy shit.

She called up a map of the U.S. on her cell phone, narrowed it to the center of the country. She could drive to either Columbus or Cincinnati, both on the road to New Orleans, find a parking garage, get some sleep.

She fired up the car and pulled out of the Walgreens.

ZHAO NEVER THOUGHT that she might have erred, but she had. She’d referred to Sonnewell as “George” instead of by his airport code and Andi Carter only knew of one George who lived in the SFO area and was also a Bitcoin richie. She went online to a private American Bitcoin Council website, found his name, an email, and a phone number. She looked at her watch: eleven o’clock in California.

She made the call. The phone rang for a while, then went to a voice mail. She said, “This is MSY. If you’re SFO, call me back at this number.”

Five minutes later, her phone rang and Sonnewell said, “What’s up, Andi?”

Carter laughed and said, “You knew I was MSY?”

“I thought it was likely,” Sonnewell said. “How did you figure me out?”

“I just talked to Vivian and she slipped up and referred to you as ‘George.’ I thought, hmm, who do I know named George in the San Francisco area who’s got a lot of Bitcoin cash and has muscles big enough to strangle that piece of shit Duck Wiggins?”

“I’m not admitting anything on a phone call, but okay. Something bad happened?”

“Vivian killed CLE. She saw him coming; she’s smart, and we didn’t give her enough credit for that. She’s running my way now. Still looking for money.”

“Goddamnit. What do you think?”

“I think you and I have to work something out. She’s wary now. I don’t think it’s something I can do on my own.”

Sonnewell looked at his bedside clock. “I go to bed early, so I can get out of here at six tomorrow morning, be in New Orleans before noon. If she’s in Cleveland and driving, she won’t make it before then.”

“She’ll want to meet someplace public,” Carter said. “She said you threatened to kill her and so she’s . . . you know.”

“I’m willing to do her, if you can set her up,” Sonnewell said. “But I won’t, if I think I might get caught.”

“I was hoping you’d say that. We do have to be very careful, but I’ll figure out something that’ll work for you.”

They traded ideas, and eventually agreed that Carter would pick up Sonnewell at Lakefront Airport in New Orleans the next morning. When they rang off, Sonnewell called his charter service and made arrangements to fly out at six o’clock.

He crawled back into bed, stared at the ceiling for a while. He thought, *Andi Carter*. He’d never spent any time talking to her at the ABC meetings, but she’d definitely caught his eye.

Before Sonnewell got rich, when he was just another big lunk, he’d never done well with the best of women, because he was . . . a lunk. And perhaps a little nerdish. Then when he was rich, he’d had the impression that the women who approached him were much more interested in his money than in him, which was purely offensive.

He'd always been a bit shy with women, and after his experiences with the grifter culture, he'd become more so. Andi Carter didn't fit any of the categories that bothered him: she was possibly richer than he was. She was tough, not soft. She was smart.

He'd thought of her at odd moments over the years, and now . . .

She'd called him and he'd made her laugh.

Maybe?

Andi Carter?

TWENTY-SEVEN

Virgil and Lucas got back to Osborne's house the next day at ten o'clock, and found the long driveway jammed with dark SUVs, local cop cars, and anonymous sedans with Hertz vibrations. A rank of television mobile units was parked on the street, with thoroughly chilled reporters and cameramen standing in clusters around the trucks.

"This is a big deal, I guess," Virgil said, as they pulled into the driveway. "We don't kill billionaires all that often and now we've got two of them dead in the last week." He parked off the driveway, on the lawn, so he could escape the crowd if he needed to.

That annoyed an FBI functionary, who jogged over to them, swinging his hand back, telling him to get off the lawn. Virgil dropped the window and asked, "What?"

"What do you think you're doing? You're parking on a flower bed."

"I'm parking so I can get out of here if I need to and won't be jammed up by a bunch of circus cars. Like you dummies," Virgil said. "Got a problem with that, talk to Henry."

Henry Moore was the agent in charge. That backed the functionary off, and he said, "I will," and he jogged away. Lucas asked, "You think Henry will have any idea of what he's talking about?"

"Who cares?" Virgil asked.

"Attaboy," Lucas said. "Let's see what they're doing in there. They're gonna need advice."

The last billionaire's house they'd been in was McGruder's and it had been a disappointment. As Lucas mentioned at the time, the stuff McGruder had inside wasn't much different than what Virgil and Lucas had inside their homes, except that it was more expensive, and there was more of it—three hundred neckties, instead of a dozen. A concert grand Steinway, instead of Lucas' smaller model.

That, Virgil told Lucas, as they walked through Osborne's house, had been the result of McGruder's poor imagination and lack of taste.

Which didn't apply to Osborne.

In addition to all the usual crap that billionaires piled up—rare mid-century furniture, custom-made lighting fixtures produced in studios instead of factories, carpets woven from the pubic hair of Tibetan virgins instead of rugs from Crate & Barrel—Osborne had dedicated several rooms to things that apparently appealed to his personality.

He had a formal library, but instead of books that seemed to have been purchased by a decorator, the shelves were stuffed with books that appeared to have been read, on currency markets, economics, history, and art.

He had a music room with a piano identical to the one in Lucas' house, apparently good enough for him, with a thick clump of sheet music on the paper rack, instead of the E-Z Play piano books that had decorated McGruder's. The room had odd-shaped fabric panels in the corners, to improve the acoustics, and a pretty Arts and Crafts carpet over a hardwood floor.

He wasn't, Virgil told Lucas, a dilettante.

"No shit," Lucas said.

Most of the action in the house was taking place in the home office, where Osborne had a set of computers on a conference table, and in the music room, where a floor-standing safe had been found behind paneling under a line of cabinets filled with stereo equipment, vinyl records, and CDs.

Clark was there, watching an FBI technician fiddle with an electronic lock. To Lucas and Virgil, he said, "The girlfriend, Elaine West, was here an hour ago. Pretty torn up. She wanted to get some of her personal stuff out of the bedroom, clothes and such. She knew about the safe but says she didn't know the combination. The tech is talking to the manufacturer, he should be able to get it open."

"Anything else worth looking at?" Virgil asked.

"One of the computer guys found a website that Osborne went to five times yesterday, that doesn't have anything in it. Nothing. We think it might have been used to communicate with the other members of the Five, but they've now moved to a new site."

"Be nice if Osborne had written down the new website's name," Lucas said.

"He probably did—those sites have names so long and garbled you couldn't remember them. He most likely stuck it in an encrypted file that our computer guy says the NSA could break open if given enough time. He said

enough time would be about two billion years after the sun goes dark,” Clark said.

There were twelve members of FBI evidence response teams working through the house, searching everything. Each piece of clothing was removed from the closets, each pocket turned out, each piece of paper examined for anything that might be significant.

When the safe technician, working with the manufacturer, got the safe open, Clark had to push people away while an emergency response team specialist wearing white Tyvek coveralls and surgeon’s gloves removed the contents and placed them in plastic evidence boxes.

There was money: fifty or sixty thousand dollars, that would be counted before the evidence box was sealed. They found gold and silver coins, exotic watches, men’s gold bracelets, a loaded Smith & Wesson .357 Magnum, a notarized will and other estate-related papers that ran to seventy pages, and a notebook with codes that one tech said appeared to be Bitcoin account codes.

Nothing about the Five.

Then, unexpectedly, one of the specialists who was working through the office called, “I’ve got something here.”

Clark, several agents, Virgil, and Lucas trooped out of the music room and into the adjacent office. The specialist had a yellow scratch pad that resembled a legal pad but was only about four by six inches in size. Taken from a collection of similar used scratch pads the specialist had found in a desk drawer, he’d found two dozen random notes, and a scribbled list.

SFO: DW

MSY: JD

MSP: HS

JFK: WOR

There were some further scribbled words around the note, but they weren’t immediately decipherable.

“The first letters are airport codes,” the specialist said. “SFO is San Francisco, I don’t know what MSY is . . .”

Somebody said, “New Orleans.”

The specialist continued: “MSP is Minneapolis–St. Paul, CLE is here, Cleveland, and JFK is . . . JFK. The second letters are the victims. Duck Wiggins, Jack Daniels, Hillary Sikes, and WOR, who hasn’t been killed yet, but will be, by JFK, whoever that is. He doesn’t list his own victim because he didn’t need help to remember it.”

The specialist pinned the pad down with his gloved hands so Clark and his senior agents could see it. Virgil crowded in as Clark said, “This is important. The next killing will be in New York. We need to get it to Henry and he needs to get it to Washington ASAP.”

Virgil looked back through the cluster of agents, to Lucas, who hadn’t tried to push through. Lucas raised his eyebrows, and Virgil nodded: “It’s real.”

And to Clark: “Let me get a shot with my cell phone.”

Clark seemed reluctant but couldn’t think of a reason not to let Virgil take a shot, and Virgil did, backed out of the group, and showed it to Lucas.

“WOR?”

One of the agents said, “It’s a conservative talk radio station in New York. Lot of big names in talk radio are on it.”

Clark turned to the agent, whose name was Barnes: “Are you sure?”

“Yes, I’m sure,” Barnes said. “I come from there. My dad listens to it all the time.”

“Remember what Osborne’s press release said?” Lucas asked Virgil. “You’ll know his face, or something like that?”

“A radio station doesn’t have a face,” Virgil said. “People on radio stations don’t have faces. They’re not on TV.”

“Some of them are, the famous ones,” one of the milling agents said.

The scratch pad was placed in an evidence bag after Clark had taken a careful photo with his cell phone. He stepped away to send it to Henry Moore, the Cleveland agent in charge. When he got Moore, he explained what had been found. “I’m told it’s a right-wing talk station in New York.”

“Conspiracy theories,” Barnes said to him. “Right up the Five’s alley.”

Clark repeated that to the AIC. “John Barnes says it’s a well-known station, does conspiracy theories.”

He listened and then said, “Yes. Yes. Yes. I’m going to send you a text message with an image of the scratch pad . . .”

THE SCRATCH PAD was the find of the day. Lucas and Virgil hung around until late afternoon, talking to agents and ERT specialists, without being much help. Other than the gun they found in the safe, and the one under Osborne's body, they found no other weapons.

"Didn't keep evidence around, is what he didn't do," the specialist said. "If he hadn't been killed by Zhao, or whoever, we wouldn't have had anything here to pin him with."

The feds had brought in food from a catering service, and Virgil and Lucas pecked at it during the course of the afternoon, but when nothing else significant came up, after the scratch pad, Lucas suggested they get something real to eat and figure out their next move.

"We can stop by tomorrow morning and see if there's anything more. I want to get online and research this WOR," Lucas told Clark. "You can't kill a radio station—we need to know who the target is. The guy. The specific guy."

An agent who'd been listening in said, "Maybe he goes into the station with an automatic weapon. Kills a bunch of people."

"Not really the Five's style," Virgil said. "I suppose it's possible, but it would be a suicide run and the other members of the Five have been very careful. And most stations have security now . . . I dunno. It's a head-scratcher."

They left Osborne's as it was getting dark, went back to their rooms at the Travelodge, called home, took showers, went out on the Internet to read about WOR. At six-thirty, as they were eating at the Greek-flavored café, Mallard called.

"I heard about the WOR thing. This can't happen. We have to get to the JFK guy before he kills whoever it is he's targeting."

Lucas: "You want us to go to New York?"

"I want you to stop an attack on WOR and I want you to catch Zhao and I think New York is the best bet. She seems to be contacting the various Five members. She's already done SFO, she killed MSP and CLE, the next closest place is JFK. Cleveland is less than a day's drive from Manhattan. A lot closer than New Orleans."

"They haven't had any coordinated, two-person killings as far as we know," Virgil said. "If she's going there, it's for money, or maybe to eliminate the JFK guy so he can't testify against her, but it won't be connected to an attack on WOR."

“Still, it’s all converging on New York,” Mallard said. “I’ve talked to the assistant director there, who I believe you both know . . .”

“Yeah, he doesn’t like us,” Lucas said.

“A little rain must fall in everyone’s life, although you two guys are more like a shitstorm, but that’s neither here nor there,” Mallard said. “I want you up there. Go to the radio station, stir things up, see what comes out of it. I’ll have tickets for you tomorrow and a car will meet you at LaGuardia.”

“Not too early in the morning,” Lucas said.

Mallard rang off and they finished dinner, talking about the problems New York might pose, including the fact that the Manhattan assistant FBI director *really* didn’t like them. By eight, they were back in their rooms. Lucas watched a movie and Virgil got out his laptop and worked on an outline for the next chapter in his second novel. At eleven they were both in bed, Virgil asleep, Lucas not quite.

In that not-quite state, his eyes opened and he said, aloud, “Uh-oh.”

He called Virgil, who answered, groggily, “What happened?”

“I had a thought,” Lucas said.

“Any chance it could have waited until tomorrow?”

Lucas ignored the comment. “Remember when the Osborne press release said, ‘You’ll know his face’? And you said, ‘Radio stations don’t have faces’?”

“Yeah, I remember all that clearly. Can I go back to sleep now?”

“You were right,” Lucas said. “I was lying here in the dark trying to think of a radio face that I know. There’s Soucheray in the Twin Cities, but that’s about it, and I mostly remember his face because of his columns in the newspaper. And maybe a billboard.”

“Okay . . . So what?”

“So I started thinking, WOR. And I thought, Woody Rap. Or, as he sometimes refers to himself, Woodrow Orion Rap.”

Woody Rap had a ten o’clock cable television talk show out of New York City; his florid, jowl-wagging face was known across the country.

Virgil sat up in bed: “Sonofabitch. WOR. You think?”

“He’s got a face. He’s in New York. He’s a fruitcake. He’s the guy who told us COVID was seeded in the U.S. by Democrats trying to pull down Trump. That the Joint Chiefs of Staff were all communists and that’s why the military didn’t intervene to stop the election from being stolen by Biden.”

“Lucas, I gotta think he’s about a hundred times more likely to be a target than some fuckin’ radio station,” Virgil said.

“We’ll talk to Mallard in the morning. But *think* about this. I don’t know that Rap’s ever called himself WOR. And the radio station would be a hell of a target.”

“But Rap does use all three names, and Osborne used the initials of the other victims, too. You nailed it. It’s not a fuckin’ radio station. It’s just not. It’s Woodrow Orion Rap.”

TWENTY-EIGHT

Mallard's assistants got Lucas and Virgil a flight out of Cleveland to LaGuardia airport in New York City at one o'clock in the afternoon, but Clark, who was the Osborne on-site supervisor, knocked on their doors at eight o'clock to invite them to a nine o'clock briefing at the FBI field office in downtown Cleveland.

They made it, not by much, parked in front of the brick and concrete FBI lump on Lakeside Avenue and crossed through a black steel picket fence and into the building.

Henry Moore, the AIC, had turned the briefing over to an assistant who summarized all the evidence so far turned up in all the Five killings, which amounted to nothing in San Francisco and Houston, closed cases in the Twin Cities and Cleveland, and the open possibility in New York.

When the assistant was finished, Moore stood up to say, "The New York office is already coordinating closely with WOR. This is a delicate situation because we would prefer that the killer approach the station without attacking it: we want to catch him in the act, but before he does any damage. The WOR people, of course, are interested in eliminating any possibility of damage or injuries, but we have pointed out to them that if there is an obvious increase in security, then the killer may simply back away and attack later. It's not a situation where we can provide a security blanket forever, although the WOR executives don't seem to appreciate that."

An agent raised a hand and asked, "Will any of us be going to New York to supplement their security effort?"

Moore shook his head: "No. New York is confident that they have it under control."

Another agent: "What about Zhao? We were talking about it yesterday afternoon with the marshals . . ." He waved a hand at Lucas and Virgil ". . . and we agreed that there wasn't any necessary connection between her and an attack on WOR. So . . . what are we doing about that?"

Moore said, "There's no reason to think she stuck around here, with Osborne dead. She's on the road, somewhere, and where that is, your guess is as good as mine."

Another agent: “If she gets to New York City . . . I looked it up on Google last night and there are more than a million ethnic Asians in New York, most of them in the city. Half a million ethnic Asian women . . .”

“That’s certainly a serious problem,” Moore said, with a hint in his voice suggesting that while it *was* a serious problem, it wasn’t *their* serious problem. “Anyone else?”

Virgil looked at Lucas, and Lucas raised his hand. Moore pointed at him. “Marshal?”

“Woody Rap,” Lucas said.

Moore frowned. “What about him?”

“He lives in New York City, or around there, I believe. When he’s feeling extra pompous, which he is about once a night, he likes to proclaim himself to be Woodrow Orion Rap. WOR.”

A smattering of conversation sprang up around the room, like a winter breeze, and Moore put a hand to his lips, then said, “Oh . . . that’s . . . interesting.”

Virgil: “The press release from the Five said we’d recognize the next victim’s face. I don’t recognize anyone from the radio station, even though they’re famous, but I do know Woody Rap’s face.”

Moore: “I will talk to Washington as soon as we get out of here. Actually, I’ll talk to them right now. I believe Deputy Director Mallard is keeping a close eye on developments . . .”

“He is,” Lucas said. “But we haven’t spoken to him about this. We haven’t talked to him since last night.”

“I will see if I can get through to him now,” Moore said. He turned to his assistant: “You’ve got it, Jack. I’ll be in my office.”

The briefing went on for another fifteen minutes, mostly repetitive questions and speculations about Woody Rap, with several agents using laptops to go out to Google or Bing or to the FBI’s own information system. When they broke up, Lucas and Virgil walked out to the elevators and were waiting there when Mallard called.

“I’m told you two had a finger in the whole Woodrow Orion Rap pie, and may have baked it yourselves,” he said.

“That was Lucas,” Virgil said. “He’s right.”

“It’s a distinct possibility and we’ll be discussing it with the assistant director in New York. You guys figure out what you want to do, but

whatever that is, stay in touch, because we'll have agents doing the same thing. We'll be watching over both Rap and the radio station."

Lucas: "It's Rap."

"I lean that way," Mallard said. "But hypothetically, if the attack is on Rap, and we screw up and he's killed, that's one man. If it's on the radio station, and we screw up, then it could be a massacre. We have to juggle those priorities."

"When you talk to New York, you might do well to keep our names out of it," Virgil suggested.

"Can't do that," Mallard said. "You'll have to coordinate with our people there. If you don't, and you start hanging around Rap, and you're spotted, there could be some confusion about who is who . . . I don't want you accidentally shooting one of my agents. Or vice versa."

"We'll check in with them," Lucas said. "I can tell you right now, we'll be covering Rap, not the station."

THEY FLEW TO New York that afternoon, shouldering their way through the jammed-up corridors of LaGuardia, stopping only to take a leak in a bathroom that resembled that of a Shell station in the 1930s, the floor so wet that they splashed going in and out. They found the agent waiting for them in the baggage claim area, and he drove them, without much in the way of conversation, to the Manhattan FBI headquarters at Federal Plaza. After passing through a few functionaries, they met with the FBI assistant director, Ransom Kelly, in an office decorated with framed law degrees and a basketball signed by Kareem Abdul-Jabbar.

Ransom was a slender man in a good blue pinstriped suit who looked like he got slender by diet, rather than by exercise; he wore round steel-rimmed glasses that gave him a professorial air, and he knew it. When he opened his mouth to speak, he seemed to have two thousand small pearly teeth. He didn't like Lucas and Virgil, and they didn't like him, a stress point that went back to the year before, and a case involving heroin distribution, murder, and the Mafia.

"You know you guys piss me off," Kelly said, as Virgil and Lucas took guest chairs. "I never particularly cared for the Marshals Service and I have no idea what some backwoods Minnesota deputy is doing roaming around with you, Marshal Davenport . . ."

“We got you on TV with a big pile of heroin. You never thanked us for that, though you seemed to enjoy taking all the credit for the arrests,” Virgil snapped. “Lucas has handled more murders than all the FBI agents in this building put together, and I probably have, too, so don’t give us that superior FBI shit. Every real cop we know thinks you guys are a joke.”

“Picking up a bunch of fuckin’ dummies who shot a bunch of other fuckin’ dummies with street guns over a five-dollar bag of crack, and then ran home to their mommies, that doesn’t interest me,” Kelly said.

Lucas opened his mouth and stood and Kelly pointed at him and said, “Shut up. I know what I gotta do and I don’t like it. Deputy Director Mallard says you guys want to cover Woody Rap and I gotta send some of my own people out there with you. I don’t like that, either, but I’ll do it.”

“And while you surround some fuckin’ radio station with as many agents as you can, we’ll probably save your bacon by saving Woody Rap’s bacon,” Virgil said.

Kelly held up both hands: “So we’ve established that we don’t like each other. Good enough. Now . . .”

He had an intercom and pushed a button and said, “Is Orish out there?”

A mechanical voice said, “Yes.”

“Send her in.”

Kate Orish pushed through the door so quickly that she must have been waiting right outside. A tall woman with reddish hair, she was wearing a muted gray-green suit that set off her eyes. She looked at Lucas and Virgil and said, to Kelly, “Sir,” and to Lucas, “Marshal Davenport.” She and Lucas knew each other fairly well, and she’d met Virgil briefly during a series of narcotics and murder trials in South Florida and nodded to him, as though she didn’t remember his name.

Kelly said, “Okay, Orish, you’ve been briefed, you know these two . . . officers . . . so, take them in hand and stay in touch. I understand you’ll be working out on Long Island, so keep Susan Thomas informed about what you’re doing.”

“I will do that,” Orish said.

She turned to Lucas and Virgil, but before she could speak, Kelly said, “Then go,” and he swiveled to a desktop computer and poked a key.

Orish led the way out; Lucas got to the door and turned and said, “So, Assistant Director Kelly, I just wanted to say on behalf of Virgil and myself, go fuck yourself.”

He pulled the door shut and Orish stood there for a moment, eyes closed. When she opened them, she said, "I can't believe I heard that."

"Well, you did," Lucas said. "How have you been, Kate?"

"Up until a couple of minutes ago, I was feeling good," she said. "I don't mind that you said that, I just didn't want to be known to have heard it. We need to talk. How have you been, Virgil?"

"Until a couple of minutes ago, I was feeling good," Virgil said. To Lucas: "We've got to get her promoted to a Washington job so she can kick some Kelly ass."

Orish held a finger up in front of Virgil's nose: "Do not let anyone hear you say that. Not in this building. Or anywhere else."

Virgil: "Yes, ma'am. I will do everything I can to show some respect for that prick."

Orish said, "Okay. Susan Thomas runs the Long Island district office. We'll be calling on some of her agents, as well as some from here and Connecticut."

Lucas asked, "What's this about Long Island? Woody Rap has a house in Manhattan, right?"

"And a place in Suffolk County, which he doesn't talk about on TV," Orish said. "He's supposed to be a man of the people. If the people found out he has a twenty-room mansion in the Hamptons, surrounded by several square miles of incredibly rich liberals, he might lose some of his credibility with the nutjobs. He's got a studio out there, along with the one here in the city, but he calls the Hamptons site his 'bunker.' On TV it looks like a bunker. None of the viewers get to see the rest of the house."

Orish took them to her office, a bland cubicle decorated, like Kelly's, with framed law degrees, but without the basketball. She sat behind her desk and pointed them at her two guest chairs, turned to her computer, clicked on something she'd already found, and swiveled the computer screen so they could see it.

"He lives here," she said, tapping the screen with the eraser end of a yellow pencil. The screen showed a satellite photo of a piece of eastern Long Island not far from the shore, and a house with a multilevel roof. "It's in an area called Sagaponack. He has, according to the Suffolk County assessor's office, two-point-two acres, on which he has the aforesaid mansion, a large swimming pool, a tennis court, and a studio, which you can see here."

“Holy cats, he’s draggin’ in the big bucks,” Virgil said, peering at the photo.

“Yes, he does, but he also has a big mortgage. Though, with a three percent interest rate, it’s like getting a free house. I looked up the sales price of his place, when he bought it six years ago, and it’s about doubled in value, so there’s that.”

“All for selling bullshit on TV,” Virgil marveled.

“He’s not only selling bullshit, he’s selling some dangerous over-the-counter medications that he supposedly takes himself, but doesn’t,” Orish said. “Because if he did, he’d be dead.”

“Have you talked to him yet?” Lucas asked.

“We have. He’s worried. He’s venal but not stupid. He has a town house here in Manhattan and we wanted to keep him there, because we thought we’d have the best chance of grabbing JFK, whoever he is. He disagreed, with, I have to admit, some justification. He lives on a narrow street here in the city without much traffic at all, and our protection people would have to be inside of something. Inside vans, inside apartments . . . He’s afraid some casual passerby would gun him down before we could react.”

“But we would catch that guy,” Virgil said.

“And he’d be dead. He’d prefer he not be dead,” Orish said.

“New York people are so entitled,” Lucas said.

“I can’t see that he’d be much better off in Saga-whatsis,” Virgil said. “The place looks tough, fences, hedges, all kinds of obstructions like those pools and the tennis courts . . . I see a few walls . . . lots of trees . . . parts of it are almost like a forest. Guy could go sliding through there like grease through a goose. I think Osborne could have done it. Even McGruder, with those ninja lessons he was taking . . .”

“It’s not a forest . . . there’s lots of grass and other stuff out there . . . certainly not the Northwoods,” Orish said. “It’s one of the most groomed, wired-up places in the country. Those are very rich people, with overlapping security systems, cameras everywhere, anti-intrusion radar . . . everything you can think of. A killer, a stalker, wouldn’t have to worry only about the target’s property, he’d have to worry about every property he crossed. Every step he took.”

She reached out and fiddled with the keyboard and brought up street-view photos. “This is right outside his driveway. You can see he has a hedge around the house. So do most of the houses in the neighborhood. You don’t

want to be in a gunfight in there, especially not after dark. A shooter could hide anywhere, you wouldn't see him if he was six feet away."

Virgil: "Maybe we need dogs . . ."

Orish snapped her fingers: "Good thought. We've got dogs, somewhere, but I don't know if they could warn us about somebody approaching you . . . maybe a search and rescue dog could. Most of our dogs are for detecting explosives and so on. I'll check."

"How many people will we be working with?" Lucas asked.

"Twelve agents. Three shifts of four agents each, covering him around the clock, plus you two, whenever you want to be on-site. Rap has also ordered up a private armed security service, ex-New York City cops. There'll be two ex-cops for two shifts a day, from early morning to late evening, seven to eleven. He can lock down his house overnight—if somebody comes for him then, it'd be a smash and shoot."

"Will we get to meet him?" Virgil asked.

"Yes. Tomorrow morning. If the Five killer is on schedule, he won't make an attempt for another day or two," Orish said. "With the McGruder and Osborne killings, JFK might go early. Or he might call it off, for now, anyway. We'd prefer he didn't do that. We don't need Rap to get shot six months from now."

"All right. We got us a trap," Lucas said, sitting back in his chair. "And JFK shouldn't know we're even out there."

They arranged to ride out to the Long Island FBI offices the next morning with Orish, where they would get an unmarked surveillance car to work from. Lucas had arranged to get rooms at a Holiday Inn in the financial district, where Orish would pick them up.

When they'd said goodbye to her, and were walking to the elevators, Lucas said, "Steak house . . ."

"Mmm, I, uh, have a dinner date," Virgil said.

"What?"

"I called my agent from the Cleveland airport. We're going to get together at some place on the Upper East Side."

"Maybe I should come along as your advisor," Lucas said.

"I don't think so," Virgil said. "All I need is some Davenport bullshit to knock me out of the book business. I don't know how late I'll be, but I'd recommend that you go to bed early. We got that stuff coming from the Marshals Service, and Orish is coming for us at eight."

“That *is* an unnaturally early hour,” Lucas said. “All right. And hey: watch your mouth. You don’t want any of that Flowers’ hick-wit on display. Show her the straight-up Midwestern work ethic: you’re good for twenty books, maybe more, you’re humble, intelligent, and you wash your hands every time you pee. You’ve already got it in the bag, don’t lose it now.”

“Ah, Jesus, I did have it under control, and now you’re freaking me out,” Virgil said. “Tie or no tie? Wait, I don’t have a tie . . .”

“I’ve got several with me,” Lucas said. “We’ll find one that goes with your eyes.”

TWENTY-NINE

The ride the next morning, to Melville, where the Long Island branch of the New York City FBI was located, was tedious, not without some contention, and way too early, in Lucas' opinion.

Even earlier that morning, Lucas had taken delivery of a tan canvas bag from the New York Marshals Service office. The bag clanked when he dropped it in the back of Orish's Tahoe.

"What's in there?" Orish asked.

"You know, protective equipment, vests, night-vision stuff, helmets in case we need them . . ."

"That didn't sound like Kevlar to me. That sounded like guns," Orish said.

"Maybe some guns," Lucas said.

"Ah, boy. What kind of guns?"

"Maybe some . . . shotguns?"

"Ah, boy."

When they got past the discussion of the contents of the equipment bag, Lucas asked about Virgil's date with the literary agent and Virgil said they'd gotten along well enough.

"She told me that I had to push now. I've got a start, and now I've got to push hard. More books, better books. She says I need to develop a shelf—you know, a bookstore shelf of paperbacks that'll catch the eye of browsers and will keep selling for years. That's apparently a moneymaker for publishers. Christ, I have trouble thinking about what I'm doing next week, much less thinking about getting six or eight books out . . ."

"You sit in a chair and type, so what's the problem?" Lucas said. "You got all kinds of actual stories you can throw in around your plot, to give it a real-life feel, even if the main story is complete horseshit, which it probably is."

"Yeah, yeah, she even mentioned that," Virgil said. "She liked the true-crime kinda characters, street characters. She said it gave the novel a certain tactility."

"Don't make your hero into superman," Orish said, from the driver's seat. "I hate that. You know, they're in thirty-two gunfights in three days against a hundred terrorists and get a flesh wound in the shoulder. They ought to be

getting blisters on their trigger fingers. And, I'd like to point out, no hero ever gets shot in the balls."

"Yeah, I'm not doing that," Virgil said. "My big problem now is that I'm supposed to be thinking about WOR and all the possibilities around him and all I can really think about is *Blood Moon Rising*."

Lucas: "What?"

"The second book," Virgil said.

"That's a stupid title," Lucas said. "Who thought of that?"

"I did," Virgil said.

"I think it's a fine title," Orish said, unconvincingly.

Virgil pressed a palm against his forehead: "Oh, Jesus, the first two people I tell the title to, they think it sucks."

"It doesn't suck," Orish said. "But yesterday I was listening to that James Taylor song, 'Fire and Rain,' and I was thinking, that'd be a good name for a novel."

"What, I steal 'Fire and Rain' for a title, and James Taylor cries himself to sleep at night, knowing I stole it? How would I live with myself?" Virgil asked.

"Goes on the bestseller list, you'd probably manage," Lucas said. "And it's a lot better than *Bloody Moon Rising*."

"'Blood Moon,'" Virgil said.

"See? I already forgot the title."

THEY WORE OUT that topic, and Lucas, paging through a stack of Wikipedia printouts that Orish had given him, about Rap, said, "I don't want to read all this shit. Just tell me."

"I've talked to him twice, in person. He's possibly the most cynical person I've ever met—he knows that medical stuff he sells on his show is junk, but he does it anyway, because he wants the money. He laughs all the time, especially on his TV show, but he's not funny, he only thinks he is. What he is . . . he won't deny it, if you accuse him of it—is a fascist. I'm not overstating that: he believes in a system of government that has a strongman at the top, ruling the place. He sees himself as a latter-day Goebbels, ready to follow the leader into the storm . . ."

She went on a while, and when she finished, Virgil muttered, just loud enough, "Fuckin' deep-state libtard."

“I’m *so* not a libtard that I usually don’t even vote,” Orish said. “Though, I’m embarrassed to admit that, I guess.”

THE FBI HEADQUARTERS in Melville were in the most modern FBI building that Lucas had ever seen, like an enormous white calcium pill. They met with Susan Thomas, the agent in charge of the office, in what looked like a classroom, with the other agents assigned to the WOR problem. They discussed the work shifts at Rap’s house and physical areas of responsibility. A video projector put large-scale high-resolution satellite photos of Rap’s house on a pull-down screen.

“The problem with the photos is that they don’t show what’s hidden by the tree canopies,” Thomas said, using a red laser pointer to tap key points in the photo. “If Rap is the target, we would like JFK to come in on him, so we can intercept him. That means we can’t do a lot of last-minute reconnaissance, because if JFK is doing the same thing, he could spot us. So, we sneak in, hide our cars, and when we’re in position, we stay in position. We assume if JFK attacks Rap, he’ll do it at night, because an attacker would be too obvious in daylight. So, we’re looking for movement, at night, closing on Rap’s house.”

“What if he comes in at two o’clock in the afternoon disguised as a FedEx guy?” somebody asked.

“Then he’ll probably kill Rap,” Orish said, “because anybody who could get a FedEx truck is too smart for us.”

Virgil and Lucas looked at each other, then Orish added, “He has bodyguards who answer the door. With guns.”

“Will us night guys have access to night-vision equipment?” one of the agents asked.

“Yes. We don’t have enough sets for everybody, so you’ll have to hand off your goggles to your relief agent at the end of your shift,” Thomas said.

She looked at Lucas and Virgil: “Do the marshals have experience with night-vision goggles?”

Lucas and Virgil both nodded and said, “Yes,” and Lucas said, “We have our own. We have quite a bit of gear from the Marshals Service, including vests and the night-vision stuff.”

“And shotguns,” Orish said.

“Shotguns may not be optimal,” Thomas said.

Lucas: “Will your guys have rifles? Or are you going with shotguns and sidearms?”

“Sidearms,” Thomas said. “The distances will be short—you can’t see very far if you’re on the ground out there—so pistols should be sufficient. I hope you have been trained . . .”

“I mostly work with shotguns, when I need a weapon,” Virgil said. “So yeah, I’m good.”

“So am I,” Lucas said.

Thomas shook her head and then said, “Okay. I hope you’re right. I’m aware that you’re both extremely experienced. Remember, we will have a lot of people out there . . . and we would prefer to effect an arrest without gunfire, of course. When you’re out there you mostly see trees, bushes, and hedges, but it’s densely populated, as you can see from the satellite views. You might not be able to see a house because it’s screened by all the foliage, but it’s there. Rifles would be a serious problem.”

“Especially if you don’t want to kill a rich guy while he’s drinking his martini six blocks away,” someone chipped in.

“That’s exactly right,” Thomas said. “Now, let’s make sure everybody is up to date on our radio protocols . . .”

LUCAS AND VIRGIL were given a blue Camry to drive to Rap’s house. Orish rode along in the back seat, leaving the ponderous Tahoe at the FBI headquarters. The car smelled of pizza, cheeseburgers, and tortilla chips, which was to be expected in a surveillance car, but was missing the normally required Ding Dong or Hostess Snoball wrappers.

“Smells like real cops were in here,” Lucas said to Virgil.

From the back seat, Orish said, “Fuck you.”

Virgil: “She’s loosening up.”

Orish said, “Virgil, try not to be too much of a wiseass with Rap. He’s an easy target, I know, but we don’t need him pissed off. We want him cooperative.”

“I can do that, be nice,” Virgil said.

THEY SPENT TWENTY minutes rolling around the neighborhood, pointing out tactical considerations.

Virgil: “You notice the streetlights?”

Lucas: “Yeah. There aren’t any.”

Virgil had said he could be polite to Rap, but a half hour later, he wasn’t sure of that. Rap was a tall, fat, bald man wearing cutoff jeans that could have been used as a hot-air balloon, under a tent-like white dress shirt that fell nearly to his knees. He was wearing a leather thong around his neck with a turquoise dodad on it and a turquoise bracelet on one hairy forearm.

He never stopped talking.

“What you guys don’t realize is that I’m on the same side as the Five. We need to kill assholes: that’s what I’m talking about. Killing assholes. Not that I’d do it myself because I’m a live-and-let-live kind of guy, but honest to sweet Jesus Christ if you were gonna shoot assholes, New York would be the happy hunting grounds. You could open fire in Times Square and start mowing people down and nine out of ten would be assholes blah blah blah blahblahblah . . .”

Orish slowed him down when she said, “We’re asking you not to go out on that front balcony. If the killer is really out there, he could have a .50-caliber with 300-grain expanding bullets that if it hit you in the chest would leave nothing but a few scraps of bacon out in the backyard . . .”

Rap: “Say what?”

She took the break to introduce the three supervising agents on the three shifts that would be watching the house, plus Virgil and Lucas. Rap introduced his two beefy bodyguards on the seven-to-three shift, battered-looking ex-New York City cops, who, he said, had been hired “to make a point that you don’t fuck with Woodrow Orion Rap.”

“Does that mean that they’re going to kill this JFK if they have a chance?” Orish asked.

“Only to save innocent life,” one of the ex-cops said, who said it in the odd New York way, with half-hooded eyes that meant he was lying and he knew you knew it and they would empty their seventeen-shot mags into any motherfucker who tried to get close to the client.

Lucas nodded at him and said, “Glad to have you.”

The other beefy ex-cop said to Virgil, “We looked you up. You done okay, that thing last year. Shooting down an airplane; made me laugh.”

They spent an hour figuring out who would be where, and for how long. The two ex-cops would be inside the house, blocking access to Rap wherever he might go inside. Four agents would be at key points around the lawn, concealed in landscape shrubbery, wearing night-vision goggles. Orish would be inside the house, in the parlor, monitoring radios and feeding information to the agents outside. Lucas suggested that they might be too static and might do better with a couple of people wandering around.

“We have infrared armbands that you could wear that would identify you for any of our agents wearing night-vision goggles, if you want to wander,” Orish said. “Of course, if JFK has night-vision goggles, you’d jump out like neon signs.”

“I don’t want them—there’ll be enough light around with the moon and all the houses that it’ll never be completely dark,” Virgil said. “We’ll work it so Lucas and I stay at least a couple of backyards away from Mr. Rap’s house. If we see somebody coming in, we can call you, then let him through, and have him boxed.”

“It can get real fuckin’ dark out there,” Rap said. “I was out a couple weeks ago at night and walked into a tree branch that goddamn near scalped me. Bleedin’ like a stuck pig. Poured half a bottle of Strane Ultra Uncut on my head to sterilize the wound.”

One of the ex-cops, eyeballs sucked back in his skull: “You poured gin on your head?”

“Goddamn right. Eighty-two percent alcohol. Three drinks a day stops Covid in its tracks.”

At the end, Orish said to Rap, “At night, if you simply sit and watch your television until you go to bed, or go down to your gym, or get an escort to your studio, or sit in the living room and talk on your phone, you’ll be perfectly safe. Don’t show yourself. There’s only a small chance that JFK is even after you, but there’s a chance, and you should be careful.”

“My middle name is ‘careful,’” Rap said. He did a spit-take and said, “Oh, wait. My middle name is Orion.” He thought that was hilarious, and proved it by strolling through the house, issuing bursts of laughter, trailed by his cops.

LUCAS, VIRGIL, AND Orish were staying at a motel called the Royce. On the way there, Orish looked at her phone and muttered, “We didn’t get the

drone. The drone's up in Boston, they've got something going on and they wouldn't let us have it. I don't think we'll get the dogs, either. They're over at WOR—the radio station.”

“The FBI has drones?” Virgil asked.

“Of course. Why wouldn't we?”

“I don't know,” Virgil said. “It just . . . I don't know.”

“What are you guys planning to do until dark?” Orish asked.

Lucas said he planned to watch movies, talk to his wife and kids, and take a nap since they'd be up all night. Virgil said he would break out his laptop and lay down some words on the newly renamed *Fire and Rain*, and talk to Frankie and the kids and maybe take a nap.

“What kind of authentic stories will you tell?” Orish asked. “Since I'm one of those people that real cops think are a joke, I'd like to know what I'm missing.”

“I wasn't talking about you, Kate,” Lucas said.

“Yes, you were.”

Virgil: “I've been thinking about that, the stories. And I'm thinking one might be, the dog shock collars on toddlers.”

“That would be a good one,” Lucas agreed. To Orish: “I've heard this story.”

“I'm not sure I want to,” Orish said. “But go ahead.”

There was an asshole in a small town in southwest Minnesota, Virgil said, who reasoned that he could best discipline his three children by equipping them with shock collars meant for training dogs. He had the power turned all the way up so the kids would get a serious jolt, enough to leave burn scars on their necks.

“How old were they?” Orish asked.

“Mmm, this was a few years back, but it seems to me they were three, four, and five at the time.”

Orish: “Oh my God. You busted him and he's in prison . . .”

“No, I never met him,” Virgil said. “I didn't hear about it until the problem had been solved . . . maybe a year later, or a little more than that.”

“If you didn't . . .”

“The older kid was sent away to kindergarten and the teacher spotted the burns. This was in a do-it-yourself part of southwestern Minnesota. Instead of calling the cops, she told the hockey coach, and as I got the story, the coach and a bunch of his players got a bunch of Taser stun batons—possibly

from the local sheriff's department, though the sheriff denies it. They put on ski masks and went over to the guy's house and had a Taser party. These weren't the shooting kind of guns, but the ones that look like flashlights and you press them against somebody's body. I'm told they pressed them against some pretty shocking parts of the guy's body. He left town shortly thereafter, to parts unknown, which is why I never got involved."

"I just spotted a reason you shouldn't tell that story in a novel," Lucas said. "It takes too long. It'd break up the flow of the book."

"You know what really breaks up a book?" Orish asked. "Sex. I mean I like a good shower scene as much as anyone, but not in a thriller. You're galloping along at a hundred miles an hour and then you slow down to a crawl for the in-and-out. If you're going to put sex in a book, make it a slow read to begin with, not a fast one. Something sultry."

"I will take that under advisement," Virgil said.

Orish said, "Well, if you plan to ignore my advice, my further advice would be to make the sex really kinky."

ALL THREE OF them spent the rest of the daylight hours at the Royce, trying unsuccessfully to get some decent sleep, but dozing at least part of the time, eating junk food from a machine, swilling diet sodas, watching CNN, CNBC, Fox, and MSNBC. Virgil put down a thousand words on *Fire and Rain*, while Orish spent the day talking on the telephone to anxious FBI bureaucrats who found themselves in an unwanted line of fire. She took a half-dozen calls from Assistant Director Kelly, who told her things that she already knew.

Lucas caught a romantic comedy on HBO Max that sucked, he said, "because I saw the whole thing coming after the first two minutes. How in the hell can you have a romantic comedy when the two main characters are totally unlikable?"

"Maybe they were likable to everyone else, but not to you," Virgil suggested.

"No, they were unlikable. Period," Lucas said. "And you know what? The sex scenes slowed down the story."

"Told you," Orish said.

Virgil said he'd seen a movie called *We're the Millers* and enjoyed it.

"Romantic comedy?" Lucas asked.

“Sorta. About a group of unrelated people forming a family,” Virgil said, his voice suspiciously flat.

“Sounds dull,” Lucas said.

“Well, you’ll probably want to get your kids and Weather and check it out,” Virgil said. “There aren’t that many movies entire families can enjoy.”

RAP HAD A four-car garage, but only two cars, so they put the Camry in one of the empty stalls, where it would be out of sight; the other stall would be used by the senior agent on each shift, who’d bring three more agents with him. The New York cops came in a single car, which could be effectively hidden in a courtyard, not visible from the street.

When they’d all gathered at nightfall, they re-rehearsed exactly what everybody would be doing. The senior agent, whose name was Cothran, warned them all against falling asleep: “It’s gonna be boring, you’re not going to be able to move much, everybody’s got sweaters and heavy coats, so you’ll probably be warm. That can make you sleepy, but you can’t fall asleep. I’ll be beeping you every so often and I want you to beep back instantly . . .”

They had agreed that the attack, if there were one, would most likely come from the back of the house, rather than the front or the sides, because the cover was thicker in the back, and escape routes easier to lay out. The sides and front of the house would be well covered by the agents in the corners of the yard and would be protected from longer shots by the adjacent houses. From the back, a shooter could be three or four hundred yards away, if he climbed a high enough tree, or got on a rooftop, and could still see the back windows of Rap’s house, which included the master bedroom.

“We’ll keep the blinds down in the bedroom, avoid silhouettes,” Orish said.

Before they went out, Cothran distributed fleece-covered cushions meant for deer stand seats, to put on the ground beneath them; the air temperature was expected to fall to twenty degrees and the ground was frozen solid. The cushions had belts so the agents could secure them around their waists, leaving their hands free when walking, but still have the cushion when they stopped walking and took up a new stand.

“The big brains in DC think if JFK comes after WOR, it’ll be in the deep dark, two to four a.m.,” Orish said, pronouncing Rap’s name as *War*. “Keep

that in mind . . . don't let your guard down early.”

The shift would change at midnight; Orish would work both nighttime shifts, as would Virgil and Lucas.

At six-thirty, the four agents who would post themselves at the corners of Rap's yard went out through a side door into the courtyard where the cops' car was parked and disappeared into the dark. Rap came down to watch, and said, “Get him, boys.”

Lucas and Virgil followed ten minutes later, night-vision goggles clamped uncomfortably over watch caps. The images coming through the sensors were different than the goggles they'd used in Minnesota and were white rather than green, but easily understandable. They were equipped with eye cups to eliminate side-glow. Both Lucas and Virgil carried Remington 870 twelve-gauge shotguns with optical reflex sights, and two six-round magazines each, the shells loaded with #00 buckshot, as well as their sidearms.

As previously agreed, Orish warned the agents in the yard that Lucas and Virgil would be coming through. They walked together to the back of the yard, marked by a hedge but no fence, pushed through the hedge at a thin spot, crossed a neighbor's backyard, walked through a marshy area that had frozen solid, pushed through another hedge, across a tennis court to the end of that yard, and through the next hedge, where they sat down.

There was not much to see. The sky was partly cloudy, so stars appeared only intermittently. A waning moon was up and threw moon shadows, when it wasn't behind a cloud; the shadows sometimes seemed to be moving shapes. Orish would talk to them occasionally, through their earbuds, and Cothran would beep them and they'd beep back.

Virgil was behind what he thought might be a lilac bush, dense and leafless. He sat cross-legged part of the time, stretched out from time to time, his shotgun across his lap. He had a shell in the chamber. There'd be no TV-style shotgun ratcheting noise before he was ready to fire.

Lucas had no idea of what kind of bush he was in, just that it was short and had a spray of delicate limbs that nearly surrounded him. There was little wind, and both he and Virgil had wrapped their necks in woolen scarves and were warm enough.

From their spots next to the hedge, they could see lights going on and off in the surrounding houses, slowly migrating from lower floors to upper floors as people moved upstairs into bedrooms. At least two of the houses

were probably empty, as they showed lights going on and off at predictable intervals, as though on timers.

At eight o'clock, they could hear some banging around from a few hundred feet farther ahead of where they were, and then the odor of steaks being cooked on a charcoal grill. Cars went quietly by on streets on the other sides of the houses they were behind.

The streets were in nothing like a grid, but wandered between houses on odd-shaped lots, and some that looked like streets weren't streets at all, but long private driveways, everything bordered by hedges. That geography would make the job harder for the agents at the sides of Rap's yard because an intruder might not be coming in at a predictable angle.

And so they sat, impatient, yawning, looking at their watches, dozing between beeps. A shift changed at midnight, which occasioned some talk about movement, but Lucas and Virgil stayed where they were. As in Northwoods deer hunting, they frequently imagined that the sun was coming up—that it was getting lighter in the east, when it wasn't.

Until finally, it was.

Traffic picked up, and then bigger shapes became visible, and lights began going on in the houses around them, and detailed shapes appeared.

That was the first night.

Nothing happened.

THIRTY

Sonnewell arrived at Lakefront Airport in New Orleans at 11:30 in the morning, where Carter picked him up.

“That your plane? The jet?” she asked, as Sonnewell wheeled a midsized Tumi suitcase across the tarmac toward her.

“No. Owning a plane is stupid. That’s my analysis,” Sonnewell said. “If you own a plane, you’re more likely to die in a plane crash. You want a service that has newer planes and that flies a lot. Flies all the time. I’ve got a deal where I give them six hours’ notice and they get me a plane that’ll take me anywhere in the U.S. Europe is second-day.”

“Sounds like a deal,” Carter said, sizing him up as they went out to her car. She’d met him a few times at ABC conventions but never before had seen him when he wasn’t wearing a suit and tie, with carefully styled hair. He was a big guy, rugged, tanned, brown hair now worn too long for a businessman. He had a faint accent that she would have identified as “farm.” She knew he’d grown up on one; and he sounded a bit like the country singer Merle Haggard, who she liked.

Sonnewell was smart and rich and at an ABC convention, she’d heard him discussing modern European painting with some other art enthusiasts, and he seemed to know a lot about it. And those muscles . . . He was wearing a blue tee-shirt under a canvas overshirt, worn unbuttoned, jeans, boots, and a Raiders ball cap.

When they got to her car, a blue-gray Porsche Panamera, he threw his bag on the back seat and inside the car, said, “One of the good things about flying private is they don’t ask if you’ve got silenced pistols in your bag.”

“You do?”

“One. A .22, like Vivian used on Jamie McGruder. I did give her a compact nine-millimeter, which she probably used on Osborne. I shouldn’t have done that, in retrospect. I should have settled her when I had the chance, but I didn’t want to do it in my house.”

“Afraid of ghosts?” Carter asked, with a smile.

“Blood spatter,” Sonnewell said, returning the smile. “I hear it’s hell to get out of real plaster walls.”

Carter: "If you're ready, right now, I'd like to leave from here, instead of going back to my condo." She didn't want to say that she preferred that he not see exactly where she lived.

"I'm ready, let's go." As they were rolling out of the parking lot, Sonnewell asked, "I guess you've figured out how we'll do this?"

"Yes. For your approval—you can veto it if you want," Carter said. "When was the last time you were in a Macy's store?"

Sonnewell shrugged. "I don't know . . . maybe years ago? Anything I'd buy at a Macy's, I'd go online for."

"Okay. Well, I do go into Macy's every once in a long while. I can tell you, you could shoot a cannon off in those stores and not hit a clerk. Vivian is afraid of me and I'm a little afraid of her, but she wants money, and I've told her that I'm ready to supply it. And I've got it with me. In a buckskin backpack. Sort of elegant, to fit her mental scenario. I'll carry it over my shoulder when we meet, that's just in case killing her doesn't work out. And by the way, I don't want to do it here in New Orleans."

"I can understand that. Where do you want to do it?"

"Vivian and I agreed that the exchange should take place in public, where a gunfight would get noticed," she continued. "There's a Macy's store in a shopping center called Riverchase Galleria in Birmingham, Alabama. Birmingham is a five-hour drive from here and the mall is off I-65, which she'll be driving down from Cleveland. I'll call her and suggest that we meet there, in neutral territory, to deliver the money."

"You think we can kill somebody in a Macy's store and get away with it?" Sonnewell sounded amused.

"If we do it right," she said, her voice cool and serious. "We'll have to pick the spot, get her to go to it. I can cut her if I get the chance, or you could come up behind with a rope. Or if it's really vacant, we could risk a shot, if the .22 is quiet enough."

"It's not quiet, even with the suppressor on it, but it might be quiet enough," Sonnewell said. "I'll tell you, though, probably the best thing would be a hammer or a club, something heavy. A crowbar. Something where I could come up from behind and hit her. Quick and quiet and final. When she's down, you could use your razor as a backup."

"Huh. That'd work," Carter said. "I happen to know where there's a Home Depot in Slidell, we could stop there on the way out of town. They'd have

what we need. I don't have a razor anymore, so I'd have to pick up a knife. I'm sure they have some."

"We'll need something to hide our faces. I've got a Tilley hat that will cover mine. If we won't look too weird, a Covid mask . . ."

"We're thinking along the same lines," Carter said. "I've got a brown felt cowboy hat. I don't like it, so I could burn it. And I've got Covid masks in two different colors."

"Great."

"I'll give her a call from Slidell," Carter said. "She'll be going through Birmingham this evening. She told me she needed some sleep, but then she'd drive the rest of the way straight down."

"What if she doesn't want you to pick the spot? What if she wants to go to one of those cinnamon roll places, if they got one there . . . or wherever?"

"I'll be willing to bet that she'll bite on Macy's," Carter said. "I mean, it sounds so big and public and out there . . . like the Macy's Christmas parade."

"Give her a call. See what she says," Sonnewell said. He'd slipped on a pair of aviator sunglasses, the better to look her over without giving too much away. She was seriously attractive, he thought. He hadn't paid too much attention to her appearance at the ABC conventions, which were overrun with attractive, hard-hustling women.

At this distance, with that southern comfort voice, he now thought she might be the most attractive, desirable, alluring woman he'd ever met. A striking raven-haired psychopath who could crack walnuts between the cheeks of her ass . . . the complete package.

She said, "That's an old Raiders hat you're wearing. I'd have thought you'd have burned it after they split for Vegas."

He said, "Naw, I'm still a Raiders guy," and he thought, *Oh my God, she even knows about the Raiders.*

ZHAO HAD BEEN tired when she arrived in Cleveland; by the time she left, after killing Osborne, she was beyond exhausted. She pressed south into the night, was dazzled by the lights of Columbus, but continued into the dark beyond.

At Cincinnati, she quit. She spotted a hospital parking structure, slotted herself between a couple of pickups, crawled into the back of the 4Runner

and fell into an agitated sleep. She woke before noon, dug out some toothpaste and a bottle of water, cleaned out her mouth, washed her face with a towelette she'd bought at an all-night convenience store where she'd stopped for gas.

She had to eat something besides crap and took the time to drive through a McDonald's: a couple of cheeseburgers, fries, and more caffeine. Feeling better, she was back on the interstate when Carter called.

Carter said, "Your experience with Bill Osborne has probably freaked you out, so I don't want to sound too . . . directive . . . but I've got a spot where I think we could get together."

Zhao had two immediate unspoken responses: gratitude that she wouldn't have to think about a rendezvous, and suspicion that Carter might be setting her up. She'd insisted the night before on someplace public. If Carter now wanted to go somewhere private down in her hometown . . .

Trying to sound a bit eager, she said, "I am so . . . grateful for your help, Andi, honest to God, this has been the worst week of my life. At least SFO helped out. I don't know what Bill . . . anyway, where should we meet?"

"To be honest, I don't want to meet in my hometown . . . if you should get caught, I don't want the feds thinking too hard about Bitcoin money in New Orleans. Anyway, what would you think about a Macy's store in Birmingham, Alabama? You should be able to get there today without any trouble, as long as you got some sleep last night. I've never been in the store myself, but we'll figure out a spot to meet when we get there."

Zhao felt the relief flooding through her . . . tinted with a tiny remnant of suspicion. "If you've never been there, how'd you find it?"

"Looked it up on Google Maps."

Good answer, and believable, Zhao thought. "Okay. I'll find it on my phone . . . Is there only one Macy's store in Birmingham?"

"I don't know," Carter said. "This one is in the Riverchase Galleria."

"Let me call you back in five minutes—I'll tell you when I can get there," Zhao said. "I just left Cincinnati."

She spent five minutes thinking about Macy's as a meeting spot and looking up the Riverchase Galleria on her phone as she drove. The place did exist, and it did look busy, and it was a little more than seven hours away.

Even better, it would be less than three hours from the Atlanta airport, the single busiest airport in the country. With her good primary phony ID, which

she'd already flown on, and a Covid mask, she could get almost anywhere in the country with one set of security checks.

She called Carter: "That Macy's looks perfect. I'm about seven hours away."

"I'm about six from my house and I can leave in a few minutes," Carter lied. "Call me when you get close."

"And we'll meet in the store."

"Absolutely. I'll hand you a leather backpack and keep walking . . . I kinda don't want to hang out and be seen with you, in case . . . you know. I put in a hundred K."

"Aw, Andi . . . thank you. I'll see you about eight o'clock. I understand about not being seen with me. I'll call you when I get there."

WHEN CARTER RANG off, Sonnewell was admiring: "You did that very well. Very well."

"Thank you. But . . . are we being too cavalier about this?" Carter asked.

"Yes. So far. We'll tighten up when we get to it. At least I did with Wiggins. Right now, we could turn around, go back home, and nothing happens. Even if we go to the mall, you could just hand over the money . . ."

Carter rubbed her nose, shook her head. "I think we'll do it. And I'm tightening up. But, we can call it off at the last minute. We'll keep that option in mind."

On the way out of New Orleans, they stopped at a Home Depot that Carter said should be renamed "The Murder Your Wife Depot"—everything you need: clubs, knives, saws, shovels, ropes, tubs, contractor-size heavy-duty plastic trash bags.

Sonnewell bought a crowbar, as long as his forearm with a crook at the end to add swing weight, and two pairs of thin translucent painting gloves. Carter went through the self-checkout, buying a razor scraper.

Back in the Panamera, they headed north toward Birmingham.

"Mind if I sleep?" Sonnewell asked after they'd chatted for a while.

"Go ahead. This is not the most scenic trip in America."

Sonnewell did sleep, peacefully and deeply, which Carter thought too trusting, because she was automatically paranoid. He woke instantly when Carter patted his thigh. "We're there. Almost."

THEY CIRCLED THE mall, spotted the Macy's, and parked at an angle to the entrance. They carried their hats until they were well away from the distinctive car, then put them on; they saw a few people wearing Covid masks, and Carter pointed them out, saying, "Must be the local Democrats."

"Like one in twenty," Sonnewell said. They put on the masks, and trying not to be too obvious about it, looked for cameras without seeing any.

Macy's was a Macy's, like most other mall Macy's. Two floors. They walked through both, separately, then met at the entrance to the main mall. Riverchase Galleria wasn't the largest of shopping centers, but the design was attractive, with an arching glass dome overhead and an expansive interior courtyard. They bought a cup of cinnamon sticks at an Auntie Anne's, and Sonnewell asked, "Well?"

"I saw a couple of possibilities, but they both had problems," Carter said. "Not entirely disqualifying, but we'd have to be careful."

"Then I may have the spot," Sonnewell said. "The Ralph Lauren display. What we'd have to do is, we'd have to see her coming. No matter what direction she comes from, I could hide on the other side of a curving display wall. You could stand at a place where she'd have to have her back to me. I step out, and *whack*. There's good cover, nobody immediately around, no clerks. If somebody's shopping there, that could be a problem."

"Then that's a problem . . ."

"Yeah, but nobody was shopping there while I was looking around. Nobody the whole time. I could not find a camera looking at the Lauren display section . . . If somebody did come in to shop, you could leave, call Vivian and tell her you were running a little late, you'd meet her there in a few minutes. Then you could come in from a good angle, get her looking away from me . . ."

"I'd have to see it. The shopper thing worries me."

"So circle back and take a look. I didn't see anything better."

They split up again and Carter went back to Macy's, looked at the Ralph Lauren display, decided that, like Sonnewell, she hadn't seen anything as good. Back together in the courtyard, she said, "I think that's the place. I didn't see any cameras either and there was nobody shopping. Maybe we should feel sorry for Ralph Lauren."

"I think he's probably doing all right," Sonnewell said. "No need for pity."

CARTER CALLED ZHAO: she said she was an hour out, or a little more. Actually, Zhao was no more than forty-five minutes out, but she wanted to show up early. She thought the money pickup should go fine, but her paranoia was acting up.

She saw the mall from the interstate, circled it as Carter and Sonnewell had done, found a parking space less than fifty feet from Carter's car, though she didn't know that. She walked into the store, wearing a ball cap and a mask, and started looking for the Ralph Lauren display.

Sonnewell was watching the entrance from the mall when Carter called and said, "I think she's coming. I'm almost sure it's her. Better get in place. Now! Now! She's looking around, she's coming."

Sonnewell was still wearing the canvas overshirt, and had the crowbar down a pantleg and the hook over his belt. He kept the phone to his ear and his head tipped down, saw Carter looking for him as he came up to the Lauren section, and she nodded to her left.

He went right, around the edge of the display and pushed into a rack of men's jackets. Carter said, "She's coming . . . I'm coming now, I'm going to wave at her. If she comes right in, her back should be to you . . . it's gonna work, it's gonna work, there's that one clerk, you see him?"

"I see him, he's a nonfactor," Sonnewell said, looking across the sales floor at the checkout stand. "There's a woman coming to talk to him, I don't think he could see us anyway, his back will be toward us . . ."

"She'll see me in a couple of seconds, I'm going to put my phone down. You'll hear me say it . . ."

When she said, "I can't believe what Bill did," Zhao's back would be toward him.

Zhao came through the men's department, looking around, saw the Ralph Lauren display. Carter had her back to Zhao but could see her in a dressing mirror. When Zhao got close, Carter looked up, took a step back, and asked, "Is that you?"

"That's me," Zhao said.

Carter walked around a display table and lifted the buckskin backpack onto it and asked, "If you want to take a look, fine, but I want to move on out. Nice to see you, Vivian. I hope you make it. Please don't call me again, I'm scared enough as it is."

"I won't. Let me take a peek, I have to tell you . . . I mean . . ."

“I can’t believe what Bill did,” Carter said. She was six feet from Zhao, across the display table. Zhao looked up at her, with no hint that Sonnewell had stepped out and with a second fast step, was three feet behind her, coming fast. He lifted the crowbar and smashed it down on the crown of Zhao’s head.

Zhao went down as though she’d been hit by a cannonball. Sonnewell looked around for any sign of alarm, and saw none. “She’s dead,” he said, quietly.

“Yes, I think so,” Carter said. Zhao was lying on her back, behind a sweaters table, blood flooding onto the carpet around her head. Her body was invisible from anywhere more than a few steps away. She was staring sightlessly at the ceiling. Carter took the razor scraper, with a four-inch handle, from her purse. She knelt beside Zhao and pressed the razor blade to her throat, and pushed hard, the blade cutting through Zhao’s windpipe and going almost to her spine.

“That should do it,” Carter said, pulling the blade out and standing up. “No coming back from that.”

“Then let’s go . . .”

“You need shorts?” Carter asked. “Ralph Lauren has those very attractive wide-band boxer briefs that I . . .”

“You’re fucking hilarious,” Sonnewell said, taking her arm above the elbow, pulling her out of the Ralph Lauren section and toward the mall exit. “Let’s not go straight to the car. Let’s go out a side exit and find a place to take the hats off.”

“Your wish is my command,” she said.

“Then I gotta another wish for you,” Sonnewell said, with a growl. “We’ll talk about that later. Let’s get out of here.”

ZHAO’S BODY WAS in the deepest part of the Ralph Lauren section, behind and slightly beneath the sweater table. February could get cold in Birmingham, but people really weren’t shopping for sweaters anymore. That’s why Zhao’s body, long dead, wasn’t discovered until the next morning, a half hour after the store opened.

By that time, Sonnewell and Carter were sleeping comfortably under the million-thread-count Egyptian cotton sheets in her waterfront condo in New Orleans. Sonnewell cracked his eyes early, because he was the early-rising

type, no matter where he was. Carter was lying a foot away, naked under the sheets, her head turned slightly toward him. She was breathing deeply, but not snoring at all.

After lying still for a while, he reached out and slowly edged the sheet down, exposing her body above her thighs.

Without opening her eyes, she said, "I felt that, you pervert."

"Is that a complaint or a compliment?"

"Let me think about that," she said, now opening her eyes. "Are we done killing people?"

"I dunno," Sonnewell said. "I'm tempted to continue, but this Five shit has to stop. You could probably get away with killing assholes for a long time, because basically, nobody cares when they get killed. Not even the cops. If you were very, very careful, and made sure you weren't creating a pattern, and kept the techniques varied. . . ."

"No press releases," she said.

"And no press releases . . . then I think you could probably kill a lot of assholes."

Now she opened her eyes. "What's that old movie, the one with the Nazis and the girl getting on the plane, there's this guy in a funny hat and Hubert Humphrey says something . . ."

"Humphrey Bogart, sweetheart," Sonnewell said, "Not Hubert Humphrey. Bogart says, 'I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.'"

Her hand slid down his chest toward his groin. "Yeah," she said. "That's the one."

THIRTY-ONE

Marty Meyer had been small-rich before Bitcoin—fifteen million, including a three-bedroom West Side apartment from which you could see a narrow slice of New York City’s Central Park, including parts of three trees. He’d made his money as a commercial real estate dealer.

Meyer was a tall man with a wintry look about him: thin, not quite bony, he had an angular face, close-cut sandy hair with a touch of gray at the temples, and pale gray eyes. Friends had said from time to time that he looked like Vladimir Putin, but taller, and thinner.

When he invested in Bitcoin, it had already gone to five dollars per coin. He wasn’t exactly late to invest, but he was not in time to grab easy billionaire status. On the other hand, he did have some money that he could afford to throw down the toilet without missing it much, so he did it.

He cashed a chunk of Apple stock and bought four thousand Bitcoins for a little more than \$20,000. He sold at \$45,000 per coin, taking out a hundred and eighty million dollars before taxes. After paying the taxes, which hurt like hell in New York, where heavy state income taxes get piled on top of federal capital gains taxes, he was still banking more than a hundred and twenty-five million.

He used some of the money to buy into the leafy enclave of Sagaponack, in Long Island’s Hamptons. He hadn’t lived there long before realizing that he shared the neighborhood with Woodrow Orion Rap.

Even before he joined the Five, he suspected that one day he would kill Rap.

He even knew how he’d do it.

Rap was a fascist and if there had been a regular fascist party in the United States, he would have been a Fascist with a capital *F*. He was a believer—which didn’t make him unique in the world, but did make him an enormous asshole.

Meyer’s grandparents had missed the German concentration camps by the skin of their teeth, getting out of Amsterdam two days after the Germans invaded the Netherlands. After a brief stop in England, they’d made it to America, where Meyer’s parents had been born. Only one of his many great-

aunts, and none of his many great-uncles, and few of their children, survived the Shoah.

Meyer was not an observant Jew, but he had no time for fascists (or Fascists) in whatever form they might take.

And Rap, in his opinion, was among the worst of the worst. No goose-stepping here, no Hitler salutes, no “88” tattoos, just the subtle, steady promotion of a philosophy that was nothing other than the lowest, anti-Semitic, anti-black, anti-immigrant, Hitlerian kind of fascism, dished up as free speech.

So. How would he kill Rap?

With a rifle. Specifically, with a single shot from a highly accurate AR-15 firing .223-caliber bullets and mounted with a red-dot optical scope. The shot would go in through the top of Rap’s left ear and out the other side, having first penetrated a two-foot-square window in the bathroom off Rap’s bedroom.

Rap would enter the well-lit bathroom to pee, as he did every single night before going to bed. He’d stand over the toilet facing the wall behind the toilet, the left side of his head framed perfectly in the window.

He *looked* like a target.

MEYER HAD ALWAYS had an interest in guns, though he’d never been a hunter. Even before striking it rich with Bitcoin, he was the owner of six hundred rugged acres in Maine’s Great North Woods, where he’d go to shoot, and to sail a Sunfish on a small lake.

After moving to Sagaponack, and realizing that Rap was right there, no more than nine backyards away from his own house, he’d begun shooting more seriously.

He had gotten to the point where he could reliably put three shots in a space no bigger than a poker chip at a hundred yards, as long as there was no crosswind. After he’d begun to seriously think about killing Rap, he bought a stack of double-paned windows at a Lowe’s in Bangor and had spent time shooting through the glass.

He found there was some small deflection of the bullets, but only some of the time, and not enough to really matter. Instead of going through the precise middle of Rap’s ear, he might go a quarter inch to one side or the other, or that much high or low; not enough to make a difference.

And he decided to shoot full metal jackets, which should reduce the deflection even more, in case the window glass was especially thick.

Sitting in a tree one hundred and eight yards from the window, as measured with a golf range finder, and using a large maple branch as a rest, killing Rap should not be a problem—if he only had the guts to do it.

Meeting with the Five had helped with that. He wasn't a psycho like the others, but there wasn't a dumb one among them, and their discussions of motives, opportunity, techniques, and evidence had bolstered his resolve. And he liked the whole thing with the press releases: he wanted Rap's death to be a warning to the other fascist assholes in the world that a man with a gun might be coming for them.

He was shocked by the deaths of McGruder and Osborne, but if Vivian Zhao's posts in the chat room were honest—and he thought they were, and the television reports seemed to support her stories about those shootings—he thought he understood them.

He also thought that whether he understood them, whether Zhao might be coming to kill him, he still wanted Rap. Zhao he could deal with later.

One cold winter morning he made himself a cheese and chicken sandwich for lunch, with excellent small-batch sourdough bread and stone-ground organic mustard, and sat down with a bottle of beer to eat lunch. He clicked on CNN, and halfway through the sandwich was told that Vivian Zhao had been found murdered in a Macy's department store near Birmingham, Alabama.

He'd said to himself—he was thoroughly divorced—“My God: MSY.”

He no longer had to worry about Vivian either blackmailing him or killing him. He resolved to go that night: put that slug right through Rap's ear.

VIRGIL WAS ASLEEP when Orish called. He picked up his phone, saw her name, and asked, “What happened?”

“Somebody murdered Vivian Zhao in a Macy's store in Birmingham, Alabama, probably last night just before the store closed. Her body was found this morning.”

“Whoa,” Virgil said. “MSY. Getting rid of her. Any sign of a struggle, anything we can use to . . .”

“Nothing. Not a damn thing,” Orish said. “There are cameras in the store, but none were looking at the spot where she was killed. Agents on the scene

are telling us that it had to be two people—it looks like she was hit from behind and never saw it coming. The theory is, she was speaking to one person, maybe MSY, and another person hit her with a steel bar, could be rebar or something like it. Then, to make sure she was dead, somebody used a razor blade to punch a hole through her windpipe. That was probably unnecessary. She was most likely killed instantly by the blow; her skull was shattered.”

“I’ll tell Lucas . . .”

“I already have. He said he was going back to sleep. He seemed . . . unexcited.”

“That’s Lucas. He tends to keep his eye on the target,” Virgil said. “Zhao is dead and therefore, no longer relevant.”

“Our question is, will this stop the killings?” Orish asked. “Will JFK back away from whatever he’s planning? We don’t think we can take the chance, but I don’t see this stakeout continuing for more than another week or ten days. Everybody just blew a bubble of relief and relaxed . . . like JFK was no longer out there.”

“I’ll let you guys work that out. Maybe nothing will happen.”

“What are you going to do?” Orish asked.

“You mean, right now? Go back to sleep,” Virgil said.

“Keeping your eye on the . . . relevancies.”

THAT AFTERNOON, AFTER eating his lunch, Meyer went down to his basement workshop and took a long look at his AR-15. Once used, he’d dispose of it—if he used it tonight, by dawn the next morning it’d be in the ocean. He’d bought it off the books from a Maine redneck who needed cash to move to Texas more than he needed the AR, so no purchase of a .223 could be traced to him.

The question in his mind was, had Osborne left anything behind that might identify him? Were there cops out there watching over Rap, as one of the nation’s most identifiable assholes?

Had Rap or his network bought personal protection? Meyer suspected he had. Driving past Rap’s place was something he normally did just to go shopping for food, and he’d seen a couple of large men who did not look like a yard maintenance crew. They looked like New York City cops. Or Mafia

goons. One or the other. But they didn't look like the type that would be stalking around the neighborhood at night . . .

The question of personal bodyguards was important. He had to decide whether to attach his bump stock to the AR or leave it as a single-shot weapon. He'd bought the bump stock at a gun show—perfectly legal, at least for the time being—no license or registration necessary. Attached to the AR, it would give him what amounted to a fully automatic weapon. Similarly equipped weapons had been used to kill 60 people and wound 411 more in a Las Vegas mass shooting in 2017.

Meyer had experimented with the bump stock several times, shooting along a ravine on his Maine property. He'd made two findings: for all practical purposes, you could empty a magazine as quickly as a fully automatic military M16, and the people who said that bump stocks couldn't be fired accurately were only partly right.

They couldn't be fired as accurately as a dedicated automatic weapon, perhaps, but they were more than accurate enough to put thirty rounds in a bushel basket at fifty yards in two or three seconds . . .

And while he didn't want to kill any bodyguards Rap might have, a bump stock-equipped gun would be a deterrent that might allow him to escape pursuit, if there were any. Really, how many people want to chase a machine gun through a wooded landscape in the dark?

A bump stock-equipped rifle could be fired as a single-shot, with no loss of accuracy, but they had one problem. They bumped. That's not where they got their name, but he noticed when practicing in Maine that it was hard to move around without the stock rattling, which it had to do to operate. Any effort to muffle the stock affected its operation.

After considering the pros and cons, he decided to go big. He took the AR apart and fitted the bump stock to the gun, a process that took him four minutes. And if he was going to take the bump-stocked gun, he should take extra mags, he thought. Otherwise, there was no point in the bump stock.

Five should do it, he thought, thirty rounds apiece . . . He had a warm hunting coat; the mags would fit in the pockets. He didn't need any other survival gear, aside from long underwear and gloves, because Rap *was* only nine dark backyards from his own house.

When he decided he was ready, he drove his BMW three blocks to a house owned by friends, and parked the car in the driveway. His friends were in Florida for the month, and he'd promised them he'd occasionally

leave a car in the driveway overnight. That, together with some lights on timers, might convince a burglar that the house was occupied.

It would also give him a second place to run to, should Rap actually have a security team that might give chase. He would not want to lead them directly back to his house . . .

After parking the car, he walked back home. The day was . . . ordinary. He thought it should somehow be different, because this was a major turning point in his life. Shouldn't there be some kind of sign? Some talisman? But the day stayed stubbornly ordinary.

LUCAS AND VIRGIL ate dinner at a heavily disguised McDonald's off Highway 80, the place so heavily disguised that they hadn't at first recognized it as a McDonald's even as they were looking at it.

"How much longer are we going to do this?" Virgil asked, when they settled into a booth. "I've got things to do at the farm, the twins . . ."

"The new novel."

"Yeah, the novel . . ."

"This is boring, but I'll be another week or ten days, I think," Lucas said. "I do believe Rap is the target and that JFK will be coming for him, and soon. I think he'll try to stay on schedule. But, if you want to go home, go."

"I can't. I promised Weather I'd take care of you," Virgil said.

"I appreciate that, Virgie, but like you said, you've got things to do. I really am thinking about your new novel. This is something way different than those magazine articles you write. This is serious."

"Ah, I'll stay as long as you do," Virgil said. "Actually, I only slept until about two o'clock this afternoon and got three solid hours on my laptop. Sitting in a motel with no twins to take care of, no horseshit to shovel . . . it's got some nice aspects to it."

Lucas leaned in and ticked a finger at him: "A lot of cops need a second career. They burn out on the shit we do. The shit we have to put up with. I got lucky with the software company—that made me enough money to free me up forever. Get me in a place where I only do stuff that interests me. You're not in that place, and I don't see you running around rural Minnesota for another twenty years. You gotta push the writing. See where it goes."

"You're starting to sound like Frankie."

"Frankie is an extremely intelligent woman," Lucas said.

“That’s one reason she likes you so much,” Virgil said. “She knows you think that. She told me so.”

THEY PICKED UP Orish at the motel. She’d declined the opportunity to eat dinner at McDonald’s, going instead to a vegetarian diner. She appeared wearing black jeans, a heavy black ski jacket, black gloves, and dark brown boots. She was wearing a military-style holster on her right leg for her Glock 19.

“You’re not coming outside with us,” Lucas said when he saw her. “We need the communications coordination. We need you talking in our ears.”

“I want to be ready to go out if I’m needed,” she said. “You know I’m not silly, but I want to be ready.”

That settled that. They drove back to Rap’s in the dark, parked in the garage, met with the other agents for an abbreviated tactical meeting—they would be doing nothing that they’d not done the night before—and one at a time, slipped out of the side door and into Rap’s yard. Virgil and Lucas went last, adjusting their night-vision goggles, penetrating the hedges behind Rap’s house, to their stands from the night before.

As they walked out, Virgil said, “Ten days. This could get old in ten days.”

“Pretend you’re deer hunting. You do that voluntarily, in worse conditions than this.”

“See you in the morning,” Virgil said.

And they sat.

RAP’S TELEVISION SHOW came on at ten o’clock on the days he was working, and ran until midnight, in every time zone—the first broadcast recorded to be rebroadcast at ten o’clock across the country. Cranked from his two hours on the air, he usually stayed up until one o’clock, cooling off. The late hours became a habit. That put him standing over the toilet between midnight and one o’clock, on most nights.

Meyer tried to nap. He couldn’t think why he was doing that, because he was awake enough, but lying in the dark, visualizing the night to come, seemed a better option than watching some inane television show. He was up

at nine o'clock, dressed head to foot in a hunter's night camo. He checked the rifle, checked it again. Each round in the five mags had been wiped down with alcohol to remove prints and DNA, part of the Five training. Now he wiped the mags themselves, in case he had to drop one. He would not touch them again, except with gloved hands, and the gloves had also been carefully wiped.

Starting to choke up a bit. The other members of the Five had told him that would happen.

He turned on an upstairs bedroom light, and then a light in the pear tree in the backyard. The light was weak, but the yellowish cast would act as a beacon to bring him home, should he get disoriented. He would be moving through shadows at the edges of the yards, where the light wasn't a factor.

He went out at eleven o'clock, moving slowly along a rehearsed route that took him across the backyards of three neighbors. All had cameras, but not pointed at their backyards. He'd done this a dozen times, rehearsing.

Staying in the shadows, he crossed a hedge at a thin point, let himself through a low wooden fence at a gate, crossed the next yard, crawled through an opening in the hedge marking the boundary between two lawns, sat and listened for a minute, then walked along a back hedge and up to a twisted old sugar maple tree. Someone, decades before, had retained the lower branches rather than pruning them, and now they made a platform both for tree-climbing kids and killers armed with AR-15s.

He climbed to the ten-foot level, where a secondary branch made a good gun rest. He put the rifle over the rest, looked through the red dot. He couldn't clearly see Rap's bathroom window, because it was dark, but he knew where it was: he had a clean shot.

Leaning back against the tree trunk, he straddled the limb, and watched.

—

“LUCAS TO VIRGIL: did you hear something from out in front of your position?”

Virgil buried his chin in his coat and said, quietly as he could, “No.”

“I thought I heard a rattle, like maybe a trash can lid, but I didn't see anyone moving around the houses.”

Virgil said, “Didn't hear anything.”

“Okay.”

AT MIDNIGHT, THE shift changed, and the four agents at the corners of Rap's yard traded places with four incoming agents. From his tree, Meyer couldn't tell what had happened. He could see by the headlights that a car had stopped at Rap's, and then shortly thereafter, had left. A pizza delivery? He didn't know, but thought about it, and couldn't see how it mattered. Nothing was moving below him or around him, as far as he could see.

There wasn't much light to see by, but there was some, from house windows, and a couple of driveway lights.

INSIDE RAP'S HOUSE, Orish did a communications check with the four new agents. As she was finishing with that, Rap stuck his head in the parlor where she was working, and said, "I'm going to bed."

"All right. You've got the shades down in your bedroom . . ."

"Yes, we got them down right after dark. If you leave before I get up tomorrow, know that tomorrow night will be the last night. I'm out here for a couple of days. I've got a doctor appointment in the city that I gotta make the day after tomorrow."

"We'll need to set up around your house . . ."

"Don't want to take that chance," Rap said. "I'm going to bag out at the Four Seasons. My guys will be there with me. If you want to stick a couple of agents in the lobby or the hall . . ."

"We'll discuss it tomorrow," Orish said. "Sleep well."

"Yeah, I don't do that," Rap said.

MEYER, IN HIS tree, had begun to wonder if perhaps Rap had gone back to Manhattan. He'd seen no sign of life in the house, and then, as he was wondering, the lights came on in the rooms that he believed were Rap's bedrooms. He could feel the muscles tighten across his back. Maybe this was crazy? Maybe he should climb down . . .

The bedroom shades were pulled, but some light filtered through them. A shadow crossed one of the shades and he put the red dot on the bathroom

window. He'd chosen the smallest diameter red-dot optic he could find, because he got better accuracy with it.

With the gun resting comfortably, he clicked the safety off; a round was snug in the chamber, the red dot on the dark bathroom window, he waited . . .

Not for long.

The light clicked on and Rap stepped up to the toilet, looking down at it, his head right there, his ear right there. Meyer took up the slack on the trigger, took a shallow breath, held it . . . Yes? No? . . . He pulled the trigger.

Crack!

The gun jumped and when he got it back on target, Rap's head had disappeared. The red dot was not magnified, so he couldn't see if there was a hole in the window . . . And even as he thought that, he heard men's voices screaming . . .

"Gun! Gun!"

ORISH HEARD A window shatter and a millisecond later, the sound of a distant gunshot. She blurted, "Oh, Jesus," and ran up the stairs to the second floor and into Rap's bedroom; he wasn't there. She turned and ran into the bathroom and found Rap's body crumbled on the floor in a toilet booth.

A rose-colored stain decorated the wall opposite the shattered window, blood blown from Rap's head. The stain was punctuated by a single small bullet hole.

Rap, she knew at a glance, was dead, and she screamed into her headset, "Rap is down, Rap is down."

LUCAS HAD SEEN a wink of light that appeared to be well off the ground, and instantly afterward the *crack!* of a rifle that he unconsciously categorized as a .223: anything larger would *bang!* or *boom!*

Virgil had also seen the wink of a muzzle flash, and he shouted, "Thirty or forty yards ahead, your side, Lucas, your side, I'm going, I'm going."

Lucas shouted back, "I'm going . . ."

They both could hear the other agents shouting, two saying they were going to the street, two more moving through the backyards toward Virgil

and Lucas.

Meyer was astonished by the rapidity of the response, and realized, as he climbed down from the tree, that the shouting men were not only cops, but were close. He heard one crashing through a hedge and he pointed the AR in that general direction and pushed the forestock of the AR forward, to activate the bump-stock function, and pulled the trigger and kept it pulled.

Thirty rounds ripped out of the muzzle of the gun and he dropped the magazine, got another from his pocket, slammed it home, and turned to run.

Virgil saw the winking of the AR and the ripping sound of the automatic fire and thought *shit!* and dropped facedown on the ground, the shotgun beneath him. Lucas, on the other side of the yard, had crashed through a hedge and fired two shots as the shooter opened up with the full-auto burst and a bullet hit his right arm like the blow of a baseball bat and he went down, and he shouted, "I'm down, I'm hit!"

And Meyer was hit in both legs but was still operating; he heard the shout and ran through a hedge opening and then thought: *Not to the house. Gotta go for the car.*

If they tracked him right to the house, he'd be screwed. Near panic, he turned right, limped through the side yard of a house toward the street and had cleared the house when a man screamed, "Halt! Stop!"

He pivoted and saw two men running toward him, the leader forty yards away, the second man trailing by five yards. One of the men slowed, lifted a handgun and fired two shots, *bang! bang!* but neither shot touched him. He lifted the rifle to his eye and let the bump stock run, dumping all thirty rounds at the two men and they both went down and he ran hard up the street.

WHEN LUCAS SCREAMED that he was hit, Virgil scooped up his shotgun and ran toward him, picking out his body partly through a hedge. "How bad, how bad?"

"Could be bad," Lucas groaned. "In the arm, the arm doesn't work, doesn't hurt much but it doesn't work . . ."

"Let me see, let me . . ."

"No, no, go get him. Get him!"

"You sure . . ."

Lucas struggled to get to his knees and shouted, "Go! Go!"

Virgil went, running toward the tree where he thought the shots had come from; he could see no movement through the night-vision goggles, kept running, and then saw what looked like a stick figure motion disappearing behind a house, running out toward the adjacent street.

He cut behind the house he was passing toward the street and saw two agents run by in the street and a moment later one of the agents shouted something he couldn't make out and then he heard two pistol shots as he cleared the house, and then again the ripping noise of a machine gun and both agents tumbled to the ground.

The shooter had slowed to reload and Virgil, though he thought the man was at least seventy or eighty yards away, emptied his shotgun at him, six fast pumps that sent a total of seventy-two .33-caliber pellets downrange. The man turned, stumbled, went down, struggled back to his feet, went down again, swiveled on his butt, and as Virgil ran farther into the yard, he saw the man's muzzle coming around. He dodged behind a tree and was immediately knocked down by a blow to the head.

Lying on his back, his body partly exposed, he had no idea what had hit him, or how badly he was hurt, and then he took another blow to a thigh. The shooter then turned and started to run away, but limping badly, and Virgil found another magazine and jammed it into the shotgun, pushed himself up and stumbled after him.

Up ahead and to the left, a woman shouted from the dark, then opened fire, and Virgil thought she must be firing at the shooter. A moment later, the machine gun opened up again, three short bursts, and Virgil kept running, his right thigh burning, and it occurred to him that he'd been shot not once, but twice. Blood was streaming down over his goggles from his head wound, obscuring his vision, and he ripped the headset off and ran into the dark.

Somebody was calling him: "Virgil, Virgil, coming up behind."

Virgil half turned, saw Lucas lurching toward him, his right arm flopping uselessly, like a broken wing, and Virgil shouted, "Man, stop, stop, sit down, you're hit," and Lucas shouted, "Fuck it," and kept coming.

From the angle of the last gunfire, a man was shouting, "Officer down, agent down, we got an agent down we need a medic, a medic . . ."

Virgil heard the same words on his headset, and then the man called, "Everybody's shot. Everybody's shot . . ."

Virgil and Lucas ran on, past the lit porch of a way-too-large house and Lucas shouted, "You're bleeding, Virg, you're bleeding bad . . ."

MORE GUNFIRE, PISTOL shots and a lot of them, then an agent shouted, “I think I hit him . . . I think . . . agent down, help me, help me!”

Lucas and Virgil ran that way, Lucas with his Walther in his left hand, Virgil limping, his leg beginning to scream with pain. Lucas shouted at the agent, who he could make out with his night-vision goggles, “We’re coming up on you from the right—from behind, from the right.”

They moved up in a hurry and found an unwounded agent crouched over a groaning woman, lying on her back, hands clenched over the stomach area of her body armor, and the agent said, “Nancy’s hit, got her in the stomach, I think I might have hit the guy over by that red house, you can see the red in the light . . .”

“C’mon,” Lucas said, “Let’s get the motherfucker.”

The agent said, “I can’t, I’m out, I emptied out my magazine and I dropped the other one back there somewhere, I can’t find it . . .”

Virgil said, “I’m going,” and Lucas said, “I’m right behind you,” and they spread a bit as they ran toward the red house.

MEYER HAD BEEN hit in the legs and the pelvis with buckshot and feared that he might have lost his testicles because he seemed to be bleeding heavily there and the pain was intense enough to blur his vision with involuntary tears. He’d dumped the third magazine into two pursuers and had seen one go down as bullets flew by him, none hitting him.

He thought, in the back of his mind, that he was done; they had him. Better to die here than to look at life in prison. He was lying at the corner of the red house, looking for pursuit. He could hear people shouting, but nobody coming after him, and he pushed himself to his feet and tried to think what to do next.

As he was moving away from the house, he heard somebody shout, “There!”

He turned and brought the rifle up and thought he saw movement in the dark, still thirty or forty yards away but getting closer. He brought the gun up and opened fire, dumping the full magazine out in the area of the movement.

Somebody screamed “No!” and Meyer turned to run, as best he could, but he hadn’t turned his head more than a few inches when he saw the heavy

muzzle flashes of a shotgun and instantly felt impacts in his chest and stomach.

He staggered backward and fell on his butt but was still sitting upright. The movement was getting closer as he tried to fish a magazine out of his pocket. He found one, dropped the empty, and tried to get the magazine into the gun.

He was doing that when the movement resolved itself into a blond man with a long gun and he lifted the rifle barrel toward him . . .

LUCAS GOT HIT a second time, outside his right nipple, actually *felt* a rib shatter and he shouted “No!” and got hit again in the leg and went down and Virgil saw the winking of the automatic weapon and when it stopped he thought he might have five seconds for the shooter to reload and he ran as hard as he could, dragging his damaged leg, toward the last place he’d seen him.

As he came up, the man lifted the barrel of his rifle toward Virgil and Virgil shot him in the face with the twelve-gauge, from ten feet, and followed it up with an almost involuntary pump and second shot to the chest.

Certain now that the shooter was dead, he turned back to help Lucas. He fell, halfway back, got up, fell again, crawled the rest of the way, dragging a leg.

“How bad?” he asked, when he got to Lucas.

“I dunno,” Lucas said. He was lying on his back on frozen grass, his voice thick with pain. “Got me in the chest. Need . . . help . . . can’t even see your face anymore, Virgie, it’s all covered with blood. Could you roll me up on . . . roll me up on my side, I think, don’t want blood in my lungs . . . What happened . . .”

“I killed him,” Virgil said. “You’re breathing okay, I don’t think it got your lung.” He raised his head up as if about to howl at the moon, and he did howl, “Help! Help us! Help us!”

ORISH CALLED THE night duty officer at FBI headquarters and told her to get every ambulance in the area to Rap’s house—that there’d been a major firefight and they had agents down. Then she ran outside with her pistol in

one hand and a flashlight in the other, turned out of the house and dashed up the street that ran parallel to the backyards.

A minute out of the house she saw the first lump on the blacktop, shined a light on it, and found herself looking into the dead face of an agent named Terrill. She groaned, ran on, found a second lump, another dead agent named Wilson.

She began not to weep, but to gasp, or groan, a rhythmic kind of vocal anguish that was completely involuntary. She heard a series of pistol shots and then a burst of automatic weapon fire and ran that way, and a moment later, the *boom! boom!* of a twelve-gauge. And then silence, for a moment, then men screaming for help.

They got him, she thought.

She found an agent named O'Malley crouched over another one named Nancy Nguyen, Nguyen literally humming to distract herself from the pain. She said, "Ambulances coming . . . Hear them?"

And they could hear them, some long distance away, but coming. She said to O'Malley, "Stay here. Where are the others?"

"They went that way." O'Malley pointed, and she ran that way, gun still in her hand, nearly stumbled over Virgil and Lucas. Virgil's face was a mask of blood, crimson in the light of her flashlight.

Virgil said, "Lucas is hit at least twice, maybe three times. I don't know what's going on with my head, but I got shot in the leg, I can still move it around . . ."

"Where's the shooter?"

"Dead," Virgil said.

She made Virgil stretch out his leg and used a pocketknife to cut through his pant leg. She found a small entrance wound on one side of his thigh, looking almost like a big pimple, trickling blood, and a bigger, bloodier hole on the other side, with blood streaming out. Not pumping out. She said, "No artery."

Lucas groaned and said, "Goddamn chest . . ."

She cut his coat off and looked, said, "I can't do anything here but it's just on the edge, Lucas, I don't think it got a lung . . ."

"Hurts."

"I think he's got a broken arm," Virgil said. "Right arm was flopping."

Virgil lay down on the ground and then there were more flashlights coming. Not medical care: local residents.

Orish didn't bother to shoo them away. Instead, she called, "FBI. We've got a lot of people hurt, the ambulances are coming, please get them back here."

People ran away to do that and the sirens were closer.

Virgil asked, "What about Rap?"

Orish said, "Dead. One small window without a shade, so small nobody thought about it. He turned on a light and stood in front of it. To pee. "

Virgil: "People are dead because Rap had to pee?"

"Yes." Orish sat down between them, and now she began to weep. "Because Rap had to pee. Because he had to pee."

THIRTY-TWO

Lucas pressed his face to the cold earth and waited. He hurt every time he so much as twitched, so he tried not to twitch. He knew Virgil was talking but couldn't quite make out what he was saying. The EMTs thought he was in trouble because of the bloody chest wound and unceremoniously hoisted him onto a gurney and ran him to an ambulance, which hurt more than a whole collection of twitches.

The world began getting hazy on the way to the hospital and he lost track of time, but registered the ambulance ride, his transfer to a well-lit hallway, the ceiling tiles clicking past his half-open eyes during the short trip to an emergency operating room where the light was even brighter than the hallway, and then it seemed like a dozen people were pulling and cutting his clothes off. A mask was slapped over his face, he felt a sharp prick as a line was linked into his arm, and then a cold wave—it felt freezing, icy—hit his chest and leg, and finally the anesthetic took him away.

A DOC CAME in carrying a medical version of an iPad and stood next to the foot of Virgil's bed, glanced at the iPad and said, "You're going in, probably in ten minutes or so. A nurse will be here to wash your leg again. Your head wound looks bad but it's superficial—your scalp is full of wood splinters, like shrapnel. It looks like a bullet hit a tree limb, close to your head. That was the blow you felt. We need to clean up your scalp. You'll have some stitches to deal with. Gonna itch."

"Hurts like hell right now," Virgil said. "Worse than the leg."

"Better than the alternative. If the bullet had been a couple inches lower, we'd be taking skull splinters out of a tree."

"What about the leg?"

"We can fix the leg," the doc said. "Something we don't often see here—the shooter was using solid military-style bullets. The wound is relatively small and straight through. Your biggest problem going forward will be the possibility of infection."

“What happened with Lucas?”

“The marshal? He’s in the OR now. He was hit three times, we’re giving him blood. Don’t know yet how that’s going, but everybody seemed confident that he’s going to make it. We’re pretty good with this stuff.”

ORISH WAS SITTING in a corner chair when Virgil woke up, slowly for the first few seconds, then all at once, as though surfacing in a lake. He groaned, “Hello,” his voice sounding rusty, and she looked up from her laptop and said, instantly, “You’re gonna be fine.”

He didn’t hurt. The drugs had gotten really good, he thought. He asked, “What about Lucas?”

“He’ll be okay. He’ll hurt for a few months.”

“What about everybody . . . ?”

She told him: Rap dead, shot through the head. Meyer dead, hit several times with shotgun pellets, the coup de grace coming from a shotgun blast in the face. Two agents dead, shredded by a blizzard of at least fifteen .223 slugs that went through their body armor like it was pudding. Another agent, Nancy Nguyen, seriously wounded, lifted by helicopter to a New York City medical center.

“The killer’s name was Meyer, he lived not far from Rap’s house. We never had a chance to stop him. He knew exactly what Rap was going to do—step in front of that little window to pee,” Orish said. “He had the perfect setup, in an old maple tree—like a hunting stand. We found the cartridge case on the ground below the limb he was shooting from. He must have been stalking Meyer for weeks.”

“He would have gotten away with it, if those Five lunatics hadn’t stuck to their schedule,” Virgil said. “If he’d moved earlier or waited a month, nobody would have known who the shooter was, and Rap would be just as dead.”

Orish nodded and looked at her watch. “Your wife and Lucas’ wife will be here in twenty minutes or half an hour, depending on traffic. Lucas’ wife chartered a United business jet and they landed at an airport back down the island. Apparently, Lucas has money. I didn’t know that.”

“Yeah, he’s a rich guy,” Virgil said. After a moment, he asked, “How about you? Are you okay?”

She shook her head. “Not physically injured, but, there’ll be an inquiry and my career with the FBI will be done. We not only failed to protect Rap, but we got a lot of people shot and agents killed.”

“That’s not fair,” Virgil said.

She shook her head again. “The agency desperately needs somebody to blame. That’s me. And I understand it. If it wasn’t me, it’d have to be Assistant Director Kelly, and that won’t happen.”

“I’m sorry,” Virgil said, because he knew she was right.

A NURSE CAME in and told Orish that Lucas was awake. She left, and twenty minutes later, Davenport’s adoptive daughter, Letty, poked her head into the room and said, “You look like crap.”

“Thank you. How’s your dad? And where’d you come from?”

“He’s okay now. He’s got a lot of dope in him, but he’s going to be very, very cranky in a little while,” Letty said. In her early twenties, Letty was a pretty, mid-height woman, lean like a runner, with crystalline blue eyes. “I grabbed a shuttle up from D.C., and Mom had a limo meet me at LaGuardia and haul my ass out here.”

“Letty Davenport, the Joan of Arc of the Rio Grande. I understand Mexico has nominated you for sainthood.”

“Haven’t burned me at the stake, anyway,” Letty said. Her phone dinged with an incoming message, and she looked at it. “Mom and Frankie will be here in a minute.”

“So I’m told,” Virgil said. He moved his wounded leg and despite the good drugs, felt it and winced. “This is going to be a tiresome winter.”

“No kidding. I’m gonna go meet the wives. I’ll give you a kiss before Frankie gets here.”

She stepped over to his bed and kissed him on the lips, held it for a second, and they both smiled, then she backed away, patted his good leg and said, “You guys are gonna be okay.”

FRANKIE SHOWED UP, and after the usual fussery, a nurse helped Frankie get Virgil into a wheelchair, easing out of the bed onto his good leg. He was

wheeled to Lucas' room, which was crowded with Weather, Letty, Orish, and a nurse.

Lucas turned his head, saw him coming and said, "You look like shit."

"Your daughter already told me that," Virgil said. "I'm happy to say you look worse than I do. I understand you've got another op coming up?"

"They didn't do the arm," Lucas said. "The bone's broken, up near the shoulder. They'll go back in tomorrow. They tell me I'll get a metal plate and a bunch of screws and a big fuckin' ugly scar."

"I can fix that," Weather said. "We could do it in the laundry room."

THEY TALKED ABOUT the shoot-out, what they'd all done and seen. Orish swore them to secrecy and told them that as far as anyone could tell, four FBI agents had fired twenty-eight rounds at Meyer and hadn't hit him even once. "They x-rayed the body at the medical examiner's. It appears that all of Meyer's wounds were from shotgun pellets."

Just as bad, she said, was that one of the agents, who'd been chasing Meyer right into the storm of rifle fire, had dropped one of his magazines while trying to reload after emptying the first magazine, then hadn't been able to find the dropped magazine. "He had two more on his belt but didn't take either of them out. He said he didn't think of it, the magazines on his belt, because he was trying to track Meyer and help Nancy at the same time."

"They all had guts, every one of them," Virgil said. "Every one of them."

Orish looked from Lucas to Virgil. "You two were using different brands of ammo with slightly different pellets. We found separate tracks of shucked-out shotgun shells. If you're interested, it appears that you both hit him."

"I don't know what to say," Lucas said. "I mean, what the fuck are we doing? We're fighting people who have machine guns."

"Not technically machine guns," Orish said.

"Yeah, tell me *not technically*. I was there," Lucas said. "One man, a nonprofessional, took down five of us—six, if you count Rap—killed two of us. Call it what you want, a bump stock turns an AR into a machine gun."

Orish nodded. "The guys Meyer killed were wearing Level IIIA armor because it doesn't have hard plates. The plates are too heavy if you might have to chase someone down. The IIIA armor was like toilet paper up

against the AR. They should have been wearing Level III or IV. But . . . they weren't. If they had been, they might be alive, but they probably wouldn't have caught Meyer. None of the Five killers had used a rifle, so . . . they made a call. *We made a call.*"

LUCAS HAD THE operation on his broken arm the next morning, with a titanium plate wrapped around the break and held in place with eleven screws. One of the doctors told him the bullet hadn't touched the bone, but after he was hit, he apparently windmilled the arm backward, trying to break a fall, and broke the arm when it hit the frozen ground. Lucas didn't remember that.

The break was clean and the bones weren't displaced, and ordinarily might heal itself, but because of complications created by the chest wound, the arm operation was necessary.

The chest shot had broken a rib, taking a chip out of it, and that would bother him for weeks. The same bullet poked a hole through the scapula, the shoulder blade, in his back, with radiating cracks. The scapula supported the same shoulder that had been broken, and the whole area would be wrapped and supported for at least a couple of weeks as the scapula healing began.

The third wound, to his lower leg, broke the long thin fibula bone. That had also been repaired with a metal plate, and he'd have to keep weight off the leg until it healed.

VIRGIL GOT OUT of the hospital four days after being shot, and he and Frankie flew commercial back to the Twin Cities. Lucas stayed on Long Island for another week, before flying home.

Frankie got her time on television, though it was Channel Three out of the Twin Cities, not a national morning program, and was less than the festive affair she'd imagined. Weather was with her as an interviewer questioned them, with simulated sympathy, about the emotional hazards of marriage to cops. Both Weather and Frankie dressed in conservative slacks with jackets, and button-up blouses well buttoned up; neither one cried.

They'd been invited after both Virgil and Lucas declined; the women accepted because they had things to say about guns.

Weather looked into the camera lens and said, “I work on gunshot wounds several times a year. Mostly people shot in the face or the hands. I try to help them as much as I can, but sometimes there’s not much I can do. The victims, and a lot of them are children, are often disfigured for life. Many are permanently handicapped. For what? For nothing.”

And Frankie: “I’m a farm woman and I’ve had guns all my life, rifles and shotguns. I’m a hunter. But this stuff, what our husbands ran into, the bump stocks and ghost guns and silencers . . . this is crazy. The people with this stuff aren’t hunters or sportsmen or competitors; they want to kill somebody.”

—

VIRGIL SPENT FOUR months at the farmhouse, recuperating from the leg wound on full pay, and writing *Fire and Rain*. “You’re so lucky you got shot,” Frankie said. “It’s like a free vacation to write another novel.”

“Yeah, just plain old good luck,” Virgil said.

The finished manuscript was well received by the publisher, and his agent began negotiating for a three-book follow-up contract. “Brace yourself for the big bucks,” she said. “Getting yourself shot in Suffolk County didn’t hurt. I know, it was awful—but a lot of the top people in publishing have houses out there, so they all know about it. They’re intrigued.”

“Maybe I should try to get shot again, just before the publication date,” Virgil suggested. “We could do it in Manhattan.”

“Just don’t get hit in the hands,” she said. “You’ll need those to type.”

The conversation, Virgil thought, had lasted at least forty-six seconds, a new record.

—

ORISH WAS CORRECT about her career. The FBI did a lengthy investigation and formed three in-house committees to review armor standards and combat training, including a new emphasis on night fighting. Orish got mild criticism for not covering the bathroom window, but mild as it was, it effectively signaled the end of a promising career.

Her father and one of her brothers were both prominent politicians in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. After consultations with both men, and local

friends, she decided to run for Allegheny County sheriff. With the support from the retiring sheriff, she was expected to win.

—

A STORY IN the *Daily Mail* revealed that the Bitcoin donations given by the Five to four different charities had been accepted by them all. An anonymous executive of one of the charities pointed out that if they didn't accept it, the money would sit there uselessly. "There are too many suffering people out there not to use this resource."

—

IN LATE FEBRUARY, Frankie and Virgil drove from the farm to St. Paul to visit Lucas, who was hobbling around with the help of a crutch. Mallard knew that they were getting together for the first time after the shoot-out and sent them a Zoom link so he could join the party.

"One thing that bothers me is that the Five actually had six members, and four of them are dead—McGruder, Osborne, Meyer, and Zhao," Mallard said. "But the other two are still out there. We've had a team looking for them, for more than a month, and not a sniff. Not a clue."

"You know they're probably in New Orleans and San Francisco and were big winners in Bitcoin. That should knock down the search parameters," Weather said.

"Not enough," Mallard said. "San Francisco is a particular problem. There are literally hundreds of thousands of techies in the area, and many, many Bitcoin winners. There are fewer in New Orleans, but enough to be absolutely . . . baffling."

"Virgil and I have a thought for you," Lucas said.

Mallard: "What's that?"

"While it might be a problem," Lucas said. "It's not our problem."

—

THE FIRST WEEK of March, New Orleans: blue skies with puffy clouds, light wind coming off the lake. The city was winding itself up for Mardi Gras, adding to the ineffable lightness of its being.

Andi Carter picked up a smiling George Sonnewell at Lakefront Airport in her sleek Panamera. He dropped his bag next to the car and pressed her up against it for a thorough “hello” kiss. That done to their mutual satisfaction, they stowed the bag and buckled themselves in for the ride to her condo.

Carter patted him on the thigh and asked, “What do you think, G?”

“He’s even worse than we thought,” Sonnewell said. “I’ll show you some numbers tonight. But: the worst of the worst. He jammed through the merger of two retail companies, forced the companies to consolidate all their backroom operations at one site. Twenty-five hundred people got laid off in a small town in Indiana, and he took seventy million dollars out of the deal. I took a look at the town: it went from modest middle class to a slum, with no stops in between. Can’t even sell your house there, because there’s nothing to do, so nobody will move there. Nobody wants the houses.”

“Can we get at him?”

“Yes. He’s a huge Nuggets fan,” Sonnewell said. “Never misses a game. He’s got a ranch down southeast of the city and he drives himself in for the games. There’s a bad intersection a couple miles from his ranch, where the ranch road intersects a state highway.”

“Private road?”

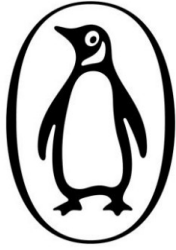
“Not quite, but almost. Gravel and dirt. As far as I can tell, only three other ranches feed onto it. And you gotta stop at the intersection. It’s a little downhill, with bad sight lines. You could get T-boned by a hay truck if you didn’t stop. There’s an overgrown bank above the intersection. A guy could get up on that bank with an AR-10 and completely thrash a car that stops below the bank. There are highways out of there in every direction . . . If you were going to design an ambush with a getaway, you’d design that intersection.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Carter said. “Gonna have to figure out exactly what your shot pattern would be. You’d want to get the tires as well as the passenger compartment, so it wouldn’t roll onto the highway after we shoot it up. And we need an anonymous rifle. Maybe with one of those bump things, like Meyer had.”

Sonnewell reached over to touch her shoulder. He was a happy man, with a good-looking woman who completely understood him. “There are guns everywhere, babe. Anything you want. You could buy an RPG if you wanted one. Maybe that’s a problem, but it’s not our problem.”

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

John Sandford is the pseudonym for the Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist John Camp. He is the author of thirty-one Prey novels; four Kidd novels; twelve Virgil Flowers novels; three YA novels coauthored with his wife, Michele Cook; and three other books.



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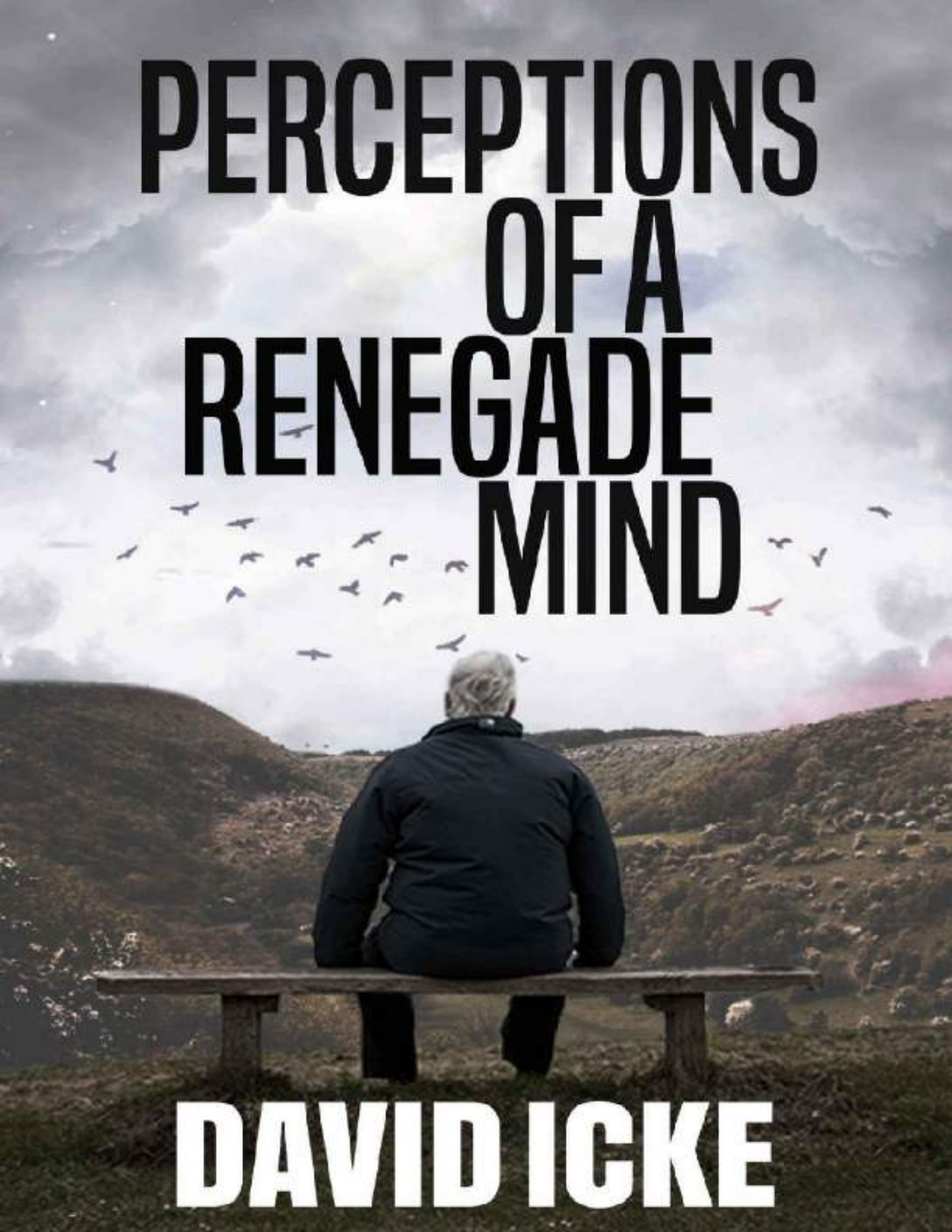
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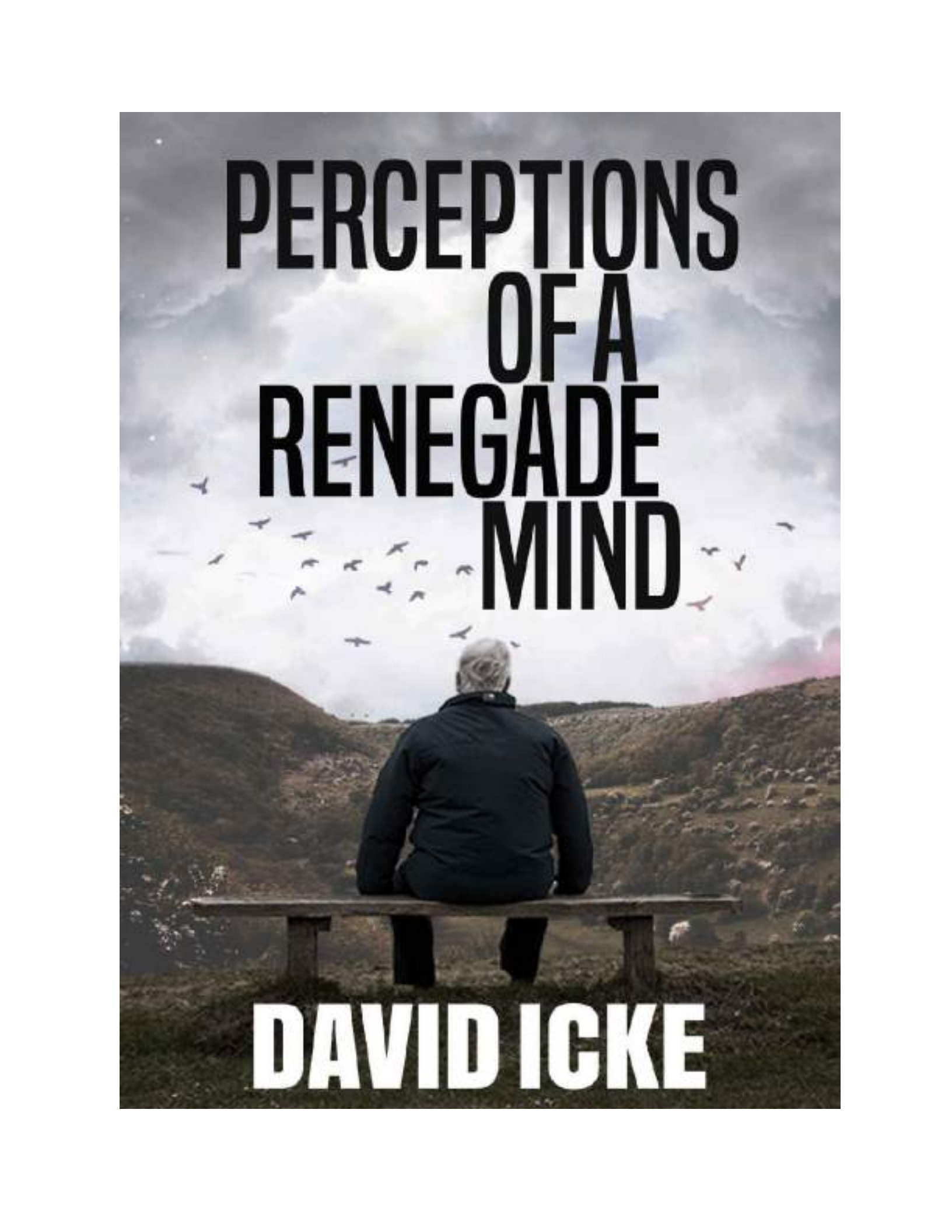
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A person with short grey hair, wearing a dark jacket, is seen from behind, sitting on a wooden bench. They are looking out over a vast, open landscape of rolling hills under a cloudy sky. Numerous birds are flying in the sky, scattered across the upper half of the image. The overall mood is contemplative and serene.

PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND


DAVID ICKE



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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.

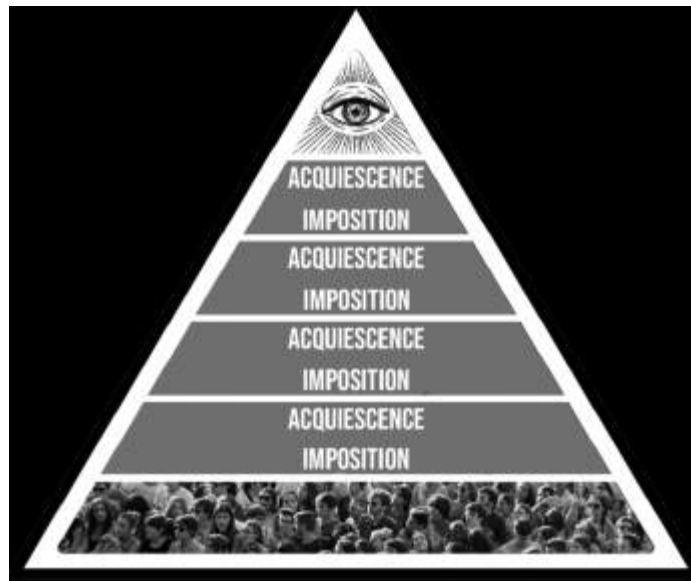


Figure 2: The simple sequence of imposition and compliance that allows a handful of people at the peak of the pyramid to dictate the lives of billions.

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* *χiv* 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 promoter 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.

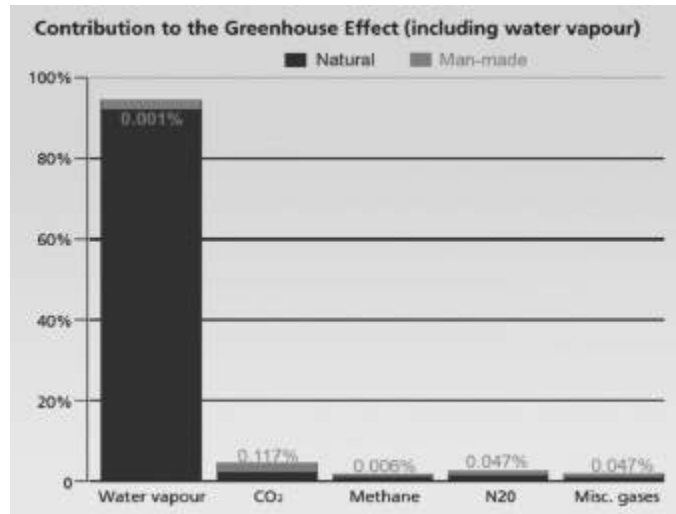


Figure 9: The idea that the gas of life is disastrously changing the climate is an insult to brain cell activity.

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:

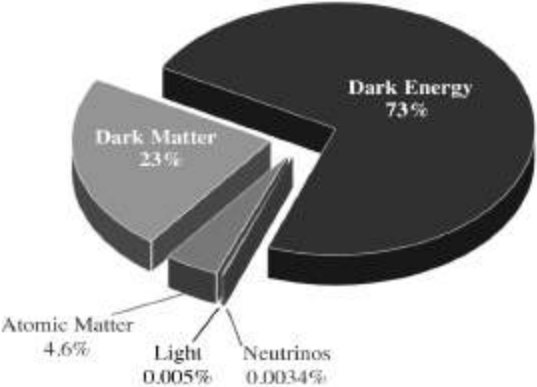


Figure 10: Humans can perceive such a tiny band of visual reality it's laughable.

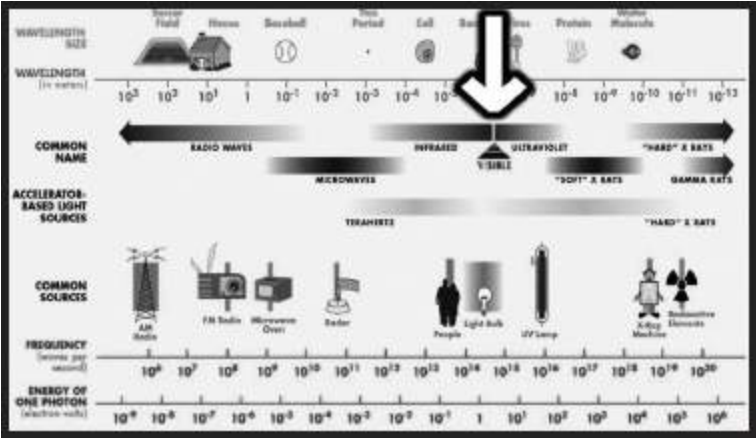


Figure 11: We can see a smear of the 0.005 percent electromagnetic spectrum, but we still know it all. Yep, makes sense.

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 99.999999999999999% 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:

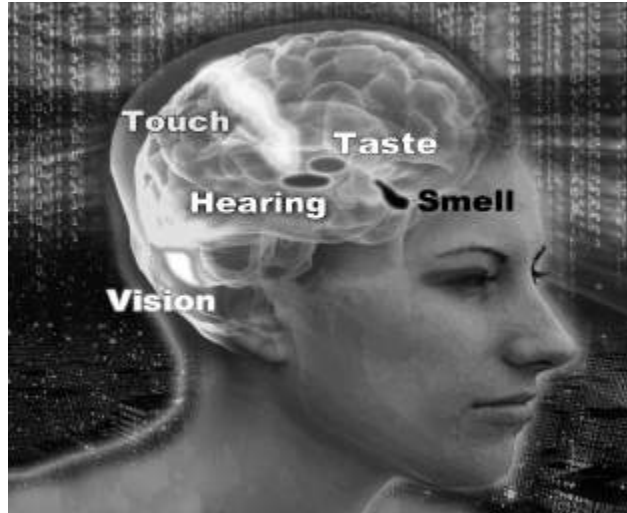


Figure 12: The brain receives information from the five senses and constructs from that our perceived reality.

[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.

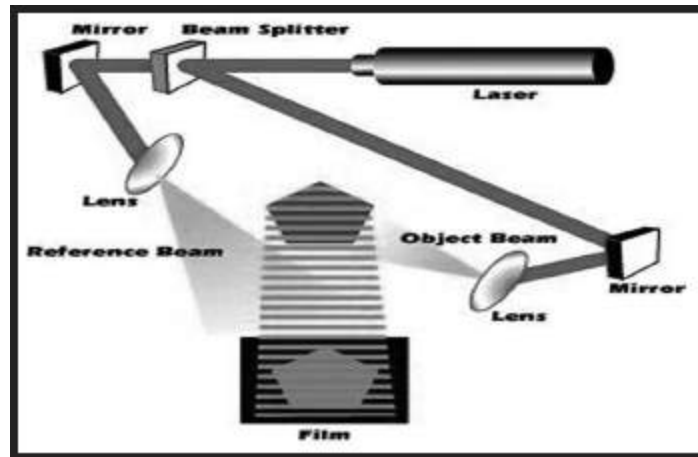


Figure 14: How holograms are created by capturing a waveform version of the subject image.

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.

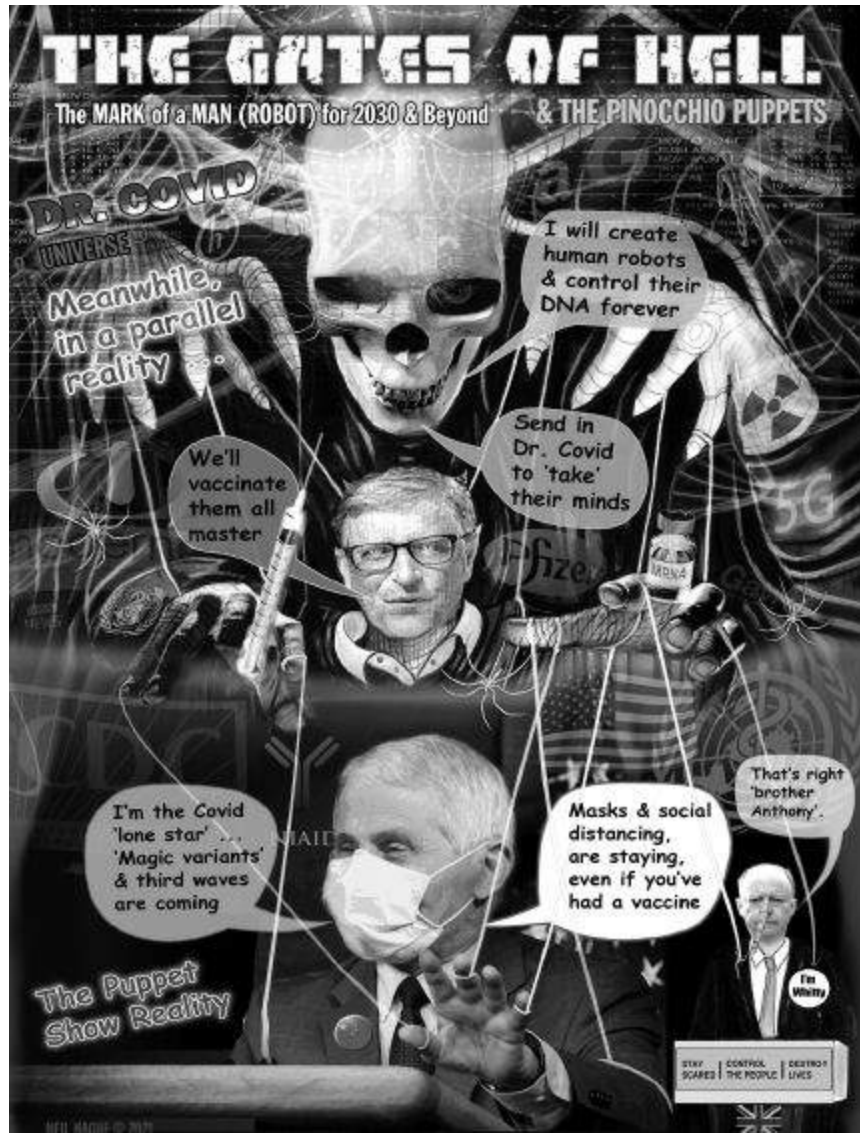


Figure 17: Artist Neil Hague's version of the 'Covid' hierarchy.

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.

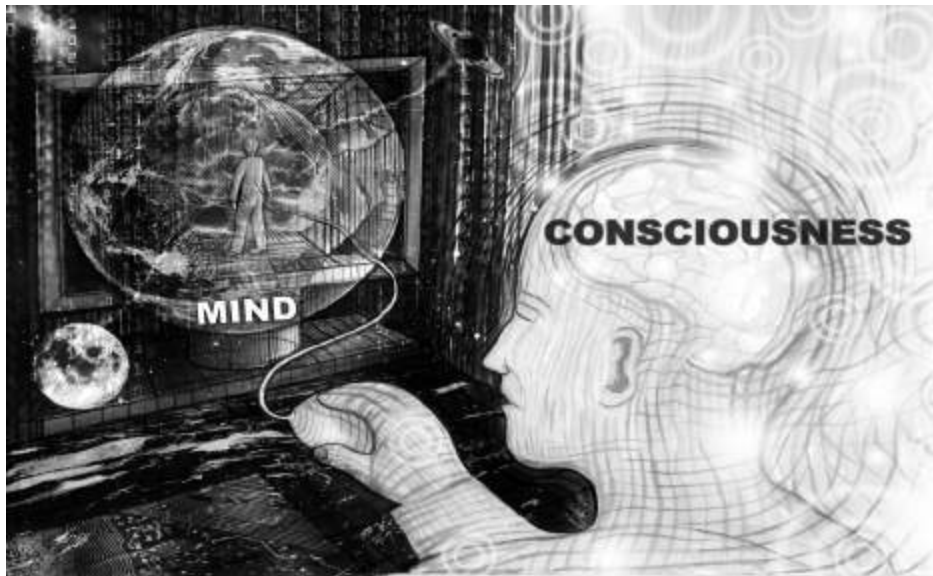


Figure 20: The mind ‘virus’ I have been writing about for decades seeks to isolate five-sense mind (the computer) from the true ‘I’. (Image by Neil Hague).

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.

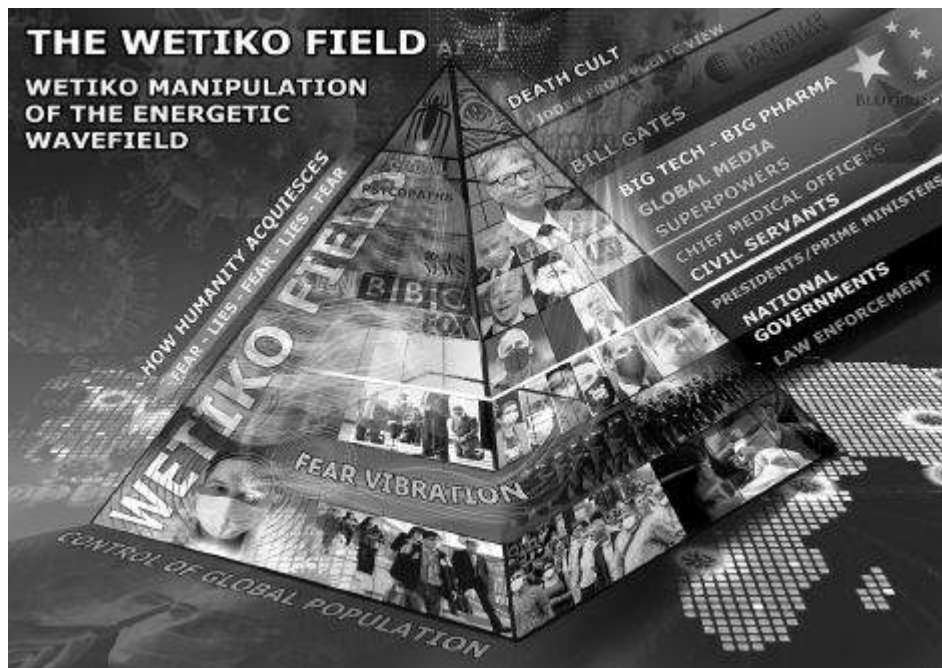


Figure 22: The Wetiko Field from which the Cult pyramid and its personnel are made manifest. (Image by Neil Hague).

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.' *Yeeeeees!* 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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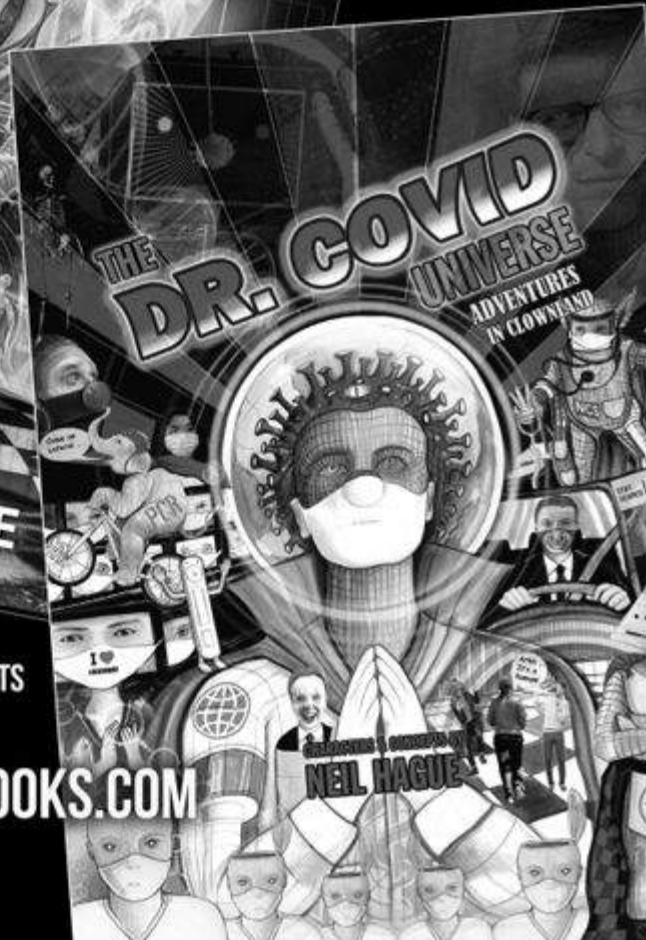
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