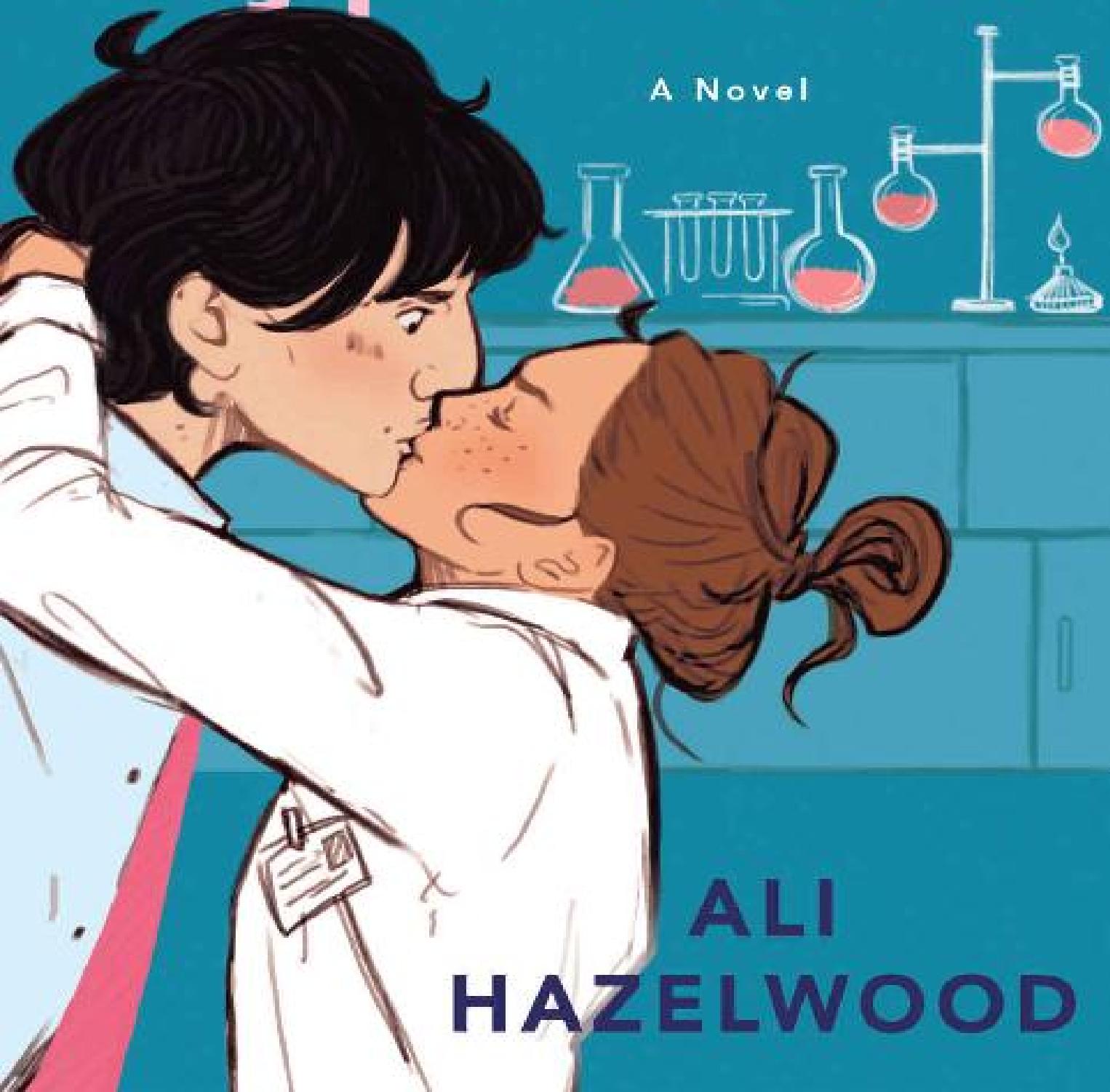


"Contemporary romance's unicorn: the elusive marriage of deeply brainy and delightfully escapist."—New York Times bestselling author CHRISTINA LAUREN

the love Hypothesis

A Novel



ALI
HAZELWOOD

Praise for *The Love Hypothesis*

“Contemporary romance’s unicorn: the elusive marriage of deeply brainy and delightfully escapist. . . . *The Love Hypothesis* has wild commercial appeal, but the quieter secret is that there is a specific audience, made up of all of the Olives in the world, who have deeply, ardently waited for this exact book.”

—*New York Times* bestselling author Christina Lauren

“Funny, sexy, and smart. Ali Hazelwood did a terrific job with *The Love Hypothesis*. ”

—*New York Times* bestselling author Mariana Zapata

“This tackles one of my favorite tropes—Grumpy meets Sunshine—in a fun and utterly endearing way. . . . I loved the nods toward fandom and romance novels, and I couldn’t put it down. Highly recommended!”

—*New York Times* bestselling author Jessica Clare

“A beautifully written romantic comedy with a heroine you will instantly fall in love with, *The Love Hypothesis* is destined to earn a place on your keeper shelf.”

—Elizabeth Everett, author of *A Lady’s Formula for Love*

the Love
Hypothesis



ALI HAZELWOOD

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*To my women in STEM: Kate, Caitie, Hatun, and Mar.
Per aspera ad aspera.*

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hy·poth·e·sis (noun)

A supposition or proposed explanation made on the basis of limited evidence, as a starting point for further investigation.

Example: "Based on the available information and the data hitherto collected, my hypothesis is that the farther away I stay from love, the better off I will be."

prologue

Frankly, Olive was a bit on the fence about this whole grad school thing.

Not because she didn't like science. (She did. She *loved* science. Science was her *thing*.) And not because of the truckload of obvious red flags. She was well aware that committing to years of unappreciated, underpaid eighty-hour workweeks might *not* be good for her mental health. That nights spent toiling away in front of a Bunsen burner to uncover a trivial slice of knowledge might *not* be the key to happiness. That devoting her mind and body to academic pursuits with only infrequent breaks to steal unattended bagels might *not* be a wise choice.

She was well aware, and yet none of it worried her. Or maybe it did, a tiny bit, but she could deal. It was something else that held her back from surrendering herself to the most notorious and soul-sucking circle of hell (i.e., a Ph.D. program). Held her back, that is, until she was invited to interview for a spot in Stanford's biology department, and came across The Guy.

The Guy whose name she never really got.

The Guy she met after stumbling blindly into the first bathroom she could find.

The Guy who asked her, "Out of curiosity, is there a specific reason you're crying in my restroom?"

Olive squeaked. She tried to open her eyes through the tears and only barely managed to. Her entire field of view was blurry. All she could see was a watery outline—someone tall, dark haired, dressed in black, and . . . yeah. That was it.

“I . . . is this the ladies’ restroom?” she stammered.

A pause. Silence. And then: “Nope.” His voice was deep. So deep. Really deep. *Dreamy* deep.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

“Really?”

“Fairly, since this is my lab’s bathroom.”

Well. He had her there. “I’m so sorry. Do you need to . . .” She gestured toward the stall, or where she thought the stalls were. Her eyes stung, even closed, and she had to scrunch them shut to dull the burn. She tried to dry her cheeks with her sleeve, but the material of her wrap dress was cheap and flimsy, not half as absorbent as real cotton. Ah, the joys of being impoverished.

“I just need to pour this reagent down the drain,” he said, but she didn’t hear him move. Maybe because she was blocking the sink. Or maybe because he thought Olive was a weirdo and was contemplating siccing the campus police on her. That would put a brutally quick end to her Ph.D. dreams, wouldn’t it? “We don’t use this as a restroom, just to dispose of waste and wash equipment.”

“Oh, sorry. I thought . . .” Poorly. She’d thought poorly, as was her habit and curse.

“Are you okay?” He must be really tall. His voice sounded like it came from ten feet above her.

“Sure. Why do you ask?”

“Because you are crying. In my bathroom.”

“Oh, I’m not crying. Well, I sort of am, but it’s just tears, you know?”

“I do not.”

She sighed, slumping against the tiled wall. “It’s my contacts. They expired some time ago, and they were never that great to begin with. They messed up my eyes. I’ve taken them off, but . . .” She shrugged. Hopefully in his direction. “It takes a while, before they get better.”

“You put in expired contacts?” He sounded personally offended.

“Just a little expired.”

“What’s ‘a little’?”

“I don’t know. A few years?”

“*What?*” His consonants were sharp and precise. Crisp. Pleasant.

“Only just a couple, I think.”

“Just a couple of *years*? ”

“It’s okay. Expiration dates are for the weak.”

A sharp sound—some kind of snort. “Expiration dates are so I don’t find you weeping in the corner of my bathroom.”

Unless this dude was Mr. Stanford himself, he really needed to stop calling this *his* bathroom.

“It’s fine.” She waved a hand. She’d have rolled her eyes, if they hadn’t been on fire. “The burning usually lasts only a few minutes.”

“You mean you’ve done this before?”

She frowned. “Done what?”

“Put in expired contacts.”

“Of course. Contacts are not cheap.”

“Neither are *eyes*. ”

Humph. Good point. “Hey, have we met? Maybe last night, at the recruitment dinner with prospective Ph.D. students?”

“No.”

“You weren’t there?”

“Not really my scene.”

“But the free food?”

“Not worth the small talk.”

Maybe he was on a diet, because what kind of Ph.D. student said that? And Olive was *sure* that he was a Ph.D. student—the haughty, condescending tone was a dead giveaway. All Ph.D. students were like that: thinking they were better than everyone else just because they had the dubious privilege of slaughtering fruit flies in the name of science for ninety cents an hour. In the grim, dark hellscape of academia, graduate students were the lowliest of creatures and therefore had to convince themselves that they were the best. Olive was no clinical psychologist, but it seemed like a pretty textbook defense mechanism.

“Are you interviewing for a spot in the program?” he asked.

“Yup. For next year’s biology cohort.” God, her eyes were burning. “What about you?” she asked, pressing her palms into them.

“Me?”

“How long have you been here?”

“Here?” A pause. “Six years. Give or take.”

“Oh. Are you graduating soon, then?”

“I . . .”

She picked up on his hesitation and instantly felt guilty. “Wait, you don’t have to tell me. First rule of grad school—don’t ask about other grads’ dissertation timeline.”

A beat. And then another. “Right.”

“Sorry.” She wished she could see him. Social interactions were hard enough to begin with; the last thing she needed was fewer cues to go by. “I didn’t mean to channel your parents at Thanksgiving.”

He laughed softly. “You could never.”

“Oh.” She smiled. “Annoying parents?”

“And even worse Thanksgivings.”

“That’s what you Americans get for leaving the Commonwealth.” She held out her hand in what she hoped was his general direction. “I’m Olive, by the way. Like the tree.” She was starting to wonder whether she’d just introduced herself to the drain disposal when she heard him step closer. The hand that closed around hers was dry, and warm, and so large it could have enveloped her whole fist. Everything about him must be huge. Height, fingers, voice.

It was not entirely unpleasant.

“You’re not American?” he asked.

“Canadian. Listen, if you happen to talk with anyone who’s on the admissions committee, would you mind not mentioning my contacts mishap? It might make me seem like a less-than-stellar applicant.”

“You think so?” he deadpanned.

She would have glared at him if she could. Though maybe she was doing a decent job of it anyway, because he laughed—just a huff, but Olive could tell. And she kind of liked it.

He let go of her, and she realized that she’d been gripping his hand. Oops.

“Are you planning to enroll?” he asked.

She shrugged. “I might not get an offer.” But she and the professor she’d interviewed with, Dr. Aslan, had really hit it off. Olive had stuttered and mumbled much less than usual. Plus, her GRE scores and GPA were almost perfect. Not having a life came in handy, sometimes.

“Are you planning to enroll if you get an offer, then?”

She’d be stupid not to. This was Stanford, after all—one of the best biology programs. Or at least, that was what Olive had been telling herself to cover the petrifying truth.

Which was that, frankly, she was a bit on the fence about this whole grad school thing.

“I . . . maybe. I must say, the line between excellent career choice and critical life screwup is getting a bit blurry.”

“Seems like you’re leaning toward screwup.” He sounded like he was smiling.

“No. Well . . . I just . . .”

“You just?”

She bit her lip. “What if I’m not good enough?” she blurted out, and why, God, *why* was she baring the deepest fears of her secret little heart to this random bathroom guy? And what was the point, anyway? Every time she aired out her doubts to friends and acquaintances, they all automatically offered the same trite, meaningless encouragements. *You’ll be fine. You can do it. I believe in you.* This guy was surely going to do the same.

Coming up.

Any moment now.

Any second—

“Why do you want to do it?”

Uh? “Do . . . what?”

“Get a Ph.D. What’s your reason?”

Olive cleared her throat. “I’ve always had an inquisitive mind, and graduate school is the ideal environment to foster that. It’ll give me important transferable skills—”

He snorted.

She frowned. “What?”

“Not the line you found in an interview prep book. Why do *you* want a Ph.D.?”

“It’s true,” she insisted, a bit weakly. “I want to sharpen my research abilities—”

“Is it because you don’t know what else to do?”

“No.”

“Because you didn’t get an industry position?”

“No—I didn’t even apply for industry.”

“Ah.” He moved, a large, blurry figure stepping next to her to pour something down the sink. Olive could smell a whiff of eugenol, and laundry detergent, and clean, male skin. An oddly nice combination.

“I need more freedom than industry can offer.”

“You won’t have much freedom in academia.” His voice was closer, like he hadn’t stepped back yet. “You’ll have to fund your work through ludicrously competitive research grants. You’d make better money in a nine-to-five job that actually allows you to entertain the concept of weekends.”

Olive scowled. “Are you trying to get me to decline my offer? Is this some kind of anti-expired-contacts-wearers campaign?”

“Nah.”

She could hear his smile.

“I’ll go ahead and trust that it was just a misstep.”

“I wear them *all the time*, and they almost never—”

“In a long line of missteps, clearly.” He sighed. “Here’s the deal: I have no idea if you’re good enough, but that’s not what you should be asking yourself. Academia’s a lot of bucks for very little bang. What matters is whether your *reason* to be in academia is good enough. So, why the Ph.D., Olive?”

She thought about it, and thought, and thought even more. And then she spoke carefully. “I have a question. A specific research question. Something that I want to find out.” There. Done. This was the answer. “Something I’m afraid no one else will discover if I don’t.”

“A question?”

She felt the air shift and realized that he was now leaning against the sink.

“Yes.” Her mouth felt dry. “Something that’s important to me. And—I don’t trust anyone else to do it. Because they haven’t so far. Because . . .” *Because something bad happened. Because I want to do my part so that it won’t happen again.*

Heavy thoughts to have in the presence of a stranger, in the darkness of her closed eyelids. So she cracked them open; her vision was still blurry, but the burning was mostly gone. The Guy was looking at her. Fuzzy around the edges, perhaps, but so very *there*, waiting patiently for her to continue.

“It’s important to me,” she repeated. “The research that I want to do.” Olive was twenty-three and alone in the world. She didn’t want weekends, or a decent salary. She wanted to go back in time. She wanted to be less lonely. But since that was impossible, she’d settle for fixing what she could.

He nodded but said nothing as he straightened and took a few steps toward the door. Clearly leaving.

“Is mine a good enough reason to go to grad school?” she called after him, hating how eager for approval she sounded. It was possible that she was in the midst of some sort of existential crisis.

He paused and looked back at her. “It’s the best one.”

He was smiling, she thought. Or something like it.

“Good luck on your interview, Olive.”

“Thanks.”

He was almost out the door already.

“Maybe I’ll see you next year,” she babbled, flushing a little. “If I get in. And if you haven’t graduated.”

“Maybe,” she heard him say.

With that, The Guy was gone. And Olive never got his name. But a few weeks later, when the Stanford biology department extended her an offer, she accepted it. Without hesitating.

Chapter One

♥ HYPOTHESIS: *When given a choice between A (a slightly inconveniencing situation) and B (a colossal shitshow with devastating consequences), I will inevitably end up selecting B.*

Two years, eleven months later

In Olive's defense, the man didn't seem to mind the kiss too much.

It did take him a moment to adjust—perfectly understandable, given the sudden circumstances. It was an awkward, uncomfortable, somewhat painful minute, in which Olive was simultaneously smashing her lips against his and pushing herself as high as her toes would extend to keep her mouth at the same level as his face. Did he *have* to be so tall? The kiss must have looked like some clumsy headbutt, and she grew anxious that she was not going to be able to pull the whole thing off. Her friend Anh, whom Olive had spotted coming her way a few seconds ago, was going to take one look at this and know at once that Olive and Kiss Dude couldn't possibly be two people in the middle of a date.

Then that agonizingly slow moment went by, and the kiss became . . . different. The man inhaled sharply and inclined his head a tiny bit, making Olive feel less like a squirrel monkey climbing a baobab tree, and his hands—which were large and pleasantly warm in the AC of the hallway—closed around her waist. They slid up a few inches, coming to wrap around Olive's rib cage and holding her to himself. Not too close, and not too far.

Just so.

It was more of a prolonged peck than anything, but it was quite nice, and for the life span of a few seconds Olive forgot a large number of things, including the fact that she was pressed against a random, unknown dude. That she'd barely had the time to whisper "Can I please kiss you?" before locking lips with him. That what had originally driven her to put on this entire show was the hope of fooling Anh, her best friend in the whole world.

But a good kiss will do that: make a girl forget herself for a while. Olive found herself melting into a broad, solid chest that showed absolutely no give. Her hands traveled from a defined jaw into surprisingly thick and soft hair, and then—then she heard herself sigh, as if already out of breath, and that's when it hit her like a brick on the head, the realization that—No. No.

Nope, nope, *no*.

She should not be enjoying this. Random dude, and all that.

Olive gasped and pushed herself away from him, frantically looking for Anh. In the 11:00 p.m. bluish glow of the biology labs' hallway, her friend was nowhere to be seen. Weird. Olive was sure she had spotted her a few seconds earlier.

Kiss Dude, on the other hand, was standing right in front of her, lips parted, chest rising and a weird light flickering in his eyes, which was exactly when it dawned on her, the enormity of what she had just done. Of *who* she had just—

Fuck her life.

Fuck. Her. Life.

Because Dr. Adam Carlsen was a known ass.

This fact was not remarkable in and of itself, as in academia every position above the graduate student level (Olive's level, sadly) required some degree of assness in order

to be held for any length of time, with tenured faculty at the very peak of the ass pyramid. Dr. Carlsen, though—he was exceptional. At least if the rumors were anything to go by.

He was the reason Olive’s roommate, Malcolm, had to completely scrap two research projects and would likely end up graduating a year late; the one who had made Jeremy throw up from anxiety before his qualifying exams; the sole culprit for half the students in the department being forced to postpone their thesis defenses. Joe, who used to be in Olive’s cohort and would take her to watch out-of-focus European movies with microscopic subtitles every Thursday night, had been a research assistant in Carlsen’s lab, but he’d decided to drop out six months into it for “reasons.” It was probably for the best, since most of Carlsen’s remaining graduate assistants had perennially shaky hands and often looked like they hadn’t slept in a year.

Dr. Carlsen might have been a young academic rock star and biology’s wunderkind, but he was also mean and hypercritical, and it was obvious in the way he spoke, in the way he carried himself, that he thought himself the only person doing decent science within the Stanford biology department. Within the entire world, probably. He was a notoriously moody, obnoxious, terrifying dick.

And Olive had just kissed him.

She wasn’t sure how long the silence lasted—only that he was the one to break it. He stood in front of Olive, ridiculously intimidating with dark eyes and even darker hair, staring down from who knows how many inches above six feet—he must have been over half a foot taller than she was. He scowled, an expression that she recognized from seeing him attend the departmental seminar, a look that usually preceded him raising his hand to point out some perceived fatal flaw in the speaker’s work.

Adam Carlsen. Destroyer of research careers, Olive had once overheard her adviser say.

It's okay. It's fine. Totally fine. She was just going to pretend nothing had happened, nod at him politely, and tiptoe her way out of here. *Yes, solid plan.*

“Did you . . . Did you just kiss me?” He sounded puzzled, and maybe a little out of breath. His lips were full and plump and . . . God. Kissed. There was simply no way Olive could get away with denying what she had just done.

Still, it was worth a try.

“Nope.”

Surprisingly, it seemed to work.

“Ah. Okay, then.” Carlsen nodded and turned around, looking vaguely disoriented. He took a couple of steps down the hallway, reached the water fountain—maybe where he’d been headed in the first place.

Olive was starting to believe that she might actually be off the hook when he halted and turned back with a skeptical expression.

“Are you sure?”

Dammit.

“I—” She buried her face in her hands. “It’s not the way it looks.”

“Okay. I . . . Okay,” he repeated slowly. His voice was deep and low and sounded a lot like he was on his way to getting mad. Like maybe he was already mad. “What’s going on here?”

There was simply no way to explain this. Any normal person would have found Olive’s situation odd, but Adam Carlsen, who obviously considered empathy a bug and not a

feature of humanity, could never understand. She let her hands fall to her sides and took a deep breath.

“I . . . listen, I don’t mean to be rude, but this is really none of your business.”

He stared at her for a moment, and then he nodded. “Yes. Of course.” He must be getting back into his usual groove, because his tone had lost some of its surprise and was back to normal—dry. Laconic. “I’ll just go back to my office and begin to work on my Title IX complaint.”

Olive exhaled in relief. “Yeah. That would be great, since — Wait. Your what?”

He cocked his head. “Title IX is a federal law that protects against sexual misconduct within academic settings—”

“I know what Title IX is.”

“I see. So you willfully chose to disregard it.”

“I— What? No. No, I didn’t!”

He shrugged. “I must be mistaken, then. Someone else must have assaulted me.”

“Assault—I didn’t ‘assault’ you.”

“You did kiss me.”

“But not *really*.”

“Without first securing my consent.”

“I *asked* if I could kiss you!”

“And then did so without waiting for my response.”

“What? You said yes.”

“Excuse me?”

She frowned. “I asked if I could kiss you, and you said yes.”

“Incorrect. You asked if you could kiss me and I snorted.”

“I’m *pretty sure* I heard you said yes.”

He lifted one eyebrow, and for a minute Olive let herself daydream of drowning someone. Dr. Carlsen. Herself. Both sounded like great options.

“Listen, I’m really sorry. It was a weird situation. Can we just forget that this happened?”

He studied her for a long moment, his angular face serious and something else, something that she couldn’t quite decipher because she was too busy noticing all over again how damn towering and broad he was. Just massive. Olive had always been slight, just this side of too slender, but girls who are five eight rarely felt diminutive. At least until they found themselves standing next to Adam Carlsen. She’d known that he was tall, of course, from seeing him around the department or walking across campus, from sharing the elevator with him, but they’d never interacted. Never been this close.

Except for a second ago, Olive. When you almost put your tongue in his—

“Is there something wrong?” He sounded almost concerned.

“What? No. No, there isn’t.”

“Because,” he continued calmly, “kissing a stranger at midnight in a science lab might be a sign that there is.”

“There isn’t.”

Carlsen nodded, thoughtful. “Very well. Expect mail in the next few days, then.” He began to walk past her, and she turned to yell after him.

“You didn’t even ask my name!”

“I’m sure anyone could figure it out, since you must have swiped your badge to get in the labs area after hours. Have a

good night.”

“Wait!” She leaned forward and stopped him with a hand on his wrist. He paused immediately, even though it was obvious that it would take him no effort to free himself, and stared pointedly at the spot where her fingers had wrapped around his skin—right below a wristwatch that probably cost half her yearly graduate salary. Or all of it.

She let go of him at once and took one step back. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to—”

“The kiss. Explain.”

Olive bit into her lower lip. She had truly screwed herself over. She had to tell him, now. “Anh Pham.” She looked around to make sure Anh was really gone. “The girl who was passing by. She’s a graduate student in the biology department.”

Carlsen gave no indication of knowing who Anh was.

“Anh has . . .” Olive pushed a strand of brown hair behind her ear. This was where the story became embarrassing. Complicated, and a little juvenile sounding. “I was seeing this guy in the department. Jeremy Langley, he has red hair and works with Dr. . . . Anyway, we went out just a couple of times, and then I brought him to Anh’s birthday party, and they just sort of hit it off and—”

Olive shut her eyes. Which was probably a bad idea, because now she could see it painted on her lids, how her best friend and her date had bantered in that bowling alley, as if they’d known each other their whole lives; the never-exhausted topics of conversation, the laughter, and then, at the end of the night, Jeremy following Anh’s every move with his gaze. It had been painfully clear who he was interested in. Olive waved a hand and tried for a smile.

“Long story short, after Jeremy and I ended things he asked Anh out. She said no because of . . . girl code and all that, but I can tell that she *really* likes him. She’s afraid to hurt my feelings, and no matter how many times I told her it was fine she wouldn’t believe me.”

Not to mention that the other day I overheard her confess to our friend Malcolm that she thought Jeremy was awesome, but she could never betray me by going out with him, and she sounded so dejected. Disappointed and insecure, not at all like the spunky, larger-than-life Anh I am used to.

“So I just lied and told her that I was already dating someone else. Because she’s one of my closest friends and I’d never seen her like a guy this much and I want her to have the good things she deserves and I’m positive that she would do the same for me and—” Olive realized that she was rambling and that Carlsen couldn’t have cared less. She stopped and swallowed, even though her mouth felt dry. “Tonight. I told her I’d be on a date *tonight*.”

“Ah.” His expression was unreadable.

“But I’m not. So I decided to come in to work on an experiment, but Anh showed up, too. She wasn’t supposed to be here. But she was. Coming this way. And I panicked—well.” Olive wiped a hand down her face. “I didn’t really think.”

Carlsen didn’t say anything, but it was there in his eyes that he was thinking, *Obviously*.

“I just needed her to believe that I was on a date.”

He nodded. “So you kissed the first person you saw in the hallway. Perfectly logical.”

Olive winced. “When you put it like that, perhaps it wasn’t my best moment.”

“Perhaps.”

“But it wasn’t my worst, either! I’m pretty sure Anh saw us. Now she’ll think that I was on a date with you and she’ll hopefully feel free to go out with Jeremy and—” She shook her head. “Listen. I’m so, so sorry about the kiss.”

“Are you?”

“Please, don’t report me. I really thought I heard you say yes. I promise I didn’t mean to . . .”

Suddenly, the enormity of what she had just done fully dawned on her. She had just kissed a random guy, a guy who happened to be the most notoriously unpleasant faculty member in the biology department. She’d misunderstood a *snort* for consent, she’d basically attacked him in the hallway, and now he was staring at her in that odd, pensive way, so large and focused and close to her, and . . .

Shit.

Maybe it was the late night. Maybe it was that her last coffee had been sixteen hours ago. Maybe it was Adam Carlsen looking down at her, like *that*. All of a sudden, this entire situation was just too much.

“Actually, you’re absolutely right. And I am so sorry. If you felt in any way harassed by me, you really should report me, because it’s only fair. It was a horrible thing to do, though I really didn’t want to . . . Not that my intentions matter; it’s more like your perception of . . .”

Crap, crap, crap.

“I’m going to leave now, okay? Thank you, and . . . I am so, so, *so* sorry.” Olive spun around on her heels and ran away down the hallway.

“Olive,” she heard him call after her. “Olive, wait—”

She didn’t stop. She sprinted down the stairs to the first floor and then out the building and across the pathways of the

sparsely lit Stanford campus, running past a girl walking her dog and a group of students laughing in front of the library. She continued until she was standing in front of her apartment's door, stopping only to unlock it, making a beeline for her room in the hope of avoiding her roommate and whoever he might have brought home tonight.

It wasn't until she slumped on her bed, staring at the glow-in-the-dark stars glued to her ceiling, that she realized she had neglected to check on her lab mice. She had also left her laptop on her bench and her sweatshirt somewhere in the lab, and she had completely forgotten to stop at the store and buy the coffee she'd promised Malcolm she'd get for tomorrow morning.

Shit. What a disaster of a day.

It never occurred to Olive that Dr. Adam Carlsen—known ass—had called her by her name.

Chapter Two

♥ HYPOTHESIS: *Any rumor regarding my love life will spread with a speed that is directly proportional to my desire to keep said rumor a secret.*

Olive Smith was a rising third-year Ph.D. student in one of the best biology departments in the country, one that housed more than one hundred grads and what often felt like several million majoring undergrads. She had no idea what the exact number of faculty was, but judging from the mailboxes in the copy room she'd say that a safe guess was: too many. Therefore, she reasoned that if she'd never had the misfortune of interacting with Adam Carlsen in the two years before The Night (it had been only a handful of days since the kissing incident, but Olive already knew that she'd think of last Friday as The Night for the rest of her life), it was entirely possible that she might be able to finish grad school without crossing paths with him ever again. In fact, she was fairly sure that not only did Adam Carlsen have no idea who she was, but he also had no desire to learn—and had probably already forgotten all about what happened.

Unless, of course, she was catastrophically wrong and he did end up filing a Title IX lawsuit. In which case she supposed that she *would* see him again, when she pleaded guilty in federal court.

Olive figured that she could waste her time fretting about legal fees, or she could focus on what were more pressing issues. Like the approximately five hundred slides she had to prepare for the neurobiology class that she was slated to TA in the fall semester, which was starting in less than two weeks.

Or the note Malcolm had left this morning, telling her he'd seen a cockroach scurry under the credenza even though their apartment was already full of traps. Or the most crucial one: the fact that her research project had reached a critical point and she desperately needed to find a bigger, significantly richer lab to carry out her experiment. Otherwise, what could very well become a groundbreaking, clinically relevant study might end up languishing on a handful of petri dishes stacked in the crisper drawer of her fridge.

Olive opened her laptop with half a mind to google "Organs one can live without" and "How much cash for them" but got sidetracked by the twenty new emails she'd received while busy with her lab animals. They were almost exclusively from predatory journals, Nigerian prince wannabes, and one glitter company whose newsletter she'd signed up for six years ago to get a free tube of lipstick. Olive quickly marked them as read, eager to go back to her experiments, and then noticed that one message was actually a reply to something she had sent. A reply from . . . Holy crap. *Holy crap.*

She clicked on it so hard she almost sprained her pointer finger.

Today, 3:15 p.m.

FROM: Tom-Benton@harvard.edu

TO: Olive-Smith@stanford.edu

SUBJECT: Re: Pancreatic Cancer Screening Project

Olive,

Your project sounds good. I'll be visiting Stanford in about two weeks. Why don't we chat then?

Cheers,

TB

Tom Benton, Ph.D.

Associate Professor

Department of Biological Sciences, Harvard University

Her heart skipped a beat. Then it started galloping. Then it slowed down to a crawl. And then she felt her blood pulsate in her eyelids, which couldn't be healthy, but—*Yes*. Yes! She had a taker. Almost. Probably? Maybe. Definitely maybe. Tom Benton had said “good.” He had said that it sounded “good.” It had to be a “good” sign, right?

She frowned, scrolling down to reread the email she'd sent him several weeks earlier.

July 7, 8:19 a.m.

FROM: Olive-Smith@stanford.edu

TO: Tom-Benton@harvard.edu

SUBJECT: Pancreatic Cancer Screening Project

Dr. Benton,

My name is Olive Smith, and I am a Ph.D. student in the biology department of Stanford University. My research focuses on pancreatic cancer, in particular on finding noninvasive, affordable detection tools that could lead to early treatment and increase survival rates. I have been working on blood biomarkers, with promising results. (You can read about my preliminary work in the peer-reviewed paper I have attached. I have also submitted more recent, unpublished findings to this year's Society for Biological Discovery conference; acceptance is pending but see the attached abstract.) The next step would be to carry out additional studies to determine the feasibility of my test kit.

Unfortunately my current lab (Dr. Aysegul Aslan's, who is retiring in two years) does not have the funding or the equipment to allow me to proceed. She is encouraging me to find a larger cancer research lab where I could spend the next academic year to collect the data I need. Then I would return to Stanford to analyze and write up the data. I am a huge fan of the work you have published on pancreatic cancer, and I was wondering whether there might be a possibility to carry out my work in your lab at Harvard.

I am happy to talk more in detail about my project if you are interested.

Sincerely,

Olive

Olive Smith

Ph.D. Candidate

Biology Department, Stanford University

If Tom Benton, cancer researcher extraordinaire, came to Stanford and gave Olive ten minutes of his time, she could convince him to help her out with her research predicament!

Well . . . maybe.

Olive was much better at actually *doing* research than at selling its importance to others. Science communication and public speaking of any sort were definitely her big weaknesses. But she had a chance to show Benton how promising her results were. She could list the clinical benefits of her work, and she could explain how little she required to turn her project into a huge success. All she needed was a quiet bench in a corner of his lab, a couple hundred of his lab mice, and unlimited access to his twenty-million-dollar electron microscope. Benton wouldn't even notice her.

Olive headed for the break room, mentally writing an impassioned speech on how she was willing to use his facilities only at night and limit her oxygen consumption to less than five breaths per minute. She poured herself a cup of stale coffee and turned around to find someone scowling right behind her.

She startled so hard that she almost burned herself.

“Jesus!” She clutched her chest, took a deep breath, and held tighter onto her Scooby-Doo mug. “Anh. You scared the shit out of me.”

“Olive.”

It was a bad sign. Anh never called her Olive—never, unless she was reprimanding her for biting her nails to the quick or for having vitamin gummies for dinner.

“Hey! How was your—”

“The other night.”

Dammit. “—weekend?”

“Dr. Carlsen.”

Dammit, dammit, dammit. “What about him?”

“I saw the two of you together.”

“Oh. Really?” Olive’s surprise sounded painfully playacted, even to her own ears. Maybe she should have signed up for drama club in high school instead of playing every single sport available.

“Yes. Here, in the department.”

“Oh. Cool. Um, I didn’t see you, or I’d have said hi.”

Anh frowned. “Ol. I saw you. I saw you with Carlsen. You know that I saw you, and I know that you know that I saw you, because you’ve been avoiding me.”

“I have not.”

Anh gave her one of her formidable no-bullshit looks. It was probably the one she used as president of the student senate, as head of the Stanford Women in Science Association, as director of outreach for the Organization of BIPOC Scientists. There was no fight Anh couldn’t win. She was fearsome and indomitable, and Olive loved this about her—but not right now.

“You haven’t answered any of my messages for the past two days. We usually text every hour.”

They did. Multiple times. Olive switched the mug to her left hand, for no reason other than to buy some time. “I’ve been . . . busy?”

“Busy?” Anh’s eyebrow shot up. “Busy kissing Carlsen?”

“Oh. Oh, *that*. That was just . . .”

Anh nodded, as if to encourage her to finish the sentence. When it became obvious that Olive couldn’t, Anh continued for her.

“That was—no offense, Ol—but that was the most bizarre kiss I have ever seen.”

Calm. Stay calm. She doesn’t know. She cannot know. “I doubt that,” Olive retorted weakly. “Take that upside-down Spider-Man kiss. That was way more bizarre than—”

“Ol, you said you were on a date that night. You’re not dating *Carlsen*, are you?” She twisted her face in a grimace.

It would have been so easy to confess the truth. Since starting grad school Anh and Olive had done heaps of moronic things, together and separately; the time Olive panicked and kissed none other than Adam Carlsen could become one of them, one they laughed about during their weekly beer-and-s’mores nights.

Or not. There was a chance that if Olive admitted to lying now, Anh might never trust her again. Or that she’d never go out with Jeremy. And as much as the idea of her best friend dating her ex had Olive wanting to puke just a bit, the thought of said best friend being anything but happy had her wanting to puke a lot more.

The situation was depressingly simple: Olive was alone in the world. She had been for a long time, ever since high school. She had trained herself not to make a big deal out of it—she was sure many people were alone in the world and found themselves having to write down made-up names and phone numbers on their emergency contact forms. During college and her master’s, focusing on science and research had been her way of coping, and she had been perfectly ready to spend the rest of her life holed up in a lab with little more than a beaker and a handful of pipettes as her faithful companions—until . . . Anh.

In a way, it had been love at first sight. First day of grad school. Biology cohort orientation. Olive entered the conference room, looked around, and sat in the first free seat

she could find, petrified. She was the only woman in the room, virtually alone in a sea of white men who were already talking about boats, and whatever sportsball was on TV the night before, and the best routes to drive places. *I have made a terrible mistake*, she thought. *The Guy in the bathroom was wrong. I should never have come here. I am never going to fit in.*

And then a girl with curly dark hair and a pretty, round face plopped in the chair next to hers and muttered, “So much for the STEM programs’ commitment to inclusivity, am I right?” That was the moment everything changed.

They could have just been allies. As the only two non-cis-white-male students in their year, they could have found solace together when some bitching was needed and ignored each other otherwise. Olive had lots of friends like that—all of them, actually, circumstantial acquaintances whom she thought of fondly but not very often. Anh, though, had been different from the start. Maybe because they’d soon found out that they loved spending their Saturday nights eating junk food and falling asleep to rom-coms. Maybe it was the way she’d insisted on dragging Olive to every single “women in STEM” support group on campus and had wowed everyone with her bull’s-eye comments. Maybe it was that she’d opened up to Olive and explained how hard it had been for her to get where she was today. The way her older brothers had made fun of her and called her a nerd for loving math so much growing up—at an age when being a nerd was not quite considered cool. That time a physics professor asked her if she was in the wrong class on the first day of the semester. The fact that despite her grades and research experience, even her academic adviser had seemed skeptical when she’d decided to pursue STEM higher education.

Olive, whose path to grad school had been rough but not nearly as rough, was befuddled. Then enraged. And then in

absolute awe when she understood the self-doubt that Anh had been able to harness into sheer fierceness.

And for some unimaginable reason, Anh seemed to like Olive just as much. When Olive's stipend hadn't quite stretched to the end of the month, Anh had shared her instant ramen. When Olive's computer had crashed without backups, Anh had stayed up all night to help her rewrite her crystallography paper. When Olive had nowhere to go over the holidays, Anh would bring her friend home to Michigan and let her large family ply Olive with delicious food while rapid Vietnamese flowed around her. When Olive had felt too stupid for the program and had considered dropping out, Anh had talked her out of it.

The day Olive met Anh's rolling eyes, a life-changing friendship was born. Slowly, they'd begun to include Malcolm and become a bit of a trio, but Anh . . . Anh was *her person*. Family. Olive hadn't even thought that was possible for someone like her.

Anh rarely asked anything for herself, and even though they'd been friends for more than two years, Olive had never seen her show interest in dating anyone—until Jeremy. Pretending that she'd been on a date with Carlsen was the least Olive could do to ensure her friend's happiness.

So she bucked up, smiled, and tried to keep her tone reasonably even while asking, “What do you mean?”

“I mean that we talk every minute of every day, and you never mentioned Carlsen before. My closest friend is supposedly seeing the superstar professor of the department, and somehow I've never heard of it? You *know* his reputation, right? Is it some kind of joke? Do you have a brain tumor? Do *I* have a brain tumor?”

This was what happened whenever Olive lied: she ended up having to tell even more lies to cover her first, and she was

horrible at it, which meant that each lie got worse and less convincing than the previous. There was no way she could fool Anh. There was no way she could fool *anybody*. Anh was going to get mad, then Jeremy was going to get mad, then Malcolm, too, and then Olive was going to find herself utterly alone. The heartbreak was going to make her flunk out of grad school. She was going to lose her visa and her only source of income and move back to Canada, where it snowed all the time and people ate moose heart and—

“Hey.”

The voice, deep and even, came from somewhere behind Olive, but she didn’t need to turn to know that it was Carlsen’s. Just like she didn’t need to turn to know that the large, warm weight suddenly steadyng her, a firm but barely there pressure applied to the center of her lower back, was Carlsen’s hand. About two inches above her ass.

Holy crap.

Olive twisted her neck and looked up. And up. And up. And a bit more up. She was not a short woman, but he was just *big*. “Oh. Um, hey.”

“Is everything okay?” He said it looking into her eyes, in a low, intimate tone. Like they were alone. Like Anh was not there. He said it in a way that should have made Olive uncomfortable but didn’t. For some inexplicable reason his presence in the room soothed her, even though until a second ago she had been freaking out. Perhaps two different types of unease neutralized each other? It sounded like a fascinating research topic. Worth pursuing. Maybe Olive should abandon biology and switch to psychology. Maybe she should excuse herself and go run a literature search. Maybe she should expire on the spot to avoid facing this crapfest of a situation she’d put herself in.

“Yes. Yes. Everything is *great*. Anh and I were just . . . chatting. About our weekends.”

Carlsen looked at Anh, as though realizing for the first time that she was in the room. He acknowledged her existence with one of those brief nods dudes used to greet others. His hand slid lower on Olive’s spine just as Anh’s eyes widened.

“Nice to meet you, Anh. I’ve heard a lot about you,” Carlsen said, and he was good at this, Olive had to admit. Because she was sure that from Anh’s angle it looked like he was groping her, but in fact he was . . . not. Olive could barely feel his hand on her.

Just a little, maybe. The warmth, and the slight pressure, and—

“Nice to meet you, too.” Anh looked thunderstruck. Like she might pass out. “Um, I was just about to leave. Ol, I’m going to text you when . . . yeah.”

She was out of the room before Olive could answer. Which was good, because Olive didn’t need to come up with more lies. But also slightly less good, because now it was just her and Carlsen. Standing way too close. Olive would have paid good money to say that she was the one to put some distance between them, but the embarrassing truth was that it was Carlsen who stepped away first. Enough to give her the space she needed, and then some.

“Is everything okay?” he asked again. His tone was still soft. Not something she would have expected from him.

“Yes. Yes, I just . . .” Olive waved her hand. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

“Did you hear what she said? About Friday and . . .”

“I did. That’s why I . . .” He looked at her, and then at his hand—the one that had been warming her back a few seconds

ago—and Olive immediately understood.

“Thank you,” she repeated. Because Adam Carlsen might have been a known ass, but Olive was feeling pretty damn grateful right at the moment. “Also, uh, I couldn’t help noticing that no agents from the Federal Bureau of Investigation have knocked on my door to arrest me in the past seventy-two hours.”

The corner of his mouth twitched. Minimally. “Is that so?”

Olive nodded. “Which makes me think that maybe you haven’t filed that complaint. Even though it would have been totally within your rights. So, thank you. For that. And . . . and for stepping in, right now. You saved me a lot of trouble.”

Carlsen stared at her for a long moment, looking suddenly like he did during seminar, when people mixed up theory and hypothesis or admitted to using listwise deletion instead of imputation. “You shouldn’t need someone to step in.”

Olive stiffened. Right. *Known ass*. “Well, it’s not as if I asked you to do anything. I was going to handle it by myself—”

“And you shouldn’t have to lie about your relationship status,” he continued. “Especially not so that your friend and your boyfriend can get together guilt-free. That’s not how friendship works, last I checked.”

Oh. So he’d actually been listening when Olive vomited her life story at him. “It’s not like that.” He lifted an eyebrow, and Olive raised a hand in defense. “Jeremy wasn’t really my boyfriend. And Anh didn’t ask me for anything. I’m not some sort of victim, I just . . . want my friend to be happy.”

“By lying to her,” he added drily.

“Well, yeah, but . . . She thinks we’re dating, you and I,” Olive blurted out. God, the implications were too ridiculous to bear.

“Wasn’t that the point?”

“Yeah.” She nodded and then remembered the coffee in her hand and took a sip from her mug. It was still warm. The conversation with Anh couldn’t have lasted more than five minutes. “Yeah. I guess it was. By the way—I’m Olive Smith. In case you’re still interested in filing that complaint. I’m a Ph.D. student in Dr. Aslan’s lab—”

“I know who you are.”

“Oh.” Maybe he had looked her up, then. Olive tried to imagine him combing through the Current Ph.D. Students’ section on the department website. Olive’s picture had been taken by the program secretary on her third day of grad school, well before she had become fully aware of what she was in for. She had made an effort to look good: tamed her wavy brown hair, put on mascara to pop the green of her eyes, even attempted to hide her freckles with some borrowed foundation. It had been before she’d realized how ruthless, how cutthroat academia could be. Before the sense of inadequacy, before the constant fear that even if she was good at research, she might never be able to truly make it as an academic. She had been smiling. A real, actual smile.

“Okay.”

“I’m Adam. Carlsen. I’m faculty in—”

She burst out laughing in his face. And then regretted it immediately as she noticed his confused expression, as though he’d seriously thought Olive might not know who he was. As though he was unaware of being one of the most prominent scholars in the field. The modesty was not at all like Adam Carlsen. Olive cleared her throat.

“Right. Um, I know who you are, too, Dr. Carlsen.”

“You should probably call me Adam.”

“Oh. Oh, no.” That would be way too . . . No. The department was not like that. Grads didn’t call faculty by their first names. “I could never—”

“If Anh happens to be around.”

“Oh. Yeah.” It made sense. “Thank you. I hadn’t thought of that.” Or of anything else, really. Clearly, her brain had stopped working three days ago, when she’d decided that kissing him to save her own ass was a good idea. “If that’s okay with you. I’m going to go home, because this whole thing was kind of stressful and . . .” *I was going to run an experiment, but I really need to sit on the couch and watch American Ninja Warrior for forty-five minutes while eating Cool Ranch Doritos, which taste surprisingly better than you’d give them credit for.*

He nodded. “I’ll walk you to your car.”

“I’m not *that* distraught.”

“In case Anh’s still around.”

“Oh.” It was, Olive had to admit, a kind offer. Surprisingly so. Especially because it came from Adam “I’m Too Good for This Department” Carlsen. Olive knew that he was a dick, so she couldn’t quite understand why today he . . . didn’t seem to be one. Maybe she should just blame her own appalling behavior, which would make anyone look good by comparison. “Thanks. But no need.”

She could tell that he didn’t want to insist but couldn’t help himself. “I’d feel better if you let me walk you to your car.”

“I don’t have a car.” *I’m a grad student living in Stanford, California. I make less than thirty thousand dollars a year. My rent takes up two-thirds of my salary. I’ve been wearing the same pair of contacts since May, and I go to every seminar that provides refreshments to save on meals,* she didn’t bother

adding. She had no idea how old Carlsen was, but it couldn't have been that long ago that he was a grad student.

"Do you take the bus?"

"I bike. And my bike is right at the entrance of the building."

He opened his mouth, and then closed it. And then opened it again.

You kissed that mouth, Olive. And it was a good kiss.

"There are no bike lanes around here."

She shrugged. "I like to live dangerously." *Cheaply*, she meant. "And I have a helmet." She turned to set her mug on the first surface she could find. She'd retrieve it later. Or not, if someone stole it. Who cared? She'd gotten it from a postdoc who'd left academia to become a DJ, anyway. For the second time in less than a week, Carlsen had saved her ass. For the second time, she couldn't stand being with him a minute longer.

"I'll see you around, okay?"

His chest rose as he inhaled deeply. "Yeah. Okay."

Olive got out of the room as fast as she could.

"IS IT A prank? It must be a prank. Am I on national TV? Where are the hidden cameras? How do I look?"

"It's not a prank. There are no cameras." Olive adjusted the strap of her backpack on her shoulder and stepped to the side to avoid being run over by an undergrad on an electric scooter. "But now that you mention it—you look great. Especially for seven thirty in the morning."

Anh didn't blush, but it was a close thing. "Last night I did one of those face masks that you and Malcolm got me for my birthday. The one that looks like a panda? And I got a new sunscreen that's supposed to give you a bit of a glow. And I put on mascara," she added hastily under her breath.

Olive could ask her why she'd gone the extra mile to look nice on a run-of-the-mill Tuesday morning, but she already knew the answer: Jeremy's and Anh's labs were on the same floor, and while the biology department was large, chance encounters were very much a possibility.

She hid a smile. As weird as the idea of a best friend dating an ex might sound, she was glad that Anh was starting to allow herself to consider Jeremy romantically. Mostly, it was nice to know that the indignity Olive had put herself through with Carlsen on *The Night* was paying off. That, together with Tom Benton's very promising email about her research project, had Olive thinking that things might be finally looking up.

"Okay." Anh chewed on her lower lip, deep in concentration. "So it's not a prank. Which means that there must be another explanation. Let me find it."

"There is no explanation to be found. We just—"

"Oh my God, are you trying to get citizenship? Are they deporting you back to Canada because we've been sharing Malcolm's Netflix password? Tell them we didn't know it was a federal crime. No, wait, don't tell them anything until we get you a lawyer. And, Ol, I will marry you. I'll get you a green card and you won't have to—"

"Anh." Olive squeezed her friend's hand tighter to get her to shut up for a second. "I promise you, I'm not getting deported. I just went on a single date with Carlsen."

Anh scrunched her face and dragged Olive to a bench on the side of the path, forcing her to sit down. Olive complied, telling herself that were their positions inverted, had she

caught Anh kissing Adam Carlsen, she'd probably have the same reaction. Hell, she'd probably be busy booking a full-blown psychiatric evaluation for Anh.

"Listen," Anh started, "do you remember last spring, when I held your hair back while you projectile vomited the five pounds of spoiled shrimp cocktail you ate at Dr. Park's retirement party?"

"Oh, yes. I do." Olive cocked her head, pensive. "You ate more than me and never got sick."

"Because I'm made of sterner stuff, but never mind that. The point is: I am here for you, and always will be, no matter what. No matter how many pounds of spoiled shrimp cocktail you projectile vomit, you can trust me. We're a team, you and I. And Malcolm, when he's not busy screwing his way through the Stanford population. So if Carlsen is secretly an extraterrestrial life-form planning a takeover of Earth that will ultimately result in humanity being enslaved by evil overlords who look like cicadas, and the only way to stop him is dating him, you can tell me and I'll inform NASA—"

"For God's sake"—Olive had to laugh—"it was just a date!"

Anh looked pained. "I just don't understand."

Because it doesn't make sense. "I know, but there is nothing to understand. It's just . . . We went on a date."

"But . . . why? Ol, you're beautiful and smart and funny and have excellent taste in knee socks, why would you go out with Adam Carlsen?"

Olive scratched her nose. "Because he is . . ." It cost her, to say the word. Oh, it cost her. But she had to. "Nice."

"Nice?" Anh's eyebrows shot up so high they almost merged with her hairline.

She does look extra cute today, Olive reflected, pleased.

“Adam ‘Ass’ Carlsen?”

“Well, yeah. He is . . .” Olive looked around, as if help could come from the oak trees, or the undergrads rushing to their summer classes. When it didn’t seem forthcoming, she just finished, lamely, “He is a *nice* asshole, I guess.”

Anh’s expression went straight up disbelieving. “Okay, so you went from dating someone as cool as Jeremy to going out with Adam Carlsen.”

Perfect. This was exactly the opening Olive had wanted. “I did. And happily, because I never cared that much about Jeremy.” Finally some truth in this conversation. “It wasn’t that hard to move on, honestly. Which is why— Please, Anh, put that boy out of his misery. He deserves it, and above all, *you* deserve it. I bet he’s on campus today. You should ask him to accompany you to that horror movie festival so I don’t have to come with you and sleep with the lights on for the next six months.”

This time Anh blushed outright. She looked down at her hands, picked at her fingernails, and *then* she began to fiddle with the hem of her shorts before saying, “I don’t know. Maybe. I mean, if you really think that—”

The sound of an alarm went off from Anh’s pocket, and she straightened to pull out her phone. “Crap, I’ve got a Diversity in STEM mentoring meeting and then I have to run two assays.” She stood, picking up her backpack. “Want to get together for lunch?”

“Can’t. Have a TA meeting.” Olive smiled. “Maybe Jeremy’s free, though.”

Anh rolled her eyes, but the corners of her mouth were curving up. It made Olive more than a little happy. So happy

that she didn't even flip her off when Anh turned around from the path and asked, "Is he blackmailing you?"

"Huh?"

"Carlsen. Is he blackmailing you? Did he find out that you're an aberration and pee in the shower?"

"First of all, it's time efficient." Olive glared. "Second, I find it oddly flattering that you'd think Carlsen would go to these ridiculous lengths to get me to date him."

"Anyone would, Ol. Because you're awesome." Anh grimaced before adding, "Except when you're peeing in the shower."

JEREMY WAS ACTING weird. Which didn't mean much, since Jeremy had always been a bit awkward, and having recently split from Olive to date her best friend was not going to make him any less so—but today he seemed even weirder than usual. He came into the campus coffee shop, a few hours after Olive's conversation with Anh, and proceeded to stare at her for two good minutes. Then three. Then five. It was more attention than he'd ever paid to Olive—yes, including their dates.

When it got borderline ridiculous, she lifted her eyes from her laptop and waved at him. Jeremy flushed, grabbed his latte from the counter, and found a table for himself. Olive went back to rereading her two-line email for the seventieth time.

Today, 10:12 a.m.

FROM: Olive-Smith@stanford.edu

TO: Tom-Benton@harvard.edu

SUBJECT: Re: Pancreatic Cancer Screening Project

Dr. Benton,

Thank you for your response. Chatting in person would be fantastic.
What day will you be at Stanford? Let me know when it's most
convenient for you to meet.

Sincerely,
Olive

Not twenty minutes later, a fourth-year who worked with Dr. Holden Rodrigues over in pharmacology came in and took a seat next to Jeremy. They immediately started whispering to each other and pointing at Olive. Any other day she would have been concerned and a little upset, but Dr. Benton had already answered her email, which took priority over . . . anything else, really.

Today, 10:26 a.m.

FROM: Tom-Benton@harvard.edu
TO: Olive-Smith@stanford.edu
SUBJECT: Re: Pancreatic Cancer Screening Project

Olive,

I'm on sabbatical from Harvard this semester, so I'll be staying for several days. A Stanford collaborator and I were just awarded a large grant, and we'll be meeting to talk about setup, etc. Okay if we play it by ear once I'm there?

Cheers,

TB

Sent from my iPhone

Yes! She had several days to convince him to take on her project, which was much better than the ten minutes she'd originally anticipated. Olive fist-pumped—which led to Jeremy and his friend staring at her even more weirdly. What was up with them, anyway? Did she have toothpaste on her face or something? Who cared? She was going to meet Tom Benton and convince him to take her on. *Pancreatic cancer, I'm coming for you.*

She was in an excellent mood until two hours later, when she entered the biology TA meeting and a sudden silence dropped in the room. About fifteen pairs of eyes fixed on her—not a reaction she was accustomed to receiving.

“Uh—hi?”

A couple of people said hi back. Most averted their gazes. Olive told herself that she was just imagining things. *Must be low blood sugar. Or high. One of the two.*

“Hey, Olive.” A seventh-year who had never before acknowledged her existence moved his backpack and freed the seat next to his. “How are you?”

“Good.” She sat down gingerly, trying to keep the suspicion from her tone. “Um, you?”

“Great.”

There was something about his smile. Something salacious and fake. Olive was considering asking about it when the head TA managed to get the projector to work and called everyone’s attention to the meeting.

After that, things became even weirder. Dr. Aslan stopped by the lab just to ask Olive if there was anything she’d like to talk about; Chase, a grad in her lab, let her use the PCR machine first, even though he usually hoarded it like a third grader with his last piece of Halloween candy; the lab manager *winked* at Olive as he handed her a stack of blank paper for the printer. And then she met Malcolm in the all-gender restroom, completely by chance, and suddenly everything made sense.

“You sneaky monster,” he hissed. His black eyes were almost comically narrow. “I’ve been texting you all day.”

“Oh.” Olive patted the back pocket of her jeans, and then the front one, trying to remember the last time she had seen her phone. “I think I might have left my phone at home.”

“I cannot believe it.”

“Believe what?”

“I cannot believe *you*.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“I thought we were friends.”

“We are.”

“Good friends.”

“We are. You and Anh are my best friends. What—”

“Clearly not, if I had to hear it from Stella, who heard it from Jess, who heard it from Jeremy, who heard it from Anh
—”

“Hear what?”

“—who heard it from I don’t even know who. And I thought we were friends.”

Something icy crawled its way up Olive’s back. Could it be . . . No. No, it couldn’t be. “Hear what?”

“I’m done. I’m letting the cockroaches eat you. And I’m changing my Netflix password.”

Oh no. “Malcolm. Hear what?”

“That you are dating *Adam Carlsen*.”

—

OLIVE HAD NEVER been in Carlsen’s lab, but she knew where to find it. It was the biggest, most functional research space in the whole department, coveted by all and a never-ending source of resentment toward Carlsen. She had to swipe her badge once and then once more to access it (she rolled her eyes both times). The second door opened directly onto the lab space,

and maybe it was because he was as tall as Mount Everest and his shoulders were just as large, but Carlsen was the very first thing she noticed. He was peering at a Southern blot next to Alex, a grad who was one year ahead of Olive, but he turned toward the entrance the moment she came in.

Olive smiled weakly at him—mainly out of relief at having found him.

It was going to be all right. She was going to explain to him what Malcolm had told her, and without a doubt he was going to find the situation categorically unacceptable and fix it for the both of them, because Olive could *not* spend her next three years surrounded by people who thought that she was dating Adam freaking Carlsen.

The problem was, Carlsen wasn't the only one to notice Olive. There were over a dozen benches in the lab, and at least ten people working at them. Most of them—*all of them*—were staring at Olive. Probably because most of them—*all of them*—had heard that Olive was dating their boss.

Fuck her life.

“Can I talk to you for a minute, Dr. Carlsen?” Rationally, Olive knew that the lab was not furnished in a way that made echoing possible. Still, she felt as though her words bounced off the walls and repeated about four times.

Carlsen nodded, nonplussed, and handed the Southern blot to Alex before heading in her direction. He appeared either unaware or uncaring that approximately two-thirds of his lab members were gaping at him. The remaining ones seemed to be on the verge of a hemorrhagic stroke.

He led Olive to a meeting room just outside the main lab space, and she followed him silently, trying not to dwell on the fact that a lab full of people who thought that she and Carlsen were dating had just seen them enter a private room. Alone.

This was the worst. The absolute worst.

“Everyone knows,” she blurted out as soon as the door closed behind her.

He studied her for a moment, looking puzzled. “Are you okay?”

“Everyone knows. About us.”

He cocked his head, crossing his arms over his chest. It had been barely a day since they’d last talked, but apparently long enough for Olive to have forgotten his . . . his presence. Or whatever it was that made her feel like she was small and delicate whenever he was around. “Us?”

“Us.”

He seemed confused, so Olive elaborated.

“Us, dating—not that we’re dating, but Anh clearly thought so, and she told . . .” She realized that the words were tumbling out and forced herself to slow down. “Jeremy. And he told everyone, and now everyone knows. Or they think they know, even though there’s absolutely *nothing* to know. As you and I know.”

He took it in for a moment and then nodded slowly. “And when you say everyone . . .?”

“I mean *everyone*.” She pointed in the direction of his lab. “Those people? They know. The other grads? They know. Cherie, the department secretary? She totally knows. Gossip in this department is the worst. And they all think that I am dating a *professor*.”

“I see,” he said, seeming strangely unbothered by this clusterfuck. It should have calmed Olive down, but it only had the effect of driving her panic up a notch.

“I am sorry this happened. So sorry. This is all my fault.” She wiped a hand down her face. “But I didn’t think that . . . I

understand why Anh would tell Jeremy—I mean, getting those two together was the whole point of this charade—but . . . Why would Jeremy tell anyone?”

Carlsen shrugged. “Why wouldn’t he?”

She looked up. “What do you mean?”

“A grad student dating a faculty member seems like an interesting piece of information to share.”

Olive shook her head. “It’s not that interesting. Why would people be interested?”

He lifted one eyebrow. “Someone once told me that ‘Gossip in this department is the wor—’”

“Okay, okay. Point taken.” She took a deep breath and started pacing, trying to ignore the way Carlsen was studying her, how relaxed he looked, arms across his chest while leaning against the conference table. He was not supposed to be calm. He was supposed to be incensed. He was a known dick with a reputation for arrogance—the idea of people thinking that he was dating a nobody should be mortifying to him. The burden of freaking out should not be falling on Olive alone.

“This is— We need to do something, of course. We need to tell people that this is not true and that we made it all up. Except that they’ll think that I’m crazy, and maybe that you are, too, so we have to come up with some other story. Yes, okay, we need to tell people we’re not together anymore—”

“And what will Anh and what’s-his-face do?”

Olive stopped pacing. “Uh?”

“Won’t your friends feel bad about dating if they think we’re not together? Or that you lied to them?”

She hadn’t thought of that. “I— Maybe. Maybe, but—”

It was true that Anh had seemed happy. Maybe she had already invited Jeremy to accompany her to that movie festival—possibly right after telling him about Olive and Carlsen, damn her. But this was exactly what Olive had wanted.

“Are you going to tell her the truth?”

She let out a panicked sound. “I can’t. Not now.” God, why did Olive ever agree to date Jeremy? She wasn’t even into him. Yes, the Irish accent and the ginger hair were cute, but not worth any of this. “Maybe we can tell people that I broke up with you?”

“That’s very flattering,” Dr. Carlsen deadpanned. She couldn’t quite figure out if he was joking.

“Fine. We can say that you broke up with me.”

“Because that sounds credible,” he said drily, almost below his breath. She was not sure she’d heard him correctly and had no idea what he might mean, but she was starting to feel very upset. Fine, she had been the one to kiss him first—God, she’d kissed Adam Carlsen; this was her life; these were her choices—but his actions in the break room the day before surely hadn’t helped matters. He could at least display some concern. There was no way he was okay with everyone believing that he was attracted to some random girl with one point five publications—yes, that paper she had revised and resubmitted three weeks ago counted as half.

“What if we tell people that it was a mutual breakup?”

He nodded. “Sounds good.”

Olive perked up. “Really? Great, then! We’ll—”

“We could ask Cherie to add it to the departmental newsletter.”

“What?”

“Or do you think a public announcement before seminar would be better?”

“No. No, it’s—”

“Maybe we should ask IT to put it on the Stanford home page. That way people would know—”

“Okay, okay, fine! I get it.”

He looked at her evenly for a moment, and when he spoke, his tone was reasonable in a way she would never have expected of Adam “Ass” Carlsen. “If what bothers you is that people are talking about you dating a professor, the damage is done, I’m afraid. Telling everyone that we broke up is not going to undo the fact that they think we dated.”

Olive’s shoulders slumped. She hated that he was right. “Okay, then. If you have any ideas on how to fix this mess, by all means I am open to—”

“You could let them go on thinking it.”

For a moment, she thought she hadn’t heard him correctly. “W-What?”

“You can let people go on thinking that we’re dating. It solves your problem with your friend and what’s-his-face, and you don’t have much to lose, since it sounds like from a . . . reputation standpoint”—he said the word “reputation” rolling his eyes a little, as if the concept of caring about what others thought were the dumbest thing since homeopathic antibiotics —“things cannot get any worse for you.”

This was . . . Out of everything . . . In her life, Olive had never, she had *never* . . .

“What?” she asked again, feebly.

He shrugged. “Seems like a win-win to me.”

It *so* did not, to Olive. It seemed like a lose-lose, and then lose again, and then lose some more, type of situation. It

seemed insane.

“You mean . . . forever?” She thought her voice came out whiny, but it was possible that it was just an effect of the blood pounding in her head.

“That sounds excessive. Maybe until your friends are not dating anymore? Or until they’re more settled? I don’t know. Whatever works best, I guess.” He was serious about this. He was not joking.

“Are you not . . .” Olive had no idea how to even ask it. “Married, or something?” He must have been in his early thirties. He had a fantastic job; he was tall with thick, wavy black hair, clearly smart, even attractive looking; he was *built*. Yeah, he was a moody dick, but some women wouldn’t mind it. Some women might even like it.

He shrugged. “My wife and the twins won’t mind.”

Oh, shit.

Olive felt a wave of heat wash over her. She blushed crimson and then almost died of shame, because— God, she had forced a married man, a *father*, to kiss her. Now people thought that he was having an affair. His wife was probably crying into her pillow. His kids would grow up with horrible daddy issues and become serial killers.

“I . . . Oh my God, I didn’t—I am *so* sorry—”

“Just kidding.”

“I really had no idea that you—”

“Olive. I was joking. I’m not married. No kids.”

A wave of relief crashed into her. Followed by just as much anger. “Dr. Carlsen, this is not something you should joke—”

“You really need to start calling me Adam. Since we’ve reportedly been dating for a while.”

Olive exhaled slowly, pinching the bridge of her nose. “Why would you even— What would you even get out of this?”

“Out of what?”

“Pretending to date me. Why do you care? What’s in it for you?”

Dr. Carlsen—Adam—opened his mouth, and for a moment Olive had the impression that he was going to say something important. But then he averted his gaze, and all that came out was “It would help you out.” He hesitated for a moment. “And I have my own reasons.”

She narrowed her eyes. “What reasons?”

“Reasons.”

“If it’s criminal, I’d rather not be involved.”

He smiled a bit. “It’s not.”

“If you don’t tell me, I have no choice but to assume that it entails kidnapping. Or arson. Or embezzlement.”

He seemed preoccupied for a moment, fingertips drumming against a large biceps. It considerably strained his shirt. “If I tell you, it cannot leave this room.”

“I think we can both agree that *nothing* that has happened in this room should ever leave it.”

“Good point,” he conceded. He paused. Sighed. Chewed on the inside of his cheek for a second. Sighed again.

“Okay,” he finally said, sounding like a man who knew that he was going to regret speaking the second he opened his mouth. “I’m considered a flight risk.”

“Flight risk?” God, he was a felon on parole. A jury of his peers had convicted him for crimes against grad students. He’d

probably whacked someone on the head with a microscope for mislabeling peptide samples. “So it *is* something criminal.”

“What? No. The department suspects that I’m making plans to leave Stanford and move to another institution. Normally it wouldn’t bother me, but Stanford has decided to freeze my research funds.”

“Oh.” Not what she’d thought. Not at all. “Can they?”

“Yes. Well, up to one-third of them. The reasoning is that they don’t want to fund the research and further the career of someone who—they believe—is going to leave anyway.”

“But if it’s only one-third—”

“It’s millions of dollars,” he said levelly. “That I had earmarked for projects that I planned to finish within the next year. Here, at Stanford. Which means that I need those funds soon.”

“Oh.” Come to think of it, Olive had been hearing scuttlebutt about Carlsen being recruited by other universities since her first year. A few months earlier there had even been a rumor that he might go work for NASA. “Why do they think that? And why now?”

“A number of reasons. The most relevant is that a few weeks ago I was awarded a grant—a very large grant—with a scientist at another institution. That institution had tried to recruit me in the past, and Stanford sees the collaboration as an indication that I am planning to accept.” He hesitated before continuing. “More generally, I have been made aware that the . . . optics are that I have not put down roots because I want to be able to flee Stanford at the drop of a hat.”

“Roots?”

“Most of my grads will be done within the year. I have no extended family in the area. No wife, no children. I’m currently renting—I’d have to buy a house just to convince the

department that I'm committed to staying," he said, clearly irritated. "If I was in a relationship . . . that would really help."

Okay. That made sense. But. "Have you considered getting a real girlfriend?"

His eyebrow lifted. "Have you considered getting a real date?"

"Touché."

Olive fell silent and studied him for a few moments, letting him study her in return. Funny how she used to be scared of him. Now he was the only person in the world who knew about her worst fuckup ever, and it was hard to feel intimidated—even harder, after discovering that he was the kind of person who'd be desperate enough to pretend to date someone to get his research funds back. Olive was sure that she would do the exact same for the opportunity to finish her study on pancreatic cancer, which made Adam seem oddly . . . relatable. And if he was relatable, then she could go ahead and fake-date him, right?

No. Yes. No. What? She was crazy for even considering this. She was certifiably mental. And yet she found herself saying, "It would be complicated."

"What would be?"

"To pretend that we're dating."

"Really? It would be complicated to make people think that we're dating?"

Oh, he was impossible. "Okay, I see your point. But it would be hard to do so convincingly for a prolonged period."

He shrugged. "We'll be fine, as long as we say hi to each other in the hallways and you don't call me Dr. Carlsen."

"I don't think people who are dating just . . . say hi to each other."

“What do people who are dating do?”

It beat Olive. She had gone on maybe five dates in her life, including the ones with Jeremy, and they had ranged from moderately boring to anxiety inducing to horrifying (mostly when a guy had monologued about his grandmother’s hip replacement in frightening detail). She would have loved to have someone in her life, but she doubted it was in store for her. Maybe she was unlovable. Maybe spending so many years alone had warped her in some fundamental way and that was why she seemed to be unable to develop a true romantic connection, or even the type of attraction she often heard others talk about. In the end, it didn’t really matter. Grad school and dating went poorly together, anyway, which was probably why Dr. Adam Carlsen, MacArthur Fellow and genius extraordinaire, was standing here at thirtysomething years old, asking Olive what people did on dates.

Academics, ladies and gentlemen.

“Um . . . things. Stuff.” Olive racked her brain. “People go out and do activities together. Like apple picking, or those Paint and Sip things.” *Which are idiotic*, Olive thought.

“Which are idiotic,” Adam said, gesturing dismissively with those huge hands of his. “You could just go to Anh and tell her that we went out and painted a Monet. Sounds like she’d take care of letting everyone else know.”

“Okay, first of all, it was Jeremy. Let’s agree to blame Jeremy. And it’s more than that,” Olive insisted. “People who date, they—they talk. A lot. More than just greetings in the hallway. They know each other’s favorite colors, and where they were born, and they . . . they hold hands. They *kiss*.”

Adam pressed his lips together as if to suppress a smile. “We could never do *that*.”

A fresh wave of mortification crashed into Olive. “I *am* sorry about the kiss. I really didn’t think, and—”

He shook his head. “It’s fine.”

He did seem uncharacteristically indifferent to the situation, especially for a guy who was known to freak out when people got the atomic number of selenium wrong. No, he wasn’t indifferent. He was *amused*.

Olive cocked her head. “Are you enjoying this?”

“‘Enjoying’ is probably not the right word, but you have to admit that it’s quite entertaining.”

She had no idea what he was talking about. There was nothing entertaining about the fact that she had randomly kissed a faculty member because he was the only person in the hallway and that, as a consequence of that spectacularly idiotic action, everyone thought she was dating someone she’d met exactly twice before today—

She burst into laughter and folded into herself before her train of thought was even over, overwhelmed by the sheer improbability of the situation. *This* was her life. *These* were the results of her actions. When she could finally breathe again, her abs hurt and she had to wipe her eyes. “This is the worst.”

He was smiling, staring at her with a strange light in his eyes. And would you look at that: Adam Carlsen had dimples. Cute ones. “Yep.”

“And it’s all my fault.”

“Pretty much. I kind of yanked Anh’s chain yesterday, but yeah, I’d say that it’s mostly your fault.”

Fake dating. Adam Carlsen. Olive would have to be a lunatic. “Wouldn’t it be a problem that you’re faculty and I’m a graduate student?”

He tilted his head, going serious. “It wouldn’t look great, but I don’t think so, no. Since I have no authority whatsoever

over you and am not involved in your supervision. But I can ask around.”

It was an epically bad idea. The worst idea ever entertained in the epically bad history of bad ideas. Except that it really would solve this current problem of hers, as well as some of Adam’s, in exchange for saying hi to him once a week and making an effort not to call him Dr. Carlsen. It seemed like a pretty good deal.

“Can I think about it?”

“Of course,” he said calmly. Reassuringly.

She hadn’t thought he’d be like this. After hearing all the stories, and seeing him walk around with that perpetual frown of his, she really hadn’t thought he’d be like this. Even if she didn’t quite know what *this* even meant.

“And thank you, I guess. For offering. Adam.” She added the last word like an afterthought. Trying it out on her lips. It felt weird, but not too weird.

After a long pause, he nodded. “No problem. Olive.”

Chapter Three

♥ HYPOTHESIS: *A private conversation with Adam Carlsen will become 150 percent more awkward after the word “sex” is uttered. By me.*

Three days later, Olive found herself standing in front of Adam's office.

She'd never been there before, but she had no problem finding it. The student scurrying out with misty eyes and a terrified expression was a dead giveaway, not to mention that Adam's door was the only one in the hallway completely devoid of pictures of kids, pets, or significant others. Not even a copy of his article that had made the cover of *Nature Methods*, which she knew about from looking him up on Google Scholar the previous day. Just dark brown wood and a metal plaque that read: *Adam J. Carlsen, Ph.D.*

Maybe the *J* stood for “Jackass.”

Olive had felt a bit like a creep the night before, scrolling down his faculty web page and going through his list of ten million publications and research grants, staring at a picture of him clearly taken in the middle of a hiking trip and not by Stanford's official photographer. Still, she'd quickly quashed the feeling, telling herself that a thorough academic background check was only logical before embarking on a fake-dating relationship.

She took a deep breath before knocking and then another between Adam's “Come in” and the moment she finally managed to force herself to open the door. When she entered the office, he didn't immediately look up and continued typing

on his iMac. “My office hours were over five minutes ago, so
___”

“It’s me.”

His hands halted, hovering half an inch or so above the keyboard. Then he turned his chair toward her. “Olive.”

There was something about the way he talked. Maybe it was an accent, maybe just a quality of his voice. Olive didn’t quite know what, but it was there, in the way he said her name. Precise. Careful. Deep. Unlike anyone else. Familiar—impossibly so.

“What did you say to her?” she asked, trying not to care about how Adam Carlsen spoke. “The girl who ran out in tears?”

It took him a moment to remember that less than sixty seconds ago there had been someone else in the office—someone whom he clearly made cry. “I just gave her feedback on something she wrote.”

Olive nodded, silently thanking all the gods that he was not her adviser and never would be, and studied her surroundings. He had a corner office, of course. Two windows that together must total seventy thousand square meters of glass, and so much light, just standing in the middle of the room would cure twenty people’s seasonal depression. It made sense, what with all the grant money he brought in, what with the prestige, that he’d been given a nice space. Olive’s office, on the other hand, had no windows and smelled funny, probably because she shared it with three other Ph.D. students, even though it was meant to accommodate two at the most.

“I was going to email you. I talked to the dean earlier today,” Adam told her, and she looked back at him.

He was gesturing to the chair in front of his desk. Olive pulled it back and took a seat.

“About you.”

“Oh.” Olive’s stomach dropped. She’d much rather the dean didn’t know about her existence. Then again, she’d also rather not be in this room with Adam Carlsen, have the semester begin in a handful of days, have climate change be a thing. And yet.

“Well, about us,” he amended. “And socialization regulations.”

“What did she say?”

“There’s nothing against you and me dating, since I’m not your adviser.”

A mix of panic and relief flooded through Olive.

“However, there are some issues to consider. I won’t be able to collaborate with you in any formal capacity. And I’m part of the program’s awards committee, which means that I’ll have to excuse myself if you are nominated for fellowships or similar opportunities.”

She nodded. “Fair enough.”

“And I absolutely cannot be part of your thesis committee.”

Olive huffed out a laugh. “That won’t be a problem. I wasn’t going to ask you to be on my committee.”

He narrowed his eyes. “Why not? You study pancreatic cancer, right?”

“Yep. Early detection.”

“Then your work would benefit from the perspective of a computational modeler.”

“Yeah, but there are other computational modelers in the department. And I’d like to eventually graduate, ideally without sobbing in a bathroom stall after each committee meeting.”

He glared at her.

Olive shrugged. “No offense. I’m a simple girl, with simple needs.”

To that, he lowered his gaze to his desk, but not before Olive could see the corner of his mouth twitch. When he looked up again, his expression was serious. “So, have you decided?”

She pressed her lips together as he watched her calmly. She took a deep breath before saying, “Yes. Yes, I . . . I want to do it. It’s a good idea, actually.”

For so many reasons. It would get Anh and Jeremy off her back, but also . . . also everyone else. It was as if since the rumor had begun to spread, people had been too intimidated by Olive to give her the usual shit. The other TAs had quit trying to switch her nice 2:00 p.m. sections with their horrifying 8:00 a.m. ones, her lab mates had stopped cutting in front of her in the line for the microscope, and two different faculty members Olive had been trying to get ahold of for weeks had finally deigned to answer her emails. It felt a little unfair to exploit this huge misunderstanding, but academia was a lawless land and Olive’s life in it had been nothing but miserable for the past two years. She had learned to grab whatever she could get away with. And if some—okay, if most of the grads in the department looked at her suspiciously because she was dating Adam Carlsen, so be it. Her friends seemed to be largely fine with this, if a little bemused.

Except for Malcolm. He’d been shunning her like she had the pox for three solid days. But Malcolm was Malcolm—he’d come around.

“Very well, then.” He was completely expressionless—almost *too* expressionless. Like it was no big deal and he didn’t care either way; like if she’d said no, it wouldn’t have changed anything for him.

“Though, I’ve been thinking about this a lot.”

He waited patiently for her to continue.

“And I think that it would be best if we laid down some ground rules. Before starting.”

“Ground rules?”

“Yes. You know. What we are allowed and not allowed to do. What we can expect from this arrangement. I think that’s pretty standard protocol, before embarking on a fake-dating relationship.”

He tilted his head. “Standard protocol?”

“Yup.”

“How many times have you done this?”

“Zero. But I am familiar with the trope.”

“The . . . what?” He blinked at her, confused.

Olive ignored him. “Okay.” She inhaled deeply and lifted her index finger. “First of all, this should be a strictly on-campus arrangement. Not that I think you’d want to meet me off campus, but just in case you were planning to kill two birds with one stone, I’m not going to be your last-minute backup if you need to bring a date home for Christmas, or—”

“Hanukkah.”

“What?”

“My family is more likely to celebrate Hanukkah than Christmas.” He shrugged. “Though I’m unlikely to celebrate either.”

“Oh.” Olive pondered it for a moment. “I guess this is something your fake girlfriend should know.”

The ghost of a smile appeared on his mouth, but he said nothing.

“Okay. Second rule. Actually, it could be interpreted as an extension of the first rule. But”—Olive bit into her lip, willing herself to bring it up—“no sex.”

For several moments he simply didn’t move. Not even a millimeter. Then his lips parted, but no sound came out, and that’s when Olive realized that she had just rendered Adam Carlsen speechless. Which would have been funny any other day, but the fact that he seemed dumbfounded by Olive not wanting to include sex in their fake-dating relationship made her stomach sink.

Had he assumed that they would? Was it something she’d said? Should she explain that she’d had very little sex in her life? That for years she’d wondered whether she was asexual and she had realized only recently that she *might* be able to experience sexual attraction, but only with people she trusted deeply? That if for some inexplicable reason Adam wanted to have sex with her, she wasn’t going to be able to go through with it?

“Listen”—she made to stand from the chair, panic rising in her throat—“I’m sorry, but if one of the reasons you offered to fake-date is that you thought that we would—”

“No.” The word half exploded out of him. He looked genuinely appalled. “I’m shocked that you’d even feel the need to bring it up.”

“Oh.” Olive’s cheeks heated at the indignation in his voice. Right. Of course he didn’t expect that. Or even want that, with her. Look at him—why would he? “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to assume—”

“No, it makes sense to be up-front. I was just surprised.”

“I know.” Olive nodded. Honestly, she was a little surprised, too. That she was sitting in Adam Carlsen’s office, talking about sex—not the meiosis kind of sex, but potential

sexual intercourse between the two of them. “Sorry. I didn’t mean to make things weird.”

“It’s okay. This whole thing is weird.” The silence between them stretched, and Olive noticed that he was blushing faintly. Just a dusting of red, but he looked so . . . Olive couldn’t stop staring.

“No sex,” he confirmed with a nod.

She had to clear her throat and shake herself out of inspecting the shape and color of his cheekbones.

“No sex,” she repeated. “Okay. Third. It’s not really a rule, but here goes: I won’t date anyone else. As in real dating. It would be messy and complicate everything and . . .” Olive hesitated. Should she tell him? Was it too much information? Did he need to know? Oh, well. Why not, at this point? It wasn’t like she hadn’t kissed the man, or brought up sex in his place of work. “I don’t date, anyway. Jeremy was an exception. I’ve never . . . I’ve never dated seriously before, and it’s probably for the best. Grad school is stressful enough, and I have my friends, and my project on pancreatic cancer, and honestly there’s better things to use my time for.” The last few words came out more defensively than she’d intended.

Adam just stared and said nothing.

“But you can date, of course,” she added hastily. “Though I’d appreciate it if you could avoid telling people in the department, just so I don’t look like an idiot and you don’t look like you’re cheating on me and rumors don’t balloon out of control. It would benefit you, too, since you’re trying to look like you’re in a committed relationship—”

“I won’t.”

“Okay. Great. Thanks. I know lying by omission can be a pain, but—”

“I mean, I won’t date someone else.”

There was a certainty, a finality in his tone that took her by surprise. She could only nod, even though she wanted to protest that he couldn't possibly know, even though a million questions surfaced in her mind. Ninety-nine percent of them were inappropriate and not her business, so she shooed them away.

"Okay. Fourth. We obviously can't keep on doing this forever, so we should give ourselves a deadline."

His lips pressed together. "When would that be?"

"I'm not sure. A month or so would probably be enough to convince Anh that I'm firmly over Jeremy. But it might not be enough on *your* end, so . . . you tell me."

He mulled it, and then nodded once. "September twenty-ninth."

It was a little over a month from now. But also . . . "That's a weirdly specific date." Olive racked her head, trying to figure out why it could be meaningful. The only thing that came to mind was that she'd be in Boston that week for the annual biology conference.

"It's the day after the department's final budget review. If they don't release my funds by then, they won't release them at all."

"I see. Well, then, let's agree that on September twenty-ninth we part ways. I'll tell Anh that our breakup was amicable but that I'm a little sad about it because I still have a bit of a crush on you." She grinned at him. "Just so she won't suspect that I'm still hung up on Jeremy. Okay." She took a deep breath. "Fifth and last."

This was the tricky one. The one she was afraid he'd object to. She noticed that she was wringing her hands and placed them firmly in her lap.

“For this to work we should probably . . . do things together. Every once in a while.”

“Things?”

“Things. Stuff.”

“Stuff,” he repeated dubiously.

“Yep. Stuff. What do you do for fun?” He was probably into something atrocious, like cow-tipping excursions or Japanese beetle fighting. Maybe he collected porcelain dolls. Maybe he was an avid geocacher. Maybe he frequented vaping conventions. Oh God.

“Fun?” he repeated, like he’d never heard the word before.

“Yeah. What do you do when you’re not at work?”

The length of time that passed between Olive’s question and his answer was alarming. “Sometimes I work at home, too. And I work out. And I sleep.”

She had to actively stop herself from face-palming. “Um, great. Anything else?”

“What do *you* do for fun?” he asked, somewhat defensively.

“Plenty of things. I . . .” *Go to the movies*. Though she hadn’t been since the last time Malcolm had dragged her. *Play board games*. But every single one of her friends was too busy lately, so not that, either. She’d participated in that volleyball tournament, but it had been over a year ago.

“Um. I work out?” She would have loved to wipe that smug expression off his face. So much. “Whatever. We should do something together on a regular basis. I don’t know, maybe get coffee? Like, once a week? Just for ten minutes, at a place where people could easily see us. I know it sounds annoying and like a waste of time, but it’ll be super short, and it would make the fake dating more credible, and—”

“Sure.”

Oh.

She'd thought it would take more convincing. A lot more. Then again, this was in his interest, too. He needed his colleagues to believe in their relationship if he was to cajole them into releasing his funding.

“Okay. Um . . .” She forced herself to stop wondering why he was being so accommodating and tried to visualize her schedule. “How about Wednesday?”

Adam angled his chair to face his computer and pulled up a calendar app. It was so full of colorful boxes that Olive felt a surge of vicarious anxiety.

“It works before eleven a.m. And after six p.m.”

“Ten?”

He turned back to her. “Ten’s good.”

“Okay.” She waited for him to type it in, but he made no move to. “Aren’t you going to add it to your calendar?”

“I’ll remember,” he told her evenly.

“Okay, then.” She made an effort to smile, and it felt relatively sincere. Way more sincere than any smile she’d ever thought she’d be able to muster in Adam Carlsen’s presence. “Great. Fake-dating Wednesday it is.”

A line appeared between his eyebrows. “Why do you keep saying that?”

“Saying what?”

“ ‘Fake dating.’ Like it’s a thing.”

“Because it is. Don’t you watch rom-coms?”

He stared at her with a puzzled expression, until she cleared her throat and looked down at her knees. “Right.” God, they had nothing in common. They’d never find anything to

talk about. Their ten-minute coffee breaks were going to be the most painful, awkward parts of her already painful, awkward weeks.

But Anh was going to have her beautiful love story, and Olive wouldn't have to wait for ages to use the electron microscope. That was all that mattered.

She stood and thrust her hand out to him, figuring that every fake-dating arrangement deserved at least a handshake. Adam studied it hesitantly for a couple of seconds. Then he stood and clasped her fingers. He stared at their joined hands before meeting her eyes, and Olive ordered herself not to notice the heat of his skin, or how broad he was, or . . . anything else about him. When he finally let go, she had to make a conscious effort not to inspect her palm.

Had he done something to her? It sure felt like it. Her flesh was tingling.

“When do you want to start?”

“How about next week?” It was Friday. Which meant that she had fewer than seven days to psychologically prepare for the experience of getting coffee with Adam Carlsen. She knew that she could do this—if she had worked her way up to a ninety-seventh percentile on the verbal portion of the GRE, she could do anything, or as good as—but it still seemed like a horrible idea.

“Sounds good.”

It was happening. Oh God. “Let’s meet at the Starbucks on campus. It’s where most of the grads get coffee—someone’s bound to spot us.” She headed for the door, pausing to glance back at Adam. “I guess I’ll see you for fake-dating Wednesday, then?”

He was still standing behind his desk, arms crossed on his chest. Looking at Olive. Looking entirely less irritated by this

mess than she'd ever have expected. Looking . . . nice. "See you, Olive."

"PASS THE SALT."

Olive would have, but Malcolm looked like he was already salty enough. So she leaned her hip against the kitchen counter and folded her arms across her chest. "Malcolm."

"And the pepper."

"Malcolm."

"And the oil."

"Malcolm . . ."

"Sunflower. Not that grape-seed crap."

"Listen. It's not what you think—"

"Fine. I'll get them myself."

To be fair, Malcolm had every right to be mad. And Olive did feel for him. He was one year ahead of her, and the scion of STEM royalty. The product of generations of biologists, geologists, botanists, physicists, and who knows what other - ists mixing their DNA and spawning little science machines. His father was a dean at some state school on the East Coast. His mother had a TED Talk on Purkinje cells with several million views on YouTube. Did Malcolm want to be in a Ph.D. program, headed for an academic career? Probably no. Did he have any other choice, considering the pressure his family had put on him since he was in diapers? Also no.

Not to say that Malcolm was unhappy. His plan was to get his Ph.D., find a nice cushy industry job, and make lots of money working nine-to-five—which technically qualified as "being a scientist," which in turn was not something his

parents would be able to object to. At least, not too strenuously. In the meantime, all he wanted was to have a grad school experience that was as un-traumatizing as possible. Out of everyone in Olive's program, he was the one who best managed to have a life outside of grad school. He did things that were unimaginable to most grads, like cooking real food! Going for hikes! Meditating! Acting in a play! Dating like it was an Olympic sport! ("It *is* an Olympic sport, Olive. And I am training for gold.")

Which was why when Adam forced Malcolm to throw out tons of data and redo half his study, it made for a very, very miserable few months. In retrospect, that might have been when Malcolm started wishing a plague on the Carlsen house (he had been rehearsing for *Romeo and Juliet* at the time).

"Malcolm, can we please talk about this?"

"We're talking."

"No, you are cooking and I am just standing here, trying to get you to acknowledge that you are mad because Adam—"

Malcolm turned away from his casserole, wagging his finger in Olive's direction. "Do not say it."

"Do not say what?"

"You know what."

"Adam Carl—?"

"Do *not* say his name."

She threw her hands up. "This is crazy. It's fake, Malcolm."

He went back to chopping the asparagus. "Pass the salt."

"Are you even listening? It's not real."

"And the pepper, and the—"

“The relationship, it’s fake. We’re not really dating. We’re pretending so people will *think* that we’re dating.”

Malcolm’s hands stopped mid-chop. “What?”

“You heard me.”

“Is it a . . . friends-with-benefits arrangement? Because—”

“No. It’s the opposite. There are no benefits. Zero benefits. Zero sex. Zero friends, too.”

He stared at her, narrow-eyed. “To be clear, oral and butt stuff totally counts as sex—”

“Malcolm.”

He took a step closer, grabbing a dishrag to wipe his hands, nostrils flaring. “I’m scared to ask.”

“I know it sounds ridiculous. He’s helping me out by pretending we’re together because I lied to Anh, and I need her to feel okay about dating Jeremy. It’s all fake. Adam and I have talked exactly”—she decided on the spot to omit any information pertinent to The Night—“three times, and I know nothing about him. Except that he’s willing to help me handle this situation, and I jumped at the chance.”

Malcolm was making that face, the one he reserved for people who wore sandals paired with white socks. He could be a little scary, she had to admit.

“This is . . . wow.” There was a vein pulsating on his forehead. “Ol, this is breathtakingly stupid.”

“Maybe.” Yes. Yes, it was. “But it is what it is. And you have to support me in my idiocy, because you and Anh are my best friends.”

“Isn’t Carlsen your best friend now?”

“Come on, Malcolm. He’s an ass. But he’s actually been pretty nice to me, and—”

“I’m not even—” He grimaced. “I’m not going to address this.”

She sighed. “Okay. Don’t address this. You don’t have to. But can you just not hate me? Please? I know he’s been a nightmare to half the grads in the program, you included. But he’s helping me out. You and Anh are the only ones I care about knowing the truth. But I can’t tell Anh—”

“—for obvious reasons.”

“—for obvious reasons,” she finished at the same time, and smiled. He just shook his head disapprovingly, but his expression had softened.

“Ol. You’re amazing. And kind, way too kind. You should find someone better than Carlsen. Someone to date for real.”

“Yeah, right.” She rolled her eyes. “Because it went so well with Jeremy. Who, by the way, I only agreed to date following *your* advice! ‘Give the boy a chance,’ you said. ‘What could possibly go wrong?’ you said.”

Malcolm glared, and she laughed.

“Listen, I’m clearly bad at real dating. Maybe fake dating will be different. Maybe I’ve found my niche.”

He sighed. “Does it have to be Carlsen? There are better faculty members to fake-date.”

“Like who?”

“I don’t know. Dr. McCoy?”

“Didn’t her wife just give birth to triplets?”

“Oh, yeah. What about Holden Rodrigues? He’s hot. Cute smile, too. I would know—he always smiles at me.”

Olive burst into laughter. “I could never fake-date Dr. Rodrigues, not with how assiduously you’ve been thirsting after him for the past two years.”

“I have, haven’t I? Did I ever tell you about the serious flirting that happened between us at the undergrad research fair? I’m pretty sure he winked at me multiple times from the other side of the room. Now, some say he just had something in his eye, but—”

“Me. *I* said that he probably had something in his eye. And you tell me about it every other day.”

“Right.” He sighed. “You know, Ol, I would have fake-dated you myself in a heartbeat, to spare you from goddamned Carlsen. I would have held hands with you, and given you my jacket when you were cold, and very publicly gifted you chocolate roses and teddy bears on Valentine’s Day.”

How refreshing, to talk with someone who’d watched a rom-com. Or ten. “I know. But you also bring home a different person every week, and you love it, and I love that you love it. I don’t want to cramp your style.”

“Fair.” Malcolm looked pleased—whether at the fact that he really did get around a fair bit or at Olive’s thorough understanding of his dating habits, she wasn’t sure.

“Can you please not hate me, then?”

He tossed the kitchen cloth onto the counter and stepped closer. “Ol. I could never hate you. You’ll always be my kalamata.” He pulled her into his chest, hugging her tight. At the beginning, when they’d just met, Olive had been constantly disoriented by how physical he was, probably because it had been years since she’d experienced such affectionate contact. Now, Malcolm’s hugs were her happy place.

She laid her head on his shoulder and smiled into the cotton of his T-shirt. “Thanks.”

Malcolm held her tighter.

“And I promise if I ever bring Adam home, I’ll put a sock on my door—*Ouch!*”

“You evil creature.”

“I was kidding! Wait, don’t leave, I have something important to tell you.”

He paused by the door, scowling. “I’ve reached my maximum daily intake of Carlsen-related conversation. Anything further will be lethal, so—”

“Tom Benton, the cancer researcher from Harvard, reached out to me! It’s not decided yet, but he might be interested in having me in his lab next year.”

“Oh my God.” Malcolm walked back to her, delighted. “Ol, this is amazing! I thought none of the researchers you contacted had gotten back to you?”

“Not for the longest time. But now Benton has, and you know how famous and well-known he is. He probably has more research funds than I could ever dream of. It would be ___”

“Fantastic. It would really be fantastic. Ol. I am so proud of you.” Malcolm took her hands in his. His face-splitting grin slowly gentled. “And your mom would be so proud, too.”

Olive looked away, blinking rapidly. She didn’t want to cry, not tonight. “Nothing is set in stone. I’ll have to persuade him. It will involve quite a bit of politicking and going through the whole ‘pitch me your research’ bit. Which as you know is not my forte. It might still not work out—”

“It *will* work out.”

Right. Yes. She needed to be optimistic. She nodded, attempting a smile.

“But even if it didn’t . . . she would still be proud.”

Olive nodded again. When a single tear managed to slide down her cheek, she decided to let it be.

Forty-five minutes later, she and Malcolm sat on their minuscule couch, arms pressed together, watching reruns of *American Ninja Warrior* while they ate a very undersalted veggie casserole.

Chapter Four

♥ HYPOTHESIS: *Adam Carlsen and I have absolutely nothing in common, and having coffee with him will be twice as painful as a root canal. Without anesthesia.*

Olive arrived to the first fake-dating Wednesday late and in the foulest of moods, after a morning spent growling at her cheap, knockoff reagents for not dissolving, then not precipitating, then not sonicating, then not being enough for her to run her entire assay.

She paused outside the coffee shop's door and took a deep breath. She needed a better lab if she wanted to produce decent science. Better equipment. Better reagents. Better bacteria cultures. Better *everything*. Next week, when Tom Benton arrived, she had to be on top of her game. She needed to prepare her spiel, not waste time on a coffee she didn't particularly want, with a person she most definitely didn't want to talk to, halfway through her experimental protocol.

Ugh.

When she stepped inside the café, Adam was already there, wearing a black Henley that looked like it was ideated, designed, and produced specifically with the upper half of his body in mind. Olive was momentarily bemused, not so much that his clothes fit him well, but that she'd noticed what someone was wearing to begin with. It was not like her. She'd been seeing Adam traipse around the biology building for the better part of two years, after all, not to mention that in the past couple of weeks they'd spoken an inordinate amount of times. They had even kissed, if one counted what had happened on The Night as a proper kiss. It was dizzying and a

little unsettling, the realization that sank into her as they got in line to order their coffee.

Adam Carlsen was handsome.

Adam Carlsen, with his long nose and wavy hair, with his full lips and angular face that shouldn't have fit together but somehow did, was really, really, *really* handsome. Olive had no clue why it hadn't registered before, or why what made her realize it was him putting on a plain black shirt.

She willed herself to stare ahead at the drink menu instead of his chest. In the coffee shop, there were a total of three biology grad students, one pharmacology postdoc, and one undergraduate research assistant eyeing them. *Perfect.*

“So. How are you?” she asked, because it was the thing to do.

“Fine. You?”

“Fine.”

It occurred to Olive that maybe she hadn't thought this through as thoroughly as she should have. Because being seen together might have been their goal, but standing next to each other in silence was not going to fool anyone into thinking that they were blissfully dating. And Adam was . . . well. He seemed unlikely to initiate any kind of conversation.

“So.” Olive shifted her weight to the balls of her feet a couple of times. “What's your favorite color?”

He looked at her, confused. “What?”

“Your favorite color.”

“My favorite color?”

“Yep.”

There was a crease between his eyes. “I—don't know?”

“What do you mean you don't know?”

“They’re colors. They’re all the same.”

“There must be one you like most.”

“I don’t think so.”

“Red?”

“I don’t know.”

“Yellow? Vomit green?”

His eyes narrowed. “Why are you asking?”

Olive shrugged. “It feels like something I should know.”

“Why?”

“Because. If someone tries to figure out whether we’re really dating, it might be one of the first questions they ask. Top five, for sure.”

He studied her for a few seconds. “Does that seem like a likely scenario to you?”

“About as likely as me fake-dating you.”

He nodded, as if conceding her point. “Okay. Black, I guess.”

She snorted. “Figures.”

“What’s wrong with black?” He frowned.

“It’s not even a color. It’s no colors, technically.”

“It’s better than vomit green.”

“No, it isn’t.”

“Of course it is.”

“Yeah, well. It suits your scion-of-darkness personality.”

“What does that even—”

“Good morning.” The barista smiled at them cheerfully.

“What will you have today?”

Olive smiled back, gesturing at Adam to order first.

“Coffee.” He darted a glance at her before adding, sheepishly, “Black.”

She had to duck her head to hide her smile, but when she glanced at him again, the corner of his mouth was curved upward. Which, she reluctantly admitted to herself, was not a bad look for him. She ignored it and ordered the most fatty, sugary thing on the drink menu, asking for extra whipped cream. She was wondering if she should try to make up for it by buying an apple, too, or if she should just lean into it and top it off with a cookie, when Adam took a credit card out of his wallet and held it to the cashier.

“Oh, no. No, no, no. *No.*” Olive put her hand in front of his and lowered her voice. “You can’t pay for my stuff.”

He blinked. “I can’t?”

“That’s not the kind of fake relationship we’re having.”

He looked surprised. “It isn’t?”

“Nope.” She shook her head. “I would never fake-date a dude who thinks that he has to pay for my coffee just because he’s a dude.”

He lifted an eyebrow. “I doubt a language exists in which the thing you just ordered could be referred to as ‘coffee.’”

“Hey—”

“And it’s not about me being a ‘dude’”—the word came out a touch pained—“but about you still being a grad student. And your yearly income.”

For a moment she hesitated, wondering if she should be offended. Was Adam being his well-known ass self? Was he patronizing her? Did he think she was poor? Then she remembered that she *was*, in fact, poor, and that he probably made five times as much as her. She shrugged, adding a

chocolate chip cookie, a banana, and a pack of gum to her coffee. To his credit, Adam said nothing and paid the resulting \$21.39 without batting an eye.

While they were waiting for their drinks, Olive's mind began drifting off to her project and to whether she could convince Dr. Aslan to buy her better reagents soon. She looked distractedly around the coffee shop, finding that even though the research assistant, the postdoc, and one of the students were gone, two grads (one of whom serendipitously happened to work in Anh's lab) were still sitting at a table by the door, glancing toward them every few minutes. Excellent.

She leaned her hip against the counter and looked up at Adam. Thank God this thing was only going to be ten minutes a week, or she'd develop a permanent crick in her neck.

"Where were you born?" she asked.

"Is this another one of your green card marriage interview questions?"

She giggled. He smiled in response, as if pleased to have made her laugh. Though it was certainly for some other reason.

"Netherlands. The Hague."

"Oh."

He leaned against the counter, too, directly in front of her.
"Why 'oh'?"

"I don't know." Olive shrugged. "I think I expected . . . New York? Or maybe Kansas?"

He shook his head. "My mother used to be a US ambassador to the Netherlands."

"Wow." Weird, to imagine that Adam had a mother. A family. That before being tall and scary and infamous, he'd been a kid. Maybe he spoke Dutch. Maybe he had smoked

herring for breakfast on the reg. Maybe his mother had wanted him to follow in her footsteps and become a diplomat, but his shiny personality had emerged and she'd given up on that dream. Olive found herself acutely eager to know more about his upbringing, which was . . . weird. Very weird.

"Here you go." Their drinks appeared on the counter. Olive told herself that the way the blond barista was obviously checking out Adam as he turned to retrieve a lid for his cup was none of her business. She also reminded herself that as curious as she was about his diplomat mother, how many languages he spoke, and whether he liked tulips, it was information that went well beyond their arrangement.

People had seen them together. They were going to go back to their labs and tell improbable tales of Dr. Adam Carlsen and the random, unremarkable student they'd spotted him with. Time for Olive to go back to her science.

She cleared her throat. "Well. This was fun."

He looked up from his cup, surprised. "Is fake-dating Wednesday over?"

"Yep. Great job, team, now hit the showers. You're free until next week." Olive stabbed her straw into her drink and took a sip, feeling the sugar explode in her mouth. Whatever she'd ordered, it was disgustingly good. She was probably developing diabetes as she spoke. "I'll see you—"

"Where were *you* born?" Adam asked before she could leave.

Oh. They were doing this, then. He was probably just trying to be polite, and Olive sighed inwardly, thinking longingly of her lab bench. "Toronto."

"Right. You're Canadian," he said, like he'd already known.

"Yep."

“When did you move here?”

“Eight years ago. For college.”

He nodded, as if storing up the information. “Why the US? Canada has excellent schools.”

“I got a full ride.” It was true. If not the whole truth.

He fidgeted with the cardboard cup holder. “Do you go back a lot?”

“Not really, no.” Olive licked some whipped cream off her straw. She was puzzled when he immediately looked away from her.

“Do you plan to move back home once you graduate?”

She tensed. “Not if I can help it.” She had lots of painful memories in Canada, and her only family, the people she wanted nearby, were Anh and Malcolm, both US citizens. Olive and Anh had even made a pact that if Olive was ever on the verge of losing her visa, Anh would marry her. In hindsight, this entire fake-dating business with Adam was going to be great practice for when Olive leveled up and started defrauding the Department of Homeland Security in earnest.

Adam nodded, taking a sip of his coffee. “Favorite color?”

Olive opened her mouth to tell him her favorite color, which was so much better than his, and . . . “Dammit.”

He gave her a knowing look. “Difficult, isn’t it?”

“There are so many good ones.”

“Yup.”

“I’m going to go with blue. Light blue. No, wait!”

“Mmm.”

“Let’s say white. Okay, white.”

He clucked his tongue. “You know, I don’t think I can accept that. White’s not really a color. More like all colors put together—”

Olive pinched him on the fleshy part of his forearm.

“Ow,” he said, clearly not in pain. With a sly smile, he waved goodbye and turned away, heading for the biology building.

“Hey, Adam?” she called after him.

He paused and looked back at her.

“Thanks for buying me three days’ worth of food.”

He hesitated and then nodded, once. That thing he was doing with his mouth—he was *definitely* smiling down at her. A little begrudgingly, but still.

“My pleasure, Olive.”

Today, 2:40 p.m.

FROM: Tom-Benton@harvard.edu

TO: Olive-Smith@stanford.edu

SUBJECT: Re: Pancreatic Cancer Screening Project

Olive,

I’ll be flying in on Tuesday afternoon. How about we meet on Wednesday around 3:00 p.m. in Aysegul Aslan’s lab? My collaborator can point me in its direction.

TB

Sent from my iPhone

OLIVE WAS LATE for her second fake-dating Wednesday, too, but for different reasons—all Tom Benton related.

First, she'd overslept after staying up late the previous night rehearsing how she was going to sell him her project. She'd repeated her spiel so many times that Malcolm had started finishing her sentences, and then, at 1:00 a.m., he'd hurled a nectarine at her and begged her to go practice in her room. Which she had, until 3:00 a.m.

Then, in the morning, she'd realized that her usual lab outfit (leggings, ratty 5K T-shirt, and very, very messy bun) would probably not communicate “valuable future colleague” to Dr. Benton, and spent an excessive amount of time looking for something appropriate. Dress for success and all that.

Finally, it occurred to her that she had no idea what Dr. Benton—arguably the most important person in her life at the moment, and yes, she was aware of how sad that sounded but decided not to dwell on it—even *looked* like. She looked him up on her phone and found out that he was somewhere in his late thirties, blond with blue eyes, and had very straight, very white teeth. When she arrived at the campus Starbucks, Olive was whispering to his Harvard headshot, “Please, let me come work in your lab.” Then she noticed Adam.

It was an uncharacteristically cloudy day. Still August, but it almost felt like late fall. Olive glanced at him, and she immediately knew that he was in the nastiest of moods. That rumor of him throwing a petri dish against a wall because his experiment hadn't worked out, or because the electron microscope needed repairs, or because something equally inconsequential had happened came to mind. She considered ducking under the table.

It's okay, she told herself. *This is worth it.* Things with Anh were back to normal. Better than normal: she and Jeremy were officially dating, and last weekend Anh had showed up to

beers-and-s'mores night wearing leggings and an oversize MIT sweater she'd clearly borrowed from him. When Olive had eaten lunch with the two of them the other day, it hadn't even felt awkward. Plus, the first-, second-, and even third-year grads were too scared of Adam Carlsen's "girlfriend" to steal Olive's pipettes, which meant that she didn't have to stuff them in her backpack and take them home for the weekend anymore. And she was getting some grade A free food out of this. She could take Adam Carlsen—yes, even this pitch-black-mood Adam Carlsen. For ten minutes a week, at the very least.

"Hey." She smiled. He responded with a look that exuded moodiness and existential angst. Olive took a fortifying breath. "How are you?"

"Fine." His tone was clipped, his expression tenser than usual. He was wearing a red plaid shirt and jeans, looking more like a wood-chopping lumberjack than a scholar pondering the mysteries of computational biology. She couldn't help noticing the muscles and wondered again if he had his clothes custom-made. His hair was still a bit long but shorter than the previous week. It seemed a little surreal that she and Adam Carlsen were at a point where she was able to keep track of both his moods and his haircuts.

"Ready to get coffee?" she chirped.

He nodded distractedly, barely looking at her. On a table in the back, a fifth-year was glancing at them while pretending to clean the monitor of his laptop.

"Sorry if I was late. I just—"

"It's fine."

"Did you have a good week?"

"Fine."

Okay. "Um . . . did you do anything fun last weekend?"

“I worked.”

They got in line to order, and it was all Olive could do to stop herself from sighing. “Weather’s been nice, right? Not too hot.”

He grunted in response.

It was starting to be a bit much. There was a limit to what Olive would do for this fake-dating relationship—even for a free mango Frappuccino. She sighed. “Is it because of the haircut?”

That got his attention. Adam looked down at her, a vertical line deep between his eyebrows. “What?”

“The mood. Is it because of the haircut?”

“What mood?”

Olive gestured broadly toward him. “This. The bad mood you’re in.”

“I’m not in a bad mood.”

She snorted—though that was probably not the right term for what she just did. It was too loud and derisive, more like a laugh. A snaugh.

“What?” He frowned, unappreciative of her snaugh.

“Come on.”

“What?”

“You *ooze* moodiness.”

“I do not.” He sounded indignant, which struck her as oddly endearing.

“You so do. I saw that face, and I immediately knew.”

“You did not.”

“I did. I do. But it’s fine, you’re allowed to be in a bad mood.”

It was their turn, so she took a step forward and smiled at the cashier.

“Good morning. I’ll have a pumpkin spice latte. And that cream cheese danish over there. Yep, that one, thank you. And”—she pointed at Adam with her thumb—“he’ll have chamomile tea. No sugar,” she added cheerfully. She immediately took a few steps to the side, hoping to avoid damage in case Adam decided to throw a petri dish at her. She was surprised when he calmly handed his credit card to the boy behind the counter. Really, he wasn’t as bad as they made him out to be.

“I hate tea,” he said. “And chamomile.”

Olive beamed up at him. “That is unfortunate.”

“You smart-ass.”

He stared straight ahead, but she was almost certain that he was about to crack a smile. There was a lot to be said about him but not that he didn’t have a sense of humor.

“So . . . not the haircut?”

“Mm? Ah, no. It was a weird length. Getting in my way while I was running.”

Oh. So he was a runner. Like Olive. “Okay. Great. Because it doesn’t look bad.”

It looks good. As in, really good. You were probably one of the most handsome men I’d ever talked to last week, but now you look even better. Not that I care about these things. I don’t care at all. I rarely notice guys, and I’m not sure why I’m noticing you, or your hair, or your clothes, or how tall and broad you are. I really don’t get it. I never care. Usually. Ugh.

“I . . .” He seemed flustered for a second, his lips moving without making a sound as he looked for an appropriate response. Then, out of the blue, he said, “I talked with the

department chair this morning. He's still refusing to release my research funds.”

“Oh.” She cocked her head. “I thought they weren’t due to decide until the end of September.”

“They aren’t. This was an informal meeting, but the topic came up. He said that he’s still monitoring the situation.”

“I see.” She waited for him to continue. When it became clear that he wouldn’t, she asked, “Monitoring . . . how?”

“Unclear.” He was clenching his jaw.

“I’m sorry.” She felt for him. She really did. If there was something she could empathize with, it was scientific studies coming to an abrupt halt because of a lack of resources. “Does that mean that you can’t continue your research?”

“I have other grants.”

“So . . . the problem is that you cannot start new studies?”

“I can. I had to rearrange different pots, but I should be able to afford to start new lines of research, too.”

Uh? “I see.” She cleared her throat. “So . . . let me recap. It sounds like Stanford froze your funds based on rumors, which I agree is a crappy move. But it also sounds like for now you can afford to do what you were planning, so . . . it’s not the end of the world?”

Adam gave her an affronted glare, suddenly looking even more cross.

Oh, boy. “Don’t get me wrong, I understand the principle of the matter, and I’d be mad, too. But you have, how many other grants? Actually, don’t answer that. I’m not sure I want to know.”

He probably had fifteen. He also had tenure, and dozens of publications, and there were all those honors listed on his website. Not to mention that she’d read on his CV that he had

one patent. Olive, on the other hand, had cheap knockoff reagents and old pipettes that regularly got stolen. She tried not to dwell on how much further ahead than her he was in his career, but it was unforgettable, how good he was at what he did. How *annoyingly* good.

“My point is, this is not an insurmountable problem. And we’re actively working on it. We’re in this together, showing people that you’re going to stay here forever because of your amazing girlfriend.”

Olive pointed to herself with a flourish, and his glare followed her hand. Clearly he was not a fan of rationalizing and working through his emotions.

“Or, you could stay mad, and we could go to your lab and throw test tubes full of toxic reagents at each other until the pain of third-degree burns overrides your shitty mood? Sounds like fun, no?”

He looked away and rolled his eyes, but she could see it in the curve of his cheeks that he was amused. Likely against his will. “You are such a smart-ass.”

“Maybe, but I’m not the one who grunted when I asked how your week was.”

“I did not grunt. And you ordered me chamomile tea.”

She smiled. “You’re welcome.”

They were quiet for a few moments as she chewed through the first bite of her Danish. Once she’d swallowed she said, “I’m sorry about your funds.”

He shook his head. “I’m sorry about the mood.”

Oh. “It’s okay. You’re famous for that.”

“I am?”

“Yep. It’s kind of your thing.”

“Is that so?”

“Mmm.”

His mouth twitched. “Maybe I wanted to spare you.”

Olive smiled, because it was actually a nice thing to say. And he was not a nice person, but he was very kind to her most of the time—if not always. He was almost smiling back, staring down at her in a way that she couldn’t quite interpret but that made her think weird thoughts, until the barista deposited their drinks on the counter. He suddenly looked like he was about to retch.

“Adam? Are you okay?”

He stared at her cup and took a step back. “The *smell* of that thing.”

Olive inhaled deeply. Heaven. “You hate pumpkin spice latte?”

He wrinkled his nose, moving even farther away. “Gross.”

“How can you hate it? It’s the best thing your country has produced in the past century.”

“Please, stand back. The stench.”

“Hey. If I have to choose between you and pumpkin spice latte, maybe we should rethink our arrangement.”

He eyed her cup like it contained radioactive waste. “Maybe we should.”

He held the door open for her as they exited the coffee shop, taking care not to come too close to her drink. Outside it was starting to drizzle. Students were hastily packing up their laptops and notebooks from the patio tables to head to class or move to the library. Olive had been in love with the rain since as far back as she could remember. She inhaled deeply and filled her lungs with petrichor, stopping with Adam under the

canopy. He took a sip of his chamomile tea, and it made her smile.

“Hey,” she said, “I have an idea. Are you going to the fall biosciences picnic?”

He nodded. “I have to. I’m on the biology department’s social-and-networking committee.”

She laughed out loud. “No way.”

“Yep.”

“Did you actually sign up for it?”

“It’s service. I was forced to rotate into the position.”

“Ah. That sounds . . . fun.” She winced sympathetically, almost laughing again at his appalled expression. “Well, I’m going, too. Dr. Aslan makes us all go, says it promotes bonding among lab mates. Do you make your grads go?”

“No. I have other, more productive ways of making my grads miserable.”

She chuckled. He *was* funny, in that weird, dark way of his. “I bet you do. Well, here’s my idea: we should hang when we’re there. In front of the department chair—since he’s ‘monitoring.’ I’ll bat my eyelashes at you; he’ll see that we’re basically one step away from marriage. Then he’ll make a quick phone call and a truck will drive up and unload your research funds in cash right there in front of—”

“Hey, man!”

A blond man approached Adam. Olive fell silent as Adam turned to smile at him and exchanged a handshake—a *close bros* handshake. She blinked, wondering if she was seeing things, and took a sip of her latte.

“I thought you’d sleep in,” Adam was saying.

“The time difference screwed me up. I figured I might as well come to campus and get to work. Something to eat, too. You have no food, man.”

“There are apples in the kitchen.”

“Right. No food.”

Olive took a step back, ready to excuse herself, when the blond man turned his attention to her. He looked eerily familiar, even though she was certain she had never met him before.

“And who’s this?” he asked curiously. His eyes were a very piercing blue.

“This is Olive,” Adam said. There was a beat after her name, in which he should have probably specified *how* he knew Olive. He did not, and she really couldn’t blame him for not wanting to feed their fake-dating crap to someone who was clearly a good friend. She just kept her smile in place and let Adam continue. “Olive, this is my collaborator—”

“Dude.” The man pretended to bristle. “Introduce me as your friend.”

Adam rolled his eyes, clearly amused. “Olive, this is my *friend* and collaborator. Dr. Tom Benton.”

Chapter Five

♥ HYPOTHESIS: *The more I need my brain to be on top of its game, the higher the probability that it will freeze on me.*

“Wait a minute.” Dr. Benton tilted his head. His smile was still in place, but his gaze became a little sharper, his focus on Olive less superficial. “Do you happen to be . . .”

Olive froze.

Her mind was never calm, or orderly—more like a garbled mess of thoughts, really. And yet, standing there in front of Tom Benton, the inside of her head went uncharacteristically quiet, and several considerations stacked themselves neatly into place.

The first was that she was comically luckless. The chances that the person she depended on to finish her beloved research project would be acquainted—no, *friends* with the person she depended on to ensure her beloved Anh’s romantic happiness were laughably low. And yet. Then again, Olive’s special brand of luck was no news, so she moved on to the next consideration.

She needed to admit who she was to Tom Benton. They were scheduled to meet at 3:00 p.m., and pretending not to recognize him now would mean the kiss of death to her plans to infiltrate herself into his lab. Academics had huge egos, after all.

Last consideration: if she phrased this right, she could probably avoid Dr. Benton hearing about the whole fake-dating mess. Adam hadn’t mentioned it, which probably meant

that he wasn't planning to. Olive just needed to follow his lead.

Yes. Excellent plan. She had this in the bag.

Olive smiled, held on to her pumpkin spice latte, and answered, "Yes, I'm Olive Smith, the—"

"Girlfriend I've heard so much about?"

Shit. Shit, shit, shit. She swallowed. "Um, actually I—"

"Heard from whom?" Adam asked, frowning.

Dr. Benton shrugged. "Everyone."

"Everyone," Adam repeated. He was scowling now. "In Boston?"

"Yeah."

"Why are people at Harvard talking about my girlfriend?"

"Because you're you."

"Because I'm *me*?" Adam looked perplexed.

"There have been tears. Some hair-pulling. A few broken hearts. Don't worry, they'll get over it."

Adam rolled his eyes, and Dr. Benton returned his attention to Olive. He smiled at her, offering his hand. "It's very nice to meet you. I had written off the whole girlfriend thing as rumors, but I'm glad you . . . exist. Sorry, I didn't catch your name—I'm terrible at names."

"I'm Olive." She shook his hand. He had a nice grip, not too tight and not too soft.

"Which department do you teach, Olive?"

Oh, crap. "Actually, I don't. Teach, that is."

"Oh, sorry. I didn't mean to assume." He smiled, apologetic and self-effacing. There was a smooth charm to him. He was young to be a professor, though not as young as

Adam. And he was tall, though not as tall as Adam. And he was handsome, though . . . yeah. Not as handsome as Adam.

“What do you do, then? Are you a research fellow?”

“Um, I actually—”

“She’s a student,” Adam said.

Dr. Benton’s eyes widened.

“A *graduate* student,” Adam clarified. There was a hint of warning in his tone, like he really wanted Dr. Benton to drop the subject.

Dr. Benton, naturally, did not. “*Your* graduate student?”

Adam frowned. “No, of course she’s not my—”

This was the perfect opening. “Actually, Dr. Benton, I work with Dr. Aslan.” Maybe this meeting was still salvageable. “You probably don’t recognize my name, but we’ve corresponded. We’re supposed to meet today. I’m the student who’s working on the pancreatic cancer biomarkers. The one who asked to come work in your lab for a year.”

Dr. Benton’s eyes widened even more, and he muttered something that sounded a lot like “*What the hell?*” Then his face stretched into a wide, openmouthed grin. “Adam, you *absolute ass*. You didn’t even tell me.”

“I didn’t know,” Adam muttered. His gaze was fixed on Olive.

“How could you not know that your girlfriend—”

“I didn’t tell Adam, because I didn’t know you two were friends,” Olive interjected. And then she thought that maybe it wasn’t quite believable. If Olive really were Adam’s girlfriend, he’d have told her about his friends. Since, in a shocking plot twist, he did appear to have at least one.

“That is, I, um . . . never put two and two together, and didn’t know that you were the Tom he always talked about.” There, better. Kind of. “I’m sorry, Dr. Benton. I didn’t mean to ___”

“Tom,” he said, grin still in place. His shock seemed to be settling into pleasant surprise. “Please, call me Tom.” His eyes darted between Adam and Olive for a few seconds. Then he said, “Hey, are you free?” He pointed at the coffee shop. “Why don’t we go inside and chat about your project now? No point in waiting until this afternoon.”

She took a sip of her latte to temporize. Was she free? Technically, yes. She would have loved to run to the edge of campus and scream into the void until modern civilization collapsed, but that wasn’t exactly a pressing matter. And she wanted to look as accommodating as possible to Dr. Benton—Tom. Beggars and choosers and all that.

“I’m free.”

“Great. You, Adam?”

Olive froze. And so did Adam, for about a second, before pointing out, “I don’t think I should be present, if you’re about to interview her—”

“Oh, it’s not an interview. Just an informal chat to see if Olive’s and my research match. You’ll want to know if your girlfriend is moving to Boston for a year, right? Come on.” He motioned for them to follow him and then stepped inside the Starbucks.

Olive and Adam exchanged a silent look that somehow managed to speak volumes. It said, *What the hell do we do?* and *How the hell would I know?* and *This is going to be weird,* and *No, it’s going to be plain bad.* Then Adam sighed, put on a resigned face, and headed inside. Olive followed him, regretting her life choices.

“Aslan’s retiring, huh?” Tom asked after they’d found a secluded table in the back. Olive had no choice but to sit across from him—and on Adam’s left. Like a good “girlfriend,” she supposed. Her “boyfriend,” in the meantime, was sullenly sipping his chamomile tea next to her. *I should snap a picture*, she reflected. *He’d make for an excellent viral meme.*

“In the next few years,” Olive confirmed. She loved her adviser, who had always been supportive and encouraging. Since the very beginning she had given Olive the freedom to develop her own research program, which was almost unheard of for Ph.D. students. Having a hands-off mentor was great when it came to pursuing her interests, but . . .

“If Aslan’s retiring soon, she’s not applying for grants anymore—understandable, since she won’t be around long enough to see the projects through—which means that your lab is not exactly flush with cash right now,” Tom summarized perfectly. “Okay, tell me about your project. What’s cool about it?”

“I . . . ,” Olive began—she scrambled to collect her thoughts. “So, it’s—” Another pause. Longer this time, and more painfully awkward. “Um . . . ”

This, precisely, was her problem. Olive knew that she was an excellent scientist, that she had the discipline and the critical-thinking skills to produce good work in the lab. Unfortunately succeeding in academia also required the ability to pitch one’s work, sell it to strangers, present it in public, and . . . *that* was not something she enjoyed or excelled at. It made her feel panicky and judged, as though pinned to a microscope slide, and her ability to produce syntactically coherent sentences invariably leaked out of her brain.

Like right now. Olive felt her cheeks heat and her tongue tie and—

“What kind of question is that?” Adam interjected.

When she glanced at him, he was scowling at Tom, who just shrugged.

“What’s *cool* about your project?” Adam repeated back.

“Yeah. Cool. You know what I mean.”

“I don’t think I do, and maybe neither does Olive.”

Tom huffed. “Fine, what would *you* ask?”

Adam turned to Olive. His knee brushed her leg, warm and oddly reassuring through her jeans. “What issues does your project target? Why do you think it’s significant? What gaps in the literature does it fill? What techniques are you using? What challenges do you foresee?”

Tom huffed. “Right, sure. Consider all those long, boring questions asked, Olive.”

She glanced at Adam, finding that he was studying her with a calm, encouraging expression. The way he’d formulated the questions helped her reorganize her thoughts, and realizing that she had answers for each one melted most of her panic. It probably hadn’t been intentional on Adam’s part, but he’d done her a solid.

Olive was reminded of that guy from the bathroom, from years ago. *I have no idea if you’re good enough*, he’d told her. *What matters is whether your reason to be in academia is good enough*. He’d said that Olive’s reason was the best one, and therefore, she could do this. She *needed* to do this.

“Okay,” she started again after a deep breath, gathering what she’d rehearsed the previous night with Malcolm. “Here’s the deal. Pancreatic cancer is very aggressive and deadly. It has very poor prognosis, with only one out of four people alive a year after diagnosis.” Her voice, she thought, sounded less breathy and more self-assured. Good. “The

problem is that it's so hard to detect, we are only able to diagnose it very late in the game. At that point, the cancer has already spread so widely, most treatments can't do much to counteract it. But if diagnosis were faster—”

“People could get treatment sooner and have a higher chance of survival,” Tom said, nodding a bit impatiently. “Yep, I’m well aware. We already have some screening tools, though. Like imaging.”

She wasn’t surprised he brought it up, since imaging was what Tom’s lab focused on. “Yes, but that’s expensive, time-consuming, and often not useful because of the pancreas’s position. But . . .” She took another deep breath. “I think I have found a set of biomarkers. Not from tissue biopsy—blood biomarkers. Noninvasive, easy to obtain. Cheap. In mice they can detect pancreatic cancer as early as stage one.”

She paused. Tom and Adam were both staring at her. Tom was clearly interested, and Adam looked . . . a little weird, to be honest. Impressed, maybe? Nah, impossible.

“Okay. This sounds promising. What’s the next step?”

“Collecting more data. Running more analyses with better equipment to prove that my set of biomarkers is worthy of a clinical trial. But for that I need a larger lab.”

“I see.” He nodded with a thoughtful expression and then leaned back in his chair. “Why pancreatic cancer?”

“It’s one of the most lethal, and we know so little about how—”

“No,” Tom interrupted. “Most third-year Ph.D. students are too busy infighting over the centrifuge to come up with their own line of research. There must be a reason you’re so motivated. Did someone close to you have cancer?”

Olive swallowed before reluctantly answering, “Yes.”

“Who?”

“Tom,” Adam said, a trace of warning in his voice. His knee was still against her thigh. Still warm. And yet, Olive felt her blood turn cold. She really, really didn’t want to say it. And yet she couldn’t ignore the question. She needed Tom’s help.

“My mother.”

Okay. It was out there now. She’d said it, and she could go back to trying not to think about it—

“Did she die?”

A beat. Olive hesitated and then nodded silently, not looking at either of the men at the table. She knew Tom wasn’t trying to be mean—people were curious, after all. But it wasn’t something Olive wanted to discuss. She barely ever talked about it, even with Anh and Malcolm, and she had carefully avoided writing about her experience in her grad school applications, even when everyone had told her it would give her a leg up.

She just . . . She couldn’t. She just couldn’t.

“How old were you—”

“*Tom*,” Adam interrupted, tone sharp. He set his tea down with more force than necessary. “Stop harassing my girlfriend.” It was less of a warning and more of a threat.

“Right. Yes. I’m an insensitive ass.” Tom smiled, apologetic.

Olive noticed that he was looking at her shoulder. When she followed his gaze, she realized that Adam had placed his arm on the back of her chair. He wasn’t touching her, but there was something . . . protective about his position. He seemed to generate large amounts of heat, which was not at all

unwelcome. It helped melt the yucky feeling the conversation with Tom had left behind.

“Then again, so is your boyfriend.” Tom winked at her. “Okay, Olive. Tell you what.” Tom leaned forward, elbows on the table. “I’ve read your paper. And the abstract you submitted to the SBD conference. Are you still planning to go?”

“If it’s accepted.”

“I’m sure it will be. It’s excellent work. But it sounds like your project has progressed since you submitted that, and I need to know more about it. If I decide that you can work in my lab next year, I’ll cover you completely—salary, supplies, equipment, whatever you need. But I need to know where you’re at to make sure that you’re worth investing in.”

Olive felt her heart racing. This sounded promising. Very promising.

“Here’s the deal. I’m going to give you two weeks to write up a report on everything you’ve been doing so far—protocols, findings, challenges. In two weeks, send me the report and I’ll make a decision based on it. Does that sound feasible?”

She grinned, nodding enthusiastically. “Yes!” She could absolutely do that. She’d need to pull the intro from one of her papers, the methods from her lab protocols, the preliminary data from that grant she’d applied for and not won. And she’d have to rerun some of her analyses—just to make sure that the report was absolutely flawless for Tom. It would be lots of work in little time, but who needed sleep? Or bathroom breaks?

“Great. In the meantime I’ll see you around and we can chat more. Adam and I will be joined at the hip for a couple of weeks, since we’re working on that grant we just got. Are you coming to my talk tomorrow?”

Olive had no idea he was giving a talk, let alone when or where, but she said “Of course! Can’t wait!” with the certainty of someone who had installed a countdown widget on her smartphone.

“And I’m staying with Adam, so I’ll see you at his place.”

Oh no. “Um . . .” She risked a glance at Adam, who was unreadable. “Sure. Though we usually meet at my place, so . . .”

“I see. You disapprove of his taxidermy collection, don’t you?” Tom stood with a smirk. “Excuse me. I’ll get some coffee and be right back.”

The second he was gone, Olive instantly turned to Adam. Now that they were alone there were about ten million topics for them to debrief on, but the only thing she could think of was, “Do you really collect taxidermied animals?”

He gave her a scathing look and took his arm away from around her shoulders. She felt cold all of a sudden. Bereft.

“I’m sorry. I had no idea he was your friend, or that you two had a grant together. You do such different research, the possibility didn’t even cross my mind.”

“You did mention that you don’t believe cancer researchers can benefit from collaborating with computational modelists.”

“You—” She noticed the way his mouth was twitching and wondered when exactly they’d gotten on teasing terms. “How do you two know each other?”

“He was a postdoc in my lab, back when I was a Ph.D. student. We’ve kept in touch and collaborated through the years.”

So he must be four or five years older than Adam.

“You went to Harvard, right?”

He nodded, and a terrifying thought occurred to her. “What if he feels obliged to take me on because I’m your fake girlfriend?”

“Tom won’t. He once fired his cousin for breaking a flow cytometer. He’s not exactly tenderhearted.”

Takes one to know one, she thought. “Listen, I’m sorry this is forcing you to lie to your friend. If you want to tell him that this is fake . . .”

Adam shook his head. “If I did, I’d never live it down.”

She let out a laugh. “Yeah, I can see that. And honestly it wouldn’t reflect well on me, either.”

“But, Olive, if you do end up deciding that you want to go to Harvard, I’ll need you to keep it a secret until the end of September.”

She gasped, realizing the implications of his words. “Of course. If people know that I’m leaving, the department chair will never believe that you’re not leaving, too. I hadn’t even thought of it. I promise I won’t tell anyone! Well, except for Malcolm and Anh, but they’re great at keeping secrets, they’d never—”

His eyebrow rose. Olive winced.

“I will *make* them keep this secret. I swear.”

“I appreciate it.”

She noticed that Tom was on his way back to the table and leaned closer to Adam to quickly whisper, “One more thing. The talk he mentioned, the one he’s giving tomorrow?”

“The one you ‘can’t wait’ for?”

Olive bit the inside of her cheek. “Yes. When and where is it going to be?”

Adam laughed silently just as Tom sat down again. “Don’t worry. I’ll email you the details.”

Chapter Six

♥ HYPOTHESIS: When compared with multiple types and models of furniture, Adam Carlsen's lap will be rated in the top fifth percentile for comfort, coziness, and enjoyment.

The moment Olive opened the door of the auditorium she and Anh exchanged a wide-eyed look and said, in unison, “Holy shit.”

In her two years at Stanford she had been to countless seminars, trainings, lectures, and classes in this lecture hall, and yet she’d never seen the room this full. Maybe Tom was giving out free beer?

“I think they made the talk mandatory for immunology and pharmacology,” Anh said. “And I overheard at least five people in the hallway saying that Benton is ‘a known science hottie.’” She stared critically at the podium, where Tom was chatting with Dr. Moss from immunology. “I guess he’s cute. Though not nearly as cute as Jeremy.”

Olive smiled. The air in the room was hot and humid, smelling like sweat and too many human beings. “You don’t have to stay. This is probably a fire hazard and not even remotely relevant to your research—”

“It beats doing actual work.” She grabbed Olive’s wrist, pulling her through the throng of grads and postdocs crowding the entrance and down the stairs on the side. They were just as packed. “And if this guy is going to take you away from me and to Boston for an entire year, I want to make sure that he deserves you.” She winked. “Consider my presence the

equivalent of a father cleaning his rifle in front of his daughter's boyfriend before prom."

"Aww, Daddy."

There was nowhere to sit, of course, not even on the floor or on the steps. Olive spotted Adam in an aisle seat a few meters away. He was back to his usual black Henley and deep in conversation with Holden Rodrigues. When Adam's eyes met Olive's, she grinned and waved at him. For some yet unknown reason that likely had to do with the fact that they were sharing this huge, ridiculous, unlikely secret, Adam now felt like a friendly face. He didn't wave back, but his gaze seemed softer and warmer, and his mouth curved into that tilt that she'd learned to recognize as his version of a smile.

"I can't believe they didn't switch the talk to one of the bigger auditoriums. There is not nearly enough space for—Oh, no. No, no, no."

Olive followed Anh's gaze, and saw at least twenty new people arrive. The crowd immediately started pushing Olive toward the front of the room. Anh yelped when a first-year from neuroscience who weighed about four times as much as she did stepped on her toe. "This is ridiculous."

"I know. I can't believe more people are—"

Olive's hip bumped against something—someone. She turned to apologize, and—it was Adam. Or, Adam's shoulder. He was still chatting with Dr. Rodrigues, who wore a displeased expression and was muttering, "Why are we even here?"

"Because he's a friend," Adam said.

"Not *my* friend."

Adam sighed and turned to look at Olive.

“Hey—sorry.” She gestured in the direction of the entrance. “A bunch of new people just came in and apparently the space in this room is finite. I think it’s a law of physics, or something.”

“It’s okay.”

“I’d take a step back, but . . .”

On the podium, Dr. Moss took the mic and began introducing Tom.

“Here,” Adam told Olive, making to stand from his chair. “Take my seat.”

“Oh.” It was nice of him to offer. Not fake-dating-to-save-her-ass, spend-twenty-bucks-on-junk-food-for-her nice, but still very nice. Olive couldn’t possibly accept. Plus, Adam was a professor, which meant that he was older and all that. Thirtysomething. He did look fit, but he probably had a bum knee and was only a few years short of osteoporosis. “Thank you, but—”

“Actually, that would be a terrible idea,” Anh interjected. Her eyes were darting between Olive and Adam. “No offense, Dr. Carlsen, but you’re three times larger than Olive. If you stand, the room’s going to burst.”

Adam stared at Anh like he had no idea whether he’d just been insulted.

“But,” she continued, this time looking at Olive, “it’d be great if you could do me a solid and sit on your boyfriend’s lap, Ol. Just so I don’t have to stand on my toes?”

Olive blinked. And then she blinked again. And then she blinked some more. Near the podium, Dr. Moss was still introducing Tom—“Got his Ph.D. from Vanderbilt and then moved to a postdoctoral fellowship at Harvard University, where he pioneered several techniques in the field of imaging”—but her voice sounded as if it was coming from far,

far away. Possibly because Olive couldn't stop thinking about what Anh had proposed, which was just . . .

"Anh, I don't think it's a good idea," Olive mumbled under her breath, avoiding glancing in Adam's direction.

Anh gave her a look. "Why? You're taking up space we don't have, and it's only logical that you use Carlsen as a chair. I would, but he's your boyfriend, not mine."

For a moment, Olive tried to imagine what Adam would do if Anh decided to sit on his lap, and figured that it would probably end up involving someone being murdered and someone doing the murdering—she wasn't sure who'd be doing what. The mental image was so ridiculous that she almost giggled out loud. Then she noticed the way Anh was looking at her expectantly. "Anh, I *can't*."

"Why?"

"*Because*. This is a scientific talk."

"Psh. Remember last year, when Jess and Alex made out for half of that CRISPR lecture?"

"I do—and it was *weird*."

"Nah, it wasn't. Also, Malcolm swears that during a seminar he saw that tall guy from immunology get a hand job from—"

"*Anh*."

"The point is, no one cares." Anh's expression softened into a plea. "And this girl's elbow is puncturing my right lung, and I have about thirty seconds of air left. Please, Olive."

Olive turned to face Adam. Who was, very unsurprisingly, looking up at her with that nonexpression of his, the one that Olive couldn't quite decipher. Except that his jaw was working, and she wondered if maybe this was it. The last straw. The moment he backed out of their arrangement.

Because millions of dollars in research funds couldn't be worth having some girl he barely knew sit on his lap in the most crowded room in the history of crowded rooms.

Is this okay? she tried to ask him with her eyes. Because maybe this is a little too much. Way more than saying hi to each other and having coffee together.

He gave her a brief nod, and then—Olive, or at least Olive's body, was stepping toward Adam and gingerly sitting on his thigh, her knees tucked between his spread legs. It was happening. It had happened already. Olive was here.

Sitting.

On.

Adam.

This. Yep, *this*.

This was her life now.

She was going to murder Anh for this. Slowly. Maybe painfully, too. She was going to be jailed for bestfriendicide, and she was a-okay with it.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered to Adam. He was so tall, her mouth was not quite level with his ear. She could smell him—the woodsiness of his shampoo, his body wash, and something else underneath, dark and good and clean. It all felt familiar, and after a few seconds Olive realized that it was because of the last time they had been this close. Because of The Night. Because of the kiss. “So, *so* sorry.”

He didn’t immediately answer. His jaw tensed, and he looked in the direction of the PowerPoint. Dr. Moss was gone, Tom was talking about cancer diagnostics, and Olive would have gobbled this up on a regular day, but right now she just needed *out*. Of the talk. Of the room. Of her own life.

Then Adam turned his face a little and told her, “It’s okay.” He sounded a bit strained. Like nothing about this situation was, in fact, okay.

“I’m sorry. I had no idea she would suggest this, and I couldn’t think of a way to—”

“Sssh.” His arm slid around her waist, his hand coming to rest on her hip in a gesture that should have been unpleasant but just felt reassuring. His voice was low when he added, “It’s fine.” The words vibrated in her ear, rich and warm. “More material for my Title IX complaint.”

Shit. “God, I’m so sorry—”

“Olive.”

She lifted her eyes to catch his and was shocked to find him . . . not smiling, but something like it.

“I was kidding. You weigh nothing. I don’t mind.”

“I—”

“Sssh. Just focus on the talk. Tom might ask you questions about it.”

This was just . . . Seriously, this whole business, it was completely, *utterly* . . .

Comfortable. Adam Carlsen’s lap was one of the most comfortable places on earth, as it turned out. He was warm and solid in a pleasant, soothing way, and he didn’t seem to mind too much having Olive half draped over him. After a short while she realized that the room was truly too full for anyone to be paying attention to them, except for a quick glance from Holden Rodrigues, who studied Adam for a long moment and then smiled warmly at Olive before focusing on the talk. She stopped pretending to be able to hold her spine upright for more than five minutes and just let herself lean into Adam’s

torso. He didn't say anything but angled himself a little, just to help her fit more comfortably.

Somewhere halfway through the talk she realized that she had been sliding down Adam's thigh. Or, to be fair, Adam realized and lifted her up, straightening her in a firm, quick pull that made her feel like she really didn't weigh anything. Once she was stable again, he didn't move his arm from where it was snaked around her waist. The talk had been happening for thirty-five minutes going on a century, so no one could blame Olive if she sank into him a little bit more.

It was fine. It was more than fine, actually. It was nice.

"Don't fall asleep," he murmured. She felt his lips move against the tendrils of hair above her temple. It should have been Olive's cue to straighten, but she couldn't quite make herself.

"I'm not. Though you're so comfy."

His fingers tightened on her, maybe to wake her up, maybe to hold her closer. She was about to melt off the chair and start snoring.

"You look like you're about to take a nap."

"It's just that I've read all of Tom's articles. I already know what he's saying."

"Yeah, same. We cited all this stuff in our grant proposal." He sighed, and she felt his body move under hers. "This is dull."

"Maybe you should ask a question. To liven this up."

Adam turned slightly to her. "Me?"

She angled her head to speak in his ear. "I'm sure you can come up with something. Just raise your hand and make a mean observation with that tone of yours. Glare at him. It might devolve into an entertaining outbreak of fisticuffs."

His cheek curved. “You are such a smart-ass.”

Olive looked back to the slides, smiling. “Has it been weird? Having to lie to Tom about us?”

Adam seemed to think about it. “No.” He hesitated. “It looks like your friends are buying that we’re together.”

“I think so. I’m not exactly a convincing liar, and sometimes I worry that Anh might get suspicious. But I walked in on her and Jeremy making out in the grad lounge the other day.”

They fell quiet and listened to the last few minutes of the talk in silence. In front of them, Olive could see at least two professors taking a nap, and several surreptitiously working on their laptops. Next to Adam, Dr. Rodrigues had been playing Candy Crush on his phone for the past half an hour. Some people had left, and Anh had found a seat about ten minutes ago. So had several of the students who had been next to Olive, which meant that she could have technically stood up and left Adam alone. Technically. Technically, there was an open chair somewhere in the third-to-last row. Technically.

Instead she brought her lips to Adam’s ear once more and whispered, “It’s working out well for me, I have to say. This whole fake-dating thing.” More than well. Better than she ever thought it would.

Adam blinked once and then nodded. Maybe his arm tensed a little around her. Maybe it didn’t, and Olive’s mind was playing tricks on her. It was starting to get late, after all. Her last coffee had been too long ago, and she wasn’t fully awake, her thoughts fuzzy and relaxed.

“What about you?”

“Mmm?” Adam wasn’t looking at her.

“Is it working for you?” It came out a little needy. Olive told herself that it was only because of how low she had to

pitch her voice. “Or do you maybe want to fake-break up early?”

He didn’t reply for a second. Then, just as Dr. Moss took the mic to thank Tom and ask the audience for questions, she heard him say, “No. I don’t want to fake-break up.”

He really did smell good. And he was funny in a weird, deadpan way, and yes, a known ass, but friendly enough to her that she could sort of ignore that about him. Plus, he was spending a small fortune on sugar for her. Truly, she had nothing to complain about.

Olive settled herself more comfortably and turned her attention back to the podium.

AFTER THE TALK, Olive considered walking down to the podium to compliment Tom and ask him one or two questions she already knew the answers to. Sadly, there were dozens of people waiting to speak to him, and she decided that the ass-kissing wasn’t worth standing in line. So she said goodbye to Adam, waited for Anh to wake up from her nap while contemplating getting revenge by drawing a dick on her face, and then slowly headed with her across campus back to the biology building.

“Is it going to be a lot of work, the report Benton asked for?”

“A fair amount. I need to run a few control studies to make my results stronger. Plus there’s other stuff I should be working on—the TA’ing, and my poster presentation for the SBD conference in Boston.” Olive bent her head back, felt the sun warm her skin, and smiled. “If I hole up in the lab every night this week and the next, I should be able to finish it on time.”

“SBD is something to look forward to, at least.”

Olive nodded. She usually wasn’t a fan of academic conferences, given how prohibitively expensive registration, travel, and lodgings could be. But Malcolm and Anh were going to be at SBD, too, and Olive was excited to explore Boston with them. Plus, the intradepartmental drama that always happened at academic functions with open bars was sure to be A+ entertainment.

“I am organizing this outreach event for BIPOC women in STEM from all over the country—I’m going to get Ph.D. students like me to talk face-to-face with undergrads who are applying and reassure them that if they come to grad school they won’t be alone.”

“Anh, this is amazing. *You* are amazing.”

“I know.” Anh winked, sliding her arm through Olive’s. “We can all share a hotel room. And get free gadgets from the exhibit booths, and get sloshed together. Remember at Human Genetics, when Malcolm got wasted and began hitting random passersby with his poster tube— What’s going on there?”

Olive squinted against the sun. The parking lot of the biology building was uncharacteristically jammed with traffic. People were blowing their horns and getting out of their cars, trying to figure out the source of the holdup. She and Anh walked around a line of vehicles stuck in the lot, until they ran into a group of biology grads.

“Someone’s battery died, and it’s blocking the exit line.” Greg, one of Olive’s lab mates, was rolling his eyes and bouncing impatiently on his feet. He pointed at a red truck stuck sideways in the most inconvenient turn.

Olive recognized it as Cherie’s, the department secretary.

“I defend my dissertation proposal tomorrow—I need to drive home to prepare. This is ridiculous. And why the fuck is

Cherie just standing there, chatting leisurely with Carlsen? Do they want us to bring them tea and cucumber sandwiches?"

Olive looked around, searching for Adam's tall frame.

"Oh yeah, there's Carlsen," Anh said. Olive looked where she was pointing, just in time to see Cherie get back behind the wheel and Adam jogging around the truck.

"What is he—" was all Olive managed to say, before he came to a stop, put his hands on the back of the truck in neutral, and started . . .

Pushing.

His shoulders and biceps strained his Henley. The firm muscles of his upper back visibly shifted and tensed under the black fabric as he bent forward and rolled several tons of truck across . . . quite a bit of a distance and into the closest empty parking space.

Oh.

There was some applause and whistling from bystanders when the truck was out of the way, and a couple of faculty members from neuroscience clapped Adam on the shoulder as the line of cars started driving out of the lot.

"Fucking finally," Olive heard Greg say from behind her, and she stood there, blinking, a little shocked. Had she hallucinated it? Had Adam really just pushed a giant truck all by himself? Was he an alien from planet Krypton who moonlighted as a superhero?

"Ol, go give him a kiss."

Olive whirled around, abruptly reminded of Anh's existence. "What?" No. No. "I'm good. I just said goodbye to him a minute ago and—"

"Ol, why don't you want to go kiss your boyfriend?"

Ugh. "I . . . It's not that I don't want to. I just—"

“Dude, he just moved a truck. By himself. On uphill ground. He deserves a damn kiss.” Anh shoved Olive and made a shooing motion.

Olive clenched her teeth and headed in Adam’s direction, wishing she’d gone ahead and drawn twenty dicks all over Anh’s face. Maybe she did suspect that Olive was faking her relationship with Adam. Or maybe she just got a kick out of pressuring her into PDA’ing, that ingrate. Either way, if this was what one got for masterminding an intricate fake-dating scheme that was supposed to benefit a friend’s love life, then maybe—

Olive halted abruptly.

Adam’s head was bent forward, black hair covering his forehead as he wiped the sweat from his eyes with the hem of his shirt. It left a broad strip of flesh visible on his torso, and—it was nothing indecent, really, nothing unusual, just some fit guy’s midriff, but for some reason Olive couldn’t help staring at Adam Carlsen’s uncovered skin like it was a slab of Italian marble, and—

“Olive?” he said, and she immediately averted her eyes. Crap, he’d totally caught her staring. First she’d forced him to kiss her, and now she was ogling him like some perv in the biology parking lot and—

“Did you need anything?”

“No, I . . .” She felt her cheeks go crimson.

His skin, too, was flushed from the effort of pushing, and his eyes were bright and clear, and he seemed . . . well, at least he didn’t seem unhappy to see her.

“Anh sent me to give you a kiss.”

He froze halfway through wiping his hands on his shirt. And then he said “Ah” in his usual neutral, unreadable tone.

“Because you moved the truck. I—I know how ridiculous that sounds. I know. But I didn’t want her to get suspicious, and there are faculty members here, too, so maybe they’ll tell the department chair and it will be two birds with one stone and I can leave if you—”

“It’s okay, Olive. Breathe.”

Right. Yes. Good suggestion. Olive did breathe, and the act made her realize that she hadn’t done that in a while, which in turn made her smile up at Adam—who did his mouth-twitch thing back at her. She was really starting to get used to him. To his expressions, his size, his distinctive way of being in the same space as her.

“Anh’s staring at us,” he said, looking over Olive’s head.

Olive sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose. “I just bet she is,” she mumbled.

Adam wiped sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand.

Olive squirmed. “So . . . Should we hug or something?”

“Oh.” Adam looked at his hands and down at himself. “I don’t think you want to do that. I’m pretty gross.”

Before she could stop herself Olive studied him from head to toe, taking in his large body, his broad shoulders, the way his hair was curling around his ears. He didn’t *look* gross. Not even to Olive, who was usually not a fan of dudes built like they spent a double-digit percentage of their time at the gym. He looked . . .

Not gross.

Still, maybe it was better if they didn’t hug. Olive might end up doing something egregiously stupid. She should just say goodbye and leave—yes, that was the thing to do.

Except that something absolutely insane came out of her mouth.

“Should we just kiss, then?” she heard herself blurt out. And then she instantly wished a stray meteorite would hit the exact spot where she was standing, because—had she just asked Adam Carlsen for a kiss? Was that what she’d done? Was she a lunatic all of a sudden?

“I mean, not like a *kiss* kiss,” she hastened to add. “But like the last time? You know.”

He didn’t seem to know. Which made sense, because their other kiss had definitely been a *kiss* kiss. Olive tried not to think about it too much, but it flashed in her mind every once in a while, mostly when she was doing something important that required her utmost concentration, like implanting electrodes inside a mouse’s pancreas or trying to decide what to order at Subway. Occasionally it would pop up during a quiet moment, like when she was in bed and about to fall asleep, and she would feel a mixture of embarrassment and incredulity and something else. Something that she had no intention of examining too closely, not now and not ever.

“Are you sure?”

She nodded, even though she wasn’t sure at all. “Is Anh still staring at us?”

His eyes flicked up. “Yes. She’s not even pretending not to. I . . . why does she care so much? Are you famous?”

“No, Adam.” She gestured at him. “*You* are.”

“Am I?” He looked perplexed.

“Anyway, no need to kiss. You’re right that it would probably be a bit weird.”

“No. No, I didn’t mean that . . .” There was a droplet of sweat running down his temple, and he wiped his face again,

this time with the sleeve of his shirt. “We can kiss.”

“Oh.”

“If you think that . . . If your friend is watching.”

“Yeah.” Olive swallowed. “But we don’t have to.”

“I know.”

“Unless you want to.” Olive’s palms felt damp and clammy, so she surreptitiously wiped them on her jeans. “And by ‘want to’ I mean, unless you think it’s a good idea.” It so was *not* a good idea. It was a horrible idea. Like *all* her ideas.

“Right.” He looked past Olive and toward Anh, who was probably in the middle of doing an entire Instagram Story on them. “Okay, then.”

“Okay.”

He stepped a little closer, and really, he was not gross. How someone this sweaty, someone who’d just pushed a truck, still managed to smell good was a topic worthy of a Ph.D. dissertation, for sure. Earth’s finest scientists should have been hard at work on this.

“Why don’t I . . .” Olive inched slightly into him, and after letting her hand hover for a moment she rested it over Adam’s shoulder. She pushed up on her toes, angling her head up toward him. It helped very little, as Olive was still not tall enough to reach his mouth, so she tried to get more leverage by putting her other hand on his arm, and immediately realized that she was basically hugging him. Which was the exact thing he had asked her not to do a second ago. *Crap*.

“Sorry, too close? I didn’t mean to—”

She would have finished the sentence, if he hadn’t closed the distance between them and just—kissed her. Just like that.

It was little more than a peck—just his lips pressing against hers, and his hand on her waist to steady her a little. It was a

kiss, but barely, and it certainly didn't warrant the way her heart pounded in her chest, or the fact that there was something warm and liquid looping at the bottom of her belly. Not unpleasant, but confusing and a bit scary nonetheless, and it had Olive pull back after only a second. When she eased back on her heels, it seemed like for a fraction of a moment Adam followed her, trying to fill the gap between their mouths. Though by the time she'd blinked herself free of the haze of the kiss, he was standing tall in front of her, cheekbones dusted with red and chest moving up and down in shallow breaths. She must have dreamed up that last bit.

She needed to avert her eyes from him, now. And he needed to look elsewhere, too. Why were they staring at each other?

“Okay,” she chirped. “That, um . . . worked.”

Adam's jaw twitched, but he didn't reply.

“Well, then. I'm going to . . . um . . .” She gestured behind her shoulders with her thumb.

“Anh?”

“Yeah. Yeah, to Anh.”

He swallowed heavily. “Okay. Yeah.”

They had kissed. They had kissed—twice, now. *Twice*. Not that it mattered. No one cared. But. Twice. Plus, the lap. Earlier today. Again, not that it mattered.

“I'll see you around, right? Next week?”

He lifted his fingers to his lips, then let his arm drop to his side. “Yes. On Wednesday.”

It was Thursday now. Which meant that they were going to see each other in six days. Which was fine. Olive was fine, no matter when or how often they met. “Yep. See you Wed—Hey, what about the picnic?”

“The— Oh.” Adam rolled his eyes, looking a little more like himself. “Right. That fu—” He stopped short. “That picnic.”

She grinned. “It’s on Monday.”

He sighed. “I know.”

“You’re still going?”

He gave her a look that clearly stated: *It’s not like I have a choice, even though I’d rather have my nails extracted one by one. With pliers.*

Olive laughed. “Well. I’m going, too.”

“At least there’s that.”

“Are you bringing Tom?”

“Probably. He actually *likes* people.”

“Okay. I can network with him a bit, and you and I can show off how steady and committed we are to the department chair. You’ll look like a wingless bird. No flight risk whatsoever.”

“Perfect. I’ll bring a counterfeit marriage license to casually drop at his feet.”

Olive laughed, waved goodbye, and then jogged up to Anh. She rubbed the side of her hand against her lips, as if trying to scrub her mind clean of the fact that she had just kissed Adam—Dr. Adam Carlsen—for the second time in her life. Which, again, was fine. It had been barely a kiss. Not important.

“Well, then,” Anh said, tucking her phone into her pocket. “You really just made out in front of the biology building with associate professor Adam MacArthur Carlsen.”

Olive rolled her eyes and started up the stairs. “I’m pretty sure that’s not his middle name. And we did not.”

“But it was clear that you wanted to.”

“Shut up. Why were you looking at us, anyway?”

“I wasn’t. I happened to glance up when he was about to jump you, and I just couldn’t look away.”

Olive snorted, plugging her headphones into her phone’s port. “Right. Of course.”

“He’s really into you. I can tell from the way he stares at
—”

“I’m gonna listen to music very loudly now. To tune you out.”

“—you.”

It wasn’t until much later, after Olive had been working on Tom’s report for several hours, that she remembered what Adam had said when she’d told him she’d be at the picnic.

At least there’s that.

Olive ducked her head and smiled at her toes.

Chapter Seven

♥ HYPOTHESIS: *There will be a significant positive correlation between the amount of sunscreen poured in my hands and the intensity of my desire to murder Anh.*

Tom's report was about a third done and sitting tight at thirty-four pages single-spaced, Arial (11 point), no justification. It was 11:00 a.m., and Olive had been working in the lab since about five—analyzing peptide samples, writing down protocol notes, taking covert naps while the PCR machine ran—when Greg barged in, looking absolutely furious.

It was unusual, but not *too* unusual. Greg was a bit of a hothead to begin with, and grad school came with a lot of angry outbursts in semipublic places, usually for reasons that, Olive was fully aware, would appear ridiculous to someone who'd never stepped foot in academia. *They're making me TA Intro to Bio for the fourth time in a row; the paper I need is behind a paywall; I had a meeting with my supervisor and accidentally called her "Mom."*

Greg and Olive shared an adviser, Dr. Aslan, and while they'd always gotten along fine, they had never been particularly close. Olive had hoped, by picking a female adviser, to avoid some of the nastiness that was so often directed at women in STEM. Unfortunately she had still found herself in an all-male lab, which was . . . a less-than-ideal environment. That was why when Greg came in, slammed the door, and then threw a folder on his bench, Olive was not sure what to do. She watched him sit down and begin to sulk. Chase, another lab mate, followed him inside a moment later

with an uneasy expression and started gingerly patting his back.

Olive looked longingly at her RNA samples. Then she stepped closer to Greg's bench and asked, "What's wrong?"

She had expected the answer to be *The production of my reagent has been discontinued*, or *My p-value is .06*, or *Grad school was a mistake, but now it's too late to back out of it because my self-worth is unbreakably tied to my academic performance, and what would even be left of me if I decided to drop out?*

Instead what she got was: "Your stupid boyfriend is what's wrong."

By now the fake dating had been going on for over two weeks: Olive didn't startle anymore when someone referred to Adam as her boyfriend. Still, Greg's words were so unexpected and full of venom that she couldn't help but answer, "Who?"

"Carlsen." He spat the name out like a curse.

"Oh."

"He's on Greg's dissertation committee," Chase explained in a significantly milder tone, not quite meeting Olive's eyes.

"Oh. Right." This could be bad. Very bad. "What happened?"

"He failed my proposal."

"Shit." Olive bit into her lower lip. "I'm sorry, Greg."

"This is going to set me back a lot. It'll take me months to revise it, all because Carlsen had to go and nitpick. I didn't even want him on my committee; Dr. Aslan forced me to add him because she's so obsessed with his stupid computational stuff."

Olive chewed on the inside of her cheek, trying to come up with something meaningful to say and failing miserably. “I’m really sorry.”

“Olive, do you guys talk about this stuff?” Chase asked out of the blue, eyeing her suspiciously. “Did he tell you he wasn’t going to pass Greg?”

“What? No. No, I . . .” *I talk to him for exactly fifteen minutes a week. And, okay, I’ve kissed him. Twice. And I sat on his lap. Once. But it’s just that, and Adam—he speaks very little. I actually wish he spoke more, since I know nothing about him, and I’d like to know at least something.* “No, he doesn’t. I think it would be against regulations if he did.”

“God.” Greg slammed his palm against the edge of the bench, making her jump. “He’s such a dick. What a sadistic piece of shit.”

Olive opened her mouth to—to do what, precisely? To defend Adam? He *was* a dick. She had seen him be a dick. In full action. Maybe not recently, and maybe not to her, but if she’d wanted to count on her fingers the number of acquaintances who’d ended up in tears because of him, well . . . She would need both her hands, and then her toes. Maybe borrow some of Chase’s, too.

“Did he say why, at least? What you have to change?”

“Everything. He wants me to change my control condition and add another one, which is going to make the project ten times more time-consuming. And the way he said it, his air of superiority—he is *so* arrogant.”

Well. It was no news, really. Olive scratched her temple, trying not to sigh. “It sucks. I’m sorry,” she repeated once more, at a loss for anything better and genuinely feeling for Greg.

“Yeah, well.” He stood and walked around his bench, coming to a stop in front of Olive. “You should be.”

She froze. Surely she must have misheard. “Excuse me?”

“You’re his girlfriend.”

“I . . .” *Really am not.* But. Even if she had been. “Greg, I’m only *dating* him. I am not him. How would I have anything to do with—”

“You’re fine with all of this. With him acting like that—like an asshole on a power trip. You don’t give a shit about the way he treats everyone in the program, otherwise you wouldn’t be able to stomach being with him.”

At his tone, she took a step back.

Chase lifted his hands in a peacekeeping gesture, coming to stand between them. “Hey, now. Let’s not—”

“I’m not the one who failed you, Greg.”

“Maybe. But you don’t care that half of the department lives in terror of your boyfriend, either.”

Olive felt anger bubbling up. “That is not true. I am able to separate my professional relationships and my personal feelings for him—”

“Because you don’t give a shit about anyone but yourself.”

“That is unfair. What am I supposed to do?”

“Get him to stop failing people.”

“Get him—” Olive sputtered. “Greg, how is this a rational response for you to have about Adam’s failing you—”

“Ah. Adam, is it?”

She gritted her teeth. “Yes. Adam. What should I call my boyfriend to better please you? Professor Carlsen?”

“If you were a half-decent ally to any of the grads in the department, you would just dump your fucking boyfriend.”

“How— Do you even realize how little sense you are . . .”

No reason to finish her sentence, since Greg was storming out of the lab and slamming the door behind him, clearly uninterested in anything Olive might have wanted to add. She ran a hand down her face, unsettled by what had just happened.

“He’s not . . . he doesn’t really mean it. Not about you, at least,” Chase said while scratching his head. A nice reminder that he’d been standing there, in the room, for the entirety of this conversation. Front-row seat. It was going to take maybe fifteen minutes before everyone in the program knew about it. “Greg needs to graduate in the spring with his wife. So that they can find postdocs together. They don’t want to live apart, you know.”

She nodded—she hadn’t known, but she could imagine. Some of her anger dissipated. “Yeah, well.” *Being horrible to me isn’t going to make his thesis work go any faster*, she didn’t add.

Chase sighed. “It’s not personal. But you have to understand that it’s weird for us. Because Carlsen . . . Maybe he wasn’t on any of your committees, but you must know the kind of guy he is, right?”

She was unsure how to respond.

“And now you guys are dating, and . . .” Chase shrugged with a nervous smile. “It shouldn’t be a matter of taking sides, but sometimes it can feel like it, you know?”

Chase’s words lingered for the rest of the day. Olive thought about them as she ran her mice through her experimental protocols, and then later while she tried to figure out what to do with those two outliers that made her findings

tricky to interpret. She mulled it over while biking home, hot wind warming her cheeks and ruffling her hair, and while eating two slices of the saddest pizza ever. Malcolm had been on a health kick for weeks now (something about cultivating his gut microbiome) and refused to admit that cauliflower crust did not taste good.

Among her friends, Malcolm and Jeremy had had unpleasant dealings with Adam in the past, but after the initial shock they didn't seem to hold Olive's relationship with him against her. She hadn't concerned herself too much with the feelings of other grads. She had always been a bit of a loner, and focusing on the opinion of people she barely interacted with seemed like a wasteful use of time and energy. Still, maybe there was a glimmer of truth in what Greg had said. Adam had been anything but a jerk to Olive, but did accepting his help while he acted horribly toward her fellow grads make her a bad person?

Olive lay on her unmade bed, looking up at the glow-in-the-dark stars. It had been more than two years since she'd borrowed Malcolm's stepladder and carefully stuck them on the ceiling; the glue was starting to give out, and the large comet in the corner by the window was going to fall off any day. Without letting herself think it through too much, she rolled out of bed and rummaged inside the pockets of her discarded jeans until she found her cell phone.

She hadn't used Adam's number since he'd given it to her a few days ago—"If anything comes up or you need to cancel, just give me a call. It's quicker than an email." When she tapped the blue icon under his name a white screen popped up, a blank slate with no history of previous messages. It gave Olive an odd rush of anxiety, so much so that she typed the text with one hand while biting the thumbnail on the other.

Olive: Did you just fail Greg?

Adam was *never* on his phone. Never. Whenever Olive had been in his company, she'd not seen him check it even once—even though with a lab as big as his he probably got about thirty new emails every minute. Truth was, she didn't even know that he owned a cell phone. Maybe he was a weird modern-day hippie and hated technology. Maybe he'd given her his office landline number, and that's why he'd told her to call him. Maybe he didn't know how to text, which meant that Olive was never going to get an answer from—

Her palm vibrated.

Adam: Olive?

It occurred to her that when Adam had given her his number, she'd neglected to give hers in return. Which meant that he had no way of knowing who was texting him now, and the fact that he'd guessed correctly revealed an almost preternatural intuition.

Damn him.

Olive: Yup. Me.

Olive: Did you fail Greg Cohen? I ran into him after his meeting. He was very upset.

At me. Because of you. Because of this stupid thing we're doing.

There was a pause of a minute or so, in which, Olive reflected, Adam might very well be cackling evilly at the idea of all the pain he'd caused Greg. Then he answered:

Adam: I can't discuss other grads' dissertation meetings with you.

Olive sighed, exchanging a loaded look with the stuffed fox Malcolm had gotten her for passing her qualifying examinations.

Olive: I'm not asking you to tell me anything. Greg already told me. Not to mention that I'm the one taking the heat for it, since I'm your girlfriend.

Olive: "Girlfriend."

Three dots appeared at the bottom of her screen. Then they disappeared, and then they appeared again, and then, finally, Olive's phone vibrated.

Adam: Committees don't fail students. They fail their proposals.

She snorted, half wishing he could hear her.

Olive: Yeah, well. Tell it to Greg.

Adam: I have. I explained the weaknesses in his study. He'll revise his proposal accordingly, and then I'll sign off on his dissertation.

Olive: So you admit that you are the one behind the decision to fail him.

Olive: Or, whatever. To fail his proposal.

Adam: Yes. In its current state, the proposal is not going to produce findings of scientific value.

Olive bit the inside of her cheek, staring at her phone and wondering if continuing this conversation was a terrible idea. If what she wanted to say was too much. Then she remembered the way Greg had treated her earlier, muttered, "Fuck it," and typed:

Olive: Don't you think that maybe you could have delivered that feedback in a nicer way?

Adam: Why?

Olive: Because if you had maybe he wouldn't be upset now?

Adam: I still don't see why.

Olive: Seriously?

Adam: It's not my job to manage your friend's emotions. He's in a Ph.D. program, not grade school. He'll be inundated by feedback he doesn't like for the rest of his life if he pursues academia. How he chooses to deal with it is his own business.

Olive: Still, maybe you could try not to look like you enjoy delaying his graduation.

Adam: This is irrational. The reason his proposal needs to be modified is that in its current state it's setting him up for failure. Me and the rest of the committee are giving him feedback that will allow him to produce useful knowledge. He is a scientist in training: he should value guidance, not be upset by it.

Olive gritted her teeth as she typed her responses.

Olive: You must know that you fail more people than anyone else. And your criticism is needlessly harsh. As in, immediately-drop-out-of-grad-school-and-never-look-back harsh. You must know how grads perceive you.

Adam: I don't.

Olive: Antagonistic. And unapproachable.

And that was sugarcoating it. *You're a dick*, Olive meant. *Except that I know you can not be, and I can't figure out why you're so different with me. I'm absolutely nothing to you, so it doesn't make any sense that you'd have a personality transplant every time you're in my presence.*

The three dots at the bottom of the screen bounced for ten seconds, twenty, thirty. A whole minute. Olive reread her last text and wondered if this was it—if she'd finally gone too far. Maybe he was going to remind her that being insulted over text at 9:00 p.m. on a Friday night was not part of their fake-dating agreement.

Then a blue bubble appeared, filling up her entire screen.

Adam: I'm doing my job, Olive. Which is not to deliver feedback in a pleasant way or to make the department grads feel good about themselves. My job is to form rigorous researchers who won't publish useless or harmful crap that will set back our field. Academia is cluttered with terrible science and mediocre scientists. I couldn't care less about how your friends perceive me, as long as their work is up to standard. If they want to drop out when told that it's not, then so be it. Not everyone has what it takes to be a scientist, and those who don't should be weeded out.

She stared at her phone, hating how unfeeling and callous he sounded. The problem was—Olive understood exactly where Greg was coming from, because she'd been in similar

situations. Perhaps not with Adam, but her overall experience in STEM academia had been punctuated by self-doubt, anxiety, and a sense of inferiority. She'd barely slept the two weeks before her qualifying exams, often wondered if her fear of public speaking was going to prevent her from having a career, and she was constantly terrified of being the stupidest person in the room. And yet, most of her time and energy was spent trying to be the best possible scientist, trying to carve a path for herself and amount to *something*. The idea of someone dismissing her work and her feelings this coldheartedly cut deep, which is why her response was so immature, it was almost fetal.

Olive: Well, fuck you, Adam.

She immediately regretted it, but for some reason she couldn't bring herself to send an apology. It wasn't until twenty minutes later that she realized that Adam wasn't going to reply. A warning popped up on the upper part of her screen, informing her that her battery was at 5 percent.

With a deep sigh, Olive stood up from her bed and looked around the room in search of her charger.

"NOW GO RIGHT."

"Got it." Malcolm's finger flicked the turn signal lever. A clicking sound filled the small car. "Going right."

"No, don't listen to Jeremy. Turn left."

Jeremy leaned forward and swatted Anh's arm. "Malcolm, trust me. Anh has never been to the farm. It's on the right."

"Google Maps says left."

"Google Maps is wrong."

“What do I do?” Malcolm made a face in the rearview mirror. “Left? Right? Ol, what do I do?”

In the back seat, Olive looked up from the car window and shrugged. “Try right; if it’s wrong, we’ll just turn around.” She shot Anh a quick, apologetic glance, but she and Jeremy were too busy mock-glaring at each other to notice.

Malcolm grimaced. “We’ll be late. God, I hate these stupid picnics.”

“We are, like”—Olive glanced at the car’s clock—“one hour late, already. I think we can add ten minutes to that.” *I just hope there’s some food left.* Her stomach had been growling for the past two hours, and there was no way everyone in the car hadn’t noticed.

After her argument with Adam three days ago, she’d been tempted to just skip the picnic. Hole herself up in the lab and continue with what she had been doing the whole weekend—ignore the fact that she had told him to fuck off, and with very little reason. She could use the time to work on Tom’s report, which was proving to be trickier and more time-consuming than she’d initially thought—probably because Olive couldn’t forget how much was at stake and kept rerunning analyses and agonizing over every single sentence. But she’d changed her mind last minute, telling herself that she’d promised Adam that they’d put on a show for the department chair. It would be unfair of her to back out after he’d done more than his share of the deal when it came to convincing Anh.

That was, of course, in the very unlikely case that he still wanted anything to do with Olive.

“Don’t worry, Malcolm,” Anh said. “We’ll get there eventually. If anyone asks, let’s just say that a mountain lion attacked us. God, why is it so hot? I brought sunblock, by the way. SPF thirty and fifty. No one is going anywhere before putting it on.”

In the back seat Olive and Jeremy exchanged a resigned look, well acquainted with Anh's sunscreen obsession.

The picnic was in full swing when they finally arrived, as crowded as most academic events with free food. Olive made a beeline for the tables and waved at Dr. Aslan, who was sitting in the shade of a giant oak with other faculty members. Dr. Aslan waved back, no doubt pleased to note that her authority extended to commandeering her grads' free time on top of the eighty hours a week they already spent in the lab. Olive smiled weakly in a valiant attempt not to look resentful, grabbed a cluster of white grapes, and popped one into her mouth while letting her gaze wander around the fields.

Anh was right. This September was uncommonly hot. There were people everywhere, sitting on the lawn chairs, lying down in the grass, walking in and out of the barns—all enjoying the weather. A few were eating from plastic plates on folding tables close to the main house, and there were at least three games going on—a version of volleyball with the players standing in a circle, a soccer match, and something that involved a Frisbee and over a dozen half-dressed dudes.

“What are they even playing?” Olive asked Anh. She spotted Dr. Rodrigues tackle someone from immunology and looked back to the almost empty tables, cringing. Slim pickings was all that was left. Olive wanted a sandwich. A bag of chips. Anything.

“Ultimate Frisbee, I think? I don’t know. Did you put on sunblock? You’re wearing a tank top and shorts, so you really should.”

Olive bit into another grape. “You Americans and your fake sports.”

“I’m pretty sure there are Canadian tournaments of Ultimate Frisbee, too. You know what’s not fake?”

“What?”

“Melanoma. Put on some sunscreen.”

“I will, Mom.” Olive smiled. “Can I eat first?”

“Eat what? There’s nothing left. Oh, there’s some corn bread over there.”

“Oh, cool. Pass it over.”

“Don’t eat the corn bread, guys.” Jeremy’s head popped up between Olive and Anh. “Jess said that a pharmacology first-year sneezed all over it. Where did Malcolm go?”

“Parking—*Holy. Shit.*”

Olive looked up from her perusal of the table, alarmed by the urgency in Anh’s tone. “What?”

“Just, *holy shit.*”

“Yeah, what—”

“*Holy shit.*”

“You mentioned that already.”

“Because—*holy shit.*”

She glanced around, trying to figure out what was going on. “What is— Oh, there’s Malcolm. Maybe he found something to eat?”

“Is that *Carlsen?*”

Olive was already walking toward Malcolm to find something edible and skip the whole sunscreen nonsense altogether, but when she heard Adam’s name, she stopped dead in her tracks. Or maybe it wasn’t Adam’s name but the way Anh was saying it. “What? Where?”

Jeremy pointed at the Ultimate Frisbee crowd. “That’s him, right? Shirtless?”

“*Holy shit,*” Anh repeated, her vocabulary suddenly pretty limited, given her twentysomething years of education. “Is that

a six-pack?"

Jeremy blinked. "Might even be an eight-pack."

"Are those his real shoulders?" Anh asked. "Did he have shoulder-enhancement surgery?"

"That must be how he used the MacArthur grant," Jeremy said. "I don't think shoulders like that exist in nature."

"God, is that Carlsen's *chest*?" Malcolm leaned his chin over Olive's shoulder. "Was that thing under his shirt while he was ripping my dissertation proposal a new one? *Ol*. Why didn't you say that he was *shredded*?"

Olive just stood there, rooted to the ground, arms dangling uselessly at her sides. *Because I didn't know. Because I had no idea.* Or maybe she had, a bit, from seeing him push that truck the other day—though she'd been trying to suppress that particular mental image.

"Unbelievable." Anh pulled Olive's hand toward herself, overturning it to squirt a healthy dose of lotion on her palm. "Here, put this on your shoulders. And your legs. And your face, too—you're probably at high risk for all sorts of skin stuff, Freckles McFreckleface. Jer, you too."

Olive nodded numbly and began to massage the sunscreen into her arms and thighs. She breathed in the smell of coconut oil, trying hard not to think about Adam and about the fact that he really *did* look like that. Mostly failing, but hey.

"Are there actual studies?" Jeremy asked.

"Mmm?" Anh was pulling her hair up in a bun.

"On the link between freckles and skin cancer."

"I don't know."

"Feels like there would be."

"True. I wanna know now."

“Hold on. Is there Wi-Fi here?”

“Ol, do you have internet?”

Olive wiped her hands on a napkin that looked mostly unused. “I left my phone in Malcolm’s car.”

She turned her head away from Anh and Jeremy, who were now studying the screen of Jeremy’s iPhone, until she had a good view of the Ultimate Frisbee group—fourteen men and zero women. It probably had to do with the general excess of testosterone in STEM programs. At least half the players were faculty or postdocs. Adam, of course, and Tom, and Dr. Rodrigues, and several others from pharmacology. All equally shirtless. Though, no. Not equal at all. There was really nothing equal about Adam.

Olive wasn’t like this. She really was not. She could count the number of guys she’d been this viscerally attracted to on one hand. Actually—on one finger. And at the moment said guy was running toward her, because Tom Benton, bless his heart, had just thrown the Frisbee way too clumsily, and it was now in a patch of grass approximately ten feet from Olive. And Adam, shirtless Adam, just happened to be the one closest to where it landed.

“Oh, check out this paper.” Jeremy sounded excited.

“Khalesi et al., 2013. It’s a meta-analysis. ‘Cutaneous markers of photo-damage and risk of basal cell carcinoma of the skin.’ In *Cancer Epidemiology, Biomarkers & Prevention*.”

Jeremy fist-pumped. “Olive, are you listening to this?”

Nope. No, she was not. She was mostly trying to empty her brain, and her eyes, too. Of her fake boyfriend and the sudden warm ache in her stomach. She just wished she were elsewhere. That she were temporarily blind and deaf.

“Hear this: solar lentigines had weak but positive associations with basal cell carcinoma, with odds ratios around

1.5. Okay, I don't like this. Jeremy, hold the phone. I'm giving Olive more sunscreen. Here's SPF fifty; it's probably what you need."

Olive tore her eyes from Adam's chest, now alarmingly close, and turned around, stepping away from Anh. "Wait. I already put some on."

"Ol," Anh told her, with that sensible, motherly tone she used whenever Olive slipped and confessed that she mostly got her veggie servings from french fries, or that she washed her colors and whites in the same load. "You know the literature."

"I do not know the literature, and neither do you, you just know one line from one abstract and—"

Anh grabbed Olive's hand again and poured half a gallon of lotion in it. So much of it that Olive had to use her left palm to prevent it from spilling over—until she was just standing there like an idiot, her hands cupped like a beggar as she half drowned in goddamn sunscreen.

"Here you go." Anh smiled brightly. "Now you can protect yourself from basal cell carcinoma. Which, frankly, sounds awful."

"I . . ." Olive would have face-palmed, if she'd had the freedom to move her upper limbs. "I hate sunscreen. It's sticky and it makes me smell like a piña colada and—this is way too much."

"Just put on as much as your skin will absorb. Especially around the freckled areas. The rest, you can share with someone."

"Okay. Anh, then, you take some. You too, Jeremy. You're a ginger, for God's sake."

"A redhead with no freckles, though." He smiled proudly, like he'd created his genotype all on his own. "And I already

put on a ton. Thanks, babe.” He leaned down for a brief kiss to Anh’s cheek, which almost devolved into a make-out session.

Olive tried not to sigh. “Guys, what do I do with this?”

“Just find someone else. Where did Malcolm go?”

Jeremy snorted. “Over there, with Jude.”

“Jude?” Anh frowned.

“Yeah, that neuro fifth-year.”

“The MD-Ph.D.? Are they dating or—”

“Guys.” It took Olive all she had not to yell. “I have no mobility. Please, fix this sunscreen mess you created.”

“God, Ol.” Anh rolled her eyes. “You’re so dramatic sometimes. Hang on—” She waved at someone behind Olive, and when she spoke, her voice was much louder. “Hey, Dr. Carlsen! Have you put on sunscreen yet?”

In the span of a microsecond Olive’s entire brain burst into flames—and then crumbled into a pile of ashes. Just like that, one hundred billion neurons, one thousand billion glial cells, and who knew how many milliliters of cerebrospinal fluid, just ceased to exist. The rest of her body was not doing very well, either, since Olive could feel all her organs shut down in real time. From the very beginning of her acquaintance with Adam there had been about ten instances of Olive wishing to drop dead on the spot, for the earth to open and swallow her whole, for a cataclysm to hit and spare her from the embarrassment of their interactions. This time, though, it felt as though the end of the world might happen for real.

Don’t turn around, what’s left of her central nervous system told her. Pretend you didn’t hear Anh. Will this into nonexistence. But it was impossible. There was this triangle of sorts, formed by Olive, and Anh in front of her, and Adam probably—surely—standing behind her; it wasn’t as if Olive

had a choice. Any choice. Especially when Adam, who couldn't possibly imagine the depraved direction of Anh's thoughts, who couldn't possibly see the bucketful of sunscreen that had taken residence in Olive's hands, said, "No."

Well. Shit.

Olive spun around, and there he was—sweaty, holding a Frisbee in his left hand, and so very, very shirtless. "Perfect, then!" Anh said, sounding so chipper. "Olive has way too much and was wondering what to do with it. She'll put some on you!"

No. No, no, *no*. "I can't," she hissed at Anh. "It would be *highly* inappropriate."

"Why?" Anh blinked at her innocently. "I put sunscreen on Jeremy all the time. Look"—she squirted lotion on her hand and haphazardly slapped it across Jeremy's face—"I am putting sunscreen on my boyfriend. Because I don't want him to get melanoma. Am I 'inappropriate'?"

Olive was going to murder her. Olive was going to make her lick every drop of this stupid sunscreen and watch her writhe in pain as she slowly died of oxybenzone poisoning.

Later, though. For now, Adam was looking at her, expression completely unreadable, and Olive would have apologized, she would have crawled under the table, she would have at least waved at him—but all she could do was stare and notice that even though the last time they'd talked she'd insulted him, he didn't really seem angry. Just thoughtful and a little confused as he looked between Olive's face and the small lake of white goop that now lived in her hands, probably trying to figure out if there was a way to get out of this latest shitshow—and then, finally, just giving up on it.

He nodded once, minutely, and turned around, the muscles in his back shifting as he threw Dr. Rodrigues the Frisbee and yelled, "I'm taking five!"

Which, Olive assumed, meant that they were actually doing this. Of course they damn were. Because this was her life, and these were her poor, moronic, harebrained choices.

“Hey,” Adam said to her once they were closer. He was looking at her hands, at the way she had to hold them in front of her body like a supplicant. Behind her, Anh and Jeremy were no doubt ogling them.

“Hey.” She was wearing flip-flops, and he had sneakers on, and—he was always tall, but right now he towered over her. It put her eyes right in front of his pecs, and . . . *No. Nope. Not doing that.*

“Can you turn around?”

He hesitated for a moment, but then he did, uncharacteristically obedient. Which ended up resolving none of Olive’s problems, since his back was in no way less broad or impressive than his chest.

“Can you, um . . . duck a bit?”

Adam bent his head until his shoulders were . . . still abnormally high but somewhat easier to reach. As she lifted her right hand, some of the lotion dripped to the ground—*Where it belongs*, she thought savagely—and then she was doing it, this thing that she had never thought she would ever, ever do. Putting sunscreen on Adam Carlsen.

It wasn’t her first time touching him. Therefore, she shouldn’t have been surprised by how hard his muscles were, or that there was no give to his flesh. Olive remembered the way he’d pushed the truck, imagined that he could probably bench-press three times her weight, and then ordered herself to stop, because that was *not* an appropriate train of thought. Still, the issue remained that there was nothing between her hand and his skin. He was hot from the sun, his shoulders relaxed and immobile under her touch. Even in public, close as they were, it felt like something intimate was happening.

“So.” Her mouth was dry. “This might be a good time to mention how sorry I am that we keep getting stuck in these situations.”

“It’s fine.”

“I really am, though.”

“It’s not your fault.” There was an edge in his voice.

“Are you okay?”

“Yep.” He nodded, though the movement seemed taut. Which had Olive realizing that maybe he was not as relaxed as she’d initially thought.

“How much do you hate this, on a scale from one to ‘correlation equals causation’?”

He surprised her by chuckling, though he still sounded strained. “I don’t hate it. And it’s not your fault.”

“Because I know this is the worst possible thing, and—”

“It isn’t. Olive.” He turned a bit to look her in the eyes, a mix of amusement and that odd tension. “These things are going to keep on happening.”

“Right.”

His fingers brushed softly against her left palm as he stole a bit of her sunscreen for his front. Which, all in all, was for the best. She really didn’t want to be massaging lotion into his chest in front of 70 percent of her Ph.D. program—not to mention her boss, since Dr. Aslan was probably watching them like a hawk. Or maybe she wasn’t. Olive had no intention of turning around to check. She’d rather live in less-than-blissful ignorance. “Mostly because you hang out with some really nosy people.”

She burst out laughing. “I know. Believe me, I’m *really* regretting befriending Anh right now. Kind of contemplating assassinating her, to tell the truth.”

She moved to his shoulder blades. He had a lot of small moles and freckles, and she wondered exactly how inappropriate it would be if she played connect the dots on them with her fingers. She could just imagine the amazing pictures it would reveal.

“But hey, the long-term benefits of sunscreen have been proven by scientists. And you *are* pretty pale. Here, duck a bit more, so I can get your neck.”

“Mmm.”

She walked around him to get to the front part of his shoulders. He was so big, she was going to have to use all this stupid lotion. Might even need to ask Anh for more. “At least the department chair is getting a show. And you look like you’re having fun.”

He glanced pointedly at the way her hand was spreading sunscreen on his collarbone. Olive’s cheeks burned. “No, I mean—not because I am . . . I meant, you look like you’re having a good time playing Frisbee. Or whatever.”

He made a face. “Beats chitchatting, for sure.”

She laughed. “That makes sense. I bet that’s why you’re so fit. You played lots of sports growing up because it got you out of talking with people. It also explains why now that you’re an adult your personality is so—” Olive stopped short.

Adam lifted one eyebrow. “Antagonistic and unapproachable?”

Crap. “I didn’t say that.”

“You just typed it.”

“I-I’m sorry. I’m very sorry. I didn’t mean to—” She pressed her lips together, flustered. Then she noticed that the corners of his eyes were crinkling. “Damn you.”

She pinched him lightly on the underside of his arm. He yelped and smiled wider, which made her wonder what he would do if she retaliated by writing her name with sunscreen on his chest, just enough for him to only get a tan around it. She tried to imagine his face after taking off his T-shirt, finding the five letters printed on his flesh in the reflection of his bathroom mirror. The expression he'd make. Whether he'd touch them with his fingertips.

Crazy, she told herself. This whole thing, it's driving you crazy. So he's handsome, and you find him attractive. Big deal. Who cares?

She wiped her mostly lotion-free hands down the columns of his biceps and took a step back. “You’re good to go, Dr. Antagonistic.”

He smelled of fresh sweat, himself, and coconut. Olive wasn’t going to get to talk with him again until Wednesday, and why the thought came with an odd pang in her chest, she had no clue.

“Thanks. And thank Anh, I guess.”

“Mm. What do you think she’ll have us do next time?”

He shrugged. “Hold hands?”

“Feed each other strawberries?”

“Good one.”

“Maybe she’ll up her game.”

“Fake wedding?”

“Fake-buy a house together?”

“Fake-sign the mortgage paperwork?”

Olive laughed, and the way he looked at her, kind and curious and patient . . . she must be hallucinating it. Her head was not right. She should have brought a sun hat.

“Hey, Olive.”

She tore her gaze from Adam’s and noticed Tom approaching. He, too, was shirtless, and clearly fit, and had a large number of abs that were defined enough to be easily counted. And yet, for some reason, it did absolutely nothing for Olive.

“Hi, Tom.” She smiled, even though she was a little irritated by the interruption. “Loved your talk the other day.”

“It was good, wasn’t it? Did Adam tell you about our change of plans?”

She tilted her head. “Change of plans?”

“We’ve been making great progress on the grant, so we’re going to Boston next week to finish setting up stuff on the Harvard side.”

“Oh, that’s great.” She turned to Adam. “How long will you be gone?”

“Just a few days.” His tone was quiet. Olive felt relief that it wasn’t going to be longer. For indiscernible reasons.

“Would you be able to send me your report by Saturday, Olive?” Tom asked. “Then I’ll have the weekend to look it over, and we’ll discuss it while I’m still here.”

Her brain exploded in a flurry of panic and bright red-alert signs, but she managed to keep her smile in place. “Yeah, of course. I’ll send it to you on Saturday.” Oh God. Oh *God*. She was going to have to work around the clock. She wasn’t going to get any sleep this week. She was going to have to bring her laptop to the toilet and write while she peed. “No problem at all,” she added, leaning even harder into her lie.

“Perfect.” Tom winked at her, or maybe just squinted in the sun. “You going back to play?” he asked Adam, and when

Adam nodded, Tom spun around and headed back into the game.

Adam hesitated for just a second longer, then he nodded at Olive and left. She tried hard not to stare at his back as he rejoined his team, which seemed to be overjoyed to have him again. Clearly, sports were another thing Adam Carlsen excelled at—unfairly so.

She didn't even have to check to know that Anh and Jeremy and pretty much everyone else had been staring at them for the past five minutes. She fished a seltzer can out of the nearest cooler, reminding herself that this was exactly what they wanted from this arrangement, and then found a spot under an oak tree next to her friends—all this sunscreen fuss, and now they were sitting in the shade. Go figure.

She wasn't even that hungry anymore, a small miracle courtesy of having to apply sunscreen to her fake boyfriend very publicly.

“So, what's he like?” Anh asked. She was lying down with her head on Jeremy's lap. Above her, Malcolm was staring at the Frisbee players, probably swooning over how pretty Holden Rodrigues looked in the sun.

“Mm?”

“Carlsen. Oh, actually”—Anh smirked—“I meant to say *Adam*. You call him Adam, right? Or do you prefer Dr. Carlsen? If you guys role-play with schoolgirl uniforms and rulers, I totally want to hear about it.”

“Anh.”

“Yeah, how *is* Carlsen?” Jeremy asked. “I'm assuming he's different with you than with us. Or does he also tell *you* repeatedly that the font for the labels of your x- and y-axis is irritatingly small?”

Olive smiled into her knees, because she could totally imagine Adam saying that. Could almost hear his voice in her head. “No. Not yet, at least.”

“What’s he like, then?”

She opened her mouth to answer, thinking it would be easy. Of course, it was everything but. “He’s just . . . you know.”

“We don’t,” Anh said. “There must be more to him than meets the eye. He’s so moody and negative and angry and—”

“He’s not,” Olive interrupted. And then regretted it a little, because it wasn’t entirely true. “He *can* be. But he *can not* be, too.”

“If you say so.” Anh seemed unconvinced. “How did you even start dating? You never told me.”

“Oh.” Olive looked away and let her gaze wander. Adam must have just done something noteworthy, because he and Dr. Rodrigues were exchanging a high five. She noticed Tom staring at her from the field and waved at him with a smile. “Um, we just talked. And then got coffee. And then . . .”

“How does that even happen?” Jeremy interrupted, clearly skeptical. “How does one decide to say yes to a date with Carlsen? Before seeing him half-naked, anyway.”

You kiss him. You kiss him, and then, next thing you know, he’s saving your ass and he’s buying you scones and calling you a smart-ass in a weirdly affectionate tone, and even when he’s being his moody asshole self, he doesn’t seem to be that bad. Or bad at all. And then you tell him to fuck off over the phone and possibly ruin everything.

“He just asked me out. And I said yes.” Though it was obviously a lie. Someone with a *Lancet* publication and back muscles that defined would never ask someone like Olive out.

“So you didn’t meet on Tinder?”

“What? No.”

“Because that’s what people are saying.”

“I’m not on Tinder.”

“Is Carlsen?”

No. Maybe. Yes? Olive massaged her temples. “Who’s saying that we met on Tinder?”

“Actually, rumor’s that they met on Craigslist,” Malcolm said distractedly, waving at someone. She followed his gaze and noticed that he was staring at Holden Rodrigues—who appeared to be smiling and waving back.

Olive frowned. Then she parsed what Malcolm had just said. “*Craigslist?*”

Malcolm shrugged. “Not saying that I believed it.”

“Who are *people*? And why are they even talking about us?”

Anh reached up to pat Olive on the shoulder. “Don’t worry, the gossip about you and Carlsen died down after Dr. Moss and Sloane had that very public argument about people disposing of blood samples in the ladies’ restroom. Well, for the most part. Hey.”

She sat up and wrapped an arm around Olive, pulling her in for an embrace. She smelled like coconut. Stupid, stupid sunscreen.

“Chill. I know some people have been weird about this, but Jeremy and Malcolm and I are just happy for you, Ol.” Anh smiled at her reassuringly, and Olive felt herself relax. “Mostly that you’re finally getting laid.”

Chapter Eight

♥ HYPOTHESIS: *On a Likert scale ranging from one to ten, Jeremy's timing will be negative fifty, with a standard error of the mean of zero point two.*

Number thirty-seven—salt-and-vinegar potato chips—was sold out. It was frankly inexplicable: Olive had come in at 8:00 p.m., and there had been at least one bag left in the break room’s vending machine. She distinctly remembered patting the back pocket of her jeans for quarters, and the feeling of triumph at finding exactly four. She recalled looking forward to that moment, approximately two hours later, by which time she estimated that she’d have completed exactly a third of her work and would thus be able to reward herself with the indisputable best among the snacks that the fourth floor had to offer. Except that the moment had come, and there were no chips left. Which was a problem, because Olive had already inserted her precious quarters inside the coin slot, and she was very hungry.

She selected number twenty-four (Twix)—which was okay, though not her favorite by a long shot—and listened to its dull, disappointing thud as it fell to the bottom shelf. Then she bent to pick it up, staring wistfully at the way the gold wrapper shined in her palm.

“I wish you were salt-and-vinegar chips,” she whispered at it, a trace of resentment in her voice.

“Here.”

“Aaah!” She startled and instantly turned around, hands in front of her body and ready to defend—possibly even to

attack. But the only person in the break room was Adam, sitting on one of the small couches in the middle, looking at her with a bland, slightly amused expression.

She relaxed her pose and clutched her hands to her chest, willing her racing heartbeat to slow down. “When did you get here?!”

“Five minutes ago?” He regarded her calmly. “I was here when you came in.”

“Why didn’t you say something?”

He tilted his head. “I could ask the same.”

She covered her mouth with her hand, trying to recover from the scare. “I didn’t see you. Why are you sitting in the dark like a creep?”

“Light’s broken. As usual.” Adam lifted his drink—a bottle of Coke that hilariously read “Seraphina”—and Olive remembered Jess, one of his grads, complaining about how strict Adam was about bringing food and drinks into his lab. He grabbed something from the cushion and held it out to Olive. “Here. You can have the rest of the chips.”

Olive narrowed her eyes. “You.”

“Me?”

“You stole my chips.”

His mouth curved. “Sorry. You can have what’s left.” He peeked into the bag. “I didn’t have many, I don’t think.”

She hesitated and then made her way to the couch. She distrustfully accepted the small bag and took a seat next to him. “Thanks, I guess.”

He nodded, taking a sip of his drink. She tried not to stare at his throat as he tipped his head back, averting her eyes to her knees.

“Should you be having caffeine at”—Olive glanced at the clock—“ten twenty-seven p.m.?” Come to think of it, he shouldn’t be having caffeine at all, given his baseline shiny personality. And yet the two of them got coffee together every Wednesday. Olive was nothing but an enabler.

“I doubt I’ll be sleeping much, anyway.”

“Why?”

“I need to run a set of last-minute analyses for a grant due on Sunday night.”

“Oh.” She leaned back, finding a more comfortable position. “I thought you had minions for that.”

“As it turns out, asking your grads to pull an all-nighter for you is frowned upon by HR.”

“What a travesty.”

“Truly. What about you?”

“Tom’s report.” She sighed. “I’m supposed to send it to him tomorrow and there’s a section that I just don’t . . .” She sighed again. “I’m rerunning a few analyses, just to make sure that everything is *perfect*, but the equipment I’m working with is not exactly . . . ugh.”

“Have you told Aysegul?”

Aysegul, he’d said. Naturally. Because Adam was a colleague of Dr. Aslan, not her grad, and it made sense that he’d think of her as Aysegul. It wasn’t the first time he’d called her that; it wasn’t even the first time Olive had noticed. It was just hard to reconcile, when they were sitting alone and talking quietly, that Adam was faculty and Olive was very much not. Worlds apart, really.

“I did, but there’s no money to get anything better. She’s a great mentor, but . . . last year her husband got sick and she decided to retire early, and sometimes it feels like she’s

stopped caring.” Olive rubbed her temple. She could feel a headache coming up and had a long night ahead of her. “Are you going to tell her I told you that?”

“Of course.”

She groaned. “Don’t.”

“Might also tell her about the kisses you’ve been extorting, and the fake-dating scheme you roped me into, and above all about the sunscreen—”

“Oh God.” Olive hid her face in her knees, arms coming up to wrap around her head. “God. The sunscreen.”

“Yeah.” His voice sounded muffled from down here. “Yeah, that was . . .”

“Awkward?” she offered, sitting back straight with a grimace. Adam was looking elsewhere. She was probably imagining it, the way he was flushing.

He cleared his throat. “Among other things.”

“Yep.” It had been other things, too. A lot of things that she was not going to mention, because *her* other things were sure to not be *his* other things. His other things were probably “terrible” and “harrowing” and “invasive.” While hers . . .

“Is the sunscreen going in the Title IX complaint?”

His mouth twitched. “Right on the first page. *Nonconsensual sunblock application.*”

“Oh, come on. I saved you from basal cell carcinoma.”

“*Groped under SPF pretense.*”

She swatted him with her Twix, and he ducked a bit to avoid her, amused. “Hey, you want half of this? Since I fully plan to eat what’s left of your chips.”

“Nah.”

“You sure?”

“Can’t stand chocolate.”

Olive stared at him, shaking her head in disbelief. “You would, wouldn’t you? Hate everything that is delicious and lovely and comforting.”

“Chocolate’s disgusting.”

“You just want to live in your dark, bitter world made of black coffee and plain bagels with plain cream cheese. And occasionally salt-and-vinegar chips.”

“They are clearly your favorite chips—”

“Not the point.”

“—and I am flattered that you’ve memorized my orders.”

“It does help that they’re always the same.”

“At least I’ve never ordered something called a *unicorn Frappuccino*.”

“That was so good. It tasted like the rainbow.”

“Like sugar and food coloring?”

“My two favorite things in the universe. Thank you for buying it for me, by the way.” It had made for a nice fake-dating Wednesday treat this week, even though Olive had been so busy with Tom’s report that she hadn’t been able to exchange more than a couple of words with Adam. Which, she had to admit, had been a little disappointing.

“Where’s Tom by the way, while you and I slave our Friday night away?”

“Out. On a date, I think.”

“On a date? Does his girlfriend live here?”

“Tom has lots of girlfriends. In lots of places.”

“But are any of them fake?” She beamed at him, and could tell that he was tempted to smile back. “Would you like half a

dollar, then? For the chips?”

“Keep it.”

“Great. Because it’s about a third of my monthly salary.”

She actually managed to make him laugh, and—it didn’t just transform his face, it changed the entire space they were inhabiting. Olive had to convince her lungs not to stop working, to keep taking in oxygen, and her eyes not to get lost in the little lines at the corners of his eyes, the dimples in the center of his cheeks. “Glad to hear that grad students’ stipends have not increased since I was one.”

“Did you use to live on instant ramen and bananas during your Ph.D., too?”

“I don’t like bananas, but I remember having lots of apples.”

“Apples are expensive, you fiscally irresponsible splurger.” She tilted her head and wondered if it was okay to ask the one thing she’d been dying to know. She told herself that it was probably inappropriate—and then went for it anyway. “How old are you?”

“Thirty-four.”

“Oh. Wow.” She’d thought younger. Or older, maybe. She’d thought he existed in an ageless dimension. It was so weird to hear a number. To have a year of birth, almost a whole decade before hers. “I’m twenty-six.” Olive wasn’t sure why she offered up the information, since he hadn’t asked. “It’s odd to think that you used to be a student, too.”

“Is it?”

“Yep. Were you like this as an undergrad, too?”

“Like this?”

“You know.” She batted her eyes at him. “Antagonistic and unapproachable.”

He glared, but she was starting to not take that too seriously. “I might have been worse, actually.”

“I bet.” There was a brief, comfortable silence as she sat back and began to tackle her bag of chips. It was all she’d ever wanted from a vending machine snack. “So does it get better?”

“What?”

“This.” She gestured inchoately around herself. “Academia. Does it get better, after grad school? Once you have tenure?”

“No. God, no.” He looked so horrified by the assumption, she had to laugh.

“Why do you stick around, then?”

“Unclear.” There was a flash of something in his eyes that Olive couldn’t quite interpret, but—nothing surprising about that. There was a lot about Adam Carlsen she didn’t know. He was an ass, but with unexpected depths. “There’s an element of sunk-cost fallacy, probably—hard to step away, when you’ve invested so much time and energy. But the science makes it worth it. When it works, anyway.”

She hummed, considering his words, and remembered The Guy in the bathroom. He’d said that academia was a lot of bucks for little bang, and that one needed a good reason to stick around. Olive wondered where he was now. If he’d managed to graduate. If he knew that he’d helped someone make one of the hardest decisions of their life. If he had any idea that there was a girl, somewhere in the world, who thought about their random encounter surprisingly often. Doubtful.

“I know grad school is supposed to be miserable for everyone, but it’s depressing to see tenured faculty here on a Friday night, instead of, I don’t know, watching Netflix in bed, or getting dinner with their girlfriend—”

“I thought you were my girlfriend.”

Olive smiled up at him. “Not quite.” *But, since we’re on the topic: why exactly don’t you have one? Because it’s getting harder and harder for me to figure that one out. Except that maybe you just don’t want one. Maybe you just want to be on your own, like everything about your behavior suggests, and here I am, annoying the shit out of you. I should just pocket my chips and my candy and go back to my stupid protein samples, but for some reason you are so comfortable to be around. And I am drawn to you, even though I don’t know why.*

“Do you plan to stay in academia?” he asked. “After you graduate.”

“Yes. Maybe. No.”

He smiled, and Olive laughed.

“Undecided.”

“Right.”

“It’s just . . . there are things that I love about it. Being in the lab, doing research. Coming up with study ideas, feeling that I’m doing something meaningful. But if I go the academic route, then I’ll also need to do a lot of other things that I just . . .” She shook her head.

“Other things?”

“Yeah. The PR stuff, mostly. Write grants and convince people to fund my research. Network, which is a special kind of hell. Public speaking, or even one-on-one situations where I have to impress people. That’s the worst, actually. I hate it so much—my head explodes and I freeze and everyone is looking at me ready to judge me and my tongue paralyzes and I start wishing that I was dead and then that *the world* was dead and —” She noticed his smile and gave him a rueful look. “You get the gist.”

“There are things you can do about that, if you want. It just takes practice. Making sure your thoughts are organized. Stuff like that.”

“I know. And I try to do that—I did it before my meeting with Tom. And I still stammered like an idiot when he asked me a simple question.” *And then you helped me, ordered my thoughts, and saved my ass, without even meaning to.* “I don’t know. Maybe my brain is broken.”

He shook his head. “You did great during that meeting with Tom, especially considering that you were forced to have your fake boyfriend sit next to you.” She didn’t point out that his presence had actually made things better. “Tom certainly seemed impressed, which is no small feat. And if anyone screwed up, it was definitely him. I’m sorry he did that, by the way.”

“Did what?”

“Force you to talk about your personal life.”

“Oh.” Olive looked away, toward the blue glow of the vending machine. “It’s okay. It’s been a while.” She was surprised to hear herself continue. To feel herself *wanting* to continue. “Since high school, really.”

“That’s . . . young.” There was something about his tone, maybe the evenness, maybe the lack of overt sympathy, that she found reassuring.

“I was fifteen. One day my mom and I were there, just . . . I don’t even know. Kayaking. Thinking about getting a cat. Arguing over the way I’d pile stuff on top of the trash can when it was overflowing and I didn’t want to take it out. And next thing I knew she had her diagnosis, and three weeks later she’d already—” She couldn’t say it. Her lips, her vocal folds, her heart, they just wouldn’t form the words. So she swallowed them. “The child welfare system couldn’t figure out where to send me until I became of age.”

“Your dad?”

She shook her head. “Never in the picture. He’s an asshole, according to my mom.” She laughed softly. “The never-takes-out-the-trash gene clearly came from his side of the family. And my grandparents had died when I was a kid, because apparently that’s what people around me do.” She tried to say it jokingly, she really tried. To not sound bitter. She thought she even succeeded. “I was just . . . alone.”

“What did you do?”

“Foster home until sixteen, then I emancipated.” She shrugged, hoping to brush off the memory. “If only they’d caught it earlier, even just by a few months—maybe she’d be here. Maybe surgery and chemo would have actually done something. And I . . . I was always good at science stuff, so I thought that the least I could do was . . .”

Adam dug into his pockets for a few moments and held out a crumpled paper napkin. Olive stared at it, confused, until she realized that her cheeks had somehow grown wet.

Oh.

“Adam, did you just offer me a used tissue?”

“I . . . maybe.” He pressed his lips together. “I panicked.”

She chuckled wetly, accepting his gross tissue and using it to blow her nose. They’d kissed twice, after all. Why not share a bit of snot? “I’m sorry. I’m usually not like this.”

“Like what?”

“Weepy. I . . . I shouldn’t talk about this.”

“Why?”

“Because.” It was hard to explain, the mix of pain and affection that always resurfaced when she talked about her mother. It was the reason she almost never did it, and the reason she hated cancer so much. Not only had it robbed her of

the person she loved the most, but it had also turned the happiest memories of her life into something bittersweet. “It makes me weepy.”

He smiled. “Olive, you can talk about it. And you should let yourself be weepy.”

She had a sense that he really meant it. That she could have talked about her mom for however long she liked, and he would have listened intently to every second of it. She wasn’t sure she was ready for it, though. So she shrugged, changing the topic. “Anyway, now here I am. Loving lab work and barely dealing with the rest—abstracts, conferences, networking. Teaching. Rejected grants.” Olive gestured in Adam’s direction. “Failed dissertation proposals.”

“Is your lab mate still giving you a hard time?”

Olive waved her hand dismissively. “I’m not his favorite person, but it’s fine. He’ll get over it.” She bit into her lip. “I’m sorry about the other night. I was rude. You have every right to be mad.”

Adam shook his head. “It’s okay. I understand where you were coming from.”

“I do get what you’re saying. About not wanting to form a new generation of crappy millennial scientists.”

“I don’t believe I’ve ever used the expression ‘crappy millennial scientists.’”

“But FYI, I still think that you don’t need to be that harsh when you give feedback. We get the gist of what you’re saying, even if you give criticism more nicely.”

He looked at her for a long time. Then he nodded, once. “Noted.”

“Are you going to be less harsh, then?”

“Unlikely.”

She sighed. “You know, when I have no more friends and everyone hates me because of this fake-dating thing, I’ll be super lonely and you are going to have to hang out with me every day. I’ll annoy you all the time. Is it really worth being mean to every grad in the program?”

“Absolutely.”

She sighed again, this time with a smile, and let the side of her head rest on his shoulder. It might have been a bit forward, but it felt natural—maybe because they seemed to have a knack for getting themselves in situations that required PDA of some sort, maybe because of everything they’d been talking about, maybe because of the hour of the night. Adam . . . well, he didn’t act as if he minded. He was just there, quiet, relaxed, warm and solid through the cotton of his black shirt under her temple. It felt like a long time before he broke the silence.

“I’m not sorry for asking Greg to revise his proposal. But I am sorry that I created a situation that led him to take it out on you. That as long as this continues, it might happen again.”

“Well, I am sorry about the texts I sent,” she said again. “And you’re fine. Even if you’re antagonistic and unapproachable.”

“Good to hear.”

“I should go back to the lab.” She sat up, one hand coming to massage the base of her neck. “My disastrous blotting is not going to fix itself.”

Adam blinked, and there was a gleam in his eyes, as if he hadn’t thought she’d leave so soon. As if he’d have liked for her to stay. “Why disastrous?”

She groaned. “It’s just . . .” She reached for her phone and tapped on the home button, pulling up a picture of her last Western blot. “See?” She pointed at the target protein. “This—it shouldn’t . . .”

He nodded, thoughtful. “You’re sure the starting sample was good? And the gel?”

“Yep, not runny, or dried out.”

“It looks like the antibody might be the problem.”

She looked up at him. “You think so?”

“Yep. I’d check the dilution and the buffer. If not that, it might also be a wonky secondary antibody. Come by my lab if it still doesn’t work; you can borrow ours. Same for other pieces of equipment or supplies. If there’s anything you need, just ask my lab manager.”

“Oh, wow. Thank you.” She smiled. “Now I’m actually a bit sorry that I can’t have you on my dissertation committee. Perhaps rumors of your cruelty have been greatly exaggerated.”

His mouth twitched. “Maybe you just pull out the best in me?”

She grinned. “Then maybe I should stick around. Just, you know, to save the department from your terrible moods?”

He glanced at the picture of the failed Western blot in her hand. “Well, it doesn’t look like you’re going to graduate anytime soon.”

She half laughed, half gasped. “Oh my God. Did you just—?”

“Objectively—”

“This is the rudest, meanest thing—” She was laughing. Holding her stomach as she waved her finger at him.

“—based on your blotting—”

“—that anyone could *ever* say to a Ph.D. student. Ever.”

“I think I can find meaner things. If I really put myself to it.”

“We’re done.” She wished she weren’t smiling. Then maybe he’d take her seriously instead of just looking at her with that patient, amused expression. “Seriously. It was nice while it lasted.” She made to stand and leave indignantly, but he grabbed the sleeve of her shirt and gently tugged at it until she was sitting down again, next to him on the narrow couch —maybe even a little closer than before. She continued glaring, but he regarded her blandly, clearly unperturbed.

“There’s nothing bad about taking more than five years to graduate,” he offered in a conciliatory tone.

Olive huffed. “You just want me to stay around forever. Until you have the biggest, fattest, strongest Title IX case to ever exist.”

“That was my plan all along, in fact. The one and only reason I kissed you out of the blue.”

“Oh, shut up.” She ducked her chin into her chest, biting into her lip and hoping he wouldn’t notice her grinning like the idiot she was. “Hey, can I ask you something?”

Adam looked at her expectantly, like he seemed to a lot lately, so she continued, her tone softer and quieter.

“Why are you really doing this?”

“Doing what?”

“The fake dating. I understand that you want to look like you’re not a flight risk, but . . . Why aren’t you *really* dating someone? I mean, you’re not that bad.”

“High praise.”

“No, come on, what I meant was . . . Based on your fake-dating behavior, I’m sure that a lot of women . . . well, *some* women would love to real-date you.” She bit into her lip again, playing with the hole that was opening up on the knee of her

jeans. “We’re friends. We weren’t when we started, but we are now. You can tell me.”

“Are we?”

She nodded. *Yes. Yes, we are. Come on.* “Well, you did just break one of the sacred tenets of academic friendships by mentioning my graduation timeline. But I’ll forgive you if you tell me if this is really better for you than . . . you know, getting a *real* girlfriend.”

“It is.”

“Really?”

“Yes.” He seemed honest. He was honest. Adam was not a liar; Olive would bet her life on it.

“Why, though? Do you enjoy the sunscreen-mediated fondling? And the opportunity to donate hundreds of your dollars to the campus Starbucks?”

He smiled faintly. And then he wasn’t smiling anymore. Not looking at her, either, but somewhere in the direction of the crumpled plastic wrapper that she’d tossed on the table a few minutes go.

He swallowed. She could see his jaw work.

“Olive.” He took a deep breath. “You should know that—”

“Oh my God!”

They both startled, Olive considerably more so than Adam, and turned toward the entrance. Jeremy stood there, one hand dramatically clutching his sternum. “You guys scared the shit out of me. What are you doing sitting in the dark?”

What are you doing here? Olive thought ungraciously. “Just chatting,” she said. Though it didn’t seem like a good descriptor of what was going on. And yet, she couldn’t put her finger on why.

“You scared me,” Jeremy repeated once more. “Are you working on your report, Ol?”

“Yeah.” She stole a quick glance at Adam, who was motionless and expressionless next to her. “Just taking a quick break. I was about to go back, actually.”

“Oh, cool. Me too.” Jeremy smiled, pointing in the direction of his lab. “I need to go isolate a bunch of virgin fruit flies. Before they’re not virgins anymore, you know?” He wiggled his eyebrows, and Olive had to force out a small, unconvincing laugh. She usually enjoyed his sense of humor. Usually. Now she just wished . . . She wasn’t sure what she wished. “You coming with, Ol?”

No, I’m fine right here, actually. “Sure.” Reluctantly, she stood. Adam did the same, gathering their wrappers and his empty bottle and sorting them in the recycling bins.

“Have a good night, Dr. Carlsen,” Jeremy said from the entrance. Adam just nodded at him, a touch curtly. The set of his eyes was yet again impossible to decipher.

I guess that’s it, then, she thought. Where the weight in her chest had come from, she had no clue. She was probably just tired. Had eaten too much, or not enough.

“See you, Adam. Right?” she murmured before he could head for the entrance and leave the room. Her voice was pitched low enough that Jeremy couldn’t possibly have heard her. Maybe Adam hadn’t, either. Except that he paused for a moment. And then, when he walked past her, she had the impression of knuckles brushing against the back of her hand.

“Good night, Olive.”

Chapter Nine

♥ HYPOTHESIS: *The more I mention an attachment in an email, the less likely I will be to actually include said attachment.*

SATURDAY, 6:34 p.m.

FROM: Olive-Smith@stanford.edu

TO: Tom-Benton@harvard.edu

SUBJECT: Re: Report on Pancreatic Cancer Study

Hi Tom,

Here is the report you asked for, with a detailed description of what I have done so far, as well as my thoughts on future directions and the resources I will need to expand. I'm excited to hear your thoughts on my work!

Sincerely,

Olive

SATURDAY, 6:35 p.m.

FROM: Olive-Smith@stanford.edu

TO: Tom-Benton@harvard.edu

SUBJECT: Re: Report on Pancreatic Cancer Study

Hi Tom,

Oops, forgot the attachment.

Sincerely,

Olive

Today, 3:20 p.m.

FROM: Tom-Benton@harvard.edu

TO: Olive-Smith@stanford.edu

SUBJECT: Re: Report on Pancreatic Cancer Study

Olive,

Done reading the report. Do you think you could come over to Adam's to chat about it? Maybe tomorrow morning (Tue) at nine? Adam and I will be leaving for Boston on Wed afternoon.

TB

Olive's heart beat faster—whether at the idea of being in Adam's home or at the thought of getting her answer from Tom, she wasn't sure. She immediately texted Adam.

Olive: Tom just invited me to your place to talk about the report I sent him. Would it be okay if I came over?

Adam: Of course. When?

Olive: Tomorrow at 9 a.m. Will you be home?

Adam: Probably. There are no bike lanes to my house. Do you need a ride? I can pick you up.

She thought about it for a few moments and decided that she liked the idea a little too much.

Olive: My roommate can drive me, but thanks for offering.

MALCOLM DROPPED HER off in front of a beautiful Spanish colonial house with stucco walls and arched windows and refused to back out of the driveway until Olive agreed to slide a can of pepper spray in her backpack. She walked over the brick-tile path and up to the entrance, marveling at the green of the yard and at the cozy atmosphere of the porch. She was about to ring the doorbell when she heard her name.

Adam was behind her, bathed in sweat and clearly just back from his morning run. He was wearing sunglasses, shorts, and a Princeton Undergrad Mathletes T-shirt that stuck to his chest. Out of the ensemble, the only nonblack items were the AirPods in his ears, peeking through the damp waves of his hair. She felt her cheeks curve into a smile, trying to imagine what he was listening to. Probably Coil, or Kraftwerk.

The Velvet Underground. A TED Talk on water-efficient landscaping. Whale noises.

She would have given a huge chunk of her salary in exchange for five minutes alone with his phone, just to mess with his playlist. Add Taylor Swift, Beyoncé, maybe some Ariana. Broaden his horizons. She couldn't see his eyes behind the dark lenses, but she didn't need to. His mouth had curved as soon as he'd noticed her, his smile slight but definitely there.

"You okay?" he asked.

Olive realized that she'd been staring. "Um, yeah. Sorry. You?"

He nodded. "Did you find the house all right?"

"Yes. I was just about to knock."

"No need." He passed her and opened the door for her, waiting until she'd stepped inside to close it after them. She caught a whiff of his scent—sweat and soap and something dark and good—and wondered anew at how familiar it had become to her. "Tom's probably this way."

Adam's place was light, spacious, and simply furnished. "No taxidermied animals?" she asked under her breath.

He was clearly about to flip her off when they found Tom in the kitchen, typing on his laptop. He looked up at her and grinned—which, she hoped, was a good sign.

"Thanks for coming, Olive. I wasn't sure I'd have time to go to campus before leaving. Sit down, please." Adam disappeared from the room, probably to go shower, and Olive felt her heart pick up. Tom had made his decision. Her destiny was going to be defined by the next few minutes.

"Can you clarify a couple of things for me?" he asked, turning his laptop toward her and pointing at one of the figures

she'd sent. "To make sure I understand your protocols correctly."

When Adam came back twenty minutes later, hair damp and wearing one of his ten million black Henleys that were all a tiny bit different and yet still managed to fit him in the most irritatingly perfect way, she was just wrapping up an explanation of her RNA analyses. Tom was taking notes on his laptop.

"Whenever you guys are done, I can give you a ride back to campus, Olive," Adam offered. "I need to drive in, anyway."

"We're done," Tom said, still typing. "She's all yours."

Oh. Olive nodded and gingerly stood up. Tom hadn't given her an answer yet. He'd asked lots of interesting, smart questions about her project, but he hadn't told her whether he wanted to work with her next year. Did it mean that the answer was a no, but he'd rather not communicate it to Olive in her "boyfriend's" home? What if he'd never really thought that her work was worth funding? What if he'd just been faking it because Adam was his friend? Adam had said that Tom wasn't like that, but what if he'd been wrong and now—

"You ready to go?" Adam asked. She grabbed her backpack, trying to collect herself. She was fine. This was fine. She could cry about this later.

"Sure." She rocked once on her heels, giving Tom one last look. Sadly, he seemed taken with his laptop. "Bye, Tom. It was nice to meet you. Have a safe trip home."

"Likewise," he said, not even glancing at her. "I had lots of interesting conversations."

"Yeah." It must have been the section on genome-based prognostics, she thought, following Adam out of the room. She'd suspected it was too weak, but she'd been stupid and

she'd sent the report anyway. Stupid, stupid, *stupid*. She should have beefed it up. The most important thing now was to avoid crying until she was—

"And, Olive," Tom added.

She paused under the doorframe and looked back at him. "Yes?"

"I'll see you next year at Harvard, right?" His gaze finally slid up to meet hers. "I have the perfect bench set aside for you."

Her heart detonated. It absolutely exploded with joy in her chest, and Olive felt a violent wave of happiness, pride, and relief all wash over her. It could have easily knocked her to the floor, but by some miracle of biology she managed to stay upright and smile at Tom.

"I can't wait," she said, voice thick with happy tears. "Thank you so much."

He gave her a wink and one last smile, kind and encouraging. Olive barely managed to wait until she was outside to fist-pump, then jump around a few times, then fist-pump again.

"You all done?" Adam asked.

She turned around, remembering that she wasn't alone. His arms were folded on his chest, fingers drumming against his biceps. There was an indulgent expression in his eyes, and—she should have been embarrassed, but she just couldn't help it. Olive threw herself at him and hugged his torso as tight as she could. She closed her eyes when, after a few seconds of hesitation, he wrapped his arms around her.

"Congratulations," he whispered softly against her hair. Just like that Olive was on the verge of tears all over again.

Once they were in Adam's car—a Prius, to exactly no one's surprise—and driving to campus, she felt so happy she couldn't possibly be quiet.

"He'll take me. He said he'll take me."

"He'd be an idiot not to." Adam was smiling softly. "I knew he would."

"Had he told you?" Her eyes widened. "You knew, and you didn't even tell me—"

"He hadn't. We haven't discussed you."

"Oh?" She tilted her head, turning around in the car seat to better look at him. "Why?"

"Unspoken agreement. It might be a conflict of interest."

"Right." Sure. It made sense. Close friend and girlfriend. Fake girlfriend, actually.

"Can I ask you something?"

She nodded.

"There are lots of cancer labs in the US. Why did you choose Tom's?"

"Well, I sort of didn't. I emailed several people—two of whom are at UCSF, which is much closer than Boston. But Tom was the only one who answered." She leaned her head against the seat. It occurred to her for the first time that she was going to have to leave her life for an entire year. Her apartment with Malcolm, her nights spent with Anh. Adam, even. She immediately pushed the thought away, not ready to entertain it. "Why do professors never answer students' emails, by the way?"

"Because we get approximately two hundred a day, and most of them are iterations of 'why do I have a C minus?'" He was quiet for a moment. "My advice for the future is to have your adviser reach out, instead of doing it yourself."

She nodded and stored away the information. “I’m glad Harvard worked out, though. It’s going to be amazing. Tom is such a big name, and the amount of work I can do in his lab is limitless. I’ll be running studies twenty-four seven, and if the results are what I think they’ll be, I’ll be able to publish in high-impact journals and probably get a clinical trial started in just a few years.” She felt high on the prospect. “Hey, you and I now have a collaborator in common, on top of being excellent fake-dating partners!” A thought occurred to her. “What is your and Tom’s big grant about, anyway?”

“Cell-based models.”

“Off-lattice?”

He nodded.

“Wow. That’s cool stuff.”

“It’s the most interesting project I’m working on, for sure. Got the grant at the right moment, too.”

“What do you mean?”

He was silent for a beat while he switched lanes. “It’s different from my other grants—mostly genetic stuff. Which is interesting, don’t get me wrong, but after ten years researching the same exact thing, I was in a rut.”

“You mean . . . bored?”

“To death. I briefly considered going into industry.”

Olive gasped. Switching from academia to industry was considered the ultimate betrayal.

“Don’t worry.” Adam smiled. “Tom saved the day. When I told him I wasn’t enjoying research anymore, we brainstormed some new directions, found something we were both enthusiastic about, and wrote the grant.”

Olive felt a sudden surge of gratitude toward Tom. Not only was he going to rescue her project, but he was the reason

Adam was still around. The reason she'd gotten the opportunity to know him. "It must be nice to be excited about work again."

"It is. Academia takes a lot from you and gives back very little. It's hard to stick around without a good reason to do so."

She nodded absentmindedly, thinking that the words sounded familiar. Not just the content, but the delivery, too. Not surprising, though: it was exactly what The Guy in the bathroom had told her all those years ago. *Academia's a lot of bucks for very little bang. What matters is whether your reason to be in academia is good enough.*

Suddenly, something clicked in her brain.

The deep voice. The blurry dark hair. The crisp, precise way of talking. Could The Guy in the bathroom and Adam be . . .

No. Impossible. The Guy was a student—though, had he explicitly said so? No. No, what he'd said was *This is my lab's bathroom* and that he'd been there for six years, and he hadn't answered when she'd asked about his dissertation timeline, and—

Impossible. Improbable. Inconceivable.

Just like everything else about Adam and Olive.

Oh God. What if they'd *really* met years ago? He probably didn't remember, anyway. Surely. Olive had been no one. Still was no one. She thought about asking him, but why? He had no idea that a five-minute conversation with him had been the exact push Olive needed. That she'd thought about him for years.

Olive remembered her last words to him—*Maybe I'll see you next year*—and oh, if only she'd known. She felt a surge of something warm and soft in the squishy part of herself that

she guarded most carefully. She looked at Adam, and it swelled even larger, even stronger, even hotter.

You, she thought. You. You are just the most—

The worst—

The best—

Olive laughed, shaking her head.

“What?” he asked, puzzled.

“Nothing.” She grinned at him. “Nothing. Hey, you know what? You and I should go get coffee. To celebrate.”

“Celebrate what?”

“Everything! Your grant. My year at Harvard. How great our fake dating is going.”

It was probably unfair of her to ask, since they were not due for fake-dating coffee until tomorrow. But the previous Wednesday had lasted just a few short minutes, and since Friday night, there had been about thirty times when Olive had to forcibly remove her phone from her hands to avoid texting him things he couldn’t possibly care about. He didn’t need to know that he was right and the problem with her Western blot had been the antibody. There was no way he’d have answered her if on Saturday at 10:00 p.m., when she’d been dying to know if he was in his office, she had sent that *Hey, what are you up to?* message that she’d written and deleted twice. And she was glad she’d ended up chickening out of forwarding him that *Onion* article on sun-safety tips.

It was probably unfair of her to ask, and yet today was a momentous day, and she found herself wanting to celebrate. With him.

He bit the inside of his cheek, looking pensive. “Would it be actual coffee, or chamomile tea?”

“Depends. Will you go all moody on me?”

“I will if you get pumpkin stuff.”

She rolled her eyes. “You have no taste.” Her phone pinged with a reminder. “Oh, we should go to Fluchella, too. Before coffee.”

A vertical line appeared between his brows. “I’m afraid to ask what that is.”

“Fluchella,” Olive repeated, though it was clearly not helpful, judging from how the line bisecting his forehead deepened. “Mass flu vaccination for faculty, staff, and students. At no charge.”

Adam made a face. “It’s called Fluchella?”

“Yep, like the festival. Coachella?”

Adam was clearly not familiar.

“Don’t you get university emails about this stuff? There’ve been at least five.”

“I have a great spam filter.”

Olive frowned. “Does it block Stanford emails, too? Because it shouldn’t. It might end up filtering out important messages from admin and students and—”

Adam arched one eyebrow.

“Oh. Right.”

Don’t laugh. Don’t laugh. He doesn’t need to know how much he makes you laugh.

“Well, we should go get our flu shots.”

“I’m good.”

“You got one already?”

“No.”

“I’m pretty sure it’s mandatory for everyone.”

The set of Adam's shoulders clearly broadcasted that he was, in fact, *not* everyone. "I never get sick."

"I doubt it."

"You shouldn't."

"Hey, the flu is more serious than you might think."

"It's not that bad."

"It is, especially for people like you."

"Like me?"

"You know . . . people of a certain age."

His mouth twitched as he turned into the campus parking lot. "You smart-ass."

"Come on." She leaned forward, poking his biceps with her index finger. They had touched so much at this point. In public, and alone, and a mixture of the two. It didn't feel weird. It felt good and natural, like when Olive was with Anh, or Malcolm. "Let's go together."

He didn't budge, parallel parking in a spot that would have taken Olive about two hours of maneuvering to fit into. "I don't have time."

"You just agreed to go get coffee. You must have some time."

He finished parking in less than a minute and pressed his lips together. Not answering her.

"Why don't you want to get the shot?" She studied him suspiciously. "Are you some kind of anti-vaxxer?"

Oh, if looks could kill.

"Okay." She furrowed her brow. "Then why?"

"It's not worth the hassle." Was he fidgeting a little? Was he biting the inside of his lip?

“It literally takes ten minutes.” She reached for him, tugging at the sleeve of his shirt. “You get there, they scan your university badge. They give you the shot.” She felt his muscles tense under her fingertips as she said the last word. “Easy peasy, and the best part is, you don’t get the flu for a whole year. Totally— *Oh*.” Olive covered her mouth with her hand.

“What?”

“Oh my God.”

“What?”

“Are you— Oh, Adam.”

“What?”

“Are you afraid of needles?”

He went still. Completely immobile. He wasn’t breathing anymore. “I’m not *afraid* of needles.”

“It’s okay,” she said, making her tone as reassuring as possible.

“I know, since I’m not—”

“This is a safe space for you and your fear of needles.”

“There is no fear of—”

“I get it, needles *are* scary.”

“It’s not—”

“You are allowed to be scared.”

“I am *not*,” he told her, a little too forcefully, and then turned away, clearing his throat and scratching the side of his neck.

Olive pressed her lips together, and then said, “Well, *I* used to be scared.”

He looked at her, curious, so she continued.

“As a child. My . . .” She had to clear her throat. “My mother would have to hold me in a bear hug every time I needed a shot, or I’d thrash around too much. And she had to bribe me with ice cream, but the problem was that I wanted it *immediately* after my shot.” She laughed. “So she’d buy an ice cream sandwich before the doctor’s appointment, and by the time I was ready to eat, it’d be all melted in her purse and make a huge mess and . . .”

Dammit. She was weepy, again. In front of Adam, *again*.

“She sounds lovely,” Adam said.

“She was.”

“And to be clear, I’m not afraid of needles,” he repeated. This time, his tone was warm and kind. “They just feel . . . disgusting.”

She sniffled and looked up at him. The temptation to hug him was almost irresistible. But she’d already done that today, so she made do with patting him on the arm. “Aww.”

He pinned her with a withering look. “Don’t *aww* me.”

Adorable. He was adorable. “No, really, they *are* gross. Stuff pokes at you, and then you bleed. The feeling of it—yikes.”

She got out of the car and waited for him to do the same. When he joined her, she smiled at him reassuringly.

“I get it.”

“You do?” He didn’t seem convinced.

“Yep. They’re horrible.”

He was still a little distrustful. “They are.”

“And scary.” She wrapped her hand around his elbow and began to pull him in the direction of the Fluchella tent. “Still,

you need to get over it. For science. I'm taking you to get a flu shot.”

“I—”

“This is nonnegotiable. I'll hold your hand, during.”

“I don't need you to hold my hand. Since I'm not going.” Except that he *was* going. He could have planted his feet and stood his ground, and he would have turned into an immovable object; Olive would have had no way of dragging him anywhere. And yet.

She let her hand slide down to his wrist and looked up at him. “You *so* are.”

“Please.” He looked pained. “Don't make me.”

He was *so* adorable. “It's for your own good. And for the good of the elderly people who might come in any proximity to you. Even more elderly than you, that is.”

He sighed, defeated. “Olive.”

“Come on. Maybe we're lucky and the chair will spot us. And I'll buy you an ice cream sandwich afterward.”

“Will I be paying for this ice cream sandwich?” He sounded resigned now.

“Likely. Actually, scratch that, you probably don't like ice cream anyway, because you don't enjoy anything that's good in life.” She kept on walking, pensively chewing on her lower lip. “Maybe the cafeteria has some raw broccoli?”

“I don't deserve this verbal abuse on top of the flu shot.”

She beamed. “You're such a trooper. Even though the big bad needle is out to get you.”

“You are a smart-ass.” And yet, he didn't resist when she continued to pull him behind her.

It was ten on an early-September morning, the sun already shining too bright and too hot through the cotton of Olive's shirt, the sweetgum leaves still a deep green and showing no sign of turning. It felt different from the past few years, this summer that didn't seem to want to end, that was stretched full and ripe past the beginning of the semester. Undergrads must have been either dozing off in their midmorning classes or still asleep in bed, because for once that harried air of chaos that always coated the Stanford campus was missing. And Olive—Olive had a lab for next year. Everything she'd worked toward since fifteen, it was finally going to happen.

Life didn't get much better than this.

She smiled, smelling the flower beds and humming a tune under her breath as she and Adam walked quietly, side by side. As they made their way across the quad, her fingers slid down from his wrist and closed around his palm.

Chapter Ten

♥ HYPOTHESIS: *If I fall in love, things will invariably end poorly.*

The knockout mouse had been hanging from a wire for a length of time that should have been impossible, considering how it had been genetically modified. Olive frowned at it and pressed her lips together. It was missing crucial DNA. All the hanging-from-a-wire proteins had been erased. There was no way it could hold on for this long. It was the whole point of knocking out its stupid genes—

Her phone lit up, and the corner of her eye darted to its screen. She was able to read the name of the sender (Adam) but not the content of the message. It was 8:42 on Wednesday, which immediately had her worried that he might want to cancel their fake date. Maybe he thought that because he'd let Olive pick out an ice cream sandwich for him yesterday after Fluchella (which she may or may not have ended up eating herself) they didn't need to meet today. Maybe she shouldn't have forced him to sit on a bench with her and recount the marathons they had run, and possibly she had come off as annoying when she'd stolen his phone, downloaded her favorite running app, and then friended herself on it. He had seemed to be enjoying himself, but maybe he hadn't been.

Olive glanced at her gloved hands, and then back at her mouse, who was still holding on to the wire.

“Dude, stop trying so hard.” She kneeled until she was at eye level with the cage. The mouse kicked around with its little legs, its tail flopping back and forth. “You’re supposed to be bad at this. And I’m supposed to write a dissertation about

how bad you are. And then you get a chunk of cheese, and I get a real job that pays real money and the joy of saying ‘I’m not that kind of doctor’ when someone is having a stroke on my airplane.”

The mouse squeaked and let go of the wire, flopping on the floor of the testing cage with a thud.

“That’ll do it.” She quickly got rid of her gloves and unlocked her phone with her thumb.

Adam: My arm hurts.

She initially thought that he was giving her a reason why they couldn’t meet up. Then she remembered waking up and rubbing her own achy arm.

Olive: From the flu shot?

Adam: It’s really painful.

She giggled. She truly had not thought she was the type to, but here she was, covering her mouth with her hand and . . . yes, giggling like a fool in the middle of the lab. Her mouse was staring up at her, its tiny red eyes a mix of judgment and surprise. Olive hastily turned away and looked back at her phone.

Olive: Oh, Adam. I’m so sorry.

Olive: Should I come over and kiss it better?

Adam: You never said it would hurt so bad.

Olive: As someone once told me, it’s not my job to work on your emotion regulation skills.

Adam’s answer was one single emoji (a yellow hand with a raised middle finger), and Olive’s cheeks pulsed with how hard she was grinning. She was about to reply with a kiss emoji when a voice interrupted her.

“Gross.”

She looked up from her phone. Anh stood in the lab's entrance, sticking out her tongue.

"Hey. What are you doing here?"

"Borrowing gloves. *And* being grossed out."

Olive frowned. "Why?"

"We're out of the small size." Anh stepped inside, rolling her eyes. "Honestly, they never buy enough because I'm the only woman in the lab, but it's not like I don't go through gloves as fast as—"

"No, why are you grossed out?"

Anh made a face and plucked two purple gloves from Olive's stash. "Because of how in love you are with Carlsen. Is it okay if I take a few pairs?"

"What are you—" Olive blinked at her, still clutching her phone. Was Anh going crazy? "I'm not *in love* with him."

"Uh-huh, sure." Anh finished stuffing her pockets with gloves and then looked up, finally noticing Olive's distressed expression. Her eyes widened. "Hey, I was kidding! You're not gross. I probably look the same when I'm texting Jeremy. And it's actually very sweet, how gone you are for him—"

"But I'm *not*. Gone." Olive was starting to panic. "I don't—It's just—"

Anh pressed her lips together, as if biting back a smile. "Okay. If you say so."

"No, I'm serious. We're just—"

"Dude, it's okay." Anh's tone was reassuring and a little emotional. "It's just, you're so amazing. And special. And honestly, my favorite person in the whole world. But sometimes I get worried that no one but Malcolm and me will ever get to experience how incredible you are. Well, until now. Now I'm not worried anymore, because I've seen you and

Adam together, at the picnic. And in the parking lot. And . . . every other time, really. You're *both* crazy in love, and over the moon about it. It's cute! Except that first night," she added, pensive. "I maintain *that* was pretty awkward."

Olive stiffened. "Anh, it's not like that. We're just . . . dating. Casually. Hanging out. Getting to know each other. We're not . . ."

"Okay, sure. If you say so." Anh shrugged, clearly not believing a word of what Olive was saying. "Hey, I gotta go back to my bacterial culture. I'll come bug you when I'm on break, okay?"

Olive nodded slowly, watching her friend's back as she headed for the door. Olive's heart skipped a beat when Anh paused and turned around, her expression suddenly serious.

"Ol. I just want you to know that . . . I was very worried about you getting hurt from my dating Jeremy. But now I'm not anymore. Because I know what you really look like when you . . . Well." Anh gave her a sheepish grin. "I won't say it, if you don't want me to."

She left with a wave of her hand, and Olive stood frozen, watching the doorframe long past the moment Anh had disappeared. Then she lowered her gaze to the floor, slumped on the stool behind her, and thought one single thing:

Shit.

IT WASN'T THE end of the world. These things happened. Even the best of people developed crushes—Anh had said love, oh God, she had said *love*—on the person they were fake-dating. It didn't mean anything.

Except that: Fuck. Fuck, fuck, *fuck*.

Olive locked the door of her office behind her and plopped herself into a chair, hoping today wouldn't be the one time in the semester that her office mates decided to show up before 10:00 a.m.

It was all her fault. Her stupid doing. She had known, she *had known*, that she'd begun to find Adam attractive. She had known almost from the very beginning, and then she'd started talking with him, she'd started getting to know him even though it was never part of the plan, and—damn him to hell for being so different from what she'd expected. For making her want to be with him more and more. Damn him. It had been there, staring at Olive for the past few days, and she hadn't noticed. Because she was an idiot.

She stood abruptly and dug into her pocket for her phone, pulling up Malcolm's contact.

Olive: We have to meet.

Bless Malcolm, because it took him fewer than five seconds to answer.

Malcolm: Lunch? I'm about to dig into the neuromuscular junction of a juvenile rat.

Olive: I need to talk to you NOW.

Olive: Please.

Malcolm: Starbucks. In 10.

"I TOLD YOU SO."

Olive didn't bother lifting her forehead from the table.
"You didn't."

"Well, maybe I didn't say, 'Hey, don't do this fake-dating shit because you're going to fall for Carlsen,' but I did say that

the whole idea was idiotic and a car wreck waiting to happen—which I believe encompasses the current situation.”

Malcolm was sitting across from her, by the window of the crowded coffee shop. Around them students chatted, laughed, ordered drinks—rudely unaware of the sudden maelstrom in Olive’s life. She pushed up from the cold surface of the table and pressed her palms into her eyes, not quite ready to open them yet. She might never be ready again. “How could this happen? I am not like this. This is not me. How could I—and Adam Carlsen, of everyone. *Who is into Adam Carlsen?*”

Malcolm snorted. “Everyone, Ol. He’s a tall, broody, sullen hunk with a genius IQ. Everyone likes tall, broody, sullen hunks with genius IQs.”

“I don’t!”

“Clearly you do.”

She squeezed her eyes shut and whimpered. “He’s really not that sullen.”

“Oh, he is. Just, you don’t notice, because you’re halfway gone for him.”

“I am not—” She smacked her forehead. Repeatedly. “Shit.”

He leaned forward and grabbed her hand, his skin dark and warm against hers. “Hey,” he told her, voice pitched to a comforting tone. “Settle down. We’ll figure it out.” He even tacked on a smile. Olive loved him so much in that moment, even with all the I told you sos. “First of all, how bad is it?”

“I don’t know. Is there a scale?”

“Well, there is liking, and there is *liking*.”

She shook her head, feeling utterly lost. “I just like him. I want to spend time with him.”

“Okay, that doesn’t mean anything. You also want to spend time with me.”

She grimaced, feeling herself blush scarlet. “Not quite like that.”

Malcolm was quiet for a beat. “I see.” He knew how big of a deal this was for Olive. They’d talked about it multiple times —how rare it was for her to experience attraction, especially sexual attraction. If there was something wrong with her. If her past had stunted her in some way.

“God.” She just wanted to retreat inside her hoodie like a turtle until it all went away. Go run a race. Start writing her dissertation proposal. Anything but deal with this. “It was there, and I didn’t figure it out. I just thought he was smart and attractive and that he had a nice smile and that we could be friends and—” She rubbed her palms into her eye sockets, wishing she could go back and erase her life choices. The entire past month. “Do you hate me?”

“Me?” Malcolm sounded surprised.

“Yes.”

“No. Why would I hate you?”

“Because he’s been horrible to you, made you throw out a ton of data. It’s just—with me he’s not—”

“I know. Well,” he amended, waving his hand, “I don’t know know. But I can believe he’s different with you than when he was in my damn graduate advisory committee.”

“You hate him.”

“Yeah—I hate him. Or . . . I dislike him. But you don’t have to dislike him because I do. Though I do reserve the right to comment on your abysmal taste in men. Every other day or so. But, Ol, I saw you guys at the picnic. He definitely wasn’t interacting with you like he does with me. Plus, you know,” he

added begrudgingly, “he’s not *not* hot. I can see why you’d hit that.”

“This is not what you said when I first told you about the fake dating.”

“No, but I’m trying to be supportive here. You weren’t in love with him at the time.”

She groaned. “Can we please not use that word? Ever again? It seems a little premature.”

“Sure.” Malcolm brushed nonexistent dust off his button-down. “Way to bring a rom-com to life, by the way. So, how are you going to break the news?”

She massaged her temple. “What do you mean?”

“Well, you have a thing for him, and you two are friendly. I’m assuming you’re planning to inform him of your . . . feelings? Can I use the word ‘feelings’?”

“No.”

“Whatever.” He rolled his eyes. “You’re going to tell him, right?”

“Of course not.” She snorted out a laugh. “You can’t tell the person you’re fake-dating that you”—her brain scanned itself for the correct word, didn’t find it, and then stumbled on—“*like* them. It’s just not done. Adam will think I orchestrated this. That I was after him all along.”

“That’s ridiculous. You didn’t even know him at the time.”

“Maybe I did, though. Do you remember the guy I told you about, who helped me decide about grad school? The one I met in the bathroom over my interview weekend?”

Malcolm nodded.

“He might have been Adam. I think.”

“You *think*? You mean you didn’t ask him?”

“Of course not.”

“Why ‘of course’?”

“Because maybe it *wasn’t* him. And if he was, he clearly doesn’t remember, or he’d have mentioned it weeks ago.”

He hadn’t been the one wearing expired contacts, after all.

Malcolm rolled his eyes. “Listen, Olive,” he said earnestly, “I need you to consider something: What if Adam likes you, too? What if he wants something more?”

She laughed. “There is no way.”

“Why not?”

“Because.”

“Because what?”

“Because he’s him. He’s Adam Carlsen, and I . . .” She trailed off. No need to continue. *And I’m me. I am nothing special.*

Malcolm was quiet for a long moment. “You have no idea, do you?” His tone was sad. “You’re great. You’re beautiful, and loving. You’re independent, and a genius scientist, and selfless, and loyal—hell, Ol, look at this ridiculous mess you created just so your friend could date the guy she likes without feeling guilty. There’s no way Carlsen hasn’t noticed.”

“No.” She was resolute. “Don’t get me wrong, I do think he likes me, but he thinks of me as a friend. And if I tell him and he doesn’t want to . . .”

“To what? Doesn’t want to fake-date you anymore? It’s not like you have much to lose.”

Maybe not. Maybe all the talking, and those looks Adam gave her, and him shaking his head when she ordered extra whipped cream; the way he let himself be teased out of his moods; the texts; how he seemed to be so at ease with her, so

noticeably different from the Adam Carlsen she used to be half-scared of—maybe all of that was not much. But she and Adam were friends now, and they could remain friends even past September twenty-ninth. Olive's heart sank at the thought of giving up the possibility of it. "I do, though."

Malcolm sighed, once again enveloping her hand with his. "You have it bad, then."

She pressed her lips together, blinking rapidly to push back the tears. "Maybe I do. I don't know—I've never had it before. I've never wanted to have it."

He smiled reassuringly, even though Olive felt anything but reassured. "Listen, I know it's scary. But this is not necessarily a bad thing."

One single tear was making its way down Olive's cheek. She hastened to clean it with her sleeve. "It's the worst."

"You've finally found someone you're into. And okay, it's Carlsen, but this could still turn out to be great."

"It couldn't. It can't."

"Ol, I know where you're coming from. I get it." Malcolm's hand tightened on hers. "I know it's scary, being vulnerable, but you can *allow* yourself to care. You can want to be with people as more than just friends or casual acquaintances."

"But I can't."

"I don't see why not."

"Because all the people I've cared about are *gone*," she snapped.

Somewhere in the coffee shop, the barista called for a caramel macchiato. Olive immediately regretted her harsh words.

“I’m sorry. It’s just . . . it’s the way it works. My mom. My grandparents. My father—one way or another, everyone is gone. If I let myself care, Adam will go, too.” There. She’d put it into words, said it out loud, and it sounded all the truer because of it.

Malcolm exhaled. “Oh, Ol.” He was one of the few people to whom Olive had opened up about her fears—the constant feeling of not belonging, the never-ending suspicions that since so much of her life had been spent alone, then it would end the same way. That she’d never be worthy of someone caring for her. His knowing expression, a combination of sorrow and understanding and pity, was unbearable to watch. She looked elsewhere—at the laughing students, at the coffee cup lids stacked next to the counter, at the stickers on a girl’s MacBook—and slid her hand away from under his palm.

“You should go.” She attempted a smile, but it felt wobbly. “Finish your surgeries.”

He didn’t break eye contact. “*I* care. *Anh* cares—Anh would have chosen you over Jeremy. And you care, too. We all care about one another, and I’m still here. I’m not going anywhere.”

“It’s different.”

“How?”

Olive didn’t bother answering and used her sleeve to dry her cheek. Adam was different, and what Olive wanted from him was different, but she couldn’t—didn’t want to articulate it. Not now. “I won’t tell him.”

“Ol.”

“No,” she said, firm. With her tears gone, she felt marginally better. Maybe she was not who she had thought, but she could fake it. She could pretend, even to herself. “I’m not going to tell him. It’s a horrible idea.”

“Ol.”

“How would that conversation even work? How would I phrase it? What are the right words?”

“Actually you should probably—”

“Do I tell him that I’m into him? That I think about him all the time? That I have a huge crush on him? That—”

“Olive.”

In the end, what tipped her off was not Malcolm’s words, or his panicky expression, or the fact that he was clearly looking at a spot somewhere above her shoulders. In the end, Anh chose that exact moment to text her, which drew Olive’s eyes to the numbers on the screen.

10:00 a.m.

It was ten. On a Wednesday morning. And Olive was currently sitting in the campus Starbucks, the very same Starbucks where she had spent her Wednesday mornings for the past few weeks. She whirled around and—

She wasn’t even surprised to find Adam. Standing behind her. Close enough that unless both his eardrums had ruptured since the last time they’d talked, he must have heard every single word that came out of Olive’s mouth.

She wished she could expire on the spot. She wished she could crawl outside her body and this café, melt in a pool of sweat, and seep between the tiles on the floor, just vanish into thin air. But all these things were currently beyond her skill set, so she fixed a weak smile on her face and looked up at Adam.

Chapter Eleven

♥ HYPOTHESIS: *Whenever I lie, things will get worse by a factor of 743.*

“Did you . . . did you hear that?” she blurted out.

Malcolm hurried to clear the table of his stuff, muttering tightly, “I was just about to go.”

Olive barely noticed, busy watching Adam slide the chair back to sit across from her.

Shit.

“Yes,” he said, bland and even, and Olive felt like she was about to disintegrate into a million tiny pieces, here, in this exact spot. She wanted him to take it back. Wanted him to say “No, heard what?” She wanted to go back to earlier this morning and rewind it all, this horrible mess of a day. Not look at the texts on her phone, not let Anh walk in on her mooning over her fake boyfriend, not pour her heart out to Malcolm in the worst possible place.

Adam couldn’t know. He simply couldn’t. He’d think that Olive had kissed him on purpose, that she’d masterminded this whole fiasco, that she’d manipulated him into this situation. He’d feel compelled to break up with her well before he could reap any benefits from their arrangement. And he would hate her.

The prospect was terrifying, so she said the one thing she could think of.

“It wasn’t about you.”

The lie rolled off her tongue like a mudslide: unpremeditated, quick, and bound to leave a huge mess behind.

“I know.” He nodded, and . . . he didn’t even look surprised. It was as though it had never occurred to him that Olive might have been interested in him. It made her want to cry—a frequent state on this stupid morning—but instead of doing that, she just vomited out another lie.

“I just . . . I have a thing. For a guy.”

He nodded again, this time slowly. His eyes darkened, and the corner of his jaw twitched, just for a moment. She blinked, and his expression was blank again. “Yeah. I gathered that.”

“This guy, he’s . . .” She swallowed. What was he? *Quick, Olive*, quick. An immunologist? Icelandic? A giraffe? What was he?

“You don’t have to explain if you don’t want.” Adam’s voice seemed slightly offbeat, but also comforting. Tired. Olive realized that she was wringing her hands, and instead of stopping she simply hid them under the table.

“I . . . It’s just that . . .”

“It’s okay.” He offered her a reassuring smile, and Olive—she couldn’t possibly look at him. Not a second longer. She averted her eyes, desperately wishing she had something to say. Something to fix this. Right outside the café’s window, a group of undergrads were huddling together in front of a laptop, laughing at something playing on the screen. A gust of wind scattered a stack of notes, and a boy scrambled to retrieve them. In the distance, Dr. Rodrigues was walking in the direction of Starbucks.

“This . . . our arrangement.” Adam’s voice pulled her back inside. To the lies and the table between them; to the gentle, soft way he was talking to her. Kind, he’d been so kind.

Adam. I used to think the worst of you, and now . . .

“It’s supposed to help both of us. If it stops doing so . . .”

“No.” Olive shook her head. “No. I . . .” She forced her face into a smile. “It’s complicated.”

“I see.”

She opened her mouth to say that no, he couldn’t possibly see. He couldn’t possibly see anything, because Olive had just made all of this up. This clusterfuck of a situation. “I don’t—” She wet her lips. “There is no need to stop our arrangement early, because I can’t tell him that I like him. Because I—”

“Dude.” A hand clapped on Adam’s shoulder. “Since when are you not in your offi— Oh. I see.” Dr. Rodrigues’s gaze slid from Adam to Olive and settled on her. For a second, he just stood by the table and took her in, surprised to find her there. Then his mouth widened into a slow grin. “Hey, Olive.”

During Olive’s first year of grad school, Dr. Rodrigues had been on her preassigned graduate advisory committee—an admittedly odd choice, given his relative lack of relevance to her research. And yet, Olive had mostly pleasant memories of her interactions with him. When she’d stammered her way through her committee meetings, he’d always been the first to smile at her, and once he’d even complimented her Star Wars T-shirt—and then proceeded to hum the Darth Vader theme under his breath every time Dr. Moss would start one of her rants against Olive’s methods.

“Hey, Dr. Rodrigues.” She was positive that her smile was not nearly as convincing as it should have been. “How are you?”

He waved a hand. “Pssh. Please, call me Holden. You’re not my student anymore.” He patted Adam on the back with relish. “And you have the very dubious pleasure of dating my oldest, most socially impaired friend.”

It was all Olive could do not to let her jaw drop. They were friends? Charming, devil-may-care Holden Rodrigues and surly, taciturn Adam Carlsen were *old* friends? Was this something she was supposed to know? Adam's girlfriend would have known, right?

Dr. Rodrigues—Holden? God, Holden. She was never going to get used to the fact that professors were real people and had first names—turned to Adam, who appeared untroubled by having been decreed socially impaired.

He asked, “You’re leaving for Boston tonight, right?” and his speech pattern changed a little—pitched lower and faster, more casual. Comfortable. They really were old friends.

“Yeah. Can you still give Tom and me a ride to the airport?”

“Depends.”

“On what?”

“Is Tom going to be gagged and tied up in the trunk?”

Adam sighed. “Holden.”

“I’ll allow him in the back seat, but if he doesn’t keep his mouth shut, I’ll ditch him on the highway.”

“Fine. I’ll let him know.”

Holden seemed satisfied. “Anyway, I didn’t mean to interrupt.” He patted Adam’s shoulder once more, but he was looking at Olive.

“It’s okay.”

“Really? Well, then.” His smile broadened and he pulled up a chair from a nearby table. Adam closed his eyes, resigned.

“So, what are we talking about?”

Why, I was just in the middle of lying my ass off, thank you for asking. “Ah . . . nothing much. How do you two . . .” She

looked between them, clearing her throat. “Sorry, I forgot how you and Adam know each other.”

A thud—Holden kicking Adam under the table. “You little shit. You didn’t tell her about our decades-deep history?”

“Just trying to forget.”

“You wish.” Holden turned to grin at her. “We grew up together.”

She frowned at Adam. “I thought you grew up in Europe?”

Holden waved his hand. “He grew up all over the place. And so did I, since our parents worked together. Diplomats—the worst kind of people. But then our families settled in DC.” He leaned forward. “Guess who went to high school, college, *and* grad school together.”

Olive’s eyes widened, and Holden noticed, at least judging by how he kicked Adam again.

“You really haven’t told her shit. I see you’re still going for brooding and mysterious.” He rolled his eyes fondly and looked at me again. “Did Adam tell you that he almost didn’t graduate high school? He got suspended for punching a guy who insisted that the Large Hadron Collider would destroy the planet.”

“Interesting how you’re not mentioning that you got suspended alongside me for doing the exact same thing.”

Holden ignored him. “My parents were out of the country on some kind of assignment and briefly forgot that I existed, so we spent the week at my place playing *Final Fantasy*—it was glorious. What about when Adam applied to law school? He must have told you about that.”

“I never *technically* applied to law school.”

“Lies. All lies. Did he at least tell you that he was my prom date? It was *phenomenal*.”

Olive looked at Adam, expecting him to deny that, too. But Adam just half smiled, met Holden's eyes, and said, "It was quite phenomenal."

"Picture this, Olive. Early two thousands. Preppy, ridiculously expensive all-male DC school. Two gay students in grade twelve. Well, two of us that were out, anyway. Richie Muller and I date for the entirety of senior year—and then he dumps me three days before prom for some guy he'd been having a thing with for *months*."

"He was a prick," Adam muttered.

"I have three choices. Not go to the dance and mope at home. Go alone and mope at school. *Or*, have my best friend—who was planning on staying home and moping over gamma-aminobutyric acids—come as my date. Guess which?"

Olive gasped. "How did you convince him?"

"That's the thing, I didn't. When I told him about what Richie did, he *offered!*"

"Don't get used to it," Adam mumbled.

"Can you believe it, Olive?"

That Adam would pretend to be in a relationship with someone to get them out of a miserable situation? "Nope."

"We held hands. We slow-danced. We made Richie spit out his punch and regret every single one of his wretched choices. Then we went home and played even more *Final Fantasy*. It was the shit."

"It was surprisingly fun," Adam conceded, almost reluctantly.

Olive looked at him, and a realization dawned on her: Holden was Adam's Anh. His person. It was obvious that Adam and Tom were very close, too, but the relationship

Adam had with Holden was something else, and . . . and Olive had no idea what to do with this piece of information.

Maybe she should tell Malcolm. He'd either have a field day or go completely berserk.

"Well," Holden said, standing up. "This was fantastic. I'll go get coffee, but we should hang out soon, the three of us. I can't remember the last time I had the pleasure of embarrassing Adam in front of a girlfriend. For now, though, he's all yours." He followed the word "yours" with a smirk that had Olive blushing.

Adam rolled his eyes when Holden left for the coffee counter. Fascinated, Olive followed him with her gaze for several moments. "Um, that was . . . ?"

"Holden for you." Adam seemed barely annoyed.

She nodded, still a little dazed. "I can't believe I'm not your first."

"My first?"

"Your first fake date."

"Right. I guess prom qualifies." He seemed to mull it over. "Holden has had some . . . bad luck with relationships. *Undeserved* bad luck."

It warmed her chest, the protective concern in his tone. Made her wonder if he was even aware of it.

"Did he and Tom ever . . . ?"

He shook his head. "Holden would be outraged if he knew you asked."

"Why doesn't he want to drive Tom to the airport, then?"

Adam shrugged. "Holden has always had a very deep, very irrational dislike of Tom, ever since grad school."

"Oh. Why?"

“Not sure. Not sure Holden knows, either. Tom says he’s jealous. I think it’s just a personality thing.”

Olive fell silent, absorbing the information. “You didn’t tell Holden about us, either. That it’s not real.”

“No.”

“Why?”

Adam looked away. “I don’t know.” His jaw tensed. “I think I just didn’t . . .” His voice trailed off, and he shook his head before giving her a smile, small and a little forced. “He speaks very highly of you, you know?”

“Holden? Of me?”

“Of your work. And your research.”

“Oh.” She had no idea what to say to that. *When did you talk about me? And why?* “Oh,” she repeated uselessly.

She wasn’t sure why now, in this very moment, but the possible ramifications of their arrangement on Adam’s life hit her in full for the first time. They had agreed to fake-date because they both had something to gain from it, but it occurred to her that Adam also had significantly more to lose. Out of all the people she loved, Olive was only lying to one, Anh, and that was absolutely unavoidable. She could not care less about other students’ opinions. Adam, though . . . he was lying on a daily basis to his colleagues and his friends. His grads interacted with him every day believing that he was dating one of their peers. Did they think him lecherous? Had his relationship with Olive changed their perception of him? And what about other faculty members in the department, or in adjacent programs? Just because dating a grad student was allowed, it didn’t mean that it wasn’t frowned upon. And what if Adam met—or had *already* met—someone he actually liked? When they’d struck their deal, he’d said he wasn’t going to date, but that had been weeks ago. Olive herself had

been convinced that she'd never be interested in dating anyone at the time—and didn't that make her want to laugh now, in a remarkably unfunny way? Not to mention that she alone was benefitting from their arrangement. Anh and Jeremy had bought her lie, but Adam's research funds were still frozen.

And yet, he was still helping her despite all of this. And Olive was repaying his kindness by getting ideas and developing feelings that were sure to make him feel uncomfortable.

“Do you want to get coffee?”

Olive looked up from her hands. “No.” She cleared her throat against the burning sensation lodged behind her sternum. The idea of coffee made her nauseous. “I think I need to go back to the lab.”

She bent down to retrieve her backpack, meaning to stand and leave immediately, but halfway through, a thought swept over her, and she found herself staring at him. He was sitting across from her with a concerned expression, a slight frown creasing his brow.

She attempted a smile. “We are friends, right?”

His frown deepened. “Friends?”

“Yes. You and I.”

He studied for a long moment. Something new passed through his face, stark and a little sad. Too fleeting to interpret. “Yes, Olive.”

She nodded, unsure as to whether she should be feeling relieved. This was not how she'd thought today would go, and there was a strange pressure behind her eyelids, which had her sliding her arms through the straps of her backpack that much quicker. She waved him goodbye with a tremulous smile, and she'd have already been out of this damn Starbucks, if he hadn't said with that voice of his: “Olive.”

She paused right in front of his chair and looked down at him. It was so odd, to be the taller one for once.

“This might be inappropriate, but . . .” His jaw shifted, and he closed his eyes for a second. As if to collect his thoughts. “Olive. You are really . . . You are extraordinary, and I cannot imagine that if you told Jeremy how you feel he wouldn’t . . .” He trailed off and then nodded. A punctuation of sorts, as his words and the way he’d said them brought her that much closer to tears.

He thought it was Jeremy. Adam thought Olive had been in love with Jeremy when they’d begun their arrangement—he thought she was *still* in love with him. Because she’d just told a half-assed lie that she was too afraid to take back and—

It was going to happen. She was going to cry, and what she wanted most in the world was to not do it in front of Adam.

“I’ll see you next week, okay?” She didn’t wait for his response and walked briskly toward the exit, her shoulder bumping into someone she should have apologized to. Once she was outside, she took a deep breath and marched to the biology building, trying to empty her mind, forcing herself to think about the section she was slated to TA later today, the fellowship application she’d promised Dr. Aslan she’d send by tomorrow, the fact that Anh’s sister would be in town next weekend and had made plans to cook Vietnamese food for everyone.

A chilly wind weaved through the leaves of the campus trees, pushing Olive’s sweater against her body. She hugged herself and didn’t look back to the café. Fall had finally begun.

Chapter Twelve

♥ HYPOTHESIS: *If I am bad at doing activity A, my chances of being asked to engage in activity A will rise exponentially.*

Campus felt strangely empty with Adam gone, even on days in which she likely wouldn't have met him anyway. It didn't make much sense: Stanford was most definitely not empty, but teeming with loud, annoying undergrads on their way to and from class. Olive's life, too, was full: her mice were old enough for the behavioral assays to be run, she'd finally gotten revisions for a paper she'd submitted months earlier, and she had to start making concrete plans for her move to Boston next year; the class she was TA'ing had a test coming up, and undergrads magically began to pop by during office hours, looking panicky and asking questions that were invariably answered in the first three lines of the syllabus.

Malcolm spent a couple of days trying to convince Olive to tell Adam the truth, and then became—thankfully—too discouraged by her stubbornness and too busy trying to meditate away his own dating drama to insist. He did bake several batches of butterscotch cookies, though, patently lying that he was “not rewarding your self-destructive behaviors, Olive, but just perfecting my recipe.” Olive ate them all, and hugged him from behind while he sprinkled sea salt on top of the last batch.

On Saturday, Anh came over for beer and s'mores, and she and Olive daydreamed about leaving academia and finding industry jobs that paid a proper salary and acknowledged the existence of free time.

“We could, like, sleep in on Sunday mornings. Instead of having to check on our mice at six a.m.”

“Yeah.” Anh sighed wistfully. *Pride and Prejudice and Zombies* was running in the background, but neither of them was paying attention. “We could buy real ketchup instead of stealing packets from Burger King. And order that wireless vacuum cleaner I saw on TV.”

Olive giggled drunkenly and turned to her side, making the bed squeak. “Seriously? A vacuum cleaner?”

“A wireless one. It’s *the shit*, Ol.”

“That is . . .”

“What?”

“Just . . .” Olive giggled some more. “It’s the most random thing.”

“Shut up.” Anh smiled but didn’t open her eyes. “I have severe dust allergies. You know what, though?”

“Are you going to hit me with a Trivial Pursuit vacuum cleaner fact?”

The corners of Anh’s eyes crinkled. “Nah,” she said, “I don’t have any. Wait—I think that maybe the first female corporate CEO worked for a vacuum cleaner company.”

“No way. That is *actually* cool.”

“But maybe I’m making it up.” Anh shrugged. “Anyway, what I meant to say is . . . I think I still want it?”

“The vacuum cleaner?” Olive yawned without bothering to cover her mouth.

“No. An academic job. And everything that comes with it. The lab, the grad students, the outrageous teaching load, the race for the NIH grants, the disproportionately low salary. The whole shebang. Jeremy says that Malcolm has it right. That

industry jobs are where it's at. But I think I want to stay and become a professor. It'll be miserable, for sure, but it's the only way to create a good environment for women like us, Ol. Give some competition to all these entitled white men." She grinned, beautiful and fierce. "Jeremy can go into industry and make a ton of blood money that I'll invest in wireless vacuum cleaners."

Olive drunkenly studied the drunken determination on Anh's drunken face, thinking that there was something reassuring in knowing that her closest friend was starting to figure out what she wanted her life to be like. Who she wanted to live it with. It did send a pang deep in Olive's stomach, in that spot that seemed to feel Adam's absence most acutely, but she pushed it down, trying not to think about it too hard. Instead she reached for her friend's hand, squeezed it once, and inhaled the sweet scent of apple from her hair.

"You'll be so good at it, Anh. I can't wait to see you change the world."

ALL IN ALL, Olive's life continued as it always had—except that for the first time, there was something else she'd rather be doing. Someone else she'd rather be with.

So, this is liking someone, she mused. Feeling like the biology building was not worth going to because if Adam was out of town, even the most remote chance of running into him had been taken away from her; constantly spinning around after catching a glimpse of jet-black hair, or when hearing a deep voice that sounded as rich as Adam's but really wasn't; thinking of him because her friend Jess mentioned planning a trip to the Netherlands, or when on *Jeopardy!* the correct answer to "Aichmophobia" turned out to be "What is fear of

needles?”; feeling stuck in an odd limbo, waiting, just waiting, waiting . . . for nothing. Adam was going to come back in a few days, and Olive’s lie that she was in love with someone else was still going to be there. September twenty-ninth would arrive all too soon, and anyway, the assumption that Adam could ever see Olive in any romantic light was preposterous. All considered, she was lucky he liked her enough to want to be her friend.

On Sunday, her phone pinged while she was running at the gym. When Adam’s name popped up at the top of the screen, she immediately jumped to read it. Except that there wasn’t much to read: just the image of a huge drink in a plastic cup, topped with what looked like a muffin. The bottom of the image proudly stated “Pumpkin Pie Frappuccino,” and below that, Adam’s text:

Adam: Think I can smuggle this on the plane?

She didn’t need to be told that she was grinning at her phone like an idiot.

Olive: Well, TSA is notoriously incompetent.

Olive: Though maybe not that incompetent?

Adam: Too bad.

Adam: Wish you were here, then.

Olive’s smile stayed in place for a long time. And then, when she remembered the mess she was in, it faded into a heavy sigh.

SHE WAS CARRYING a tray of tissue samples to the electron microscope lab when someone patted her on the shoulder, startling her. Olive nearly tripped and destroyed several

thousand dollars' worth of federal grant funding. When she turned, Dr. Rodrigues was staring at her with his usual boyish grin—like they were best buddies about to go for a beer and a jolly good time, instead of a Ph.D. student and a former member of her advisory committee who'd never quite gotten around to reading any of the paperwork she'd turned in.

“Dr. Rodrigues.”

His brow wrinkled. “I thought we’d settled on Holden?”

Had they? “Right. Holden.”

He smiled, pleased. “Boyfriend’s out of town, huh?”

“Oh. Um . . . Yes.”

“You going in there?” He pointed at the microscope lab with his chin, and Olive nodded. “Here, let me get it.” He swiped his badge to unlock the door and held it open for her.

“Thank you.” She settled her samples on a bench and smiled gratefully, sliding her hands into her back pockets. “I was going to get a cart, but I couldn’t find one.”

“There’s only one left on this floor. I think someone’s bringing them home and reselling them.”

He grinned, and—Malcolm was right. Had been right for the past two years: there really was something easygoing and effortlessly attractive about Holden. Not that Olive seemed to be interested in anything but tall, broody, sullen hunks with genius IQs.

“Can’t blame ’em. I’d have done the same in my grad school days. So, how’s life?”

“Um, fine. You?”

Holden ignored her question and casually leaned against the wall. “How bad is it?”

“Bad?”

“Adam being gone. Hell, even I miss that little shit.” He chuckled. “How are you holding up?”

“Oh.” She took her hands out of her pockets, crossed her arms in front of her chest, and then changed her mind and dropped them woodenly by her sides. *Yep. Perfect. Acting natural.* “Fine. Good. Busy.”

Holden looked genuinely relieved. “Great. Have you guys been talking on the phone?”

No. Of course not. Talking on the phone is the hardest, most stressful thing in the world, and I can't do it with the nice lady who schedules my dental cleanings, let alone with Adam Carlsen. “Ah, mostly texting, you know?”

“Yeah, I do know. However buttoned-up and sulky Adam is with you, please know that he's making an effort and he's a million times worse with everyone else. Me included.” He sighed and shook his head, but there was a fondness behind it. An easy affection that Olive couldn't miss. *My oldest friend,* he'd said about Adam, and clearly he hadn't been lying. “He's actually gotten a lot better, since you guys started dating.”

Olive felt on the verge of a full-body cringe. Unsure of what to say, she settled for a simple, painful, awkward: “Really?”

Holden nodded. “Yep. I'm so glad he finally scrounged up the courage to ask you out. He'd been going on and on about this ‘amazing girl’ for years, but he was concerned about being in the same department, and you know how he is . . .” He shrugged and waved his hand. “I'm glad he finally managed to pull his head out of his ass.”

Olive's brain stuttered. Her neurons went sluggish and cold, and it took her several seconds to process that Adam had been wanting to ask her out for years. She couldn't wrap her head around it, because . . . it was not possible. It didn't make sense. Adam didn't even remember Olive existed before she'd

Title-IXed him in the hallway a few weeks ago. The more she thought about it, the more she grew convinced that if he'd had any recollection of their bathroom meeting, he would have said as much. Adam was famously direct, after all.

Holden must have been referring to someone else. And Adam must have feelings for that someone. Someone he worked with, someone who was in their department. Someone who was "amazing."

Olive's mind, half frozen until a few seconds ago, began to spiral with the knowledge. Setting aside the fact that this conversation was an utter invasion of Adam's privacy, Olive couldn't stop herself from considering the implications of their arrangement for him. If the person Holden was talking about was one of Adam's colleagues, there was no chance that she hadn't heard about Adam and Olive dating. It was possible that she'd seen the two of them get coffee together on a Wednesday, or Olive sitting on Adam's lap during Tom's talk, or—God, Olive slathering him with sunblock at that godforsaken picnic. Which couldn't be good for his prospects. Unless Adam didn't mind, because he was sure beyond any doubt that his feelings were unrequited—and oh, wouldn't that be funny? About as funny as a Greek tragedy.

"Anyway." Holden pushed away from the wall, his hand coming up to scratch his nape. "I think we should go on a double date one of these days. I've been taking a break from dating—too much heartache—but maybe it's time to dip my toes in again. Hopefully I'll snatch myself a boyfriend soon."

The weight in Olive's stomach sank even lower. "That would be lovely." She attempted a smile.

"Right?" He grinned. "Adam would hate it with the intensity of a thousand suns."

He really would.

“But I could tell you so many juicy stories about him, approximately aged ten to twenty-five.” Holden was delighted at the prospect. “He’d be mortified.”

“Are they about taxidermy?”

“Taxidermy?”

“Nothing. Just something Tom had said about . . .” She waved her hand. “Nothing.”

Holden’s gaze turned sharp. “Adam said you might be going to work with Tom next year. Is that true?”

“Oh . . . yeah. That’s the plan.”

He nodded, pensive. Then seemed to come to some sort of decision and added, “Watch your back while you’re around him, okay?”

“My back?” What? Why? Did this have anything to do with what Adam had mentioned—Holden not liking Tom? “What do you mean?”

“Adam’s back, too. *Especially* Adam’s back.” Holden’s expression remained intense for a moment, and then lightened up. “Anyway. Tom only met Adam in grad school. But I was there in his teenage years—that’s when the good stories are from.”

“Oh. You probably shouldn’t tell me. Since . . .” *Since he’s faking a relationship with me and surely doesn’t want me in his business. Also, he’s probably in love with someone else.*

“Oh, of course. I’ll wait until he’s present. I want to see his face when I tell you everything about his newsboy-cap phase.”

She blinked. “His . . . ?”

He nodded solemnly and stepped out, closing the door behind him and leaving her alone in the chilly, semidark lab. Olive had to take several deep breaths before she could focus on her work.

WHEN SHE RECEIVED the email, she initially thought it must be an error. Maybe she'd misread—she hadn't been sleeping well, and as it turned out, having an unwanted, unreciprocated crush came with all sorts of scatter-headedness—though after a second look, then a third and a fourth, she realized that wasn't the case. So maybe the mistake was on the SBD conference's side. Because there was no way—absolutely *no way*—that they'd really meant to inform her that the abstract she'd submitted had been selected to be part of a panel.

A panel with faculty.

It was just not possible. Graduate students were rarely selected for oral presentations. Most of the time they just made posters with their findings. Talks were for scholars whose careers were already advanced—except that when Olive logged into the conference website and downloaded the program, her name was there. And out of all the speakers' names, hers was the only one not followed by any letters. No MD. No Ph.D. No MD-Ph.D.

Crap.

She ran out of the lab clutching her laptop to her chest. Greg gave her a dirty look when she almost crashed into him in the hallway, but she ignored him and stormed inside Dr. Aslan's office out of breath, her knees suddenly made of jelly.

“Can we talk?” She closed the door without waiting for an answer.

Her adviser looked up from behind her desk with an alarmed expression. “Olive, what is—”

“I don’t want to give a talk. I can’t give a talk.” She shook her head, trying to sound reasonable but only managing panic-

stricken and frantic. “I *can’t*.”

Dr. Aslan cocked her head and steepled her hands. The veneer of calm her adviser projected was usually comforting, but now it made Olive want to flip the nearest piece of furniture.

Calm down. Deep breaths. Use your mindfulness and all that stuff Malcolm’s always yapping his mouth about. “Dr. Aslan, my SBD abstract was accepted as a talk. Not as a poster, a *talk*. Out loud. On a panel. Standing. In front of *people*.” Olive’s voice had made its way to a shriek. And yet, for reasons beyond understanding, Dr. Aslan’s face split into a grin.

“This is wonderful news!”

Olive blinked. And then blinked again. “It’s . . . not?”

“Nonsense.” Dr. Aslan stood and walked around her desk, running her hand up and down Olive’s arm in what she clearly intended as a congratulatory gesture. “This is fantastic. A talk will give you much more visibility than a poster. You might be able to network for a postdoctoral position. I am so, *so* happy for you.”

Olive’s jaw dropped. “But . . .”

“But?”

“I cannot give a talk. I can’t *talk*.”

“You’re talking right now, Olive.”

“Not in front of people.”

“I am people.”

“You’re not *many* people. Dr. Aslan, I can’t talk in front of a lot of people. Not about science.”

“Why?”

“Because.” *Because my throat will dry up and my brain will shut down and I will be so bad that someone from the audience will take out a crossbow and shoot me in the kneecap.* “I’m not ready. To speak. In public.”

“Of course you are. You’re a good public speaker.”

“I’m not. I stammer. I blush. I meander. A lot. Especially in front of large crowds, and—”

“Olive,” Dr. Aslan interrupted her with a stern tone. “What do I always tell you?”

“Um . . . ‘Don’t misplace the multichannel pipette?’”

“The other thing.”

She sighed. “‘Carry yourself with the confidence of a mediocre white man.’”

“More than that, if possible. Since there is absolutely nothing mediocre about you.”

Olive closed her eyes and took enough deep breaths to pull back from the verge of a panic attack. When she opened them, her adviser was smiling encouragingly.

“Dr. Aslan.” Olive grimaced. “I *really* don’t think I can do this.”

“I know you don’t.” There was some sadness in her expression. “But you can. And we’ll work together until you feel up to the task.” This time, she put both her hands on Olive’s shoulders. Olive was still hugging her laptop to her chest, like she would a life buoy in the open sea, but the touch was oddly comforting. “Don’t worry. We have a couple of weeks to get you ready.”

You say that. You say “we,” but I’ll be the one to speak in front of hundreds of people, and when someone asks a three-minute-long question meant to get me to admit that deep down my work is poorly structured and useless, I’ll be the one to

crap her pants. “Right.” Olive had to force her head into an up-and-down motion and take a deep breath. She exhaled slowly. “Okay.”

“Why don’t you put together a draft? You could practice during the next lab meeting.” Another reassuring smile, and Olive was nodding again, not feeling reassured in the least. “And if you have any questions, I’m always here. Oh, I am so disappointed that I won’t get to see your talk. You must promise to record it for me. It will be just as if I was there.”

Except that you won’t be there, and I’ll be alone, she thought bitterly while closing the door of Dr. Aslan’s office behind her. She slumped against the wall and squeezed her eyes shut, trying to quiet the agitated mess of thoughts fluttering inside her head. And then she opened them again when she heard her name in Malcolm’s voice. He was standing in front of her with Anh, studying her with a half-amused, half-worried expression. They were holding Starbucks cups. The smell of caramel and peppermint wafted over, making her stomach churn.

“Hey.”

Anh took a sip of her drink. “Why are you taking a standing nap next to your adviser’s office?”

“I . . .” Olive pushed away from the wall and walked a few steps away from Dr. Aslan’s door, rubbing her nose with the back of her hand. “My abstract got accepted. The SBD one.”

“Congrats!” Anh smiled. “But that was pretty much a given, right?”

“It was accepted as a *talk*.”

For a few seconds, two pairs of eyes just stared at her in silence. Olive thought that Malcolm might be wincing, but when she turned to check, there was just a vague smile pasted on his face. “That’s . . . awesome?”

“Yeah.” Anh’s eyes darted to Malcolm and back to Olive. “That’s, um, great.”

“It’s a disaster of epic proportions.”

Anh and Malcolm exchanged a worried glance. They knew very well how Olive felt about public speaking.

“What is Dr. Aslan saying about it?”

“The usual.” She rubbed her eyes. “That it will be fine. That we’ll work on it together.”

“I think she’s right,” Anh said. “I’ll help you practice. We’ll make sure you know it by heart. And it *will* be fine.”

“Yeah.” *Or it won’t.* “Also, the conference is in less than two weeks. We should book the hotel—or are we doing Airbnb?”

Something odd happened the moment she asked the question. Not with Anh—she was still peacefully sipping on her coffee—but Malcolm’s cup froze halfway to his mouth, and he bit his lip while studying the sleeve of his sweater.

“About that . . . ,” he began.

Olive frowned. “What?”

“Well.” Malcolm shuffled his feet a little, and maybe it was accidental, the way he seemed to be drifting away from Olive—but she didn’t think so. “We already have.”

“You already booked something?”

Anh nodded cheerfully. “Yes.” She didn’t appear to notice that Malcolm was about to have a stroke. “The conference hotel.”

“Oh. Okay. Let me know what I owe you then, since—”

“The thing is . . .” Malcolm seemed to move even farther away.

“What thing?”

“Well.” He fidgeted with the cardboard holder of his cup, and his eyes darted to Anh, who seemed blissfully oblivious to his discomfort. “Jeremy’s hotel room is paid for because of that fellowship he’s on, and he asked Anh to stay with him. And then Jess, Cole, and Hikaru offered for me to stay with them.”

“What?” Olive glanced at Anh. “Seriously?”

“It will save all of us a lot of money. And it will be my first trip with Jeremy,” Anh interjected distractedly. She was typing something on her phone. “Oh my God, guys, I think I found it! A location for the Boston event for BIPOC women in STEM! I think I’ve got it!”

“That’s great,” Olive said weakly. “But I thought . . . I thought we’d room together.”

Anh glanced up, looking contrite. “Yeah, I know. That’s what I told Jeremy, but he pointed out that you . . . you know.” Olive tilted her head, confused, and Anh continued, “I mean, why would you want to spend money on a room when you could stay with Carlsen?”

Oh. “Because.” Because. Because, because, *because*. “I . . .”

“I’ll miss you, but it’s not as if we’ll be in the rooms for anything other than sleeping.”

“Right. . . .” She pressed her lips together, and added, “Sure.”

Anh’s grin made her want to groan. “Awesome. We’ll get meals together and hang out for poster sessions. And at night, of course.”

“Of course.” It was all Olive could do not to sound bitter. “I look forward to it,” she added with as good a smile as she could muster.

“Okay. Great. I gotta go—the Women in Science outreach committee is meeting in five. But let’s get together this weekend to plan fun activities for Boston. Jeremy said something about a ghost tour!”

Olive waited until Anh was out of earshot before turning to face Malcolm. He was already raising his hands defensively.

“First of all, Anh came up with this plan while I was monitoring that twenty-four-hour experiment—worst day of my life, I *cannot* graduate soon enough. And after that—what was I supposed to do? Inform her that you’re not going to stay with Carlsen because you’re fake-dating? Oh, but wait—now that you’ve got a huge crush on him maybe it’s sort of real—”

“Okay, I get it.” Her stomach was starting to ache. “You still could have told me.”

“I was going to. And then I dumped Neuro Jude and he went crazy and egged my car. And after that my dad called me to say hi and asked me about how my projects are going, which devolved into him grilling me on why I’m not using a *C. elegans* model, and, Ol, you know how incredibly nosy and micromanaging he can be, which led to us having an argument and my mom got involved and—” He stopped and took a deep breath. “Well, you were there. You heard the screams. Bottom line is, it totally slipped my mind, and I’m so sorry.”

“It’s fine.” She scratched her temple. “I’m going to have to find someplace to stay.”

“I’ll help you,” Malcolm told her eagerly. “We can look online tonight.”

“Thanks, but don’t worry about it. I’ll manage.” Or not. Probably. Likely. Since the conference was in less than two weeks, and everything was likely already booked up. What was left was undoubtedly so out of her price range, she’d have to sell a kidney to be able to afford it. Which could be an option—she did have two.

“You’re not mad, right?”

“I . . .” Yes. No. *Maybe a little.* “No. It’s not your fault.” She hugged Malcolm back when he leaned into her, reassuring him with a few awkward pats on the shoulder. As much as she’d have liked to blame him for this, she only had to look at herself. The crux of her problems—most of them, at least—was her moronic, harebrained decision to lie to Anh in the first place. To begin this fake-dating sham. Now she was giving a *talk* at this stupid conference, probably after sleeping at a bus station and eating moss for breakfast, and despite all of this she couldn’t stop thinking about Adam. Just perfect.

Laptop under her arm, Olive headed back to the lab, the prospect of getting her slides in order for her talk simultaneously daunting and depressing. There was something leaden and unpleasant weighing on her stomach, and on impulse she made a detour to the restroom and entered the stall farthest from the door, leaning against the wall until the back of her head hit the cold tile surface.

When the weight in her belly began to feel too heavy, her knees gave out on her and her back slid down until she sat on the floor. Olive stayed like that for a long time, trying to pretend that this wasn’t her life.

Chapter Thirteen

♥ HYPOTHESIS: *Approximately two out of three fake-dating situations will eventually involve room-sharing; 50 percent of room-sharing situations will be further complicated by the presence of only one bed.*

There was an Airbnb twenty-five minutes from the conference center, but it was an inflatable mattress on the floor of a storage room, charging 180 bucks per night, and even if she could have afforded it, one of the reviews reported that the host had a penchant for role-playing Viking with the guests, so . . . No, thank you. She found a more affordable one forty-five minutes away by subway, but when she went to reserve the room, she discovered that someone had beaten her to it by mere seconds, and she was tempted to hurl her laptop across the coffee shop. She was trying to decide between a seedy motel and a cheap couch in the suburbs when a shadow cast over her. She looked up with a frown, expecting an undergrad wanting to use the outlet she'd been hoarding, and instead found . . .

“Oh.”

Adam was standing in front of her, the late-afternoon sunlight haloing his hair and shoulders, fingers closed around an iPad as he looked down at her with a somber expression. It had been less than a week since she'd last seen him—six days to be precise, which was just a handful of hours and minutes. Nothing, considering that she'd barely known him a month. And yet it was as if the space she was in, the whole campus, the entire city was transformed by knowing that he was back.

Possibilities. That's what Adam's presence felt like. Of what, she was not certain.

"You're . . ." Her mouth was dry. An event of great scientific interest, considering that she'd taken a sip from her water bottle maybe ten seconds ago. "You're back."

"I am."

She hadn't forgotten his voice. Or his height. Or the way his stupid clothes fit him. She couldn't have—she had two medial temporal lobes, fully functioning and tucked nicely inside her skull, which meant that she was perfectly able to encode and store memories. She hadn't forgotten anything, and she wasn't sure why right now it felt as if she had. "I thought . . . I didn't—" *Yes, Olive. Wonderful. Very eloquent.* "I didn't know that you were back."

His face was a little closed off, but he nodded. "I flew in last night."

"Oh." She should have probably prepared something to say, but she hadn't expected to see him until Wednesday. If she had, maybe she wouldn't have been wearing her oldest leggings and most tattered T-shirt, and her hair wouldn't have been a mess. Not that she was under any illusion that Adam would have noticed her if she'd been wearing a swimsuit or a gala dress. But still. "Do you want to sit?" She leaned forward to gather her phone and notebook, making room on the other side of the small table. It was only when he hesitated before taking a seat that it occurred to her that maybe he had no intention of staying, that now he might feel forced to do so. He folded himself into the chair gracefully, like a big cat.

Great job, Olive. Who doesn't love a needy person who hounds them for attention?

"You don't have to. I know you're busy. MacArthur grants to win and grads to brutalize and broccoli to eat." He'd

probably rather be anywhere else. She bit her thumbnail, feeling guilty, starting to panic, and—

And then he smiled. And suddenly there were grooves around his mouth and dimples in his cheeks and his face was completely altered by them. The air at the table thinned. Olive couldn't quite breathe.

"You know, there's a middle ground between living off brownies and exclusively eating broccoli."

She grinned, for no reason other than—Adam was *here*, with *her*. And he was *smiling*. "That's a lie."

He shook his head, mouth still curved. "How are you?"

Better now. "Good. How was Boston?"

"Good."

"I'm glad you're back. I'm pretty sure the biology dropout rates have seen a steep reduction. We can't have that."

He gave her a patient, put-upon look. "You look tired, smart-ass."

"Oh. Yeah, I . . ." She rubbed her cheek with her hand, ordering herself not to feel self-conscious about her looks, just like she'd always made a point not to. It would be an equally stupid idea to wonder what the woman Holden mentioned the other day looked like. Probably stunning. Probably feminine, with curves; someone who actually needed to wear a bra, someone who was not half covered in freckles, who had mastered the art of applying liquid eyeliner without making a mess of herself.

"I'm fine. It's been a week, though." She massaged her temple.

He cocked his head. "What happened?"

"Nothing . . . My friends are stupid, and I hate them." She felt instantly guilty and made a face. "Actually, I don't hate

them. I do hate that I love them, though.”

“Is this the sunscreen friend? Anh?”

“The one and only. And my roommate, too, who really should know better.”

“What did they do?”

“They . . .” Olive pressed into both eyes with her fingers. “It’s a long story. They found alternative accommodations for SBD. Which means that now I have to find a place on my own.”

“Why did they do that?”

“Because . . .” She briefly closed her eyes and sighed. “Because they assumed that I’d want to stay with you. Since you’re my . . . you know. ‘Boyfriend.’”

He went still for a couple of seconds. And then: “I see.”

“Yep. A pretty bold assumption, but . . .” She spread her arms and shrugged.

He bit the inside of his cheek, looking pensive. “I’m sorry you won’t get to room with them.”

She waved her hand. “Oh, that’s not it. That would have been fun, but it’s just that now I need to find something else nearby, and there are no affordable options.” Her eyes fell on the screen of her laptop. “I’m thinking of booking this motel that’s an hour away and—”

“Won’t they know?”

She looked up from the grainy, shady-looking picture of the place. “Mm?”

“Won’t Anh know that you’re not staying with me?”

Oh. “Where are you staying?”

“The conference hotel.”

Of course. “Well.” She scratched her nose. “I wouldn’t tell her. I don’t think she’ll pay too much attention.”

“But she’ll notice if you’re staying one hour away.”

“I . . .” Yes. They would notice, and ask questions, and Olive would have to come up with a bunch of excuses and even more half-truths to deal with it. Add a few blocks to this Jenga tower of lies she’d been building for weeks. “I’ll figure it out.”

He nodded slowly. “I’m sorry.”

“Oh, it’s not your fault.”

“One could argue that it is, in fact, my fault.”

“Not at all.”

“I would offer to pay for your hotel room, but I doubt there’s anything left in a ten-mile radius.”

“Oh, no.” She shook her head emphatically. “And I wouldn’t accept it. It’s not a cup of coffee. And a scone. And a cookie. And a pumpkin Frappuccino.” She batted her eyes at him and leaned forward, trying to change the topic. “Which, by the way, is new on the menu. You could totally buy it for me, and that would make my day.”

“Sure.” He looked slightly nauseous.

“Awesome.” She grinned. “I think it’s cheaper today, some kind of Tuesday sale, so—”

“But you could room with me.”

The way he put it forward, calm and sensible, almost made it sound like it was no big deal. And Olive almost fell for it, until her ears and brain seemed to finally connect with each other and she was able to process the meaning of what he’d just said.

That she.

Could room.

With him.

Olive knew full well what sharing quarters with someone entailed, even for a very short period. Sleeping in the same room meant seeing embarrassing pajamas, taking turns to use the bathroom, hearing the swish of someone trying to find a comfortable position under the sheets loud and clear in the dark. Sleeping in the same room meant— No. Nope. It was a terrible idea. And Olive was starting to think that maybe she had maxed those out for a while. So she cleared her throat.

“I could not, actually.”

He nodded calmly. But then, then he asked equally calmly, “Why?” and she wanted to bang her head against the table.

“I couldn’t.”

“The room is a double, of course,” he offered, as if that piece of information could have possibly changed her mind.

“It’s not a good idea.”

“Why?”

“Because people will think that we . . .” She noticed Adam’s look and immediately hushed. “Okay, *fine*. They already think that. But.”

“But?”

“Adam.” She rubbed her forehead with her fingers. “There will be only one bed.”

He frowned. “No, as I said it’s a double—”

“It’s not. It won’t be. There will be only one bed, for sure.”

He gave her a puzzled look. “I got the booking confirmation the other day. I can forward it to you if you want; it says that—”

“It doesn’t matter what it says. It’s *always* one bed.”

He stared at her, perplexed, and she sighed and leaned helplessly against the back of her chair. He'd clearly never seen a rom-com or read a romance novel in his life. "Nothing. Ignore me."

"My symposium is part of a satellite workshop the day before the conference starts, and then I'll be speaking on the first day of the actual conference. I have the room for the entire conference, but I'll probably need to leave for some meetings after night two, so you'd be by yourself from night three. We'd only overlap for one night."

She listened to the logical, methodical way he listed sensible reasons why she should just accept his offer and felt a wave of panic sweep over her. "It seems like a bad idea."

"That's fine. I just don't understand why."

"Because." *Because I don't want to. Because I have it bad. Because I'd probably have it even worse, after that. Because it's going to be the week of September twenty-ninth, and I've been trying hard not to think about it.*

"Are you afraid that I'll try to kiss you without your consent? To sit on your lap, or fondle you under the pretext of applying sunscreen? Because I would never—"

Olive chucked her phone at him. He caught it in his left hand, studied its glitter amino-acid case with a pleased expression, and then carefully set it next to her laptop.

"I hate you," She told him, sullen. She might have been pouting. And smiling at the same time.

His mouth twitched. "I know."

"Am I ever going to live that stuff down?"

"Unlikely. And if you do, I'm sure something else will come up."

She huffed, crossing her arms over her chest, and they exchanged a small smile.

“I can ask Holden or Tom if I can stay with them, and leave you my room,” he suggested. “But they know that I already have one, so I’d have to come up with excuses—”

“No, I’m not going to kick you out of your room.” She ran a hand through her hair and exhaled. “You’d hate it.”

He tilted his head. “What?”

“Rooming with me.”

“I would?”

“Yeah. You seem like a person who . . .” *You seem like you like to keep others at arm’s length, uncompromising and ever so hard to know. You seem like you care very little about what people think of you. You seem like you know what you’re doing. You seem equally horrible and awesome, and just the thought that there’s someone you’d like to open up to, someone who’s not me, makes me feel like I can’t sit at this table any longer.* “Like you’d want your own space.”

He held her gaze. “Olive. I think I’ll be fine.”

“But if you end up *not* being fine, then you’d be stuck with me.”

“It’s one night.” His jaw clenched and relaxed, and he added, “We are friends, no?”

Her own words, thrown back at her. *I don’t want to be your friend*, she was tempted to say. Thing was, she also didn’t want to *not* be his friend. What she wanted was completely outside of her ability to obtain, and she needed to forget it. Scrap it from her brain.

“Yes. We are.”

“Then, as a friend, don’t force me to worry about you using public transportation late at night in a city you’re not familiar

with. Biking on roads without bike lanes is bad enough,” he muttered, and she immediately felt a weight sink into her stomach. He was trying to be a good friend. He cared for her, and instead of being satisfied with what she currently had, she had to ruin it all and—and want more.

She took a deep breath. “Are you sure? That it wouldn’t bother you?”

He nodded, silent.

“Okay, then. Okay.” She forced herself to smile. “Do you snore?”

He huffed out a laugh. “I don’t know.”

“Oh, come on. How can you not know?”

He shrugged. “I just don’t.”

“Well, that probably means you don’t. Otherwise, someone would have told you.”

“Someone?”

“A roommate.” It occurred to her that Adam was thirty-four and likely hadn’t had a roommate in about a decade. “Or a girlfriend.”

He smiled faintly and lowered his gaze. “I guess my ‘girlfriend’ will tell me after SBD, then.” He said it in a quiet, unassuming tone, clearly trying to make a joke, but Olive’s cheeks warmed, and she couldn’t quite bear to look at him anymore. Instead she picked at a thread on the sleeve of her cardigan, and searched for something to say.

“My stupid abstract.” She cleared her throat. “It was accepted as a talk.”

He met her eyes. “Faculty panel?”

“Yeah.”

“You’re not happy?”

“No.” She winced.

“Is it the public-speaking thing?”

He’d remembered. Of course he had. “Yeah. It will be awful.”

Adam stared at her and said nothing. Not that it would be fine, not that the talk would go smoothly, not that she was overreacting and underselling a fantastic opportunity. His calm acceptance of her anxiety had the exact opposite effect of Dr. Aslan’s enthusiasm: it relaxed her.

“When I was in my third year of grad school,” he said quietly, “my adviser sent me to give a faculty symposium in his stead. He told me only two days before, without any slides or a script. Just the title of the talk.”

“Wow.” Olive tried to imagine what that would have felt like, being expected to perform something so daunting with so little forewarning. At the same time, part of her marveled at Adam self-disclosing something without being asked a direct question. “Why did he do that?”

“Who knows?” He tilted his head back, staring at a spot above her head. His tone held a trace of bitterness. “Because he had an emergency. Because he thought it’d be a formative experience. Because he could.”

Olive just bet that he could. She didn’t know Adam’s former adviser, but academia was very much an old boys’ club, where those who held the power liked to take advantage of those who didn’t without repercussions.

“Was it? A formative experience?”

He shrugged again. “As much as anything that keeps you awake in a panic for forty-eight hours straight can be.”

Olive smiled. “And how did you do?”

“I did . . .” He pressed his lips together. “Not well enough.” He was silent for a long moment, his gaze locked somewhere outside the café’s window. “Then again, nothing was ever good enough.”

It seemed impossible that someone might look at Adam’s scientific accomplishments and find them lacking. That he could ever be anything less than the best at what he did. Was that why he was so severe in his judgment of others? Because he’d been taught to set the same impossible standards for himself?

“Do you still keep in touch with him? Your adviser, I mean.”

“He’s retired now. Tom has taken over what used to be his lab.”

It was such an uncharacteristically opaque, carefully worded answer. Olive couldn’t help being curious. “Did you like him?”

“It’s complicated.” He rubbed a hand over his jaw, looking pensive and far away. “No. No, I didn’t like him. I still don’t. He was . . .” It took him so long to continue, she almost convinced herself that he wouldn’t. But he did, staring at the late-afternoon sunlight disappearing behind the oak trees. “Brutal. My adviser was brutal.”

She chuckled, and Adam’s eyes darted back to her face, narrow with confusion.

“Sorry.” She was still laughing a little. “It’s just funny, to hear you complain about your old mentor. Because . . .”

“Because?”

“Because he sounds exactly like you.”

“I’m not like him,” he retorted, more sharply than Olive had come to expect from him. It made her snort.

“Adam, I’m pretty sure that if we were to ask anyone to describe you with one word, ‘brutal’ would come up one or ten times.”

She saw him stiffen before she was even done speaking, the line of his shoulders suddenly tense and rigid, his jaw tight and with a slight twitch to it. Her first instinct was to apologize, but she was not sure for what. There was nothing new to what she’d just told him—they’d discussed his blunt, uncompromising mentoring style before, and he’d always taken it in stride. Owned it, even. And yet his fists were clenched on the table, and his eyes were darker than usual.

“I . . . Adam, did I—” she stammered, but he interrupted her before she could continue.

“Everyone has issues with their advisers,” he said, and there was a finality to his tone that warned her not to finish her sentence. Not to ask *What happened? Where did you just go?*

So she swallowed and nodded. “Dr. Aslan is . . .” She hesitated. His knuckles were not quite as white anymore, and the tension in his muscles was slowly dissolving. It was possible that she’d imagined it. Yes, she must have. “She’s great. But sometimes I feel like she doesn’t really understand that I need more . . .” Guidance. Support. Some practical advice, instead of blind encouragement. “I’m not even sure what I need, myself. I think that might be part of the problem—I’m not very good at communicating it.”

He nodded and appeared to choose his words carefully. “It’s hard, mentoring. No one teaches you how to do it. We’re trained to become scientists, but as professors, we’re also in charge of making sure that students learn to produce rigorous science. I hold my grads accountable, and I set high standards for them. They’re scared of me, and that’s fine. The stakes are high, and if being scared means that they’re taking their training seriously, then I’m okay with it.”

She tilted her head. “What do you mean?”

“My job is to make sure that my adult graduate students don’t become mediocre scientists. That means I’m the one who’s tasked with demanding that they rerun their experiments or adjust their hypotheses. It comes with the territory.”

Olive had never been a people pleaser, but Adam’s attitude toward others’ perception of him was so cavalier, it was almost fascinating. “Do you really not care?” she asked, curious. “That your grads might dislike you as a person?”

“Nah. I don’t like them very much, either.” She thought of Jess and Alex and the other half a dozen grads and postdocs mentored by Adam whom she didn’t know very well. The thought of him finding them as annoying as they found him despotic made her chuckle. “To be fair, I don’t like people in general.”

“Right.” *Don’t ask, Olive. Do not ask.* “Do you like me?”

A millisecond of hesitation as he pressed his lips together. “Nope. You’re a smart-ass with abysmal taste in beverages.” He traced the corner of his iPad, a small smile playing on his lips. “Send me your slides.”

“My slides?”

“For your talk. I’ll take a look at them.”

Olive tried not to gape at him. “Oh—you . . . I’m not your grad. You don’t have to.”

“I know.”

“You really don’t have to—”

“I want to,” he said, voice pitched low and even as he looked into her eyes, and Olive had to avert her gaze because something felt too tight in her chest.

“Okay.” She finally managed to snap out the loose thread on her sleeve. “How likely is it that your feedback will cause

me to cry under the shower?"

"That depends on the quality of your slides."

She smiled. "Don't feel like you have to hold back."

"Believe me, I don't."

"Good. Great." She sighed, but it was reassuring, knowing that he was going to be checking her work. "Will you come to my talk?" she heard herself ask, and was as surprised by the request as Adam seemed to be.

"I . . . Do you want me to?"

No. No, it's going to be horrible, and humiliating, and probably a disaster, and you're going to see me at my worst and weakest. It's probably best if you lock yourself into the bathroom for the entire duration of the panel. Just so you don't accidentally wander in and see me making a fool of myself.

And yet. Just the idea of having him there, sitting in the audience, made the prospect seem like less of an ordeal. He was not her adviser, and he wasn't going to be able to do much if she got inundated by a barrage of impossible questions, or if the projector stopped working halfway through the talk. But maybe that wasn't what she needed from him.

It hit her then what was so special about Adam. That no matter his reputation, or how rocky their first meeting, since the very beginning, Olive had felt that he was on her side. Over and over, and in ways that she could never have anticipated, he had made her feel unjudged. Less alone.

She exhaled slowly. The realization should have been rattling, but it had an oddly calming effect. "Yes," she told him, thinking that this might very well turn out to be all right. She might never have what she wanted from Adam, but for now at least, he was in her life. That was going to have to be enough.

“I will, then.”

She leaned forward. “Will you ask a long-winded, leading question that will cause me to ramble incoherently and lose the respect of my peers, thus forever undermining my place in the field of biology?”

“Possibly.” He was smiling. “Should I buy you that disgusting”—Adam gestured toward the register—“pumpkin sludge now?”

She grinned. “Oh, yes. I mean, if you want to.”

“I’d rather buy you anything else.”

“Too bad.” Olive jumped to her feet and headed for the counter, tugging at his sleeve and forcing him to stand with her. Adam followed meekly, mumbling something about black coffee that Olive chose to ignore.

Enough, she repeated to herself. What you have now, it will have to be enough.

Chapter Fourteen

♥ HYPOTHESIS: *This conference will be the worst thing to ever happen to my professional career, general well-being, and sense of sanity.*

There were two beds in the hotel room.

Two double beds to be precise, and as she stared at them, Olive felt her shoulders sag with relief and had to resist the urge to fist-pump. *Take that, you stupid rom-coms.* She may have fallen for the dude she'd begun to fake-date like some born-yesterday fool, but at least she wouldn't be sharing a bed with him any time soon. Given her disastrous past couple of weeks, she'd really, really needed the win.

There were a number of little clues that Adam had slept on the bed closest to the entrance—a book on the bedside table in a language that looked like German, a thumb drive and the same iPad she'd seen him carry around on several occasions, an iPhone charger dangling from the power outlet. A suitcase tucked by the foot of the bed, black and expensive-looking. Unlike Olive's, it probably hadn't been fished out of the Walmart bargain bin.

"I guess this is mine, then," she murmured, sitting on the bed closest to the window and bouncing a few times to test the firmness of the mattress. It was a nice room. Not ridiculously fancy, but Olive was suddenly grateful for the way Adam had snorted and looked at her like she was crazy when she'd offered to pay for half of it. At least the place was wide enough that they weren't going to have to brush up against each other every time they moved around. Staying in here with

him wouldn't feel like a singularly sadistic version of seven minutes in heaven.

Not that they'd be together much. She was going to give her talk in a couple of hours—ugh—then go to the department's social and hang out with her friends until . . . well, as long as she feasibly could. Odds were that Adam already had tons of meetings scheduled, and maybe they wouldn't even see each other. Olive would be asleep when he came back tonight, and tomorrow morning one of them would pretend not to wake up while the other got ready. It was going to be fine. Harmless. At the very least, not make things worse than they currently were.

Olive's usual conference outfit was black jeans and her least-frayed cardigan, but a few days ago Anh had mentioned that the ensemble might be too casual for a talk. After sighing for hours Olive had decided to bring the black wrap dress she'd bought on sale before interviewing for grad school and black pumps borrowed from Anh's sister. It had seemed like a good idea at the time, but as soon as she slipped into the bathroom to put on the dress, she realized that it must have shrunk the last time she washed it. It didn't quite hit her knees anymore, not by a couple of inches. She groaned and snapped a picture for Anh and Malcolm, who texted her, respectively, *Still conference appropriate* and a fire emoji. Olive prayed that Anh was right as she combed the waves in her hair and fought against dried-out mascara—her fault for buying makeup at the dollar store, clearly.

She had just got out of the bathroom, rehearsing her talk under her breath, when the door opened and someone—Adam, of course it was *Adam*—entered the room. He was holding his key card and typing something in his phone, but stopped as soon as he looked up and noticed Olive. His mouth opened, and—

That was it. It just stayed open.

“Hey.” Olive forced her face into a smile. Her heart was doing something weird in her chest. Beating a little too quickly. She should probably have it checked as soon as she got back home. One could never be too careful about cardiovascular health. “Hi.”

He snapped his mouth closed and cleared his throat. “You’re . . .” He swallowed and shifted on his feet. “Here.”

“Yep.” She nodded, still smiling. “Just arrived. My flight landed on time, surprisingly.”

Adam seemed a little slow. Maybe jet-lagged from his own flight, or perhaps last night he’d been out late with his famous scientist friends, or with the mysterious woman Holden had talked about. He just stared at Olive, silent for several moments, and when he spoke, it was only to say, “You look . . .”

She glanced down at her dress and heels, wondering if her eye makeup was already smudged. She’d put it on three whole minutes ago, so it was more than likely. “Professional?”

“That’s not what I . . .” Adam closed his eyes and shook his head, as if collecting himself. “But, yes. You do. How are you?”

“Good. Fine. I mean, I wish I were dead. But aside from that.”

He laughed silently and moved closer. “You’ll be okay.” She had thought sweaters were a good look for him, but only because she’d never seen him wear a blazer. *He had a secret weapon all along*, she thought, trying not to stare too hard. *And now he’s unleashing it. Damn him.*

“Agreed.” She pushed her hair back and smiled. “After I die.”

“You’re fine. You have a script. You memorized it. Your slides are good.”

“I think they were better before you made me change the PowerPoint background.”

“It was acid green.”

“I know. It made me happy.”

“It made *me* nauseous.”

“Mm. Anyway, thanks again for helping me figure it out.” *And for answering the 139 questions I asked. Thank you for taking less than ten minutes to reply to my emails, every time, even when it was 5:30 a.m. and you misspelled “consensus,” which is unusual of you and makes me suspect that maybe you were still half asleep.* “And for letting me crash with you.”

“No problem.”

She scratched the side of her nose. “I figured you were using that bed, so I put my stuff here, but if you . . .” She gestured confusedly at the room.

“No, that’s where I slept last night.”

“Okay.” She was *not* counting how many inches there were between the two beds. Definitely not. “So how’s the conference so far?”

“Same old. I was mostly at Harvard for a few meetings with Tom. I only got back for lunch.”

Olive’s stomach rumbled loudly at the mention of food.

“You okay?”

“Yeah. I think I forgot to eat today.”

His eyebrows arched. “I didn’t think you capable.”

“Hey!” She glared at him. “The sustained levels of despair I’ve been engaging in for the past week require a staggering number of calories, in case you— What are you doing?”

Adam was leaning over his suitcase, rummaging for something that he held out to Olive.

“What is it?”

“Calories. To fuel your despair habits.”

“Oh.” She accepted it and then studied the protein bar in her hands, trying not to burst out crying. It was just food. Probably a snack he’d brought for the plane ride and ended up not eating. He didn’t need to despair, after all. He was Dr. Adam Carlsen. “Thanks. Are you . . .” The wrapping of the bar crinkled as she shifted it from one hand to another. “Are you still coming to my talk?”

“Of course. When is it exactly?”

“Today at four, room 278. Session three-b. The good news is that it partially overlaps with the keynote address, which means that hopefully only a handful of people will show up . . .”

His spine stiffened noticeably. Olive hesitated.

“Unless you were planning to go to the keynote address?”

Adam wet his lips. “I . . .”

Her eyes chose that precise moment to fall to the conference badge dangling from his neck.

Adam Carlsen, Ph.D.

Stanford University

Keynote Speaker

Her jaw dropped.

“Oh my God.” She looked up at him, wide-eyed, and . . . Oh *God*. At least he had the grace to look sheepish. “How did you *not* tell me that you are the keynote speaker?”

Adam scratched his jaw, oozing discomfort. “I didn’t think of it.”

“Oh my God,” she repeated.

To be fair, it was on her. The name of the keynote speaker was likely printed in font size 300 in the program, and all the promotional material, not to mention the conference app and the emails. Olive must have had her head very much up her butt to fail to notice.

“Adam.” She made to rub her eyes with her fingers, and then thought better of it. Damn makeup. “I can’t be fake-dating SBD’s keynote speaker.”

“Well, there are technically three keynote speakers, and the other two are married women in their fifties who live in Europe and Japan, so—”

Olive crossed her arms on her chest and gave him a flat look until he quieted. She couldn’t help laughing. “How did this not come up?”

“It’s not a big deal.” He shrugged. “I doubt I was their first choice.”

“Right.” Sure. Because a person existed who’d refuse to be keynote speaker at SBD. She tilted her head. “Did you think I was an idiot, when I started complaining about my ten-minute talk that will be attended by fourteen and a half people?”

“Not at all. Your reaction was understandable.” He thought about it for a moment. “I do sometimes think you’re an idiot, mostly when I see you put ketchup and cream cheese on bagels.”

“It’s a great mix.”

He looked pained. “When are you presenting in your panel? Maybe I can still make it.”

“No. I’m exactly halfway through.” She waved a hand, hoping to seem unconcerned. “It’s fine, really.” And it was. “I’m going to have to record myself with my iPhone, anyway.”

She rolled her eyes. “For Dr. Aslan. She couldn’t come to the conference, but she said she wants to listen to my first talk. I can send it to you, if you’re a fan of stammering and secondhand embarrassment.”

“I’d like that.”

Olive flushed and changed the topic. “Is that why you have a room for the entire length of the conference even though you’re not staying? Because you’re a big shot?”

He frowned. “I’m not.”

“Can I call you ‘big shot’ from now on?”

He sighed, walking to the bedside table and pocketing the USB she’d noticed earlier. “I have to take my slides downstairs, smart-ass.”

“Okay.” He could leave. It was fine. Totally fine. Olive didn’t let her smile falter. “I guess I’ll maybe see you after my talk, then?”

“Of course.”

“And after yours. Good luck. And congrats. It’s such a huge honor.”

Adam didn’t seem to be thinking about that, though. He lingered by the door, his hand on the knob as he looked back at Olive. Their eyes held for a few moments before he told her, “Don’t be nervous, okay?”

She pressed her lips together and nodded. “I’ll just do what Dr. Aslan always says.”

“And what’s that?”

“Carry myself with the confidence of a mediocre white man.”

He grinned, and—there they were. The heart-stopping dimples. “It will be fine, Olive.” His smile softened. “And if

not, at least it will be over.”

It wasn’t until a few minutes later, when she was sitting on her bed staring at the Boston skyline and chewing on her lunch, that Olive realized that the protein bar Adam had given her was covered in chocolate.

SHE CHECKED WHETHER she had the correct room for the third time—nothing like talking about pancreatic cancer to a crowd that expected a presentation on the Golgi apparatus to make an impression—and then felt a hand close around her shoulder. She spun around, noticed who it belonged to, and immediately grinned.

“Tom!”

He was wearing a charcoal suit. His blond hair was combed back, making him look older than he had in California, but also professional. He was a friendly face in a sea of unfamiliar ones, and his presence took the edge off her intense desire to puke in her own shoe.

“Hey, Olive.” He held the door open for her. “I thought I might see you here.”

“Oh?”

“From the conference program.” He looked at her oddly. “You didn’t notice we’re on the same panel?”

Oh, *crap*. “Uh—I . . . I didn’t even read who else was on the panel.” *Because I was too busy panicking.*

“No worries. It’s mostly boring people.” He winked, and his hand slid to her back, guiding her toward the podium. “Except for you and me, of course.”

Her talk didn’t go poorly.

It didn't go perfectly, either. She stumbled on the word "channelrhodopsin" twice, and by some weird trick of the projector her staining looked more like a black blob than a slice. "It looks different on my computer," Olive told the audience with a strained smile. "Just trust me on this one."

People chuckled, and she relaxed marginally, grateful that she'd spent hours upon hours memorizing everything she was supposed to say. The room was not as full as she'd feared, and there were a handful of people—likely working on similar projects at other institutions—who took notes and listened raptly to her every word. It should have been overwhelming and anxiety inducing, but about halfway through she realized that it made her oddly giddy, knowing that someone else was passionate about the same research questions that had taken up most of the past two years of her life.

In the second row, Malcolm faked a fascinated expression, while Anh, Jeremy, and a bunch of other grads from Stanford nodded enthusiastically whenever Olive happened to look in their direction. Tom alternated between staring intensely at her and checking his phone with a bored expression—fair, since he'd already read her report. The session was running late, and the moderator ended up giving her time for only one question—an easy one. At the end, two of the other panelists—well-known cancer researchers whom Olive had to restrain herself not to fangirl over—shook her hand and asked her several questions about her work. She was simultaneously flustered and overjoyed.

"You were so amazing," Anh told her when it was over, pushing up to hug her. "Also, you look hot and professional, and while you were talking, I had a vision of your future in academia."

Olive wrapped her arms around Anh. "What vision?"

“You were a high-powered researcher, surrounded by students who hung on your every word. And you were answering a multiparagraph email with an uncapitalized no.”

“Nice. Was I happy?”

“Of course not.” Anh snorted. “It’s academia.”

“Ladies, the department social starts in half an hour.” Malcolm leaned in to kiss Olive on the cheek and squeeze her waist. When she was wearing heels, he was just a tiny bit shorter than her. She definitely wanted a picture of the two of them side by side. “We should go celebrate the single time Olive managed to pronounce ‘channelrhodopsin’ right with some free booze.”

“You dick.”

He pulled her in for a tight hug and whispered in her ear, “You did amazing, Kalamata.” And then, louder: “Let’s go get wasted!”

“Why don’t you guys go ahead? I’ll get my USB and put my stuff back in the hotel.”

Olive made her way through the now-empty room to the podium, feeling like a huge weight had been lifted off her shoulders. She was relaxed and relieved. Professionally, things were starting to look up: as it turned out, with adequate preparation she could actually string together several coherent sentences in front of other scientists. She also had the means to carry out her research next year, and two big names in her field had just complimented her work. She smiled, letting her mind wander to whether she should text Adam to tell him that he was right, she did make it out alive; she should probably ask how his keynote address had gone, too. If his PowerPoint had acted up and he’d mispronounced words like “microarrays” or “karyotyping,” whether he planned to go to the department social. He was probably meeting up with

friends, but maybe she could buy him a thank-you drink for all his help. She would even pay, for once.

“It went well,” someone said.

Olive turned to find Tom standing behind her, arms folded across his chest as he leaned against the table. He looked as though he’d been staring at her for a while. “Thank you. Yours, too.” His talk had been a more condensed repeat of the one he’d given at Stanford, and Olive had to admit that she’d spaced out a bit.

“Where’s Adam?” he asked.

“Still giving his keynote, I think.”

“Right.” Tom rolled his eyes. Probably with fondness, though Olive didn’t quite catch it in his expression. “He does that, doesn’t he?”

“Does what?”

“Outdoes you.” He pushed away from the table, ambling closer. “Well, outdoes everyone. It’s not personal.” She frowned, confused, wanting to ask Tom what he meant by that, but he continued, “I think you and I will get along great next year.”

The reminder that Tom believed in her work enough to take her in his lab quashed her discomfort. “We will.” She smiled. “Thank you so much for giving me and my project a chance. I can’t wait to start working with you.”

“You’re welcome.” He was smiling, too. “I think there are a lot of things we can gain from each other. Wouldn’t you agree?”

It seemed to Olive like she had much more to gain from it than he did, but she nodded anyway. “I hope so. I think imaging and blood biomarkers complement each other perfectly, and only by combining them can we—”

“And I have what you need, don’t I? The research funds. The lab space. The time and ability to mentor you properly.”

“Yes. You do. I . . .”

All of a sudden, she could pick out the gray rim of his cornea. Had he gotten closer? He was tall, but not that much taller than her. He didn’t usually feel *this* imposing.

“I’m grateful. So grateful. I’m sure that—”

She felt his unfamiliar smell in her nostrils, and his breath, hot and unpleasant against the corner of her mouth, and—fingers, a vise-tight grip around her upper arm, and why was he—what was he—

“What—” Heart in her throat, Olive freed her arm and took several steps back. “What are you *doing*?” Her hand came up to her biceps and—it *hurt*, where he’d clasped her.

God—had he really done that? Tried to kiss her? No, she must have imagined it. She must be going crazy, because Tom would never—

“A preview, I think.”

She just stared at him, too stunned and numb to react, until he moved closer and bent once more toward her. Then it was happening all over again.

She pushed him away. As forcefully as she could, she pushed him away with both her hands on his chest, until he stumbled back with a cruel, condescending laugh. Abruptly, her lungs seized and she couldn’t breathe.

“A preview of—what? Are you out of your mind?”

“Come on.”

Why was he smiling? Why was that oily, hateful expression on his face? Why was he looking at her like—

“A pretty girl like you should know the score by now.” He looked at her from head to toe, and the lewd gleam in his eyes made her feel disgusting. “Don’t lie to me and say you didn’t pick out a dress that short for my benefit. Nice legs, by the way. I can see why Adam’s wasting his time with you.”

“The— What are you—”

“Olive.” He sighed, putting his hands in his pockets. He should have looked nonthreatening, lounging like that. But he felt like anything but. “You don’t think I accepted you into my lab because you are good, do you?”

Slack-jawed, she took one more step back. One of her heels almost caught in the carpet, and she had to hold on to the table to avoid falling.

“A girl like you. Who figured out so early in her academic career that fucking well-known, successful scholars is how to get ahead.” He was still smiling. The same smile Olive had once thought kind. Reassuring. “You fucked Adam, didn’t you? We both know you’re going to fuck me for the same reason.”

She was going to vomit. She *was* going to vomit in this room, after all, and it had nothing to do with her talk. “You are disgusting.”

“Am I?” He shrugged, unperturbed. “That makes two of us. You used Adam to get to me and to my lab. To this conference, too.”

“I didn’t. I didn’t even *know* Adam when I submitted—”

“Oh, please. You’re telling me you thought your pitiful abstract was selected for a talk because of its quality and scientific importance?” He made a disbelieving face. “Someone here has a very high opinion of herself, considering that her research is useless and derivative and that she can barely put together two words without stuttering like an idiot.”

She froze. Her stomach sank and twisted, her feet cemented to the ground. “It’s not true,” she whispered.

“No? You think it’s not true that scientists in the field want to impress the great Adam Carlsen enough to kiss the ass of whoever he’s fucking at the moment? I certainly did when I told his very mediocre girlfriend that she could come work for me. But maybe you’re right,” he said, all mocking affability. “Maybe you know STEM academia better than I do.”

“I’m going to tell Adam about this. I’m going to—”

“By all means.” Tom widened his arms. “Go ahead. Be my guest. Do you need to borrow my phone?”

“No.” Her nostrils flared. A wave of icy anger swept over her. “No.” She turned around and marched to the entrance, fighting the nausea and bile climbing up her throat. She was going to find Adam. She was going to find the conference organizers and report Tom. She was never going to see his face again.

“Quick question. Who do you think Adam will believe, Olive?”

She halted abruptly, just a few feet from the door.

“Some bitch he’s been fucking for about two weeks, or someone who’s been a close friend for years? Someone who helped him get the most important grant of his career? Someone who’s had his back since he was younger than you are? Someone who’s actually a *good* scientist?”

She spun around, shaking with rage. “Why are you doing this?”

“Because I can.” Tom shrugged again. “Because as advantageous as my collaboration with Adam has been, sometimes it’s a bit annoying how he needs to be best at everything, and I like the idea of taking something away from him for once. Because you are very pretty, and I look forward

to spending more time with you next year. Who would have guessed that Adam had such good taste?”

“You are crazy. If you think that I’ll work in your lab, you are—”

“Oh, Olive. But you will. Because you see—while your work is not particularly brilliant, it does complement nicely the ongoing projects in my lab.”

She let out a single, bitter laugh. “Are you really so deluded that you think I would ever collaborate with you after this?”

“Mmm. It’s more that you don’t have a choice. Because if you want to finish your project, my lab is your only opportunity. And if you don’t . . . well. You sent me information on all your protocols, which means that I can easily replicate them. But don’t worry. Maybe I’ll mention you in the acknowledgment section.”

She felt the ground flip under her feet. “You wouldn’t,” she whispered. “It’s research misconduct.”

“Listen, Olive. My friendly advice is: suck it up. Keep Adam happy and interested as long as possible, and then come to my lab to finally do some decent work. If you keep *me* happy, I’ll make sure you can save the world from pancreatic cancer. Your nice little sob story about your mom or your aunt or your stupid kindergarten teacher dying from it is only going to get you so far. You’re mediocre.”

Olive turned around and ran from the room.

WHEN SHE HEARD the beep of the key card, she immediately wiped her face with the sleeves of her dress. It didn’t quite do the trick: she’d been crying for a solid twenty minutes, and

even an entire paper towel roll wouldn't have been enough to hide what she'd been up to. Really, though, it wasn't Olive's fault. She'd been sure Adam had to attend the opening ceremony, or at least the department social after his talk. Wasn't he on the social-and-networking committee? He should have been elsewhere. Socializing. Networking. Committeeing.

But here he was. Olive heard steps as he walked inside, then him stopping at the entrance of the bedroom, and . . .

She couldn't convince her eyes to meet his. She was a mess after all, a miserable, disastrous mess. But she should at least attempt to divert Adam's attention. Maybe by saying something. Anything.

"Hey." She tried a smile, but continued to stare down at her own hands. "How did your address go?"

"What happened?" His voice was calm, pitched low.

"Did you only just finish?" Her smile was holding. Good. Good, that was good. "How was the Q and A—"

"What happened?"

"Nothing. I . . ."

She didn't manage to finish the sentence. And the smile—which, if she was honest with herself, hadn't been much of a smile to begin with—was crumbling. Olive heard Adam come closer but didn't look at him. Her closed eyelids were all that was keeping the floodgates shut, and they weren't doing a good job of it, either.

She startled when she found him kneeling in front of her. Right by her chair, his head level with hers, studying her with a worried frown. She made to hide her face in her palms, but his hand came up to her chin and lifted it up, until she had no choice but to meet his eyes. Then his fingers slid up to her cheek, cupping it as he asked, yet again, "Olive. What happened?"

“Nothing.” Her voice shook. It kept disappearing somewhere, melting in the tears.

“Olive.”

“Really. Nothing.”

Adam stared at her, questioning, and didn’t let go. “Did someone buy the last bag of chips?”

A laugh bubbled out of her, wet and not wholly under her control. “Yes. Was it you?”

“Of course.” His thumb swiped across her cheekbone, stopping a falling tear. “I bought all of them.”

This smile felt better than the one she’d cobbled together earlier. “I hope you have good health insurance, because you’re so getting type 2 diabetes.”

“Worth it.”

“You monster.” She must have been leaning into his hand, because his thumb was stroking her again. Ever so gently.

“Is that how you talk to your fake boyfriend?” He looked so worried. His eyes, the line of his mouth. And yet—so patient. “What happened, Olive?”

She shook her head. “I just . . .”

She couldn’t tell him. And she couldn’t *not* tell him. But above all, she couldn’t tell him.

Who do you think Adam will believe, Olive?

She had to take a deep breath. Push Tom’s voice out of her head and calm herself before continuing. Come up with something to say, something that wouldn’t make the sky fall in this hotel room.

“My talk. I thought it went okay. My friends said it did. But then I heard people talking about it, and they said . . .” Adam

really should stop touching her. She must be getting his whole hand wet. The sleeve of his blazer, too.

“What did they say?”

“Nothing. That it was derivative. Boring. That I stammered. They knew that I’m your girlfriend and said that was the only reason I was chosen to give a talk.” She shook her head. She needed to let it go. To put it out of her head. To think carefully about what to do.

“Who? Who were they?”

Oh, Adam. “Someone. I’m not sure.”

“Did you see their badges?”

“I . . . didn’t pay attention.”

“Were they on your panel?” There was something underneath his tone. Something pressing that hinted at violence and rage and broken bones. Adam’s hand was still gentle on her cheek, but his eyes narrowed. There was a new tension in his jaw, and Olive felt a shiver run down her spine.

“No,” she lied. “It doesn’t matter. It’s okay.”

His lips pressed into a straight line, his nostrils flared, so she added, “I don’t care what people think of me, anyway.”

“Right,” he scoffed.

This Adam, right here, was the moody, irascible Adam who grads in her program complained about. Olive shouldn’t have been surprised to see him this angry, but he’d never been like this with her before.

“No, really, I don’t care what people say—”

“I know you don’t. But that’s the problem, isn’t it?” He stared at her, and he was so close. She could see how the yellows and greens mixed into the clear brown of his eyes.

“It’s not what *they* say. It’s what *you* think. It’s that you think they’re right. Don’t you?”

Her mouth was full of cotton. “I . . .”

“Olive. You are a great scientist. And you will become an even better one.” The way he was looking at her, so earnest and serious—it was going to break her. “Whatever this asshole said, it speaks nothing of you and a whole lot of them.” His fingers shifted on her skin to weave through the hair behind her ear. “Your work is brilliant.”

She didn’t even think it through. And even if she had, she probably couldn’t have stopped herself. She just leaned forward and hid her face in his neck, hugging him tight. A terrible idea, stupid and inappropriate, and Adam was surely going to push her away, any minute now, except that . . .

His palm slid to her nape, almost as if to press her into him, and Olive just stayed there for long minutes, crying warm tears into the flesh of his throat, feeling how grounding, how warm, how solid he was—under her fingers and in her life.

You just had to go and make me fall for you, she thought, blinking against his skin. *You absolute ass.*

He didn’t let her go. Not until she pulled back and wiped her cheeks again, feeling like maybe this time around she’d be able to hold it together. She sniffled, and he leaned over to grab a box of tissues from the TV table. “I really am fine.”

He sighed.

“Okay, maybe . . . maybe I’m not fine right now, but I will be.” She accepted the tissue that he plucked for her and blew her nose. “I just need a while to . . .”

He studied her and nodded, his eyes unreadable again.

“Thank you. For what you said. For letting me snot all over your hotel room.”

He smiled. “Anytime.”

“And your jacket, too. Are you . . . Are you going to the department social?” she asked, dreading the moment she would have to get out of this chair. Of this room. *Be honest*, that sensible, ever-knowing voice inside her whispered. *It’s his presence that you don’t want to be out of.*

“Are you?”

She shrugged. “I said I would. But I don’t feel like talking to anyone right now.” She dried her cheeks once more, but miraculously the flow had stopped. Adam Carlsen, responsible for 90 percent of the department’s tears, had actually managed to make someone stop crying. Who would’ve thought? “Though I feel like the free alcohol could really help.”

He stared at her pensively for a moment, biting the inside of his cheek. Then he nodded, seeming to reach some sort of decision, and stood with his hand held out to her. “Come on.”

“Oh.” She had to crane her neck to look up at him. “I think I’m going to wait a bit before I—”

“We’re not going to the social.”

We? “What?”

“Come on,” he repeated, and this time Olive took his hand and didn’t let go. She couldn’t, with the way his fingers were closing around hers. Adam looked pointedly at her shoes, until she got the hint and slipped them on, using his arm to keep her balance.

“Where are we going?”

“To get some free alcohol. Well”—he amended—“free for you.”

She almost gasped when she realized what he meant. “No, I—Adam, no. You have to go to the department social. And to the opening ceremony. You’re the keynote speaker!”

“And I keynote-spoke.” He grabbed her red duffle coat from the bed and pulled her toward the entrance. “Can you walk in those shoes?”

“I—yes, but—”

“I have my key card; we don’t need yours.”

“Adam.” She grabbed his wrist, and he immediately turned to look at her. “Adam, you can’t skip those events. People will say that you—”

His smile was lopsided. “That I want to spend time with my girlfriend?”

Olive’s brain stopped. Just like that. And then it started again, and—

The world was a little different.

When he tugged her hand again, she smiled and simply followed him out of the room.

Chapter Fifteen

♥ HYPOTHESIS: *There is no moment in life that cannot be improved by food delivered by conveyor belt.*

Everyone saw them.

People whom Olive had never met before, people whom she recognized from blog posts and science Twitter, people from her department who'd been her teachers in previous years. People who smiled at Adam, who addressed him by his first name or as Dr. Carlsen, who told him "Great talk" or "See you around." People who completely ignored Olive, and people who studied her curiously—her, and Adam, and the place where their hands were joined.

Adam mostly nodded back, only stopping to chat with Holden.

"You guys skipping the boring shit?" he asked with a knowing smile.

"Yep."

"I'll make sure to drink your booze, then. And to extend your apologies."

"No need."

"I'll just say you had a family emergency." Holden winked. "Perhaps *future-family* emergency, how does that sound?"

Adam rolled his eyes and pulled Olive outside. She had to hurry to keep up with him, not because he was walking particularly fast, but because his legs were so long, one of his strides was worth about three of hers.

“Um . . . I’m wearing heels, here.”

He turned to her, his eyes traveling down her legs and then rapidly moving away. “I know. You’re less vertically challenged than usual.”

Her eyes narrowed. “Hey, I’m five-eight. That’s actually pretty tall.”

“Hm.” Adam’s expression was noncommittal.

“What’s that face?”

“What face?”

“Your face.”

“Just my regular face?”

“No, that’s your ‘you’re not tall’ face.”

He smiled, just a smidge. “Are the shoes okay for walking? Should we go back?”

“They’re fine, but can we slow down?”

He feigned a sigh, but he did. His hand let go of hers and pushed against her lower back to steer her to the right. She had to hide a small shiver.

“So . . .” She stuffed her fists in the pockets of her coat, trying to ignore how the tips of her fingers were still tingling. “Those free drinks you mentioned? Do they come with food?”

“I’ll get you dinner.” Adam’s lips curved a little more. “You’re not a cheap date, though.”

She leaned into his side and bumped her shoulder against his biceps. It was hard not to notice that there was no give. “I really am not. I fully plan to eat and drink my feelings.”

His smile was more uneven than ever. “Where do you want to go, smart-ass?”

“Let’s see . . . What do you like? Aside from tap water and hard-boiled spinach?”

He gave her a dirty side-look. “How about burgers?”

“Meh.” She shrugged. “I guess. If there’s nothing else.”

“What’s wrong with burgers?”

“I don’t know. They taste like foot.”

“They what?”

“What about Mexican? Do you like Mexican?”

“Burgers don’t taste like—”

“Or Italian? Pizza would be great. And maybe there’s something celery-based that you could order.”

“Burgers it is.”

Olive laughed. “What about Chinese?”

“Had it for lunch.”

“Well, people in China have Chinese food multiple times a day, so you shouldn’t let that stop you from— *Oh.*”

It took Adam two whole steps to realize that Olive had stopped in the middle of the sidewalk. He whirled around to look at her. “What?”

“There.” She pointed to the red-and-white sign across the road.

Adam’s gaze followed, and for a long moment he simply stared, blinking several times. And then: “No.”

“There,” she repeated, feeling her cheeks widen into a grin.

“Olive.” There was a deep vertical line between his eyebrows. “No. There are way better restaurants we can—”

“But I want to go to that one.”

“Why? There’s—”

She moved closer to him and grasped the sleeve of his blazer. “Please. Please?”

Adam pinched his nose, sighed, and pursed his lips. But not five seconds later he put his hand between her shoulder blades to guide her across the street.

THE PROBLEM, HE explained in hushed tones as they waited to be seated, was not the sushi train, but the all-you-can-eat for twenty dollars.

“It’s never a good sign,” he told her, but his voice sounded more resigned than combative, and when the server ushered them inside, he followed her meekly to the booth. Olive marveled at the plates traveling on the conveyor belt weaving across the restaurant, unable to stop her openmouthed grin. When she remembered Adam’s presence and turned her attention back to him, he was staring at her with an expression halfway between exasperated and indulgent.

“You know,” he told her, eyeing a seaweed salad passing by his shoulder, “we could go to a real Japanese restaurant. I am very happy to pay for however much sushi you want to eat.”

“But will it *move* around me?”

He shook his head. “I take it back: you are a *disturbingly cheap date*.”

She ignored him and lifted the glass door, grabbing a roll and a chocolate doughnut. Adam muttered something that sounded a lot like “very authentic,” and when the waitress stopped by he ordered them both a beer.

“What do you think this is?” Olive dipped a piece of sushi in her soy sauce. “Tuna or salmon?”

“Probably spider meat.”

She popped it into her mouth. “Delicious.”

“Really.” He looked skeptical.

It wasn’t, in all truth. But it was okay. And this, well, this was so much fun. Exactly what she needed to empty her mind of . . . everything. Everything but here and now. With Adam.

“Yep.” She pushed the remaining piece toward him, silently daring him to try it.

He broke apart his chopsticks with a long-suffering expression and picked it up, chewing for a long time.

“It tastes like foot.”

“No way. Here.” She grabbed a bowl of edamame from the belt. “You can have this. It’s basically broccoli.”

He brought one to his mouth, managing to look like he didn’t hate it. “We don’t have to talk, by the way.”

Olive tilted her head.

“You said you didn’t want to talk to anyone back at the hotel. So we don’t have to, if you’d rather eat this”—he glanced at the plates she had accumulated with obvious distrust—“food in silence.”

You’re not just anyone, seemed like a dangerous thing to say, so she smiled. “I bet you’re great at silences.”

“Is that a dare?”

She shook her head. “I want to talk. Just, can we not talk about the conference? Or science? Or the fact that the world is full of assholes?” *And that some of them are your close friends and collaborators?*

His hand closed into a fist on the table, jaw clenched tight as he nodded.

“Awesome. We could chat about how nice this place is—”

“It’s appalling.”

“—or the taste of the sushi—”

“Foot.”

“—or the best movie in the Fast and Furious franchise—”

“*Fast Five*. Though I have a feeling you’re going to say—”

“*Tokyo Drift*.”

“Right.” He sighed, and they exchanged a small smile. And then, then the smile faded and they just stared at each other, something thick and sweet coloring the air between them, magnetic and just the right side of bearable. Olive had to rip her gaze from his, because—no. No.

She turned away, and her eyes fell on a couple at a table a few feet to their right. They were the mirror image of Adam and Olive, sitting on each side of their booth, all warm glances and tentative smiles. “Do you think they’re on a fake date?” she asked, leaning back against her seat.

Adam followed her gaze to the couple. “I thought those mostly involved coffee shops and sunscreen applications?”

“Nah. Only the best ones.”

He laughed silently. “Well.” He focused on the table, and on angling his chopsticks so that they were parallel to each other. “I can definitely recommend it.”

Olive dipped her chin to hide a smile and then leaned forward to steal one edamame.

IN THE ELEVATOR she held on to his biceps and took off her heels, failing disastrously at being graceful as he studied her

and shook his head. “I thought you said they didn’t hurt?” He sounded curious. Amused? Fond?

“That was ages ago.” Olive picked them up and let them dangle from her fingers. When she straightened, Adam was again impossibly tall. “Now I am very ready to chop off my feet.”

The elevator pinged, and the doors opened. “That seems counterproductive.”

“Oh, you have no idea— Hey, what are you—?”

Her heart skipped what felt like a dozen beats when Adam swept her up into a full bridal carry. She yelped, and he carried her to their room, all because she had a blister on her pinkie toe. Without much of a choice, she closed her arms around his neck and sank against him, trying to make sure she’d survive if he decided to drop her. His hands were warm around her back and knee, forearms tight and strong.

He smelled amazing. He felt even better.

“You know, the room’s only twenty meters away—”

“I have no idea what that means.”

“Adam.”

“We Americans think in feet, Canada.”

“I’m too heavy.”

“You really are.” The ease with which he shifted her in his arms to slide the key card belied his words. “You should cut pumpkin-flavored drinks from your diet.”

She pulled his hair and smiled into his shoulder. “Never.”

Their name tags were still on the TV table, exactly where they’d left them, and there was a conference program half-open on Adam’s bed, not to mention tote bags and a mountain of useless flyers. Olive noticed them immediately, and it was

like having a thousand little splinters pressed deep into a fresh wound. It brought back every single word Tom had said to her, all his lies and his truths and his mocking insults, and . . .

Adam must have known. As soon as he put her down, he gathered everything that was conference related and stuck it on a chair facing the windows, where it was hidden from their sight, and Olive . . . She could have hugged him. She wasn't going to—she already had, twice today—but she really could have. Instead she resolutely pushed all those little splinters out of her mind, plopped herself down on her bed belly up, and stared at the ceiling.

She'd thought it would be awkward, being with him in such a small space for a whole night. And it was a little bit, or at least it had been when she'd first arrived earlier today, but now she felt calm and safe. Like her world, constantly hectic and messy and demanding, was slowing down. Easing up, just a bit.

The bedcover rustled under her head when she turned to look at Adam. He seemed relaxed, too, as he draped his jacket against the back of a chair, then took off his watch and set it neatly on the desk. The casual domesticity of it—the thought that his day and hers would end in the same place, at the same time—soothed her like a slow caress down her spine.

“Thank you. For buying me food.”

He glanced at her, crinkling his nose. “I don’t know that there was any food involved.”

She smiled, rolling to her side. “You’re not going out again?”

“Out?”

“Yeah. To meet other very important science people? Eat another seven pounds of edamame?”

“I think I’ve had enough networking and edamame for this decade.” He took off his shoes and socks, and set them neatly by the bed.

“You’re staying in, then?”

He paused and looked at her. “Unless you’d rather be alone?”

No, I would not. She propped herself up on her elbow. “Let’s watch a movie.”

Adam blinked at her. “Sure.” He sounded surprised but not displeased. “But if your taste in movies is anything like your taste in restaurants, it’ll probably—”

He didn’t see the pillow coming at him. It bounced off his face and then fell to the floor, making Olive giggle and spring off the bed. “You mind if I shower, before?”

“You smart-ass.”

She started rummaging through her suitcase. “You can pick the movie! I don’t care which one, as long as there are no scenes in which horses are killed, because it—Crap.”

“What?”

“I forgot my pajamas.” She looked for her phone in the pockets of her coat. It wasn’t there, and she realized that she hadn’t brought it with her to the restaurant. “Have you seen my—Oh, there it is.”

The battery was almost dead, probably because she had forgotten to turn off the recording after her talk. She hadn’t checked her messages in a few hours, and found several unread texts—mostly from Anh and Malcolm, asking her where she was and if she still planned to come to the social, telling her to get her ass there ASAP because “the booze is flowing like a river,” and then, finally, just informing her that they were all going downtown to a bar. Anh must have been

well on her way to wasted by that point, because her last message read: Clallif u want tp join ♥ us, Olvie

“I forgot my pajamas and wanted to see if I could borrow something from my friends, but I don’t think they’ll be back for hours. Though maybe Jess didn’t go with them, let me text and see if—”

“Here.” Adam set something black and neatly folded on her bed. “You can use this if you want.”

She studied it skeptically. “What is it?”

“A T-shirt. I slept in it yesterday, but it’s probably better than the dress you’re wearing. To sleep in, I mean,” he added, a faint flush on his cheeks.

“Oh.” She picked it up, and the T-shirt unfolded. She immediately noticed three things: it was large, so large that it would hit her mid-thigh or even lower; it smelled heavenly, a mix of Adam’s skin and laundry detergent that had her wanting to bury her face in it and inhale for weeks; and on the front, it said in big, white letters . . .

“‘Biology Ninja’?”

Adam scratched the back of his neck. “I didn’t buy it.”

“Did you . . . steal it?”

“It was a present.”

“Well.” She grinned. “This is one hell of a present. Doctor ninja.”

He stared at her flatly. “If you tell anyone, I’ll deny it.”

She chuckled. “Are you sure it’s okay? What will you wear?”

“Nothing.”

She must have been gaping at him a little too much, because he gave her an amused look and shook his head.

“I’m kidding. I have a tee under my shirt.”

She nodded and hurried into the bathroom, making a point not to meet his eyes.

Alone under the hot jet of the shower it was much harder to concentrate on stale sushi and Adam’s uneven smile, and to forget why he’d ended up allowing her to cling to him for three whole hours. What Tom had done to her today was despicable, and she was going to have to report him. She was going to have to tell Adam. She was going to have to *do* something. But every time she tried to think about it rationally, she could hear his voice in her head—*mediocre* and *nice legs* and *useless and derivative* and *little sob story*—so loud that she was afraid her skull would shatter into pieces.

So she kept her shower as quick as possible, distracting herself by reading the labels of Adam’s shampoo and body wash (something hypoallergenic and pH-balanced that had her rolling her eyes) and drying herself as fast as humanly possible. She took out her contacts, then stole a bit of his toothpaste. Her gaze fell on his toothbrush; it was charcoal black, down to the bristles, and she couldn’t help but giggle.

When she stepped out of the bathroom, he was sitting on the edge of the bed, wearing plaid pajama pants and a white T-shirt. He was holding the TV remote in one hand and his phone in the other, looking between the two screens with a frown.

“You would.”

“Would what?” he asked absentmindedly.

“Have a black toothbrush.”

His mouth twitched. “You will be shocked to hear that there is no Netflix category for movies in which horses don’t die.”

“An obscenity, isn’t it? It’s much needed.” She crumpled her too-short dress into a ball and stuffed it inside her bag, fantasizing that she was stuffing Tom’s throat. “If I were American, I’d totally run for Congress on that platform.”

“Should we fake-marry, so you can get citizenship?”

Her heart stumbled. “Oh, yes. I think it’s time we fake-move-to-the-next-level.”

“So”—he tapped at his phone—“I’m just googling ‘dead horse,’ plus the title of whatever movie sounds good.”

“That’s what I usually do.” She padded across the room until she was standing next to him. “What do you have?”

“This one’s about a linguistics professor who’s asked to help decipher an alien—”

He glanced up from his phone, and immediately fell silent. His mouth opened and then shut, and his eyes skittered to her thighs, her feet, her unicorn knee socks, and quickly back to her face. No, not her face: some point above her shoulder. He cleared his throat before saying, “Glad it . . . fits.” He was looking at his phone again. His grip on the remote had tightened.

It was a long beat before she realized that he was referring to his T-shirt. “Oh, yeah.” She grinned. “Exactly my size, right?” It was so large that it covered pretty much the same amount of skin her dress had, but was soft and comfortable like an old shoe. “Maybe I won’t give it back.”

“It’s all yours.”

She rocked on her heels, and wondered if it would be okay if she sat next to him now. It was only convenient, since they had to choose a movie together. “Can I really sleep in it this week?”

“Of course. I’ll be gone tomorrow, anyway.”

“Oh.” She knew that, of course. She’d known the first time he’d told her, a couple of weeks ago; she’d known this morning when she’d boarded the plane in San Francisco, and she’d known mere hours ago, when she’d used that precise piece of information to comfort herself that no matter how awkward and stressful, her stay with Adam would at least be short-lived. Except that it wasn’t awkward now. And it wasn’t stressful. Not nearly as much as the idea of being apart from him for several days. Of being here, of all places, without him.

“How big is your suitcase?”

“Hm?”

“Can I come with you?”

He looked up at her, still smiling, but he must’ve noticed something in her eyes, behind the joke and the attempt at humor. Something vulnerable and imploring that she’d failed to adequately bury within herself.

“Olive.” He dropped his phone and the remote on the bed.
“Don’t let them.”

She just tilted her head. She was not going to cry again. There was no point in it. And she was not like this—this fragile, defenseless creature who second-guessed herself at every turn. At least, she didn’t use to be. God, she hated Tom Benton.

“Let them?”

“Don’t let them ruin this conference for you. Or science. Or make you feel any less proud of your accomplishments.”

She looked down, studying the yellow of her socks as she buried her toes in the soft carpet. And then up to him again.

“You know what’s really sad about this?”

He shook his head, and Olive continued.

“For a moment there, during the talk . . . I really enjoyed myself. I was panicky. Close to puking, for sure. But while I was talking to this huge group of people about my work and my hypotheses and my ideas, and explaining my reasoning and the trials and errors and why what I research is so important, I . . . I felt confident. I felt good at it. It all felt *right* and *fun*. Like science is supposed to be when you share it.” She wrapped her arms around herself. “Like maybe I could be an academic, down the road. A real one. And maybe make a difference.”

He nodded as though he knew exactly what she meant. “I wish I had been there, Olive.”

She could tell he really did. That he regretted not being with her. But even Adam—indomitable, decisive, ever-competent Adam—couldn’t be in two places at once, and the fact remained that he had *not* seen her talk.

I have no idea if you’re good enough, but that’s not what you should be asking yourself. What matters is whether your reason to be in academia is good enough. That’s what he’d told her years ago in the bathroom. What she’d been repeating to herself for years whenever she’d hit a wall. But what if he’d been wrong all along? What if there *was* such a thing as good enough? What if that was what mattered the most?

“What if it’s true? What if I really am mediocre?”

He didn’t reply for a long moment. He just stared, a hint of frustration in his expression, a thoughtful line to his lips. And then, low and even, he said, “When I was in my second year of grad school, my adviser told me that I was a failure who would never amount to anything.”

“What?” Whatever she’d expected, that wasn’t it. “Why?”

“Because of an incorrect primer design. But it wasn’t the first time, nor the last. And it wasn’t the most trivial reason he used to berate me. Sometimes he’d publicly humiliate his

grads for no reason. But that specific time stuck with me, because I remember thinking . . .” He swallowed, and his throat worked. “I remember being sure that he was right. That I would never amount to anything.”

“But you . . .” *Have published articles in the Lancet. Have tenure and millions of dollars in research grants. Were keynote speaker at a major conference.* Olive wasn’t even sure what to bring up, so she settled for, “You were a MacArthur Fellow.”

“I was.” He exhaled a laugh. “And five years before the MacArthur grant, in the second year of my Ph.D., I spent an entire week preparing law school applications because I was sure that I’d never become a scientist.”

“Wait—so what Holden said was true?” She couldn’t quite believe it. “Why law school?”

He shrugged. “My parents would have loved it. And if I couldn’t be a scientist, I didn’t care what I’d become.”

“What stopped you, then?”

He sighed. “Holden. And Tom.”

“Tom,” she repeated. Her stomach twisted, leaden.

“I would have dropped out of my Ph.D. program if it hadn’t been for them. Our adviser was well-known in the field for being a sadist. Like I am, I suppose.” His mouth curled into a bitter smile. “I was aware of his reputation before starting my Ph.D. Thing is, he was also brilliant. The very best. And I thought . . . I thought that I could take it, whatever he’d dish out at me, and that it would be worth it. I thought it would be a matter of sacrifice and discipline and hard work.” There was a strain to Adam’s voice, as though the topic was not one he was used to discussing.

Olive tried to be gentle when she asked, “And it wasn’t?”

He shook his head. “The opposite, in a way.”

“The opposite of discipline and hard work?”

“We worked hard, all right. But discipline . . . discipline would presume specifically laid-out expectations. Ideal codes of behavior are defined, and a failure to adhere to them is addressed in a productive way. That’s what I thought, at least. What I still think. You said that I’m brutal with my grads, and maybe you’re right—”

“Adam, I—”

“But what I try to do is set goals for them and help them achieve them. If I realize that they’re not doing what we have mutually agreed needs to be done, I tell them what’s wrong and what they must change. I don’t baby them, I don’t hide criticism in praises, I don’t believe in that Oreo cookie feedback crap, and if they find me terrifying or antagonizing because of it, so be it.” He took a deep breath. “But I also don’t *ever* make it about them. It’s always about the work. Sometimes it’s well done, other times it’s not, and if it’s not . . . work can be redone. It can improve. I don’t want them to tie their self-worth to what they produce.” He paused, and he looked—no, he *felt* faraway. Like these were things he gave a great deal of thought to, like he wanted this for his students. “I hate how self-important this all sounds, but science *is* serious business, and . . . it’s my duty as a scientist, I believe.”

“I . . .” All of a sudden, the air in the hotel room was cold. *I’m the one who told him*, she thought, feeling her stomach flip. *I’m the one who told him repeatedly that he’s terrifying and antagonizing, and that all his students hate him.* “And your adviser didn’t?”

“I never quite understood what he thought. What I do know now, years later, is that he was abusive. A lot of terrible things happened under his watch—scientists were not given credit for their ideas or authorship of papers they deserved. People were publicly belittled for making mistakes that would be normal

for experienced researchers—let alone trainees. Expectations were stellar, but never fully defined. Impossible deadlines were set arbitrarily, out of the blue, and grads were punished for not meeting them. Ph.D. students were constantly assigned to the same tasks, then pitted against each other and asked to compete, for my adviser’s amusement. Once he put Holden and me on the same research project and told us that whoever obtained publishable results first would receive funding for the following semester.”

She tried to imagine how it would feel, if Dr. Aslan openly promoted a competitive environment between Olive and her cohorts. But no—Adam and Holden had been close friends their whole lives, so the situation wasn’t comparable. It would have been like being told that to receive a salary next semester, Olive would need to outscience Anh. “What did you do?”

He ran a hand through his hair, and a strand fell on his forehead. “We paired up. We figured that we had complementary skills—a pharmacology expert can achieve more with the help of a computational biologist, and vice versa. And we were right. We ran a really good study. It was exhausting, but also elating, staying up all hours to figure out how to fix our protocols. Knowing that we were the first to discover something.” For a moment, he seemed to enjoy the memory. But then he pressed his lips together, rolling his jaw. “And at the end of the semester, when we presented our findings to our adviser, he told us that we’d both be without funding, because by collaborating we hadn’t followed his guidelines. We spent the following spring teaching six sections of Introduction to Biology per week—on top of lab work. Holden and I were living together. I swear that I once heard him mumble ‘mitochondria are the powerhouse of the cell’ in his sleep.”

“But . . . you gave your adviser what he wanted.”

Adam shook his head. “He wanted a power play. And in the end he got it: he punished us for not dancing to his tune and published the findings we brought to him without acknowledging our role in obtaining them.”

“I . . .” Her fingers fisted in the loose fabric of her borrowed T-shirt. “Adam, I’m so sorry I ever compared you to him. I didn’t mean to—”

“It’s okay.” He smiled at her, tight but reassuring.

It was *not* okay. Yes, Adam could be direct, painfully so. Stubborn and blunt and uncompromising. Not always kind, but never devious, or malicious. Quite the opposite: he was honest to a fault, and required from others the same discipline he clearly imposed on himself. As much as his grads complained about his harsh feedback or the long hours of work they were asked to put in the lab, they all recognized that he was a hands-on mentor without being a micromanager. Most of them graduated with several publications and moved on to excellent academic jobs.

“You didn’t know.”

“Still, I . . .” She bit her lip, feeling guilty. Feeling defeated. Feeling angry at Adam’s adviser and at Tom for treating academia like their own personal playground. At herself, for not knowing what to do about it. “Why did no one report him?”

He closed his eyes briefly. “Because he was short-listed for a Nobel Prize. Twice. Because he had powerful friends in high places, and we thought no one would believe us. Because he could make or break careers. Because we felt that there was no real system in place to ask for help.” There was a sour set to his jaw, and he was not looking at her anymore. It was so surreal, the idea of Adam Carlsen feeling powerless. And yet, his eyes told another story. “We were terrified, and probably somewhere deep down we were convinced that we’d signed up

for it and we deserved it. That we were failures who would never amount to anything.”

Her heart hurt for him. For herself. “I’m so, *so* sorry.”

He shook his head again, and his expression somewhat cleared. “When he told me that I was a failure, I thought he was right. I was ready to give up on the one thing I cared about because of it. And Tom and Holden—they had their own issues with our adviser, of course. Everyone did. But they helped me. For some reason my adviser always seemed to know when something wrong was happening with my studies, but Tom mediated a lot between us. He took lots of crap so I wouldn’t have to. He was a favorite of my adviser’s and interceded to make the lab less like a battle zone.”

Adam talking about Tom as though he were a hero made her nauseous, but she remained silent. This wasn’t about her.

“And Holden . . . Holden stole my law school applications and made paper planes out of them. He was removed enough from what was happening to me that he could help me see things objectively. Just like I am removed from what happened to you today.” His eyes were on her, now. There was a light in them that she didn’t understand. “You are not mediocre, Olive. You were not invited to speak because people think that you are my girlfriend—there is no such thing, since SBD’s abstracts go through a blind review process. I would know, because I’ve been roped into reviewing them in the past. And the work you presented is important, rigorous, and brilliant.” He took a deep breath. His shoulders rose and fell in time with the thudding of her heart. “I wish you could see yourself the way I see you.”

Maybe it was the words, or maybe the tone. Maybe it was the way he’d just told her something about himself, or how he’d taken her hand earlier and saved her from her misery. Her knight in black armor. Maybe it was none of it, maybe it was

all of it, maybe it was always going to happen. Still—it didn't matter. Suddenly, it just didn't matter, the *why* of it, the *how*. The *after*. All Olive cared about was that she wanted to, right now, and that seemed enough to make it all right.

It was all so slow: the step forward she took to come to stand between his knees, the rise of her hand to his face, the way her fingers cupped his jaw. Slow enough that he could have stopped her, he could have pulled out of reach, he could have said something—and he did not. He simply looked up at her, his eyes a clear, liquid brown, and Olive's heart at once jumped and quieted when he tilted his head and leaned into her palm.

It didn't surprise her, how soft his skin was beneath the night stubble, how much warmer than hers. And when she bent, for once taller than him, the shape of his lips under hers was like an old song, familiar and easy. It wasn't their first kiss, after all. Though, it was different. Calm and tentative and precious, Adam's hand light on her waist as he tilted his chin up to her, eager and pressing, like this was something he'd thought of—like he'd been wanting it, too. It wasn't their first kiss, but it was the first kiss that was *theirs*, and Olive savored it for long moments. The texture, the smell, the closeness. The slight hitch in Adam's breath, the odd pauses, the way their lips had to work a little before finding the right angles and some form of coordination.

See? She wanted to say, triumphant. To whom, she wasn't sure. *See? It was always going to be like this.* Olive grinned into his lips. And Adam—

Adam was already shaking his head when she pulled back, like a *no* had been waiting in his mouth all along, even as he returned her kiss. His fingers closed tight around her wrist, drawing her hand away from his face. "This is not a good idea."

Her smile faded. He was right. He was completely right. He was also wrong. “Why?”

“Olive.” He shook his head again. Then his hand left her waist and came up to his lips, as if to touch the kiss they’d just shared, make sure it had really happened. “This is . . . no.”

He really was right. But . . . “Why?” she repeated.

Adam’s fingers pressed into his eyes. His left hand was still holding her wrist, and she wondered distractedly if he was even aware of it. If he knew that his thumb was swiping back and forth across her pulse. “This is not what we’re here for.”

She could feel her nostrils flare. “That doesn’t mean that _____”

“You’re not thinking clearly.” He swallowed visibly.
“You’re upset and drunk, and—”

“I had two beers. Hours ago.”

“You’re a grad student, currently depending on me for a place to stay, and even if not, the power I have over you could easily turn this into a coercive dynamic that—”

“I’m—” Olive laughed. “I’m not feeling coerced, I—”

“You’re in love with *someone else!*”

She almost recoiled. The way he spit out the words was that heated. It should have put her off, driven her away, once and for all drilled into her head how ridiculous this was, how disastrous an idea. It didn’t, though. By now the moody, ill-tempered ass Adam meshed so well with *her* Adam, the one who bought her cookies and checked her slides and let her cry into his neck. There might have been a time when she couldn’t quite reconcile the two, but they were all so clear now, the many faces of him. She wouldn’t want to leave behind any of them. Not one.

“Olive.” He sighed heavily, closing his eyes. The idea that he might be thinking of the woman who Holden mentioned flashed into her mind and slipped away, too painful to entertain.

She should just tell him. She should be honest with him, admit that she didn’t care about Jeremy, that there was no one else. Never had been. But she was terrified, paralyzed with fear, and after the day she’d had, her heart felt so easy to break. So fragile. Adam could shatter it in a thousand pieces, and still be none the wiser.

“Olive, this is how you’re feeling *now*. A month from now, a week, tomorrow, I don’t want you to regret—”

“What about what *I* want?” She leaned forward, letting her words soak the silence for drawn-out seconds. “What about the fact that *I* want this? Though maybe you don’t care.” She squared her shoulders, blinking quickly against the prickling sensation in her eyes. “Because you don’t want it, right? Maybe I’m just not attractive to you and *you* don’t want this ”

It nearly made her lose her balance, the way he tugged at her wrist and pulled her hand to himself, pressing her palm flush to his groin to show her that . . . Oh.

Oh.

Yeah.

His jaw rolled as he held her gaze. “You have no fucking idea what I want.”

It took her breath away, all of it. The low, guttural tone of his voice, the thick ridge under her fingers, the enraged, hungry note in his eyes. He pushed her hand away almost immediately, but it already felt too late.

It wasn’t that Olive hadn’t . . . the kisses they’d exchanged, they were always physical, but now it was as if something had

been switched on. For a long time she'd thought Adam handsome and attractive. She'd touched him, sat on his lap, considered the vague possibility of being intimate with him. She'd thought about him, about sex, about him *and* sex, but it had always been abstract. Hazy and undefined. Like line art in black and white: just the base for a drawing that was suddenly coloring on the inside.

It was clear now, in the damp ache pooling between her thighs, in his eyes that were all pupil, how it would be between them. Heady and sweaty and slick. Challenging. They would do things for each other, demand things of each other. They would be incredibly close. And Olive—now that she could see it, she really, *really* wanted it.

She stepped close, even closer. "Well, then." Her voice was low, but she knew he could hear her.

He shut his eyes tight. "This is not why I asked you to room with me."

"I know." Olive pushed a black strand of hair away from his forehead. "It's also not why I accepted."

His lips were parted, and he was staring down at her hand, the one that was almost wrapped around his erection a moment ago. "You said no sex."

She had said that. She remembered thinking about her rules, listing them in his office, and she remembered being certain that she would never, ever be interested in seeing Adam Carlsen for longer than ten minutes a week. "I also said it was going to be an on-campus thing. And we just went out for dinner. So." He might know what was best, but what he wanted was different. She could almost see the debris of his control, feel it slowly erode.

"I don't . . ." He straightened, infinitesimally. The line of his shoulders, his jaw—he was so tense, still avoiding her eyes. "I don't have anything."

It was a little embarrassing, the amount of time it took for her to parse the meaning of it. “Oh. It doesn’t matter. I’m on birth control. And clean.” She bit into her lip. “But we could also do . . . other things.”

Adam swallowed, twice, and then nodded. He wasn’t breathing normally. And Olive doubted he could say no at this point. That he would even want to. He did put up a good effort, though. “What if you hate me for this, after? What if we go back and you change your mind—”

“I won’t. I . . .” She stepped—God, even *closer*. She wouldn’t think about after. Couldn’t, didn’t want to. “I’ve never been surer of anything. Except maybe cell theory.” She smiled, hoping he’d smile back.

Adam’s mouth remained straight and serious, but it scarcely mattered: the next time Olive felt his touch it was on the slope of her hip bone, under the cotton of the T-shirt he’d given her.

Chapter Sixteen

♥ HYPOTHESIS: *Despite what everyone says, sex is never going to be anything more than a mildly enjoyable activi– Oh.*
Oh.

It was like a layer peeled away.

Adam yanked off the shirt he was wearing in one fluid movement, and it was as though the white cotton was only one of many things tossed in a corner of the room. Olive didn't have a name for what the other things were; all she knew was that a few seconds earlier he'd seemed reluctant, almost unwilling to touch her, and now he was . . . not.

He was running the show now. Wrapping his large hands around her waist, sliding his fingertips under the elastic of her green polka-dot panties, and kissing her.

He kisses, Olive thought, *like a man starved.* Like he'd been waiting all this time. Holding back. Like the possibility of the two of them doing this had occurred to him in the past, but he'd set it aside, stored it away in a deep, dark place where it had grown into something fearsome and out of control. Olive thought she knew how it would be—they'd kissed before, after all. Except, she realized now, that *she* had always been the one to kiss him.

Maybe she was being fanciful. What did she know about different types of kisses, anyway? Still, something in her belly thrummed and liquefied when his tongue licked against hers, when he bit a tender spot on her neck, when he made a guttural noise in the back of his throat as his fingers cupped

her ass through her panties. Under her shirt, his hand traveled up to her rib cage. Olive gasped and smiled into his mouth.

“You did that before.”

He blinked at her, confused, pupils blown large and dark.
“What?”

“The night I kissed you in the hallway. You did it that night, too.”

“I did what?”

“You touched me. Here.” Her hand slid to her ribs to cover his through the cotton.

He looked up at her through dark lashes, and began to lift a corner of her shirt, up her thighs and past her hip until it caught right under her breast. He leaned into her, pressing his lips against the lowest part of her ribs. Olive gasped. And gasped again when he bit her softly, and then licked across the same spot.

“Here?” he asked. She was growing light-headed. It could be how close he was, or the heat in the room. Or the fact that she was almost naked, standing in front of him in nothing but panties and socks. “Olive.” His mouth traveled upward, less than an inch, teeth grazing against skin and bone. “Here?” She hadn’t thought she could get this wet this quickly. Or at all. Then again, she hadn’t really thought much about sex in the past few years.

“Pay attention, sweetheart.” He sucked the underside of her breast. She had to hold on to his shoulders, or her knees would give out on her. “Here?”

“I . . .” It took a moment to focus, but she nodded. “Maybe. Yes, there. It was . . . it was a good kiss.” Her eyes fluttered closed, and she didn’t even fight it when he took the shirt completely off her. It was his, after all. And the way he was

studying her, it brooked no self-consciousness on her part. “Do you remember it?”

He was the distracted one now. Staring at her breasts like they were something spectacular, his lips parted and breath quick and shallow. “Remember what?”

“Our first kiss.”

He didn’t answer. Instead he looked up and down at her, eyes glazed, and said, “I want to keep you in this hotel room for a week.” His hand came up to cup her breast, not exactly gentle. Just this side of too forceful, and Olive felt herself clench around nothing. “For a year.”

He pushed his hand against her shoulder blades to make her arch toward him, and then closed his mouth against her breast, all teeth and tongue and wonderful, delicious suction. Olive whimpered against the back of her hand, because she hadn’t known, hadn’t thought that she’d be so sensitive, but her nipples were tight and raw and almost sore, and if he didn’t do something, she’d—

“You’re edible, Olive.”

His palm pressed against her spine, and Olive arched a little more. An offering of sorts. “That’s probably an insult,” she breathed out with a smile, “considering that you only like wheatgrass and broccoli—*Oh.*”

He could fit her entire breast in his mouth. All of it. He groaned in the back of his throat, and it was clear that he’d love to swallow her whole. Olive should touch him, too—she was the one who’d asked for this, and it followed that she should make sure that being with her was not a chore for him. Maybe put her hand back where he’d dragged it earlier and stroke? He could instruct her on how he liked it. Maybe this was a one-time thing and they were never going to talk about it again, but Olive couldn’t help herself—she just wanted him to like this. To like *her*.

“This okay?” She must have lingered too long inside her head, because he was looking up at her with a frown, his thumb swiping back and forth on her hip bone. “You’re tense.” His voice was strained. He was cupping his cock almost absentmindedly, stroking and gripping every once in a while—when his eyes fell on the hard points of her nipples, when she shivered, when she squirmed on her feet to rub her thighs together. “We don’t have to—”

“I want to. I said I did.”

His throat bobbed. “It doesn’t matter, what you said. You can always change your mind.”

“I won’t.” The way he was looking at her, Olive was sure he’d protest again. But he just rested his forehead on her sternum, his breath warm against the skin he’d just licked, and let his fingertips coast the elastic of her panties, dip under the thin cotton.

“I think *I*’ve changed my mind,” he murmured.

She stiffened. “I know I’m not doing anything, but if you tell me what you like, I can—”

“My favorite color must be green, after all.”

She exhaled when his thumb pressed between her legs, brushing against fabric that was already dark and wet. She exhaled in a rush until there was no air left, embarrassment washing over her at the thought that now he must know exactly how much she wanted this—and at the pleasure of his finger, large and blunt, running against her seam.

He definitely knew. Because he looked back up at her, glassy-eyed and breathing fast. “Damn,” he said, quiet. “Olive.”

“Do you . . .” Her mouth was as dry as the desert. “Do you want me to take them off?”

“No.” He shook his head. “Not yet.”

“But if we—”

He hooked his finger on the elastic and pushed the cotton to the side. She was glistening, swollen and plump to her own eyes, way too far ahead, considering that they’d barely done anything. Too eager. This was embarrassing. “I’m sorry.” There were two kinds of heat, the one curling tight at the bottom of her stomach, and the one rising to her cheeks. Olive could barely tell them apart. “I am . . .”

“Perfect.” He wasn’t really talking to her. More to himself, marveling at the way his fingertip sank so easily between her folds, parting them and gliding back and forth until Olive threw back her head and closed her eyes because the pleasure was streaming, stretching, thrumming through her and she couldn’t, couldn’t, *couldn’t*—

“You are so beautiful.” The words sounded hushed, ripped out of him. Like he wasn’t going to say them. “May I?”

It took her several heartbeats to realize that he was referring to his middle finger, to the way it was circling around her entrance and tapping at it. Applying a light pressure right against the rim. So wet already.

Olive moaned. “Yes. Anything,” she breathed out.

He licked her nipple, a silent thank-you, and pushed in. Or at least, he tried. Olive hissed and so did Adam, with a muted, hoarse “Fuck.”

He had big fingers—that must be why they didn’t fit. The first knuckle was just shy of too much, a pinching ache and the sensation of damp, uncomfortable fullness. She shifted on her heels, trying to adjust and make room, and then shifted some more, until he had to grip her hip with his other hand to keep her still. Olive held on to his shoulders, his skin sweat slicked and scorching hot under her palms. “Shh.”

His thumb grazed her, and she whimpered. “It’s okay. Relax.”

Impossible. Though, if Olive had to be honest, the way his finger was curving inside her—it was already getting better. Not so painful now, and maybe even wetter, and if he touched her *there* . . . Her head lolled back. She clutched his muscles with her nails.

“There? Is that a good spot?”

Olive wanted to tell him that no, it was too much, but before she could open her mouth, he did it again, until she couldn’t keep quiet anymore, all groans and whimpers and wet, obscene noises. Until he tried to get a little further inside, and she couldn’t help wincing.

“What is it?” His voice was his regular voice, but a million times raspier. “Does it hurt?”

“No—*Oh.*”

He looked up, all flushed pale skin against dark waves. “Why are you so tense, Olive? You’ve done this before, right?”

“I—yes.” She was not sure what compelled her to continue. Any idiot could see from a mile away that it was a terrible idea, but there was no room left for lies now that they were standing so close. So she confessed, “A couple of times. In college.”

Adam went immobile. Completely motionless. His muscles flexed, coiled strong under her palms, and then they just stayed like that, tense and still as he stared up at her. “Olive.”

“But it doesn’t matter,” she hastened to add, because he was already shaking his head, pulling away from her. It really didn’t matter. Not to Olive, and therefore, it shouldn’t to Adam, either. “I can figure it out—I’ve learned whole-cell patch clamp in a couple of hours; sex can’t be much harder.

And I bet you do this all the time, so you can tell me how to
—”

“You’d lose.”

The room was chilly. His finger was not inside her anymore, and his hand had left her hip.

“What?”

“You’d lose your bet.” He sighed, wiping a hand down his face. The other one, the one that had been inside her, moved down to adjust his cock. It looked enormous by now, and he winced as he touched it. “Olive, I can’t.”

“Of course you can.”

He shook his head. “I’m sorry.”

“What? No. No, I—”

“You’re basically a vir—”

“I’m not!”

“Olive.”

“I am not.”

“But so close to it that—”

“No, that’s not the way it works. Virginity is not a continuous variable, it’s categorical. Binary. Nominal. Dichotomous. Ordinal, potentially. I’m talking about chi-square, maybe Spearman’s correlation, logistic regression, the logit model and that stupid sigmoid function, and . . .”

It had been weeks and it still took her breath away, the uneven tilt of his smile. How unanticipated it always was, the dimples it formed. Olive was left without air as his large palm cupped the side of her face and brought it down for a slow, warm, laughing kiss.

“You are such a smart-ass,” he said against her mouth.

“Maybe.” She was smiling, too. And kissing him back. Hugging him, arms draped around his neck, and she felt a shiver of pleasure when he pulled her deeper into himself.

“Olive,” he said inching back, “if for any reason sex is something that you . . . that you’re not comfortable with, or that you’d rather not have outside of a relationship, then—”

“No. No, it’s nothing like that. I—” She took a deep breath, looking for a way to explain herself. “It’s not that I want to *not* have sex. I just . . . don’t particularly *want* to have it. There is something weird about my brain, and my body, and—I don’t know what’s wrong with me, but I don’t seem to be able to experience attraction like other people. Like *normal* people. I tried to just . . . to just do it, to get it over with, and the guy I did it with was nice, but the truth is that I just don’t feel any . . .” She closed her eyes. This was difficult to admit. “I don’t feel any sexual attraction unless I actually get to trust and like a person, which for some reason never happens. Or, almost never. It hadn’t, not in a long time, but now—I really like you, and I really trust you, and for the first time in a million years I want to—”

She couldn’t ramble anymore, because he was kissing her again, this time hard and bruising, as though he wanted to absorb her into himself. “I want to do this,” she said, as soon as she was able to. “With you. I really do.”

“Me too, Olive.” He sighed. “You have no idea.”

“Then, please. Please, don’t say no.” She bit her lip, and then his. And then nipped at his jaw. “Please?”

He took a deep breath and nodded. She smiled and kissed the curve of his neck, and his hand splayed against her lower back.

“But,” he said, “we should probably go about this a little differently.”

IT TOOK HER the longest time to realize his intentions. Not because she was stupid, or oblivious, or that naive about sex, but because . . .

Maybe she *was* a little naive about sex. But she truly hadn't thought about it for ages before Adam, and even then, it was never quite in these terms—him above her, pushing her legs wide open with his palms on her inner thighs and then kneeling between them. Sliding down, low.

“What are you—”

The way he parted her with his tongue, it was as though she was butter and he meant to slice through her like a hot knife. He was slow but sure, and didn't pause when Olive's thigh stiffened against his palm, or when she tried to squirm away. He just grunted, rich and low; then ran his nose in the skin at the juncture of her abdomen, inhaling deeply; and then he licked her once more.

“Adam—stop,” she pleaded, and for a moment he just nuzzled his face against her folds like he had no intention of doing any such thing. Then he lifted his head, eyes foggy, as if aware that he should be listening to her.

“Mmm?” His lips vibrated against her.

“Maybe . . . maybe you should stop?”

He went still, his hand tightening around her thigh. “Have you changed your mind?”

“No. But we should do . . . other things.”

He frowned. “You don't like this?”

“No. Yes. Well, I've never . . .” The line between his eyebrows deepened. “But I'm the one who put you up to this,

so we should do things that *you* are into, and not stuff for me . . .”

This time it was the flat of his tongue against her clit, pressing just enough to make her clench and exhale in a rush. The tip was circling around it, which—such a small movement, and yet it sent her hand straight to her mouth, had her biting the fleshy part of her palm.

“Adam!” Her voice sounded like someone else’s. “Did you hear what I . . .?”

“You said to do something I’m into.” His breath was hot against her. “I am.”

“You can’t possibly want to—”

He squeezed her leg. “I can’t remember a moment I didn’t.”

It just didn’t feel like standard hookup fare, something this intimate. But it was hard to protest when he looked spellbound, staring at her, at her face and her legs and the rest of her body. His hand was large, open over her abdomen and holding her down, inching higher and closer to her breasts, but never close enough. Lying like this, Olive was a little embarrassed of how concave her stomach was. Of the way her ribs stuck out. Adam, though, didn’t seem to mind.

“Wouldn’t you rather—”

A nip. “No.”

“I didn’t even say—”

He glanced up. “There isn’t anything I’d rather do.”

“But—”

He sucked on one of her lips with a loud, wet noise, and she gasped. And then his tongue was inside her, and she moaned, half in surprise, half at the feeling of— Yes.

Yes.

“Fuck,” someone said. It wasn’t Olive, so it must have been Adam. “Fuck.” It felt incredible. Otherworldly. His tongue, dipping in and out, circling and lapping, and his nose against her skin, and the quiet sounds he made from deep in his chest whenever she contracted, and Olive was going to—she . . .

She wasn’t sure she was going to come. Not with another person in the room touching her. “This might take a while,” she said apologetically, hating how thin her voice sounded.

“Fuck, yes.” His tongue swiped the entirety of her, a long, broad stroke. “Please.” She didn’t think she’d ever heard him quite this enthusiastic about anything, not even grant writing or computational biology. It kicked the whole thing a few notches higher for her, and it got worse when she noticed his arm. The one that wasn’t cupping the cheek of her ass and holding her open.

He hadn’t taken himself out of his pants yet, that Olive could see, and wasn’t that unfair, since she was all splayed open for him. But the way his arm was shifting, how his hand was moving up and down slowly, that was just unbearable. She arched further, her spine shaping a perfect curve as the back of her head hit the pillow.

“Olive.” He leaned back a few centimeters and kissed the inside of her shaking thigh. Took a deep breath with his nose, as if to hold the smell of her within himself. “You can’t come yet.” His lips brushed against her folds as his tongue dipped in again, and she squeezed her eyes shut. There was a liquid, burning heat blossoming in her tummy, spilling all over her. Her fingers clawed at the sheets, grasping for an anchor. This was impossible. Unmanageable.

“Adam.”

“Don’t. Two more minutes.” He sucked on— *God*, yes. *There.*

“I’m—sorry.”

“One more.”

“I *can’t*—”

“Focus, Olive.”

In the end, it was his voice that ruined everything. That quiet, possessive tone, the hint of an order in the low rasp of his words, and the pleasure broke over her like an ocean wave. Her mind snapped, and she was not wholly herself for seconds, and then minutes, and when she had a sense of the world again, he was still licking her, except more slowly, as if with no purpose but to savor her. “I want to go down on you until you pass out.” His lips were so soft against her skin.

“No.” Olive fisted the pillow. “I—you can’t.”

“Why?”

“I have to . . .” She couldn’t think straight, not quite yet. Her mind was addled, stuttering.

She almost screamed when he pushed one finger inside. This time it sank like a rock into water, smooth and without obstacle, and her walls clamped on it as if to welcome Adam and hold him inside.

“Jesus.” He licked her clit again, and she was too sensitive for this. Maybe. “You are”—he hooked his finger inside her, pressing against the roof of her channel, and the pleasure welled in her, washing against her edges—“so small and tight and warm.”

The heat flooded within her once more, knocked the air out of her lungs, leaving her openmouthed, bright colors bursting behind her eyelids. He groaned something that was not quite coherent, and slid in another finger on the tail end of her

orgasm, and the taut stretch of it, it was ruinous. Her body bloomed into something that didn't belong to her anymore, something made of bright, high peaks and lush valleys. It left her heavy and boneless, and she was not sure how long went by before she could bear to raise her palm to his forehead and gently push him away to get him to stop. He shot her a sullen glance but complied, and Olive tugged him up—because he looked like he might start again any moment, and because it would be nice, to have him next to her. Maybe he was thinking the same: he lifted himself above her, leaning his weight on his forearm; his chest pushed against her breast, one large thigh lodged firmly between her legs.

She was still wearing her stupid knee socks, and *God*, Adam was probably thinking that she was the lamest lay he'd ever—

“Can I fuck you?”

He said it, and then he kissed her, unconcerned with where his mouth had been just seconds earlier. She wondered if she should be put off by that, but she was still twitching with pleasure, contracting with aftershocks at the memory of what he'd just done. She couldn't make herself care, and it was nice to kiss him like this. So nice.

“Mmm.” Her palms came up to cup his face, and she began to trace his cheekbones with her thumbs. They were red, and hot. “What?”

“Can I fuck you?” He sucked the base of her throat. “Please?” He breathed it against the shell of her ear, and—it wasn't as though she could say no. Or wanted to. She nodded her permission and reached for his cock, but he beat her to it and pulled down his pants, closing his fist around it. He was big. Larger than she'd thought he'd be, than she'd thought anyone could be. She could still feel his heart pounding

rapidly against her chest as he aligned himself to her and nudged the head against her opening and—

Olive was lax now. And pliant. And still not loose enough. “Ah.” It didn’t quite hurt, but it was nearly too much. Definitely not easy. And yet, that sensation, the push of him against every part of her, it held a promise. “You’re so big.”

He groaned into her neck. His entire body was vibrating with tension. “You can take it.”

“I can,” she told him, voice reedy, and her breath caught halfway through the second word. Women gave birth, after all. Except that he was not in, not really. Not even half. And there was just no more room.

Olive looked up at him. His eyes were closed, dark half-moons against his skin, and his jaw was tense. “What if it’s too much?”

Adam lowered his lips to her ear. “Then . . .” He attempted a thrust, and maybe it was too much, but the friction was lovely. “Then I’ll fuck you like this.” She squeezed her eyes shut when he hit a place that made her whimper. “God, Olive.”

Her entire body was pulsating. “Is there something I should be . . .”

“Just . . .” He kissed her collarbone. Their breathing was erratic by now, loud in the silence of the room. “Be quiet for a moment. So I don’t come already.”

Olive canted her hips, and he was rubbing that spot again. It made her thighs tremble, and she tried to open them wider. To invite him inside. “Maybe you should.”

“I should?”

She nodded. They were too dazed to kiss with any kind of coordination by this point, but his lips were hot and soft when they brushed against hers. “Yes.”

“Inside you?”

“If you—”

Adam’s hand came up behind Olive’s knee and angled it just so, spreading her legs in a way she simply hadn’t thought of. Firmly holding her open.

“If you want to.”

“You’re so perfect, you’re driving me insane.”

Her insides opened to him without warning. They welcomed and pulled at him until he bottomed out, until he was wedged deep and stretching her to a point that should be breaking, but just made her feel filled, sealed, perfect.

They both exhaled. Olive lifted a hand, closed it shakily around Adam’s sweaty nape.

“Hey.” She smiled up at him.

He smiled back, just a little. “Hey.”

His eyes were opaque, like stained glass. He moved inside her, just a hint of a thrust, and it made her entire body clench around him, until she could feel his cock twitch and pulsate inside her, like a drum. Her head fell to the pillow, and someone was groaning, something guttural and out of control.

Then Adam pulled out, pushed back in, and they annihilated the no-sex rule. In the span of a few seconds his thrusts went from tentative, exploratory, to fast and all-eclipsing. His hand slid to the small of her back, lifting her into him as he piled in, and in, and in again, rubbing inside her, against her, forcing pleasure to vibrate up her spine.

“Is this okay?” he asked against her ear, not quite managing to stop.

Olive couldn’t answer. Not past the sharp hitch of her breath, the way her fingers dug desperately into the sheets. Pressure built again inside her, swelled large and consuming.

“You have to tell me, if you don’t like it,” he rasped. “What I’m doing.” He was eager, a little clumsy, losing control and slipping out of her, having to nudge his cock back inside; he was out of focus, but so was she, too flooded by how good he felt, how stupefying the pleasure, how smoothly he slid in and out. How right this felt.

“I—”

“Olive, you have to—” He stopped with a grunt, because she canted her hips and clenched around him. Gripping him harder, sucking him deeper.

“I like it.” She reached up to fist her fingers in his hair. To catch his eyes, make sure he was paying attention as she said, “I *love* it, Adam.”

His control poured out. He made a crude noise and shuddered, pumping hard and muttering nonsense into her skin —how perfect she was, how beautiful, how long he’d wanted this, how he would never, *could* never let go of her. Olive felt his orgasm soar, the blinding, scalding pleasure as he trembled on top of her.

She smiled. And when new shivers began to roll down her spine, she bit Adam’s shoulder and let herself go under.

Chapter Seventeen

♥ HYPOTHESIS: *When I think I've hit rock bottom, someone will hand me a shovel. That someone is probably Tom Benton.*

Olive drifted off after the first time, and dreamed of many strange, nonsensical things. Sushi rolls shaped like spiders. The first snowfall in Toronto, during her last year with her mother. Adam's dimples. Tom Benton's sneer as he spat the words "little sob story." Adam, again, this time serious, saying her name in his unique way.

Then she felt the mattress dip, and the sound of something being placed on the nightstand. She slowly blinked awake, disoriented in the dim light of the room. Adam was sitting on the side of the bed, pushing a lock of hair behind her ear.

"Hi." She smiled.

"Hey."

Her hand reached out to touch his thigh through the pants he'd never managed to take all the way off. He was still warm, still solid. Still there.

"How long did I sleep?"

"Not long. Maybe thirty minutes."

"Hmm." She stretched a bit against the mattress, arms above her head, and noticed the fresh glass of water on the nightstand. "Is that for me?"

He nodded, handed it to her, and she propped up on her elbow to drink it, smiling in thanks. She noticed his gaze linger on her breasts, still tender and sore from his mouth, and then drift away to his own palms.

Oh. Maybe, now that they had sex—*good sex*, Olive thought, *amazing sex*, though who knew about Adam?—he needed his own space. Maybe he wanted his own damn pillow.

She returned the empty glass and sat up. “I should move to my bed.”

He shook his head with an intensity that suggested that he didn’t want her to go, not anywhere, not ever. His free hand closed tight around her waist, as if to tether her to him.

Olive didn’t mind.

“You sure? I suspect I might be a cover hog.”

“It’s fine. I run warm.” He brushed a strand of hair from her forehead. “And according to someone, I look like I might snore.”

She gasped in mock outrage. “How *dare* they? Tell me who said that and I will personally avenge you—” She yelped when he held the icy-cool glass against her neck, and then dissolved into laughter, drawing up her knees and trying to twist away from him. “I’m sorry—you don’t snore! You sleep like a prince!”

“Damn right.” He set the glass on the nightstand, appeased, but Olive remained curled up, cheeks flushed and breathing hard from fending him off. He was smiling. With dimples, too. The same smile he’d smiled into her neck earlier, against her skin, the one that had tickled her and made her laugh.

“I’m sorry about the socks, by the way.” She winced. “I know it’s a controversial topic.”

Adam looked down at the rainbow-colored material stretched around her calves. “Socks are controversial?”

“Not socks per se. Just, keeping them on during sex?”

“Really?”

“Totally. At least according to the issue of *Cosmopolitan* we keep at home to swat cockroaches.”

He shrugged, like a man who’d only ever read the *New England Journal of Medicine* and maybe *Truck-Pushing Digest*. “Why would anyone care one way or the other?”

“Maybe they don’t want to unknowingly have sex with people with horrible, disfigured toes?”

“Do you have disfigured toes?”

“Truly grotesque. Circus-worthy. Antithetical to sex. Basically a built-in contraceptive.”

He sighed, clearly amused. He was struggling to hold on to his moody, broody, intense act, and Olive *loved* it.

“I’ve seen you in flip-flops multiple times. Which, by the way, are not lab compliant.”

“You must be mistaken.”

“Really.”

“I don’t like what you’re insinuating, Dr. Carlsen. I take the Stanford environmental health and safety guidelines very seriously and— What are *you*—”

He was so much larger than her, he could hold her down with one hand on her belly as he wrestled her out of her socks, and for some reason she loved every moment of it. She put up a good fight, and maybe he’d have a couple of bruises tomorrow, but when he finally managed to take them off, Olive was out of breath from laughing. Adam caressed her feet reverently, as though they were delicate and perfectly shaped instead of belonging to someone who ran two marathons a year.

“You were right,” he said. Chest heaving, she looked at him curiously. “Your feet are pretty hideous.”

“What?” She gasped and freed herself, pushing at his shoulder until he ended up on his back under her. He surely could have unseated her, giant that he was. And yet. “Take it back.”

“You said it first.”

“Take it back. My feet are cute.”

“In a hideous way, maybe.”

“That’s *not* a thing.”

His laugh blew warm against her cheek. “There’s probably a German word for that. Cute, but exceptionally ugly.”

She bit his lip just enough to make him feel it, and Adam—he seemed to lose that grip he always had on himself. He seemed to suddenly want more, and he flipped them until she was underneath him, turning the bite into a kiss. Or maybe it was Olive herself, since her tongue was licking his lip, exactly where she’d made it sting.

She should probably tell him to stop. She was sweaty and sticky, and should excuse herself and go take a shower. Yes, that sounded like good sex etiquette. But he felt warm and strong, positively glowing. He smelled delicious, even after all they’d done, and she couldn’t help getting sidetracked and letting her arms loop around his neck. Pulling him down.

“You weigh a ton,” she told him. He made to move up and away, but she wrapped her legs around his waist, holding him close. She felt so safe with him. Invincible. A true slayer. He turned her into a powerful, ferocious person, one that could destroy Tom Benton and pancreatic cancer before breakfast.

“No, I love it. Stay, please.” She grinned up at him, and saw his breathing speed up.

“You *are* a cover hog.” There was a spot at the base of her neck that he’d found earlier, a spot that made her sigh and arch

up and melt into the pillow. He attacked it like it was his new true north. He had a way of kissing her, half cautious and half unrestrained, that had her wondering why she used to think of kissing as such a boring, aimless activity.

“I should go clean up,” she said, but didn’t make a move. He slid down, just a couple of inches, just enough to get distracted by her collarbone, and then by the curve of her breast. “Adam.”

He ignored her and traced her jutting hip bones, and her ribs, the taut skin of her belly. He kissed every last freckle, as though to store them up in his memory, and there were so many. “I’m all sticky, Adam.” She squirmed a little.

In response, his palm moved to her ass. To keep her still. “Ssh. I’ll clean you up myself.”

He put his finger inside her and she gasped, because— Oh God. Oh. Oh *God*. She could hear the wet noises down there, from herself and his own come, and he should be disgusted by this, and she should, too, and yet—

She wasn’t. And he was groaning, as if the satisfaction of having made a mess of her, inside her, of knowing that she’d let him, was a heady thing for him. Olive closed her eyes and let herself go under, feeling him lick the skin between her thigh and abdomen, hearing low moans and gasps coming out of her own mouth, sliding her fingers in his hair to grip him more tightly against her. She was definitely clean by the time she came, slow contractions that swelled in large waves and had her thighs shaking around his head, and that was when he asked, “Can I fuck you again?”

She looked up at him, flushed and hazy with her orgasm, and bit her lip. She wanted to. She really wanted to have him on top of her, inside her, chest pushing her into the mattress and arms snaked around her body. That feeling of security, of

finally belonging that seemed to get more intense the closer he got to her.

“I want to.” Her hand came up to touch his arm, the one he was holding himself up on. “It’s just—I’m just sore, and I—”

He immediately regretted asking. She could tell by how his body stilled before he got off her, as if to not crowd her, as if to give her space she didn’t want.

“No,” she panicked. “It’s not that—”

“Hey.” He noticed how flustered she was and bent down to kiss her.

“I do want to—”

“Olive.” He curled around her. His cock rubbed against her lower back, but he instantly angled his hips away. “You’re right. Let’s go to sleep.”

“What? No.” She sat up, frowning. “I don’t want to go to sleep.”

He was struggling, she could tell. Trying to hide his erection. Trying not to glance at her naked body. “Your flight was early this morning. You’re probably jet-lagged—”

“But we only have one night.” One single night. One night for Olive to suspend the outside world. To avoid thinking about Tom, and what had happened earlier today, and the mysterious woman Adam was in love with. One night to forget that whatever feelings she had for him, they were not mutual.

“Hey.” He reached up, pushing her hair behind her shoulder. “You don’t owe me anything. Let’s get some sleep and—”

“We have one night.” Determined, she pressed her palm on his chest, straddling him. The cotton of his pants was soft against her folds. “I want the whole night.” She smiled down at him, forehead against his, her hair a curtain between them

and the outside world. A sanctuary of sorts. He gripped her waist like he couldn't help himself, pulling her against him, and oh, they fit so well together. "Come on, Adam. I know you're old, but you can't go to sleep just yet."

"I—" He seemed to forget what he was about to say the moment her hand slid inside his pants. His eyes closed, and he exhaled sharply, and—yes. Good. "Olive."

"Yes?"

She kept on sliding down his body. And tugging at his pants. And he made some half-hearted efforts to stop her, but he didn't seem to be fully in control, and in the end he let her take his remaining clothes off. She pulled her hair back and sat on her heels between his thighs.

Adam tried to look away and failed. "You are so beautiful." The words were low and hushed, as though they'd slipped out of his mouth. Loose and unbidden, just like everything else about this.

"I've never done this," she confessed. She didn't feel shy, probably because this was Adam.

"No. Come here."

"So it probably won't be any good."

"You—Olive. You don't have to. You shouldn't."

"Noted." She pressed a kiss against his hip, and he groaned as though she'd done something special. As though this was beyond anything. "But if you have any wishes."

"Olive. I'm going to—" Grunt. He was going to grunt, a rumbling noise coming from deep in his chest. She ran her nose on the skin of his abdomen, seeing his cock twitch with the corner of her eye.

"I love the way you smell."

"Olive."

Slowly, precisely, she wrapped her hand around the base of his erection and studied it from underneath her eyelashes. The head was shiny already, and—she didn't know much, but he seemed close. He seemed very hard, and above her his chest heaved and his lips parted and his skin flushed. He seemed like it wouldn't take much, which . . . good. But also, Olive wanted her time with him. She wanted so much time with Adam. "Someone has done this to you, before? Right?"

He nodded, like she'd expected he would. His hand fisted the sheets, trembling slightly.

"Good. So you can tell me, if I mess it up."

She said the last word against the shaft, and it felt like they were oscillating, vibrating at some short-wave frequency that burst and shattered when she touched him for real. Before parting her lips on the head of his cock she looked up at him, gave him a small smile, and that seemed to do him in. His back arched. He groaned, and ordered her in hushed tones to please, give him a moment, go slow, not let him come, and Olive wondered if his spine was melting into the same liquid, scalding pleasure she'd felt earlier.

It probably couldn't have been more obvious, that she'd never done this. And yet it seemed to turn him on beyond belief. He clearly couldn't help himself—he thrust forward, threaded his fingers in her hair, pressed her head down until her throat was tight around him. He groaned, and talked, and caught her eyes, as if constantly fascinated by the way she was looking up at him. He slurred raspy words, mumbling, "Olive, yes." "Lick the . . ." "Take it just—deeper. Make me come." She heard praises and endearments come out of his mouth—how good she was, how lovely, how perfect; obscenities about her lips and body and eyes, and maybe she would have been embarrassed, if it hadn't been for the pleasure spilling rich from both of them, overflowing their brains. It felt natural, to have Adam ask for what he wanted. To give it to him.

“Can I—?” Her teeth grazed the underside of the head, and he grunted abruptly. “In your mouth.”

She only had to smile at him, and his pleasure looked nuclear, pounding through him and washing over his entire body. What Olive had felt earlier, white-hot and just shy of painful. She was still sucking gently when he regained control of his limbs and cupped her cheek.

“The things I want to do to you. You have no idea.”

“I think maybe I do.” She licked her lips. “Some, at least.” His eyes were glazed as he stroked the corner of her mouth, and Olive wondered how she could possibly be done with this, with *him*, in just a few hours.

“I doubt it.”

She leaned forward, hiding a smile into the crease of his thigh. “You can, you know.” She nibbled on the hard plane of his abdomen and then looked up at him. “Do them.”

She was still smiling when he pulled her up to his chest, and for a few minutes they managed to sleep.

IT REALLY WAS a nice hotel room, she supposed. The large windows, mostly. And the view of Boston after dark, the traffic and the clouds and the feeling that something was happening out there, something she didn’t need to be part of because she was here. With Adam.

“What language is that?” it occurred to her to ask. He couldn’t quite look at her face, not with her head nestled under his chin, so he continued to draw patterns on her hip with his fingertips.

“What?”

“The book you’re reading. With the tiger on the cover. German?”

“Dutch.” She felt his voice vibrate, from his chest and through her flesh.

“Is it a manual on taxidermy?”

He pinched her hip, lightly, and she giggled. “Was it hard to learn? Dutch, I mean.”

He inhaled the scent of her hair, thinking for a moment. “I’m not sure. I always knew it.”

“Was it weird? Growing up with two languages?”

“Not really. I mostly thought in Dutch until we moved back here.”

“How old was that?”

“Mmm. Nine?”

It made her smile, the idea of child Adam. “Did you speak Dutch with your parents?”

“No.” He paused. “There were au pairs, mostly. Lots of them.”

Olive pushed herself up to look at him, resting her chin on her hands and her hands on his chest. She watched him watch her, enjoying the play of the streetlights on his strong face. He was always handsome, but now, in the witching hours, he took her breath away.

“Were your parents busy?”

He sighed. “They were very committed to their jobs. Not very good at making time for anything else.”

She hummed softly, conjuring a mental image: five-year-old Adam showing a stick-figure drawing to tall, distracted parents in dark suits surrounded by secret agents speaking into

their headsets. She knew nothing about diplomats. “Were you a happy child?”

“It’s . . . complicated. It was a bit of a textbook upbringing. Only child of financially rich but emotionally poor parents. I could do whatever I wanted but had no one to do it with.” It sounded sad. Olive and her mom had always had very little, but she’d never felt alone. Until the cancer.

“Except Holden?”

He smiled. “Except Holden, but that was later. I think I was already set in my ways by then. I’d learned to entertain myself with . . . things. Hobbies. Activities. School. And when I was supposed to be with people, I was . . . antagonistic and unapproachable.” She rolled her eyes and bit softly into his skin, making him chuckle. “I’ve become like my parents,” he mused. “Exclusively committed to my job.”

“That’s not true at all. You’re very good at making time for others. For me.” She smiled, but he looked away as if embarrassed, and she decided to change the topic. “The only thing I can say in Dutch is ‘*ik hou van jou.*’” Her pronunciation must have been poor, because for a long moment Adam couldn’t parse it. Then he did, and his eyes widened.

“My college roommate had a poster with ‘I love you’ written in every language,” Olive explained. “Right across from my bed. First thing I’d see every morning after waking up.”

“And at the end of year four you knew every language?”

“End of year one. She joined a sorority as a sophomore, which was for the best.” She lowered her gaze, nuzzled her face in his chest, and then looked back up at him. “It’s pretty stupid, if you think about it.”

“Stupid?”

“Who needs to know how to say ‘I love you’ in every language? People barely need it in one. Sometimes not even in one.” She smoothed his hair back with her fingers. “‘Where’s the restroom?’ on the other hand . . .”

He leaned into her touch, as if soothed by it. “*Waar is de WC?*”

Olive blinked.

“That would be ‘Where’s the restroom?’” he explained.

“Yeah, I figured. Just . . . your voice . . .” She cleared her throat. She’d been better off without knowing how attractive he sounded when speaking another language. “Anyway. That would be a useful poster.” She brushed her finger against his forehead. “What’s this from?”

“My face?”

“The little scar. The one above your eyebrow.”

“Ah. Just a stupid fight.”

“A fight?” She chuckled. “Did one of your grads try to kill you?”

“Nah, I was a kid. Though I could see my grads pouring acetonitrile in my coffee.”

“Oh, totally.” She nodded in agreement. “I have one, too.” She pulled her hair behind her shoulder and showed him the small, half-moon-shaped line right next to her temple.

“I know.”

“You know? About my scar?”

He nodded.

“When did you notice? It’s really faint.”

He shrugged and began tracing it with his thumb. “What’s it from?”

“I don’t remember. But my mom said that when I was four there was this *huge* snowstorm in Toronto. Inches upon inches of snow piling up, the most intense in five decades, you know the drill. And everyone knew it was coming, and she’d been preparing me for days, telling me that we might end up stuck at home for a few days. I was so excited about it that I ran outside and dove headfirst into the snow—except that I did it about half an hour after the storm had started, and ended up hitting my head on a stone.” She laughed softly, and so did Adam. It had been one of her mother’s favorite stories. And now Olive was the only person who could tell it. It lived in her, and no one else. “I miss the snow. California is beautiful, and I hate the cold. But I really miss the snow.”

He continued stroking her scar, a faint smile on his lips. And then, when the silence had settled around them, he said, “Boston will have snow. Next year.”

Her heart thudded. “Yeah.” Except that she wouldn’t be going to Boston, not anymore. She’d have to find another lab. Or not work in a lab at all.

Adam’s hand traveled up her neck, closing gently around her nape. “There are good trails for hiking, where Holden and I used to go in grad school.” He hesitated before adding, “I’d love to take you.”

She closed her eyes, and for a second she let herself imagine it. The black of Adam’s hair against the white snow and the deep greens of the trees. Her boots sinking into the soft ground. Cold air flowing inside her lungs, and a warm hand wrapping around her own. She could almost see the flakes, fluttering behind her eyelids. Bliss.

“You’ll be in California, though,” she said distractedly.

A pause. Too long.

Olive opened her eyes. “Adam?”

He rolled his tongue inside his cheek, as if thinking carefully about his words. “There is a chance that I’ll be moving to Boston.”

She blinked at him, confused. Moving? He’d be moving? “What?” No. What was he saying? Adam was not going to leave Stanford, right? He’d never been—the flight risk had never been *real*. Right?

Except he’d never said that. Olive thought back to their conversations, and—he’d complained about the department withholding his research funds, about them suspecting that he was going to leave, about the assumptions people had made because of his collaboration with Tom, but . . . he’d never said that they were wrong. He’d said that the frozen funds had been earmarked for research—for the current year. That’s why he’d wanted them released as soon as possible.

“Harvard,” she whispered, feeling incredibly stupid. “You’re moving to Harvard.”

“It’s not decided yet.” His hand was still wrapped around her neck, thumb swiping back and forth across the pulse at the base of her throat. “I’ve been asked to interview, but there’s no official offer.”

“When? When will you interview?” she asked, but didn’t really need his answer. It was all starting to make sense in her head. “Tomorrow. You’re not going home.” He’d never said he would. He’d only told her he’d be leaving the conference early. Oh God. *Stupid, Olive. Stupid.* “You’re going to Harvard. To interview for the rest of the week.”

“It was the only way to avoid making the department even more suspicious,” he explained. “The conference was a good cover.”

She nodded. It wasn’t good—it was perfect. And God, she felt nauseous. And weak-kneed, even lying down. “They’ll offer you the position,” she murmured, even though he must

already know. He was Adam Carlsen, after all. And he'd been asked to interview. They were *courting* him.

"It's not certain yet."

It was. Of course it was. "Why Harvard?" she blurted. "Why—why do you want to leave Stanford?" Her voice shook a little, even though she did her best to sound calm.

"My parents live on the East Coast, and while I have my issues with them, they're going to need me closer sooner or later." He paused, but Olive could tell that he wasn't done. She braced herself. "The main reason is Tom. And the grant. I want to transition to doing more similar work, but that will only be possible if we show good results. Being in the same department as Tom would make us infinitely more productive. Professionally, moving's a no-brainer."

She'd braced herself, but it still felt like a punch in the sternum that left her void of air, caused her stomach to twist and her heart to drop. Tom. This was about *Tom*.

"Of course," she whispered. It helped her voice sound firmer. "It makes sense."

"And I could help you acclimatize, too," he offered, significantly more bashful. "If you want to. To Boston. To Tom's lab. Show you around, if you . . . if you're feeling lonely. Buy you that pumpkin stuff."

She couldn't answer that. She really—she could *not* answer that. So she hung her head for a few moments, ordered herself to buck the hell up, and lifted it again to smile at him.

She could do this. She *would* do this. "What time are you leaving tomorrow?" He was probably just moving to another hotel, closer to the Harvard campus.

"Early."

“Okay.” She leaned forward and buried her face in his throat. They were not going to sleep, not one second. It would be such a waste. “You don’t have to wake me up, when you leave.”

“You’re not going to carry my bags downstairs?”

She laughed into his neck and burrowed deeper into him. This, she thought, this was going to be their perfect night. And their last.

Chapter Eighteen

♥ HYPOTHESIS: *A heart will break even more easily than the weakest of hydrogen bonds.*

It wasn't the sun high in the sky that woke her up, nor housekeeping—thanks to Adam, likely, and a Do Not Disturb sign on the door. What got Olive out of bed, even though she really, *really* didn't want to face the day, was the frantic buzzing on the nightstand.

She buried her face in the pillow, extended her arm to grope her way to her phone, and then brought it to her ear.

“Yeah?” she bleated, only to find that it wasn't a call but a very long string of notifications. It included one email from Dr. Aslan congratulating her on her talk and asking for the recording, two texts from Greg (Have u seen the multichannel pipette? Nvm found it.), one from Malcolm (call me when you see this), and . . .

One hundred and forty-three from Anh.

“What the . . . ?” She blinked at the screen, unlocked her phone, and started scrolling up. Could it be one hundred and forty-three reminders to wear sunscreen?

Anh: O

Anh: M

Anh: G

Anh: OMG

Anh: Omg omg OMFG

Anh: Where the hell are you

Anh: OLIVE

Anh: OLIVE LOUISE SMITH

Anh: (JK I know you don't have a middle name)

Anh: (But if you did it would be Louise FIGHT ME you know im right)

Anh: Where ARE U?!?!

Anh: Your missing so much YOU ARE MISSING SO

Anh: WHERE THE HELL IS YOUR ROOM I'M COMING TO YOU

Anh: OL we need to talk about this IN PERSON!!!!!!1!!!!!!!

Anh: Are you DEAD?

Anh: You better be IT'S THE ONLY WAY I'LL FORGIVE YOU FOR MISSING THIS OL

Anh: Ol is this real life is iT jUST FANTASY SJFGAJHSGFASF

Anh: ooooooooooooooooooooooool

Olive groaned, rubbed her face, and decided to skip the other 125 messages and text Anh her room number. She went into the bathroom and reached for her toothbrush, trying not to notice that the spot where Adam's had been was now empty. Whatever Anh was freaking out about, Olive was likely going to be underwhelmed. Jeremy had Irish step-danced at the department social, or Chase had tied a cherry stem with his tongue. Great entertainment value, for sure, but Olive would survive missing either.

She dried her face, thinking that she was doing a great job of not thinking of how sore she was; of how her body was buzzing, vibrating like it had no intention of stopping, not two, not three, not five hours from now; of the faint, comforting scent of Adam on her skin.

Yeah. A great job.

When she stepped out of the bathroom, someone was about to tear down the door. She opened it to find Anh and Malcolm,

who hugged her and started talking so loudly and rapidly, she could barely make out the words—though she did catch the terms “paradigm-shifting,” “life-altering,” and “watershed moment in history.”

They chattered their way to Olive’s unused bed and sat down. After a few more moments of overlapping babbling, Olive decided to intervene and lifted her hands.

“Hold on.” She was already coming down with a headache. Today was going to be a nightmare, for so many reasons. “What happened?”

“The weirdest thing,” Anh said.

“Coolest,” Malcolm interrupted. “She means coolest.”

“Where *were* you, Ol? You said you were going to join us.”

“Here. I just, um, was tired after my talk, and fell asleep and—”

“Lame, Ol, *very* lame, but I have no time to berate you for your lameness because I need to catch you up with what happened last night—”

“I should tell her,” Malcolm gave Anh a scathing look. “Since it’s about me.”

“Fair enough,” she conceded with a flourishing gesture.

Malcolm smiled, pleased, and cleared his throat. “Ol, who have I been wanting to have sex with for the past several years?”

“Uh . . .” She scratched her temple. Off the top of her head, she could name about thirty people. “Victoria Beckham?”

“No. Well, yes. But no.”

“David Beckham?”

“Also yes. But no.”

“The other Spice Girl? The one in the Adidas tracksuit—”

“No. Okay, yes, but don’t focus on celebrities, focus on *real life* people—”

“Holden Rodrigues,” Anh blurted out impatiently. “He hooked up with Rodrigues at the department social. Ol, it is with utmost regret that I must inform you that you have been dethroned and are no longer the president of the Hot for Teacher club. Will you retire in shame or accept the treasurer position?”

Olive blinked. Several times. An inordinate amount of times. And then heard herself say, “Wow.”

“Isn’t it the weirdest—”

“Coolest, Anh,” Malcolm interjected. “*Coolest.*”

“Things can be weird in a cool way.”

“Right, but this is pure, one hundred percent cool, zero percent weird—”

“Hold up,” Olive interrupted. Her headache was growing a size or two. “Holden is not even in the department. Why was he at the social?”

“No idea, but you bring up an excellent point, which is that since he’s in pharmacology, we can do whatever we want without having to tell anyone.”

Anh tilted her head. “Is that so?”

“Yep. We checked Stanford’s socialization regulations on our way to CVS to get condoms. Basically foreplay.” He closed his eyes in bliss. “Will I ever step inside a pharmacy again without getting a boner?”

Olive cleared her throat. “I’m so happy for you.” She really was. Though this did feel a bit weird. “How did it happen?”

“I hit on him. It was glorious.”

“He was shameless, Ol. And glorious. I took some pictures.”

Malcolm gasped in outrage. “Okay, that’s illegal and I could sue you. But if I look good in them, do send them my way.”

“Will do, babe. Now tell us about the sex.”

The fact that Malcolm, usually very forward with the details of his sex life, just closed his eyes and smiled, spoke volumes. Anh and Olive exchanged a long, impressed glance.

“And that’s not even the best part. He wants to see me again. Today. A *date*. He used the word ‘date’ unprompted.” He fell back on the mattress. “He’s so hot. And funny. And nice. A sweet, filthy beast.”

Malcolm looked so happy, Olive couldn’t resist: she swallowed the lump that had taken residence in her throat sometime last night and jumped on the bed next to him, hugging him as tight as she could. Anh followed and did the same.

“I’m so happy for you, Malcolm.”

“Same.” Anh’s voice was muffled against his hair.

“I am happy for me, too. I hope he’s serious. You know when I said I was training for gold? Well, Holden’s *platinum*.”

“You should ask Carlsen, Ol,” Anh suggested. “If he knows what Holden’s intentions are.”

She probably wasn’t going to have the opportunity anytime soon. “I will.”

Malcolm shifted a bit and turned to Olive. “Did you really fall asleep last night? Or were you and Carlsen celebrating in unmentionable ways?”

“Celebrating?”

“I told Holden that I was worried about you, and he said that you guys were probably celebrating. Something about Carlsen’s funds being released? By the way, you never told me Carlsen and Holden were best friends—it seems like a piece of information you’d want to share with your Holden-Rodrigues-fan-club-founder-and-most-vocal-member roommate—”

“Wait.” Olive sat up, wide-eyed. “The funds that were released, are they . . . the frozen ones? The ones Stanford was withholding?”

“Maybe? Holden said something about the department chair finally easing up. I tried to pay attention, but talking about Carlsen is a bit of a buzzkill—no offense. Plus, I kept getting lost in Holden’s eyes.”

“And his butt,” Anh added.

“And his butt.” Malcolm sighed happily. “Such a nice butt. He has little dimples on his lower back.”

“Oh my God, so does Jeremy! I want to bite them.”

“Aren’t they the cutest?”

Olive stopped listening and stood from the bed, grabbing her phone to read the date.

September twenty-ninth.

It was September twenty-ninth.

She had known, of course. She had known for over a month that today was coming, but in the past week she’d been too busy fretting about her talk to focus on anything else, and Adam hadn’t reminded her. With everything that had happened in the past twenty-four hours, it was no surprise that he’d forgotten to mention that his funds had been released. But still. The implications of it were . . .

She closed her eyes, shut tight, while Anh and Malcolm’s excited chattering kept rising in volume in the background.

When she opened them, her phone lit up with a new notification. From Adam.

Adam: I have interview meetings until 4:30, but I'm free for the night. Would you like to get dinner? There are several good restaurants near campus (though a shameful lack of conveyor belts). If you're not busy, I could show you around campus, maybe even Tom's lab.

Adam: No pressure, of course.

It was almost two in the afternoon. Olive felt as though her bones weighed twice as much as the day before. She took a deep breath, straightened her shoulders, and began typing her reply to Adam.

She knew what she had to do.

SHE KNOCKED ON his door at five sharp, and he answered just a few seconds later, still dressed in slacks and a button-down that must have been his interview attire and . . .

Smiling at her. Not one of those half-baked things she'd gotten used to, but a real, true smile. With dimples, and crinkles around his eyes, and genuine happiness to see her. It shattered her heart in a million pieces before he even spoke.

“Olive.”

She still hadn't figured it out, why the way he said her name was so unique. There was something packed behind it, something that didn't quite make it to the surface. A sense of possibilities. Of depth. Olive wondered if it was real, if she was hallucinating it, if he was aware. Olive wondered a lot of things, and then told herself to stop. It couldn't matter less, now.

“Come in.”

It was an even fancier hotel, and Olive rolled her eyes, wondering why people felt the need to waste thousands of dollars in lodgings for Adam Carlsen when he barely paid attention to his surroundings. They should just give him a cot and donate the money to worthy causes. Endangered whales. Psoriasis. Olive.

“I brought this—I’m assuming it’s yours.” She took a couple of steps toward him and held out a phone charger, letting the cable end dangle, making sure that Adam wouldn’t need to touch her.

“It is. Thank you.”

“It was behind the bedside lamp, probably why you forgot it.” She pressed her lips together. “Or maybe it’s old age. Maybe dementia has already set in. All those amyloid plaques.”

He glared at her, and she tried not to smile, but she already was, and he was rolling his eyes and calling her a smart-ass, and—

Here they were. Doing this, again. Dammit.

She let her eyes wander away, because—no. Not anymore.
“How was the interview?”

“Good. Just day one, though.”

“Of how many?”

“Too many.” He sighed. “I have grant meetings with Tom scheduled, too.”

Tom. Right. Of course. Of course—this was why she was here. To explain to him that—

“Thank you for coming out,” he said, voice quiet and earnest. As though by hopping on a train and agreeing to see him, Olive had given him a great deal of pleasure. “I figured you might be busy with your friends.”

She shook her head. “No. Anh’s out with Jeremy.”

“I’m sorry,” he said, looking genuinely regretful for her, and it took Olive several moments to recall her lie, and his assumption that she was in love with Jeremy. Only a few weeks earlier, but it already seemed so long ago, when she hadn’t been able to imagine anything worse than Adam discovering her feelings for him. It sounded so foolish after everything that had happened in the past few days. She should really come clean, but what was the point now? Let Adam think what he liked. It would serve him better than the truth, after all.

“And Malcolm is with . . . Holden.”

“Ah, yes.” He nodded, looking exhausted.

Olive briefly fantasized about Holden texting Adam the equivalent of what Olive and Anh had been subjected to for the past two hours, and smiled. “How bad is it?”

“Bad?”

“This thing between Malcolm and Holden?”

“Ah.” Adam leaned his shoulder against the wall, folding his arms across his chest. “I think it can be very good. For Holden, at least. He really likes Malcolm.”

“Did he tell you?”

“He hasn’t shut up about it.” He rolled his eyes. “Did you know that Holden is secretly twelve?”

She laughed. “So is Malcolm. He dates a lot, and he’s usually good at managing expectations, but this thing with Holden—I had a sandwich for lunch and he randomly volunteered that Holden is allergic to peanuts. It wasn’t even PB and J!”

“He’s not allergic, he fakes it because he doesn’t like nuts.” He massaged his temple. “This morning I woke up to a haiku

about Malcolm's elbows. Holden had texted it at three a.m.”

“Was it good?”

He lifted one eyebrow, and she laughed again.

“They are . . .”

“The worst.” Adam shook his head. “But I think Holden might need it. Someone to care about, who also cares about him.”

“Malcolm, too. I’m just . . . concerned that he might want more than Holden is willing to offer?”

“Believe me, Holden is very ready to file taxes jointly.”

“Good. I’m glad.” She smiled. And then felt her smile fade, just as quickly. “One-sided relationships are really . . . not good.” *I would know. And maybe you would, too.*

He studied his own palm, undoubtedly thinking about the woman Holden had mentioned. “No. No, they’re not.”

It was a weird kind of ache, the jealousy. Confusing, unfamiliar, not something she was used to. Half cutting, half disorienting and aimless, so different from the loneliness she’d felt since she was fifteen. Olive missed her mother every day, but with time she’d been able to harness her pain and turn it into motivation for her work. Into purpose. Jealousy, though . . . the misery of it didn’t come with any gain. Only restless thoughts, and something squeezing at her chest whenever her mind turned to Adam.

“I need to ask you something,” he said. The seriousness of his tone made her look up.

“Sure.”

“The people you overheard at the conference yesterday . . .”

She stiffened. “I’d rather not—”

“I won’t force you to do anything. But whoever they were, I want . . . I think you should consider filing a complaint.”

Oh God. *God*. Was this some cruel joke? “You really like complaints, don’t you?” She laughed once, a weak attempt at humor.

“I’m serious, Olive. And if you decide you want to do it, I’ll help you however I can. I could come with you and talk with SBD’s organizers, or we could go through Stanford’s Title IX office—”

“No. I . . . Adam, no. I’m not going to file a complaint.” She rubbed her eyes with the tips of her fingers, feeling as though this was one giant, painful prank. Except that Adam had no idea. He actually wanted to protect her, when all Olive wanted was . . . to protect him. “I’ve already decided. It would do more harm than good.”

“I know why you think that. I felt the same during grad school, with my mentor. We all did. But there *are* ways to do it. Whoever this person is, they—”

“Adam, I—” She ran one hand down her face. “I need you to drop this. Please.”

He studied her, silent for several minutes, and then nodded. “Okay. Of course.” He pushed away from the wall and straightened, clearly unhappy to let the subject go but making an effort to do so. “Would you like to go to dinner? There’s a Mexican restaurant nearby. Or sushi—*real* sushi. And a movie theater. Maybe there are one or two movies playing in which horses don’t die.”

“I’m not . . . I’m not hungry, actually.”

“Oh.” His expression was teasing. Gentle. “I didn’t know that was possible.”

“Me neither.” She chuckled weakly, and then forced herself to continue. “Today is September twenty-ninth.”

A beat. Adam studied her, patient and curious. “It is.”

She bit into her lower lip. “Do you know what the chair has decided about your funds?”

“Oh, right. The funds will be unfrozen.” He seemed happy, his eyes brilliant in an almost boyish way. It broke her heart a little. “I meant to tell you tonight at dinner.”

“That’s great.” She managed a smile, small and pitiful in her mounting anxiety. “That’s really great, Adam. I’m happy for you.”

“Must have been your sunscreen skills.”

“Yeah.” Her laugh sounded fake. “I’ll have to put them on my CV. Fake girlfriend with extensive experience. Microsoft Office and excellent sunscreen skills. Available immediately, only serious callers.”

“Not immediately.” He looked at her curiously. Tenderly. “Not for a while, I’d say.”

The weight, the one that had been pressing into her stomach since she’d realized what needed to be done, sank heavier. Now—this was it. The coda. The moment it all ended. Olive could do this, and she would, and things would be all the better for it.

“I think I should be.” She swallowed, and it was like acid down her throat. “Available.” She scanned his face, noticed his confusion, and clenched her fist in the hem of her sweater. “We gave ourselves a deadline, Adam. And we accomplished everything we wanted. Jeremy and Anh are solid—I doubt they even remember that Jeremy and I used to date. And your funds have been released, which is amazing. The truth is . . .”

Her eyes stung. She closed them tight, managing to push the tears back. Barely.

The truth, Adam, is that your friend, your collaborator, a person you clearly love and are close to, is horrid and despicable. He told me things that might be truths, or maybe lies—I don't know. I'm not sure. I'm not sure of anything anymore, and I would love to ask you, so badly. But I'm terrified that he might be right, and that you won't believe me. And I'm even more terrified that you will believe me, and that what I tell you will force you to give up something that is very important to you: your friendship and your work with him. I'm terrified of everything, as you can see. So, instead of telling you that truth, I will tell you another truth. A truth that, I think, will be best for you. A truth that will take me out of the equation, but will make its result better. Because I'm starting to wonder if this is what being in love is. Being okay with ripping yourself to shreds, so the other person can stay whole.

She inhaled deeply. “The truth is, we did great. And it’s time we call it quits.”

She could tell from how his lips parted, from his disoriented eyes searching hers, that he wasn’t yet parsing what she’d said. “I don’t think we’ll need to explicitly tell anyone,” she continued. “People won’t see us together, and after a while they’ll think that . . . that it didn’t work out. That we broke up. And maybe you . . .” This was the hardest part. But he deserved to hear it. He’d told her the same, after all, when he’d believed her in love with Jeremy. “I wish you all the best, Adam. At Harvard, and . . . with your real girlfriend. Whoever you may choose. I cannot imagine anyone not reciprocating your feelings.”

She could pinpoint the exact moment it dawned on him. She could tease apart the feelings struggling in his face—the surprise, the confusion, a hint of stubbornness, a split second of vulnerability that all melted in a blank, empty expression. Then she could see his throat work.

“Right,” he said. “Right.” He was staring at his shoes, absolutely motionless. Slowly accepting her words.

Olive took a step back and rocked on her heels. Outside, an iPhone rang, and a few seconds later someone burst into laughter. Normal noises, on a normal day. Normal, all of this.

“It’s for the best,” she said, because the silence between them—that, she just couldn’t stand. “It’s what we agreed on.”

“Whatever you want.” His voice was hoarse, and he seemed . . . absent. Retreated to some place inside himself. “Whatever you need.”

“I can’t thank you enough for everything you’ve done for me. Not just about Anh. When we met, I felt so alone, and . . .” For a moment she couldn’t continue. “Thank you for all the pumpkin spice, and for that Western blot, and for hiding your taxidermied squirrels when I visited, and . . .”

She couldn’t bring herself to go on anymore, not without choking on her words. The stinging in her eyes was burning now, threatening to spill over, so she nodded once, decisively, a period to this dangling sentence with no end in sight.

And that would have been it. It would have surely been the end. They would have left it at that, if Olive hadn’t passed him on her way to the door. If he hadn’t reached out and stopped her with a hand on her wrist. If he hadn’t immediately pulled that hand back and stared at it with an appalled expression, as if shocked that he’d dared to touch her without asking for permission first.

If he hadn’t said, “Olive. If you ever need anything, anything at all. *Anything*. Whenever. You can come to me.” His jaw worked, like there were other words, words he was keeping inside. “I *want* you to come to me.”

She almost didn’t register wiping wetness off her cheek with the back of her hand, or moving closer to him. It was his

scent that jolted her alert—soap and something dark, subtle but oh so familiar. Her brain had him mapped out, stored away across all senses. Eyes to his almost smile, hands to his skin, the smell of him in her nostrils. She didn't even need to think about what to do, just push up on her toes, press her fingers against his biceps, and kiss him gently on the cheek. His skin was soft and warm and a little prickly; unexpected, but not unwelcome.

An apt goodbye, she thought. Appropriate. Acceptable.

And so was his hand coming up to her lower back, pulling her into his body and stopping her from sliding back on her heels, or the way his head turned, until her lips were not brushing the skin of his cheek anymore. Her breath hitched, a chuff against the corner of his mouth, and for a few precious seconds she just savored it, the deep pleasure that ran through them both as they closed their eyes and let themselves just *be*, here, with each other.

Quiet. Still. One last moment.

Then Olive opened her mouth and turned her head, breathing against his lips, “Please.”

Adam groaned deep in his chest. But she was the one who closed the space between them, who deepened the kiss, who combed her hands into his hair, short nails scraping against his scalp. She was the one who pulled him even closer, and he was the one who pushed her back against the wall and moaned into her mouth.

It was frightening. Frightening, how good this felt. How easy it would be to never stop. To let time stretch and unbend, forget about everything else, and simply stay in this moment forever.

But Adam pulled back first, holding her eyes as he tried to collect himself.

"It was good, wasn't it?" Olive asked, with a small, wistful smile.

She wasn't herself sure what she was referring to. Maybe his arms around her. Maybe this last kiss. Maybe everything else. The sunscreen, his ridiculous answers on his favorite color, the quiet conversations late at night . . . all of it had been so very good.

"It was." Adam's voice sounded too deep to be his own. When he pressed his lips against her forehead one last time, she felt her love for him swell fuller than a river in flood.

"I think I should leave," she told him gently, without looking at him. He let her go wordlessly, so she did.

When she heard the click of the door closing behind her, it was like falling from a great height.

Chapter Nineteen

♥ HYPOTHESIS: *When in doubt, asking a friend will save my ass.*

Olive spent the following day in the hotel, sleeping, crying, and doing the very thing that had gotten her into this mess to begin with: lying. She told Malcolm and Anh that she'd be busy with friends from college for the entire day, pulled the blackout curtains together, and then buried herself in her bed. Which, technically, was Adam's bed.

She didn't let herself think about the situation too much. Something inside her—her heart, very possibly—was broken in several large pieces, not shattered as much as neatly snapped in half, and then in half again. All she could do was sit down amid the debris of her feelings and wallow. Sleeping through most of the day helped dull the pain a great deal. Numb, she was rapidly starting to realize, was good.

She lied the day after, too. Feigned a last-minute request from Dr. Aslan when asked to join her friends at the conference or on excursions around Boston, and then took a deep, fortifying breath. She drew the curtains open, forced her blood to start flowing again (with fifty crunches, fifty jumping jacks, and fifty push-ups, though she cheated on the last by going on her knees), then showered and brushed her teeth for the first time in thirty-six hours.

It wasn't easy. Seeing Adam's Biology Ninja T-shirt in the mirror made her tear up, but she reminded herself that she'd made her choice. She'd decided to put Adam's well-being first, and she didn't regret it. But she'd be damned if she let

Tom Fucking Benton take credit for a project she had worked on for *years*. A project that meant the world to her. Maybe her life was nothing but a little sob story, but it was *her* little sob story.

Her heart may be broken, but her brain was doing just fine.

Adam had said that the reason most professors hadn't bothered to reply, perhaps even read her email, was that she was a student. So she followed his advice: she emailed Dr. Aslan and asked her to introduce Olive to all the researchers she'd previously contacted, plus the two people who'd been on her panel and had shown interest in her work. Dr. Aslan was close to retirement, and had more or less given up on producing science, but she was still a full professor at Stanford. It had to mean something.

Then Olive googled extensively about research ethics, plagiarism, and theft of ideas. The issue was a little murky, given that Olive had—quite recklessly, she now realized—described all her protocols in detail in her report for Tom. But once she began examining the situation with a clearer head, she decided that it wasn't as dire as she'd initially thought. The report she'd written, after all, was well-structured and thorough. With a few tweaks she could turn it into a scholarly publication. It would hopefully go quickly through peer review, and the findings would be credited under her name.

What she decided to focus on was that despite all his insults and rude comments, Tom, one of the top cancer researchers in the United States, had expressed interest in stealing her research ideas. She took it as a very, *very* backhanded compliment.

She spent the next several hours carefully avoiding thoughts of Adam and instead researching other potential scientists who might be able to support her the following year. It was a long shot, but she had to try. When someone knocked

on her door, it was already the middle of the afternoon, and she'd added three new names to her list. She quickly put on clothes to answer, expecting housekeeping. When Anh and Malcolm stormed inside, she cursed herself for never checking the peephole. She truly deserved to be axed by a serial killer.

"Okay," Anh said, throwing herself onto Olive's still-made bed, "you have two sentences to convince me that I shouldn't be mad at you for forgetting to ask how my outreach event went."

"Shit!" Olive covered her mouth with her hand. "I am so sorry. How did it go?"

"Perfect." Anh's eyes were shiny with happiness. "We had such great attendance and everyone loved it. We're thinking of making this a yearly thing, and formally establishing an organization. Peer-to-peer mentoring! Hear this: every grad is assigned *two* undergrads. Once they get into grad school, they mentor *two* more undergrads each. And in ten years we take over the entire damn world."

Olive looked at her, speechless. "This is . . . you're amazing."

"I am, aren't I? Okay, now's your turn to grovel. Aaand, go."

Olive opened her mouth, but for a long time nothing really came out. "I don't really have an excuse. I was just busy with . . . something Dr. Aslan asked me to finish."

"This is ridiculous. You are in Boston. You should be out there in an Irish pub pretending you love the Red Sox and eating Dunkies, not doing *work*. For your *boss*."

"We're technically here for a work conference," Olive pointed out.

"Conference shmonference." Malcolm joined Anh on the bed.

“Can we please go out, the three of us?” Anh begged.
“Let’s do the Freedom Trail. With ice cream. And beer.”

“Where’s Jeremy?”

“Presenting his poster. And I’m bored.” Anh’s grin was impish.

Olive was not in the mood for socializing, or beer, or freedom trails, but at some point she was going to have to learn to productively navigate society with a broken heart.

She smiled and said, “Let me check my email, and then we can go.” She had, inexplicably, accumulated about fifteen messages in the thirty minutes since she’d last checked, only one of which wasn’t spam.

Today, 3:11 p.m.

FROM: Aysegul-Aslan@stanford.edu

TO: Olive-Smith@stanford.edu

SUBJECT: Reaching out to researchers for pancreatic cancer project

Olive,

I’d be happy to introduce you and ask scholars about opportunities for you in their labs. I agree that they might be more welcoming if the email comes from me. Send me your list, please.

BTW, you still haven’t sent the recording of your talk. I cannot wait to listen to it!

Warmly,

Aysegul Aslan, Ph.D.

Olive did some mental calculations to determine whether it was polite to send the list and not the recording (probably not), sighed, and started AirDropping the file to her laptop. When she realized that it was several hours long, because she’d forgotten to stop her phone after her talk, her sigh morphed into a groan. “This’ll take a while, guys. I have to send Dr. Aslan an audio file, and I’ll need to edit it beforehand.”

“Fine,” Anh huffed. “Malcolm, would you like to entertain us with tales of your date with Holden?”

“Okay, first, he wore the cutest baby-blue button-down.”

“Baby-blue?”

“Shut your mouth with that skeptical tone. Then he got me one flower.”

“Where did he get the flower?”

“Not sure.”

Olive poked around the MP3, trying to figure out where to cut the file. The ending was just minute after minute of silence, from when she’d left her phone in the hotel room. “Maybe he stole it from the buffet?” she said absentmindedly. “I think I saw pink carnations downstairs.”

“Was it a pink carnation?”

“Maybe.”

Anh cackled. “And they say romance is dead.”

“Shut up. Then, toward the beginning of the date, something happened. Something catastrophic that could only ever happen to *me*, given that my entire damn family is obsessed with science and, therefore, attends *all* the conferences. *All of them.*”

“No. Tell me you didn’t—”

“Yes. When we got to the restaurant, we found my mother, father, uncle, and grandfather. Who insisted on us joining them. Which means that my first date with Holden was a freaking *Thanksgiving dinner.*”

Olive looked up from her laptop and shared an appalled look with Anh. “How bad was it?”

“Funny that you ask, because it is with the utmost disconcert that I must say: it was fucking *spectacular*. They

loved him—because he's a badass scientist and because he is smoother than an organic smoothie—and in the span of two hours he somehow managed to help me convince my parents that my plan of being an industry scientist is bomb. I'm not kidding—this morning my mother called and was all about how I have grown as a person and am finally in control of my future and how my dating choices reflect that. She said that Dad agrees. Can you believe it? Anyway. After dinner we got ice cream and then we went back to Holden's hotel room and sixty-nined like the world was about to end—”

“A girl like you. Who figured out so early in her academic career that fucking well-known, successful scholars is how to get ahead. You fucked Adam, didn't you? We both know you're going to fuck me for the same reas—”

Olive slammed the spacebar, immediately stopping the replay of the recording. Her heart was pounding in her chest—first from confusion, then from the realization of what she'd inadvertently recorded, and finally from anger at hearing the words again. She brought a trembling hand to her lips, trying to purge Tom's voice from her head. She had spent two days trying to recover, and now—

“The hell was that?” Malcolm asked.

“Ol?” Anh's tentative voice reminded her that she was not alone in the room. She looked up and found that her friends had sat up. They were staring at her, wide-eyed with concern and shock.

Olive shook her head. She didn't want to—no, she didn't have the strength to explain. “Nothing. Just . . .”

“I recognize it,” Anh said, coming to sit next to her. “I recognize the voice. From that talk we went to.” She paused, searching Olive's eyes. “That was Tom Benton, wasn't it?”

“What the—” Malcolm stood. There was real alarm blooming in his voice. Anger, too. “Ol, why do you have a

recording of Tom Benton saying shit like that? What happened?"

Olive looked up at him, then at Anh, then at him again. They were studying her with worried, incredulous expressions. Anh must have taken Olive's hand at some point. She told herself that she needed to be strong, to be pragmatic, to be numb, but . . .

"I just . . ."

She tried. She really did try. But her face crumpled, and the last few days crashed and burned into her. Olive leaned forward, buried her head in Anh's lap, and let herself burst into tears.

OLIVE HAD NO intention of hearing Tom spout his poison again, so she gave her friends her headphones, went to the bathroom, and let the faucet run until they'd finished listening. It took less than ten minutes, but she sobbed throughout. When Malcolm and Anh came in, they sat next to her on the floor. Anh was crying, too, fat, angry drops sliding down her cheeks.

At least there's a bathtub we can flood, Olive thought while handing her the toilet paper roll she'd been hoarding.

"He's the most disgusting, detestable, shameful, disgraceful human being," Malcolm said. "I hope he has explosive diarrhea as we speak. I hope he gets genital warts. I hope he has to live saddled by the largest, most painful hemorrhoid in the universe. I hope he—"

Anh interrupted him. "Does Adam know?"

Olive shook her head.

“You need to tell him. And then the two of you need to report Benton’s ass and get him kicked out of academia.”

“No, I . . . I can’t.”

“Ol, listen to me. What Tom said is sexual harassment. There is no way Adam wouldn’t believe you—not to mention that you have a *recording*. ”

“It doesn’t matter.”

“Of course it does!”

Olive wiped her cheeks with her palms. “If I tell Adam, he’s not going to want to collaborate with Tom anymore, and the project they’re working on is too important to him. Not to mention that he wants to move to Harvard next year, and—”

Anh snorted. “No, he doesn’t.”

“Yes. He told me that—”

“Ol, I’ve seen the way he looks at you. He’s head over feet. There is no way he’ll want to move to Boston if you’re not going—and I’m sure as hell not letting you go work for this dipshit . . . What?” Her eyes darted from Olive to Malcolm, who were exchanging a long glance. “Why are you guys looking at each other like that? And why are you making your inside-joke faces?”

Malcolm sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. “Okay Anh, listen carefully. And before you ask—no, I’m not making this up. This is real life.” He took a deep breath before starting. “Carlsen and Olive never dated. They pretended so you’d believe that Olive wasn’t into Jeremy anymore—which she never was in the first place. Not sure what Carlsen was getting out of the arrangement, I forgot to ask. But halfway through the fake-dating Olive caught feelings for Carlsen, proceeded to lie to him about it, and pretended to be in love with someone else. But then . . .” He gave Olive a side glance. “Well. I didn’t want to be nosy, but judging from the fact that the other day

only one bed in this hotel room was unmade, I'm pretty sure there have been some . . . recent developments.”

It was so painfully accurate, Olive had to bury her face in her knees. Just in time to hear Anh say, “This is not real life.”

“It is.”

“Nuh-uh. This is a Hallmark movie. Or a poorly written young adult novel. That will *not* sell well. Olive, tell Malcolm to keep his day job, he’ll never make it as a writer.”

Olive made herself look up, and Anh’s frown was the deepest she’d ever seen. “It’s true, Anh. I am so sorry I lied to you. I didn’t want to, but—”

“You fake-dated Adam Carlsen?”

Olive nodded.

“God, I *knew* that kiss was weird.”

She lifted her hands defensively. “Anh, I’m sorry—”

“You fake-dated *Adam. Fucking. Carlsen?*”

“It seemed like a good idea, and—”

“But I saw you kiss him! In the biology building parking lot!”

“Only because you forced me to—”

“But you sat on his lap!”

“Once again, *you* forced me to—not the coolest moment in our friendship, by the way—”

“But you put sunscreen on him! In front of at least one hundred people!”

“Only because *someone* put me up to it. Do you sense a pattern?”

Anh shook her head, as if suddenly appalled at her own actions. “I just—you guys looked so good together! It was so

obvious from the way Adam stared at you that he was *wild* about you. And the opposite—you looked at him like he was the only guy on earth and then—it always seemed like you were forcing yourself to hold back on him, and I wanted you to know that you could express your feelings if you wanted to—I really thought I was helping you, and—you *fake-dated Adam Carlsen?*”

Olive sighed. “Listen, I’m sorry I lied. Please, don’t hate me, I—”

“I don’t *hate* you.”

Oh? “You . . . don’t?”

“Of course not.” Anh was indignant. “I low-key hate *myself* for forcing you to do all that stuff. Well, maybe not ‘hate,’ but I’d write myself a strongly worded email. And I’m incredibly flattered that you’d do something like that for me. I mean, it was misguided, and ridiculous, and needlessly convoluted, and you’re a living, breathing, rom-com trope machine, and . . . God, Ol, you’re such an idiot. But a very lovable idiot, and *my* idiot.” She shook her head, incredulous, but squeezed her hand on Olive’s knee and glanced at Malcolm. “Wait. Is your thing with Rodrigues real? Or are you two pretending to bone so a judge will give him custody of his recently orphaned godchildren?”

“Very real.” Malcolm’s smile was smug. “We fuck like bunnies.”

“Fantastic. Well, Ol, we’ll talk about this more. *A lot* more. We’ll probably only talk about the greatest fake-dating event of the twenty-first century for millennia to come, but for now we should focus on Tom, and . . . it changes nothing, whether you and Adam are together. I still think he’d want to know. I’d want to know. Ol, if the situation were inverted, if you were the one who stood to lose something and Adam had been sexually harassed—”

“I haven’t.”

“Yes, Ol, you *have*.” Anh’s eyes were earnest, burning into hers, and it occurred to Olive then, the enormity of what had happened. Of what Tom had done.

She took a shuddering breath. “If the situation were inverted, I would want to know. But it’s different.”

“Why is it different?”

Because I’m in love with Adam. And he’s not in love with me. Olive massaged her temples, trying to think against the mounting headache. “I don’t want to take something he loves away from him. Adam respects and admires Tom, and I know Tom’s had Adam’s back in the past. Maybe he’s better off not knowing.”

“If only there were a way to find out what Adam would prefer,” Malcolm said.

Olive sniffled in response. “Yeah.”

“If only there were someone who knows Adam *very* well that we might ask,” Malcolm said, louder this time.

“Yeah,” Anh repeated, “that would be great. But there isn’t, so—”

“*If only* there were someone in this room who recently started dating Adam’s closest friend of nearly three decades,” Malcolm near-yelled, full of passive-aggressive indignity, and Anh and Olive exchanged a wide-eyed look.

“Holden!”

“You could ask Holden for advice!”

Malcolm huffed. “You two can be so smart and yet so slow.”

Olive suddenly recalled something. “Holden hates Tom.”

“Uh? Why does he hate him?”

“I don’t know.” She shrugged. “Adam wrote it off as some odd personality quirk of Holden’s, but—”

“Hey. My man’s personality is perfect.”

“Maybe there is something else?”

Anh nodded energetically. “Malcolm, where can Olive find Holden right this minute?”

“I don’t know. But”—he tapped his phone with a smug smile—“I happen to have his number right here.”

HOLDEN (OR HOLDEN BubbleButt, as Malcolm had saved him in his contacts) was just finishing up his talk. Olive caught the last five minutes of it—something about crystallography she neither understood nor wanted to—and was totally unsurprised by how smooth and charismatic a speaker he was. She approached him on the podium once he was done answering questions, and he smiled when he noticed her walk up the stairs, seeming genuinely happy to see her.

“Olive. My new roommate-in-law!”

“Right. Yes. Um, great talk.” She ordered herself to stop wringing her hands. “I wanted to ask you a question . . .”

“Is it about the nucleic acids in the fourth slide? Because I totally BS’d my way through them. My Ph.D. student made the figure, and she’s way smarter than me.”

“No. The question is about Adam—”

Holden’s expression brightened.

“Well, actually, it’s about Tom Benton.”

It darkened just as quickly. “What about Tom?”

Right. What about Tom, precisely? Olive wasn't quite sure how to approach the topic. She wasn't even sure what she meant to ask. Sure, she could have barfed up her entire life story for Holden and begged him to fix this mess for her, but somehow it didn't seem like a good idea. She racked her brain for a moment, and then landed on: "Did you know that Adam is thinking about moving to Boston?"

"Yeah." Holden rolled his eyes and pointed at the tall windows. There were large, ominous clouds threatening to explode with torrential rain. The wind, already chilly in September, was shaking a lonely hickory tree. "Who *wouldn't* want to move here from California?" he scoffed.

Olive liked the idea of seasons, but she kept the thought to herself. "Do you think . . . Do you think he'd be happy here?"

Holden studied her intensely for a minute. "You know, you were already my favorite girlfriend of Adam's—not that there were many; you're the only woman who could compete with computational modeling in about a decade—but that question wins you a lifelong number-one plaque." He pondered the matter for a minute. "I think Adam could be happy here—in his own way, of course. Broodingly, unenthusiastically happy. But yes, happy. Provided that you are here, too."

Olive had to stop herself from snorting.

"Provided that Tom behaves."

"Why do you say that? About Tom? I . . . I don't mean to pry, but you told me to watch my back with him in Stanford. You . . . don't like him?"

He sighed. "It's not that I don't like him—even though I don't. It's more that I don't trust him."

"Why, though? Adam told me about the things Tom did for him when your adviser was abusive."

“See, this is where a big part of my mistrust comes in.” Holden worried at his lower lip, as if deciding whether and how to continue. “Did Tom intercede to save Adam’s ass on numerous occasions? Sure. It’s undeniable. But how did those occasions come about to begin with? Our adviser was a piece of work, but he was not a micromanager. By the time we joined his lab, he was too busy being a famous asshole to know what was going on in day-to-day lab business. Which is why he had postdocs like Tom mentor grad students like Adam and me and de facto run the lab. And yet, he knew about every single minor screwup of Adam’s. Every few weeks he’d come in, tell Adam that he was a failure of a human being for minor stuff like switching reagents or dropping a beaker, and then Tom, our adviser’s most-trusted postdoc, would publicly intervene on behalf of Adam and save the day. The pattern was eerily specific, and only for Adam—who was by far the most promising student in our program. Destined for greatness and all that. Initially, it made me a bit suspicious that Tom was purposefully sabotaging Adam. But in recent years I’ve been wondering if what he wanted was something else altogether. . . .”

“Did you tell Adam?”

“Yes. But I had no proof, and Adam . . . well, you know him. He is stubbornly, unwaveringly loyal, and he was more than a little grateful to Tom.” He shrugged. “They ended up becoming bros, and they’ve been close friends ever since.”

“Did it bother you?”

“Not per se, no. I realize I might sound jealous of their friendship, but the truth is that Adam has always been too focused and single-minded to have many friends. I’d have been happy for him, truly. But Tom . . .”

Olive nodded. Yeah. *Tom.* “Why would he do this? This . . . weird vendetta against Adam?”

Holden sighed. “This is why Adam dismissed my concerns. There really isn’t an obvious reason. The truth is, I don’t think Tom hates Adam. Or at least, I don’t think it’s that simple. But I do believe that Tom is smart, and very, very cunning. That there probably is some jealousy involved, some desire to take advantage of Adam, to maybe control or have power over him. Adam tends to downplay his accomplishments, but he’s one of the best scientists of our generation. Having influence over him . . . that’s a privilege, and no small feat.”

“Yeah.” She nodded again. The question, the one she’d come here to ask, was starting to take shape in her mind. “Knowing all of this. Knowing how important Tom is to Adam, if you had proof of . . . of how Tom really is, would you show Adam?”

To his credit, Holden didn’t ask what the proof was, or proof of what. He scanned Olive’s face with an intent, thoughtful expression, and when he spoke, his words were careful.

“I can’t answer that for you. I don’t think I should.” He drummed his fingers on the podium, as if deep in thought. “But I do want to tell you three things. The first you probably already know: Adam is first and foremost a scientist. So am I, and so are you. And good science only happens when we draw conclusions based on all available evidence—not just the ones that are easy, or that confirm our hypotheses. Wouldn’t you agree?”

Olive nodded, and he continued.

“The second is something you may or may not be aware of, because it has to do with politics and academia, which are not easy to fully grasp until you find yourself sitting through five-hour-long faculty meetings every other week. But here’s the deal: the collaboration between Adam and Tom benefits Tom more than it does Adam. Which is why Adam is the main

investigator of the grant they were awarded. Tom is . . . well, replaceable. Don't get me wrong, he's a very good scientist, but most of his fame is due to him having been our former adviser's best and brightest. He inherited a lab that was an already well-oiled machine and kept it going. Adam created his own research line from the ground up, and . . . I think he tends to forget how good he is. Which is probably for the best, because he's already pretty insufferable." He huffed. "Can you imagine if he had a big ego, too?"

Olive laughed at that, and the sound came out oddly wet. When she raised her hands to her cheeks, she was not surprised to find them glistening. Apparently, weeping silently was her new baseline state.

"The last thing," Holden continued, unbothered by the waterworks, "is something you probably do not know." He paused. "Adam has been recruited by a lot of institutions in the past. *A lot.* He's been offered money, prestigious positions, unlimited access to facilities and equipment. That includes Harvard—this year was not their first attempt at bringing him in. But it's the first time he's *agreed* to interview. And he only agreed after you decided to go work in Tom's lab." He gave her a gentle smile, and then looked away, beginning to collect his things and slide them inside his backpack. "Make of that what you will, Olive."

Chapter Twenty

♥ HYPOTHESIS: *People who cross me will come to regret it.*

She had to lie.

Again.

It was becoming a bit of a habit, and while she spun an elaborate tale for the secretary of Harvard's biology department, one in which she was a grad student of Dr. Carlsen's who needed to track him down immediately to relay a crucial message in person, she swore to herself that this would be the last time. It was too stressful. Too difficult. Not worth the strain on her cardiovascular and psychophysical health.

Plus, she sucked at it. The department secretary didn't look like she believed a word of what Olive said, but she must have decided that there was no harm in telling her where the biology faculty had taken Adam out for dinner—according to Yelp, a fancy restaurant that was less than a ten-minute Uber ride away. Olive looked down at her ripped jeans and lilac Converse and wondered if they'd let her in. Then she wondered if Adam would be mad. Then she wondered if she was making a mistake and screwing up her own life, Adam's life, her Uber driver's life. She was very tempted to change her destination to the conference hotel when the car pulled up to the curb, and the driver—Sarah Helen, according to the app—turned around with a smile. "Here we are."

"Thank you." Olive started getting out of the passenger seat and found that she couldn't move her legs.

“Are you okay?” Sarah Helen asked.

“Yeah. Just, un . . .”

“Are you gonna puke in my car?”

Olive shook her head. No. Yes. “Maybe?”

“Don’t, or I’ll destroy your rating.”

Olive nodded and tried to slide out of the seat. Her limbs were still nonresponsive.

Sarah Helen frowned. “Hey, what’s wrong?”

“I just . . .” There was a lump in her throat. “I need to do a thing. That I don’t want to do.”

Sarah Helen hummed. “Is it a work thing, or a love thing?”

“Uh . . . both.”

“Yikes.” Sarah Helen scrunched up her nose. “Double threat. Can you put it off?”

“No, not really.”

“Can you ask someone else to do it for you?”

“No.”

“Can you change your name, cauterize your fingertips, enter the witness protection program, and disappear?”

“Um, not sure. I’m not an American citizen, though.”

“Probably no, then. Can you say ‘fuck it’ and deal with the consequences?”

Olive closed her eyes and thought about it. What, exactly, would the consequences be if she didn’t do what she was planning to? Tom would be free to keep on being an absolute piece of shit, for one. And Adam would never know that he was being taken advantage of. He would move to Boston. And Olive would never have a chance to talk to him again, and all that he’d meant to her would end . . .

In a lie.

A lie, after a lot of lies. So many lies she'd told, so many true things she could have said but never did, all because she'd been too scared of the truth, of driving the people she loved away from her. All because she'd been afraid to lose them. All because she hadn't wanted to be alone again.

Well, the lying hadn't worked out too well. In fact, it had downright sucked lately. Time for plan B, then.

Time for some truth.

"No. I don't want to deal with the consequences."

Sarah Helen smiled. "Then, my friend, you better go do your thing." She pressed a button, and the passenger door unlocked with a clunk. "And you better give me a perfect rating. For the free psychotherapy."

This time, Olive managed to get out of the car. She tipped Sarah Helen 150 percent, took a deep breath, and made her way into the restaurant.

SHE FOUND ADAM immediately. He was big, after all, and the restaurant was not, which made for a pretty quick search. Not to mention that he was sitting with about ten people who looked a lot like very serious Harvard professors. And, of course, Tom.

Fuck my life, she thought, slipping past the busy hostess and walking toward Adam. She figured that her bright red duffle coat would attract his attention, then she'd gesticulate for him to check his phone, and text him to please, please, *please* give her five minutes of his time when dinner was over. She figured that telling him tonight was the best option—his interview would be over tomorrow, and he'd be able to make

his decision with the truth at his disposal. She figured her plan might work.

She had *not* figured that Adam would notice her while in conversation with a young, beautiful faculty member. She had *not* figured that he'd suddenly stop speaking, eyes widening and lips parting; that he'd mutter "Excuse me" while staring at Olive and stand from the table, ignoring the curious looks in his direction; that he'd march to the entrance, where Olive was, with quick, long strides and a concerned expression.

"Olive, are you okay?" he asked her, and—

Oh. His voice. And his eyes. And the way his hands came up, as if to touch her, to make sure that she was intact and really there—though right before his fingers could close around her biceps he hesitated and let them fall back to his sides.

It broke her heart a little.

"I'm fine." She attempted a smile. "I . . . I'm sorry to interrupt this. I know it's important, that you want to move to Boston, and—this is inappropriate. But it's now or never, and I wasn't sure if I'd have the courage to . . ." She was rambling. So she took a deep breath and started again. "I need to tell you something. Something that happened. With—"

"Hey, Olive."

Tom. But of course. "Hi, Tom." Olive held Adam's gaze and didn't look at him. He did not deserve to be looked at. "Can you give us a minute of privacy?"

She could see his oily, fake smile with the corner of her eye. "Olive, I know you're young and don't know how these things work, but Adam's here to interview for a very important position, and he can't just—"

"Leave," Adam ordered, voice low and cold.

Olive closed her eyes and nodded, taking a step back. Fine. It was fine. It was Adam's right not to talk to her. "Okay. I'm sorry, I—"

"Not you. Tom, leave us."

Oh. Oh. Well, then.

"Dude," Tom said, sounding amused, "you can't just get up from the table in the middle of an interview dinner and—"

"Leave," Adam repeated.

Tom laughed, brazen. "No. Not unless you're coming with me. We're collaborators, and if you act like an asshole during a dinner with my department because of some student you're screwing, it will reflect poorly on me. You need to come back to the table and—"

"A pretty girl like you should know the score by now. Don't lie to me and say you didn't pick out a dress that short for my benefit. Nice legs, by the way. I can see why Adam's wasting his time with you."

Neither Adam nor Tom had seen Olive take out her phone, or press Play. They both struggled for a second, confused—they'd clearly heard the words but were unsure where they came from. Until the recording restarted.

"Olive. You don't think I accepted you into my lab because you are good, do you? A girl like you. Who figured out so early in her academic career that fucking well-known, successful scholars is how to get ahead. You fucked Adam, didn't you? We both know you're going to fuck me for the same reason."

"What the—" Tom took a step forward, hand extended to grab the phone from Olive. He didn't get far, because Adam pushed him away with a palm on his chest, making him stumble several steps back.

He still wasn't looking at Tom. And not at Olive, either. He was staring down at her phone, something dark and dangerous and frighteningly still in his expression. She should have probably been scared. Maybe she was, a little.

“—you’re telling me you thought your pitiful abstract was selected for a talk because of its quality and scientific importance? Someone here has a very high opinion of herself, considering that her research is useless and derivative and that she can barely put together two words without stuttering like an idiot—”

“It was him,” Adam whispered. His voice was low, barely a whisper, deceptively calm. His eyes, unreadable. “It was Tom. The reason you were crying.”

Olive could only nod. In the background, Tom's recorded voice droned on and on. Talking about how mediocre she was. How Adam would never believe her. Calling her names.

“This is ridiculous.” Tom was coming closer again, reattempting to take the phone away. “I’m not sure what this bitch’s problem is, but she’s clearly—”

Adam exploded so fast, she didn’t even see him move. One moment he stood in front of her, and the next he was pinning Tom against the wall.

“I’m going to kill you,” he gritted out, little more than a growl. “If you say another word about the woman I love, if you look at her, if you even *think* about her—I’m going to fucking kill you.”

“Adam—” Tom choked out.

“Actually, I will kill you anyway.”

People were running toward them. The hostess, a waiter, a few faculty members from Adam’s table. They were forming a crowd, yelling in confusion and trying to pull Adam off Tom—with no success. Olive’s mind went to Adam pushing

Cherie's truck, and she almost laughed in a moment of hysteria. Almost.

"Adam," she called. Her voice was barely audible in the chaos going on around them, but it was what got through to him. He turned to look at her, and there were entire worlds in his eyes. "Adam, don't," she whispered. "He's not worth it."

Just like that, Adam took a step back and let Tom go. An elderly gentleman—probably a Harvard dean—began laying into him, asking for explanations, telling him how unacceptable his behavior was. Adam ignored him, and everyone else. He headed straight for Olive, and—

He cradled her head with both hands, fingers sliding through her hair and holding her tight as he lowered his forehead to hers. He was warm, and smelled like himself, like *safe* and *home*. His thumbs swept through the mess of tears on her cheeks. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I didn't know, and I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry—"

"It's not your fault," she managed to mumble, but he didn't seem to hear her.

"I'm sorry. I'm—"

"Dr. Carlsen," a male voice boomed loudly from behind them, and she felt Adam's body stiffen against hers. "I demand an explanation."

Adam paid no heed to the man, and kept holding Olive.

"*Dr. Carlsen*," he repeated, "this is *unacceptable*—"

"Adam," Olive whispered. "You have to answer him."

Adam exhaled. Then he pressed a long, lingering kiss to Olive's forehead before reluctantly disentangling himself. When she was finally able to get a good look at him, he seemed more like his usual self.

Calm. Angry at the entire world. In charge.

“Send me that recording immediately,” he murmured at her. She nodded, and he turned to the elderly man who’d just approached them. “We need to talk. Privately. Your office?” The other man looked shocked and offended, but he nodded stiffly. Behind him, Tom was making a fuss, and Adam clenched his jaw. “Keep him away from me.” He turned to Olive before leaving, bending closer to her and lowering his voice. His palm was warm against her elbow.

“I am going to take care of this,” he told her. There was something determined, earnest in his eyes. Olive had never felt safer, or more loved. “And then I’ll come find you, and I’ll take care of you.”

Chapter Twenty-One

♥ HYPOTHESIS: *Wearing expired contact lenses will cause bacterial and/or fungal infections that will have repercussions for years to come.*

“Holden sent a message for you.”

Olive looked away from the window and to Malcolm, who’d turned off airplane mode the second they’d landed in Charlotte for their layover. “Holden?”

“Yeah. Well, it’s technically from Carlsen.”

Her heart skipped a beat.

“He lost his phone charger and can’t text you, but he and Holden are on their way back to SFO.”

“Ah.” She nodded, feeling a small rush of relief. That explained Adam’s silence. He hadn’t been in touch since last night. She’d worried that he’d been arrested and was pondering emptying her savings account to help cover his bail. All twelve dollars and sixteen cents. “Where’s their layover?”

“No layover.” Malcolm rolled his eyes. “Direct flight. They’ll be at SFO ten minutes after us, even though they’re only now leaving Boston. Eat the rich.”

“Did Holden say anything about . . .”

Malcolm shook his head. “Their plane is about to leave, but we can wait for them at SFO. I’m sure Adam will have some updates for you.”

“You just want to make out with Holden, don’t you?”

Malcolm smiled and leaned his head against her shoulder.
“My kalamata knows me well.”

It seemed impossible that she’d been gone for less than a week. That all the chaos had unfolded in the span of a few days. Olive felt dazed, shell-shocked, as though her brain was winded from running a marathon. She was tired and wanted to sleep. She was hungry and wanted to eat. She was angry and wanted to see Tom get what he deserved. She was anxious, as twitchy as a damaged nerve, and she wanted a hug. Preferably from Adam.

In San Francisco, she folded her now-useless coat inside her suitcase and then sat on it. She checked her phone for new messages while Malcolm went to buy a bottle of Diet Coke. There were several from Anh, just checking in from Boston, and one from her landlord about the elevator being out of commission. She rolled her eyes, switched to her academic email, and found several unread messages flagged as important.

She tapped on the red exclamation point and opened one.

Today, 5:15 p.m.

FROM: Anna-Wiley@berkeley.edu
TO: Aysegul-Aslan@stanford.edu
CC: Olive-Smith@stanford.edu
SUBJECT: Re: Pancreatic Cancer Project

Aysegul,

Thank you for reaching out to me. I had the privilege of seeing Olive Smith’s talk at SBD—we were on the same panel—and I was very impressed with her work on early detection tools for pancreatic cancer. I’d love to have her in my lab next year! Maybe the three of us can chat more on the phone soon?

Best,

Anna

Olive gasped. She covered her mouth with her hand, and immediately opened another email.

Today, 3:19 p.m.

FROM: Robert-Gordon@umn.edu

TO: Aysegul-Aslan@stanford.edu, Olive-Smith@stanford.edu

SUBJECT: Pancreatic Cancer Project

Dr. Aslan, Ms. Smith,

Your work on pancreatic cancer is fascinating, and I would welcome the opportunity for a collaboration. We should set up a Zoom meeting.

-R

There were two more emails. *Four total* from cancer researchers, all following up on Dr. Aslan's introductory message and saying they'd love having Olive in their labs. She felt a surge of happiness so violent, it almost made her dizzy.

"Ol, look who I ran into."

Olive shot up to her feet. Malcolm was there, holding Holden's hand, and barely a step behind them—

Adam. Looking tired, and handsome, and as large in real life as he'd been in her mind for the past twenty-four hours. Looking straight at her. Olive recalled the words he'd said last night in the restaurant and felt her cheeks heat, her chest constrict, her heart beat out of her skin.

"Hear me out," Holden started without even saying hi, "the four of us: double date. Tonight."

Adam ignored him and came to stand next Olive. "How are you?" he asked in a low tone.

"Good." For the first time in days, it wasn't even a lie. Adam was here. And all those emails were in her inbox. "You?"

“Good,” he replied with a half smile, and she had a weird feeling that much like her, he wasn’t lying. Her heart picked up even more.

“What about Chinese?” Holden interjected. “Everyone like Chinese here?”

“I’m cool with Chinese,” Malcolm muttered, though he didn’t seem enthusiastic at the idea of a double date. Likely because he didn’t want to sit across from Adam for an entire meal and relive the trauma of his graduate advisory committee meetings.

“Olive?”

“Um . . . I like Chinese.”

“Perfect. So does Adam, so—”

“I’m not having dinner out,” Adam said.

Holden frowned. “Why?”

“I have better things to do.”

“Like what? Olive’s coming, too.”

“Leave Olive alone. She’s tired, and we’re busy.”

“I have access to your Google Calendar, asshole. You’re not busy. If you don’t want to hang out with me, you can just be honest.”

“I don’t want to hang out with you.”

“You little shit. After the week we just had. And on my *birthday*.”

Adam recoiled slightly. “What? It’s not your birthday.”

“Yes, it is.”

“Your birthday is April tenth.”

“Is it, though?”

Adam closed his eyes, scratching his forehead. “Holden, we’ve talked daily for the past twenty-five years, and I have been to at least five Power Rangers–themed birthday parties of yours. The last one was when you turned seventeen.”

Malcolm attempted to cover his laugh with a cough.

“I know when your birthday is.”

“You always had it wrong, I was just too nice to tell you.” He clasped Adam’s shoulder. “So, Chinese to celebrate the blessing of my birth?”

“Why not Thai?” Malcolm interjected, addressing Holden and ignoring Adam.

Holden made a whiny noise and started saying something about the lack of good larb in Stanford, something Olive would have normally been interested in hearing, except that—

Adam was looking at her again. From several inches above Holden’s and Malcolm’s heads, Adam was looking at her with an expression that was half apologetic, half annoyed, and . . . all intimate, really. Something familiar they’d shared before. Olive felt something inside her melt and suppressed a smile.

Suddenly, dinner seemed like a great idea.

It will be fun, she mouthed at him while Holden and Malcolm were busy arguing about whether they should just try that new burger place.

It will be excruciating, he mouthed back barely parting his lips, looking resigned and put-upon and just so amazingly *Adam* that Olive couldn’t help but burst into laughter.

Holden and Malcolm stopped arguing and turned to her. “What?”

“Nothing,” Olive said. The corner of Adam’s mouth was curling up, too.

“Why are you laughing, Ol?”

She opened her mouth to deflect, but Adam beat her to it.

“Fine. We’ll go.” He said “we” like he and Olive were a “we,” like it had never been fake after all, and her breath caught in her throat. “But I’m excused from any birthday-related outings for the next year. Actually, make it the next two. And veto on the new burger place.”

Holden fist-pumped, and then frowned. “Why veto on burgers?”

“Because,” he said, holding Olive’s eyes, “burgers taste like foot.”

“WE SHOULD START by addressing the obvious,” Holden said, chewing on the complimentary appetizers, and Olive tensed in her seat. She wasn’t sure she wanted to discuss the Tom situation with Malcolm and Holden before talking about it with Adam alone.

As it turned out, she shouldn’t have worried.

“Which is that Malcolm and Adam hate each other.”

Next to her in the booth, Adam frowned in confusion. Malcolm, who was sitting across from Olive, covered his face with his palms and groaned.

“I am reliably informed,” Holden continued, undeterred, “that Adam called Malcolm’s experiments ‘sloppy’ and ‘a misuse of research funds’ during a committee meeting, and that Malcolm took offense to that. Now, Adam, I’ve been telling Malcolm that you were probably just having a bad day —maybe one of your grads had split an infinitive in an email, or your arugula salad wasn’t organic enough. Do you have anything to say for yourself?”

“Uh . . .” Adam’s frown deepened, and so did Malcolm’s facepalm. Holden waited pointedly for an answer, and Olive watched it all unfold, wondering if she should take out her phone and film this car crash. “I have no recollection of that committee meeting. Though it does sound like something I would say.”

“Great. Now tell Malcolm it wasn’t personal, so we can move on and have fried rice.”

“Oh my God,” Malcolm muttered. “Holden, please.”

“I’m not having fried rice,” Adam said.

“You can have raw bamboo while the normal people have fried rice. But as of right now, my boyfriend thinks that his BFF’s boyfriend and my own BFF has it out for him, and it’s cramping my double-dating style, so please.”

Adam blinked slowly. “BFF?”

“Adam.” Holden pointed at a grimacing Malcolm with his thumb. “Now, please.”

Adam sighed heavily, but he turned to Malcolm. “Whatever I said or did, it was not personal. I’ve been told that I can be needlessly antagonistic. And unapproachable.”

Olive didn’t get to see Malcolm’s reaction. Because she was busy studying Adam and the slight curl on his lips, the one that became an almost smile when he looked at Olive and met her eyes. For a second, the brief second she held his gaze before he looked away, it was just the two of them. And this sort-of-past they shared, their stupid inside jokes, the way they’d teased each other in the late-summer sunlight.

“Perfect.” Holden clapped his hands, intrusively loud. “Egg rolls for appetizer, yes?”

It was a good idea, this dinner. This night, this table, this moment. Sitting next to Adam, smelling the petrichor,

watching the dark splotches on the gray cotton of his Henley from the storm that had started just as they'd slipped inside the restaurant. They would have to talk, later, have a serious conversation about Tom and many other things. But for now it was the way it had always been between Adam and her: like slipping into a favorite dress, one she'd thought lost inside her closet, and finding that it fit as comfortably as it used to.

"I want egg rolls." She glanced at Adam. His hair was starting to get long again, so she did what felt natural: reached out and flattened his cowlick. "I'm going to take a wild guess and assume that you hate egg rolls, just like everything else that's good in the world."

He mouthed *smart-ass* right as the waiter brought their waters and set the menus on the table. Three menus, to be precise. Holden and Malcolm each took one, and Olive and Adam exchanged a loaded, amused look and grabbed the remaining one to share. It worked perfectly: he angled it so that the veggie section was on his side and all manner of fried entrées were on hers. It was serendipitous enough that she let out a laugh.

Adam tapped his index finger on the drink section. "Look at this abomination," he murmured. His lips were close to her ear—a chuff of hot air, intimate and pleasant in the blasting AC.

She grinned. "No way."

"Appalling."

"Amazing, you mean."

"I do not."

"This is my new favorite restaurant."

"You haven't even tried it yet."

"It will be spectacular."

“It will be horrific—”

A throat cleared, reminding them that they were not alone. Malcolm and Holden were both staring—Malcolm with a shrewd, suspicious expression, and Holden with a knowing smile. “What’s all that about?”

“Oh.” Olive’s cheeks warmed a little. “Nothing. They just have pumpkin spice bubble tea.”

Malcolm pretended to gag. “Ugh, Ol. *Gross.*”

“Shut up.”

“It sounds great.” Holden smiled and leaned into Malcolm. “We should get one to split.”

“Excuse me?”

Olive tried not to laugh at Malcolm’s horrified expression. “Don’t get Malcolm started on pumpkin spice,” she told Holden in an exaggerated whisper.

“Oh, shit.” Holden clutched his chest in mock terror.

“This is a serious matter.” Malcolm let his menu fall on the table. “Pumpkin spice is Satan’s dandruff, harbinger of the apocalypse, and it tastes like ass—not in the good way.” Next to Olive Adam nodded slowly, highly impressed with Malcolm’s rant. “One pumpkin spice latte contains the same amount of sugar you’d find in fifty Skittles—and *no pumpkin whatsoever.* Look it up.”

Adam stared at Malcolm with something very similar to admiration. Holden met Olive’s eyes and told her conspiratorially, “Our boyfriends have so much in common.”

“They do. They think hating entire harmless families of food is a personality trait.”

“Pumpkin spice is not harmless. It’s a radioactive, overpowering sugar bomb that worms its way into every sort of product and is single-handedly responsible for the

extinction of the Caribbean monk seal. And you”—he pointed his finger at Holden—“are on thin ice.”

“What—why?”

“I can’t date someone who doesn’t respect my stance on pumpkin spice.”

“To be fair it’s not a very respectable stance—” Holden noticed Malcolm’s glare and lifted his hands defensively. “I had no idea, babe.”

“You should have.”

Adam clucked his tongue, amused. “Yes, Holden. Do better.” He leaned back in his seat, and his shoulder brushed against Olive’s. Holden gave him the finger.

“Adam knows and respects Olive’s stance on hamburgers, and they’re not even—” Whatever Malcolm had been about to say, he had the sense to stop himself. “Well, if Adam knows, you should know about the pumpkin spice.”

“Wasn’t Adam a dick until, like, twelve seconds ago?”

“How the turntables,” Adam murmured. Olive reached out to pinch him on the side, but he stopped her with a hand around her wrist.

Evil, she mouthed at him. He just smiled, evilly, studying Malcolm and Holden a little too gleefully.

“Come on. It’s not even comparable,” Holden was saying. “Olive and Adam have been together for years. We met less than a week ago.”

“They have not,” Malcolm corrected him, wagging a finger. Adam’s hand was still curled around her wrist. “They started dating, like, a month before we did.”

“No,” Holden insisted. “Adam was into her for ages. He probably secretly studied her eating habits and compiled

seventeen databases and built machine-learning algorithms to predict her culinary preferences—”

Olive burst into laughter. “He did not.” She took a sip of water, still smiling. “We only just started hanging out. At the beginning of the fall semester.”

“Yes, but you knew each other from earlier.” Holden was frowning. “You two met the year before you started your Ph.D. here, when you came for your interview, and he’s been pining after you ever since.”

Olive shook her head and laughed, turning to Adam to share her amusement. Except that Adam was staring at her already, and he did not look amused. He looked . . . something else. Worried maybe, or apologetic, or resigned. Panicky? And just like that, the restaurant was silent. The pitter-patter of rain on the windows, people’s chatter, the clinking of silverware—it all receded; the floor tilted, shook a little, and the AC was just this side of too cold. At some point, Adam’s fingers had let go of her wrist.

Olive thought back to the bathroom incident. To burning eyes and wet cheeks, the smell of reagent and clean, male skin. The blur of a large, dark figure standing in front of her with his deep, reassuring, amused voice. The panic of being twenty-three and alone and having no idea what she should be doing, where she should be going, what the right choice was.

Is mine a good enough reason to go to grad school?

It's the best one.

All of a sudden, things had seemed simple enough.

It had been Adam, after all. Olive had been right.

What she hadn’t been right about was whether *he* remembered her.

“Yes,” she said. She wasn’t smiling anymore. Adam was still holding her gaze. “I guess he has.”

Chapter Twenty-Two

♥ HYPOTHESIS: *When given a choice between A (telling a lie) and B (telling the truth), I will inevitably end up selecting . . .*

No. Not this time.

Olive had no doubt that Holden's tales were highly embellished and the result of years of comedy workshopping, but she still couldn't help laughing harder than ever before.

"And I'm awakened by this waterfall pouring down on me
—"

Adam rolled his eyes. "It was a drop."

"And I'm asking myself why it's raining inside the cabin, when I realize that it's coming from the top bunk and that Adam, who was, like, thirteen at the time—"

"Six. I was six, and you were seven."

"Had pissed the bed, and the piss was seeping through the mattress and onto me."

Olive's hands flew up to cover her mouth, not quite succeeding at hiding her amusement—just like she'd failed when Holden had recounted that a dalmatian puppy had once bitten Adam's ass through his jeans, or that he'd been voted "Most likely to make people cry" in his senior yearbook.

At least Adam didn't act embarrassed, and not nearly as upset as he'd seemed after Holden had talked about him pining after her. Which explained . . . so many things.

Everything, maybe.

“Man. Six years old.” Malcolm shook his head and wiped his eyes.

“I was sick.”

“Still. Seems kind of old to have an accident?”

Adam simply stared at Malcolm until he lowered his gaze. “Uh, maybe not that old after all,” he muttered.

There was a large bowl of fortune cookies by the register. Olive noticed it on her way out of the restaurant, let out a delighted squeal, and dipped her hand in to fish out four plastic packages. She handed one each to Malcolm and Holden, and held out another for Adam with a mischievous smile. “You hate these, don’t you?”

“I don’t.” He accepted the cookie. “I just think they taste like Styrofoam.”

“Probably have similar nutritional values, too,” Malcolm muttered as they slipped out into the chilly humidity of the early night. Surprisingly, he and Adam were finding lots of common ground.

It wasn’t raining anymore, but the street was shiny in the light under a lamppost; a soft breeze made the leaves rustle and stray drops of water scatter to the ground. The air was fresh in Olive’s lungs, pleasantly so after the hours spent in the restaurant. She unrolled her sleeves, accidentally brushing her hand against Adam’s abs. She smiled up at him, playfully apologetic; he flushed and averted his eyes.

“‘He who laughs at himself never runs out of things to laugh at.’” Holden popped a bit of fortune cookie in his mouth, blinking at the message inside. “Is that shade?” He looked around, indignant. “Did this fortune cookie just throw shade at me?”

“Sounds like it,” Malcolm answered. “Mine says ‘Why not treat yourself to a good time instead of waiting for somebody

else to do it?' I think my cookie just shaded you, too, babe."

"What's wrong with this batch?" Holden pointed at Adam and Olive. "What do yours say?"

Olive was already opening hers, nibbling on a corner as she pulled the paper out. It was very banal, and yet her heart skipped beat. "Mine's normal," she informed Holden.

"You're lying."

"Nope."

"What does it say?"

"'It's never too late to tell the truth.'" She shrugged, and turned to throw away the plastic wrapper. At the last moment, she decided to keep the strip of paper and slip it inside her jeans' back pocket.

"Adam, open yours."

"Nah."

"Come on."

"I'm not going to eat a piece of cardboard because it hurt your feelings."

"You're a shit friend."

"According to the fortune cookie industry, you're a shit boyfriend, so—"

"Give it here," Olive interjected, plucking the cookie out of Adam's hand. "I'll eat it. And read it."

The parking lot was completely empty, save for Adam's and Malcolm's cars. Holden had ridden from the airport with Adam, but he and Malcolm were planning to spend the night at Holden's apartment to walk Fleming, his dog.

"Adam's giving you a ride, right, Ol?"

"No need. It's less than a ten-minute walk home."

“But what about your suitcase?”

“It’s not heavy, and I—” She stopped abruptly, worried her lip for a second while she contemplated the possibilities, and then felt herself smile, at once tentative and purposeful. “Actually, Adam will walk me home. Right?”

He was silent and inscrutable for a moment. Then he calmly said, “Of course,” slipped his keys in the pocket of his jeans, and slid the strap of Olive’s duffel bag over his shoulder.

“Where do you live?” he asked when Holden was not within earshot anymore.

She pointed silently. “You sure you want to carry my bag? I heard it’s easy to throw out your back, once you reach a certain age.”

He glared at her, and Olive laughed, falling into step with him as they headed out of the parking lot. The street was silent, except for the soles of her Converse catching on the wet concrete and Malcolm’s car passing them by a few seconds later.

“Hey,” Holden asked from the passenger window. “What did Adam’s fortune cookie say?”

“Mmm.” Olive made a show to look at the strip. “Not much. Just ‘Holden Rodrigues, Ph.D., is a loser.’” Malcolm sped up just as Holden flipped her off, making her burst into laughter.

“What does it really say?” Adam asked when they were finally alone.

Olive handed him the crumpled paper and remained silent as he angled it to read it in the lamplight. She wasn’t surprised when she saw a muscle jump in his jaw, or when he slid the fortune into the pocket of his jeans. She knew what it said, after all.

You can fall in love: someone will catch you.

“Can we talk about Tom?” she asked, sidestepping a puddle. “We don’t have to, but if we can . . .”

“We can. We should.” She saw his throat work. “Harvard’s going to fire him, of course. Other disciplinary measures are still being decided—there were meetings until very late last night.” He gave her a quick glance. “That’s why I didn’t call you earlier. Harvard’s Title IX coordinator should be in touch with you soon.”

Good. “What about your grant?”

His jaw clenched. “I’m not sure. I’ll figure something out—or not. I don’t particularly care at the moment.”

It surprised her. And then it didn’t, not when she considered that the professional implications of Tom’s betrayal couldn’t have cut as deeply as the personal ones. “I’m sorry, Adam. I know he was your friend—”

“He wasn’t.” Adam abruptly stopped in the middle of the street. He turned to her, his eyes a clear, deep brown. “I had no idea, Olive. I thought I knew him, but . . .” His Adam’s apple bobbed. “I should never have trusted him with you. I’m sorry.”

He said it—“with you”—like Olive was something special, uniquely precious to him. His most beloved treasure. It made her want to shiver, and laugh, and weep at the same time. It made her happy and confused.

“I was . . . I was afraid you might be mad at me. For ruining things. Your relationship with Tom, and maybe . . . maybe you won’t be able to move to Boston anymore.”

He shook his head. “I don’t care. I couldn’t care less about any of it.” He held her eyes for a long moment, his mouth working as though he was swallowing the rest of his words. But he never continued, so Olive nodded and turned around, starting to walk again.

“I think I’ve found another lab. To finish my study. Closer, so I won’t have to move next year.” She pushed her hair behind her ear and smiled at him. There was something intrinsically enjoyable in having him next to her, so physical and undeniable. She felt it on some primal, visceral level, the giddy happiness that always came with his presence. Suddenly, Tom was the last thing she wanted to discuss with Adam. “Dinner was nice. And you were right, by the way.”

“About the pumpkin sludge?”

“No, that was *amazing*. About Holden. He really is insufferable.”

“He grows on you, after a decade or so.”

“Does he?”

“Nah. Not really.”

“Poor Holden.” She huffed out a small laugh. “You weren’t the only one who remembered, by the way.”

He glanced at her. “Remembered what?”

“Our meeting. The one in the bathroom, when I came to interview.”

Olive thought that maybe his step faltered for a split second. Or maybe it didn’t. Still, there was a tinge of uncertainty in the deep breath he took.

“Did you really?”

“Yup. It just took me a while to realize that it was you. Why didn’t you say anything?” She was so curious about what had been going on in Adam’s head in the past few days, weeks, years. She was starting to imagine quite a bit, but some things . . . some things he’d have to clear up for her.

“Because you introduced yourself like we’d never met before.” She thought maybe he was flushing a little. Maybe not. Maybe it was impossible to tell, in the starless sky and the

faint yellow lights. “And I’d been . . . I’d been thinking about you. For years. And I didn’t want to . . .”

She could only imagine. They’d passed each other in the hallways, been at countless department research symposiums and seminars together. She hadn’t thought anything of it, but now . . . now she wondered what *he* had thought.

He’d been going on and on about this amazing girl for years, but he was concerned about being in the same department, Holden had said.

And Olive had assumed so much. She had been so wrong.

“You didn’t need to lie, you know,” she said, not accusing.

He adjusted the strap of her suitcase on his shoulder. “I didn’t.”

“You sort of did. By omission.”

“True. Are you . . .” He pressed his lips together. “Are you upset?”

“No, not really. It’s really not that bad a lie.”

“It’s not?”

She nibbled on her thumbnail for a moment. “I’ve said much worse, myself. And I didn’t bring up our meeting, either, even after I made the connection.”

“Still, if you feel—”

“I’m not upset,” she said, gentle but final. She looked up at him, willing him to understand. Trying to figure out how to tell him. How to *show* him. “I am . . . other things.” She smiled. “Glad, for instance. That you remembered me, from that day.”

“You . . .” A pause. “You are very memorable.”

“Ha. I’m not, really. I was no one—part of a huge incoming cohort.” She snorted and looked down to her feet.

Her steps had to be much quicker than his to keep up with his longer legs. “I hated my first year. It was so stressful.”

He glanced at her, surprised. “Do you remember your first seminar talk?”

“I do. Why?”

“Your elevator pitch—you called it a turbolift pitch. You put a picture from *The Next Generation* on your slides.”

“Oh, yes. I did.” She let out a low laugh. “I didn’t know you were a Trekkie.”

“I had a phase. And that year’s picnic, when we got rained on. You were playing freeze tag with someone’s kids for hours. They loved you—they had to physically peel the youngest off you to get him inside the car.”

“Dr. Moss’s kids.” She looked at him curiously. A light breeze rose and ruffled his hair, but he didn’t seem to mind. “I didn’t think you liked kids. The opposite, actually.”

He lifted one eyebrow. “I don’t like twenty-five-year-olds who act like toddlers. I don’t mind them if they’re actually three.”

Olive smiled. “Adam, the fact that you knew who I was . . . Did it have anything to do with your decision to pretend to date me?”

About a dozen expressions crossed his face as he looked for an answer, and she couldn’t pick apart a single one. “I wanted to help you, Olive.”

“I know. I believe that.” She rubbed her fingers against her mouth. “But was that all?”

He pressed his lips together. Exhaled. Closed his eyes, and for a split second looked like he was having his teeth and his soul pulled out. Then he said, resigned, “No.”

“No,” she repeated, pensive. “This is my place, by the way.” She pointed at the tall brick building on the corner.

“Right.” Adam looked around, studying her street. “Should I carry your bag upstairs?”

“I . . . Maybe later. There is something I need to tell you. Before.”

“Of course.”

He stopped in front of her, and she looked up at him, at the lines of his handsome, familiar face. There was only fresh breeze between them, and whatever distance Adam had seen fit to keep. Her stubborn, mercurial fake boyfriend. Wonderfully, perfectly unique. Delightfully one of a kind. Olive felt her heart overflow.

She took a deep breath. “The thing is, Adam . . . I was stupid. And wrong.” She played nervously with a lock of her hair, then let her hand drift down to her stomach, and—okay. Okay. She was going to tell him. She would do this. Now. “It’s like—it’s like statistical hypothesis testing. Type I error. It’s scary, isn’t it?”

He frowned. She could tell he had no idea where she was going with this. “Type I error?”

“A false positive. Thinking that something is happening when it’s not.”

“I know what type I error is—”

“Yes, of course. It’s just . . . in the past few weeks, what terrified me was the idea that I could misread a situation. That I could convince myself of something that wasn’t true. See something that wasn’t there just because I wanted to see it. A scientist’s worst nightmare, right?”

“Right.” His brows furrowed. “That is why in your analyses you set a level of significance that is—”

“But the thing is, type II error is bad, too.”

Her eyes bore into his, hesitant and urgent all at once. She was frightened—so frightened by what she was about to say. But also exhilarated for him to finally know. Determined to get it out.

“Yes,” he agreed slowly, confused. “False negatives are bad, too.”

“That’s the thing with science. We’re drilled to believe that false positives are bad, but false negatives are just as terrifying.” She swallowed. “Not being able to see something, even if it’s in front of your eyes. Purposefully making yourself blind, just because you’re afraid of seeing too much.”

“Are you saying that statistics graduate education is inadequate?”

She exhaled a laugh, suddenly flushed, even in the dark cool of the night. Her eyes were starting to sting. “Maybe. But also . . . I think that *I* have been inadequate. And I don’t want to be, not anymore.”

“Olive.” He took one step closer, just a few inches. Not enough to crowd, but plenty for her to feel his warmth. “Are you okay?”

“There have been . . . so many things that have happened, before I even met you, and I think they messed me up a little. I’ve mostly lived in fear of being alone, and . . . I’ll tell you about them, if you want. First, I have to figure it out on my own, why shielding myself with a bunch of lies seemed like a better idea than admitting even one ounce of truth. But I think . . .”

She took a deep, shuddering breath. There was a tear, one single tear that she could feel sliding down her cheek. Adam saw it and mouthed her name.

“I think that somewhere along the way I forgot that I was something. I forgot myself.”

She was the one who stepped closer. The one who put her hand on the hem of his shirt, who tugged gently and held on to it, who started touching him and crying and smiling at the same time. “There are two things I want to tell you, Adam.”

“What can I—”

“Please. Just let me tell you.”

He wasn’t very good at it. At standing there and doing nothing while her eyes welled fuller and fuller. She could tell that he felt useless, his hands dangling in fists at his sides, and she . . . she loved him even more for it. For looking at her like she was the beginning and end of his every thought.

“The first thing is that I lied to you. And my lie was not just by omission.”

“Olive—”

“It was a real lie. A bad one. A stupid one. I let you—no, I *made* you think that I had feelings for someone else, when in truth . . . I didn’t. I never did.”

His hand came up to cup the side of her face. “What do you —”

“But that’s not very important.”

“Olive.” He pulled her closer, pressing his lips against her forehead. “It doesn’t matter. Whatever it is that you’re crying about, I will fix it. I will make it right. I—”

“Adam,” she interrupted him with a wet smile. “It’s not important, because the second thing, that’s what really matters.”

They were so close, now. She could smell his scent and his warmth, and his hands were cradling her face, thumbs swiping back and forth to dry her cheeks.

“Sweetheart,” he murmured. “What is the second thing?”

She was still crying, but she’d never been happier. So she said it, probably in the worst accent he’d ever heard.

“Ik hou van jou, Adam.”

Epilogue

♥ RESULTS: Careful analyses of the data collected, accounting for potential confounds, statistical error, and experimenter's bias, show that when I fall in love . . . things don't actually turn out to be that bad.

Ten months later

“Stand there. You were standing right there.”

“Was I?”

He was humoring her. A little. That deliciously put-upon expression had become Olive’s favorite over the past year. “A bit closer to the water fountain. Perfect.” She took a step back to admire her handiwork and then winked at him as she took out her phone to snap a quick picture. She briefly considered swapping it for her current screensaver—a selfie of the two of them in Joshua Tree a few weeks earlier, Adam squinting in the sun and Olive pressing her lips to his cheek—but then thought better of it.

Their summer had been full of hiking trips, and delicious ice cream, and late-night kisses on Adam’s balcony, laughing and sharing untold stories and looking up at the stars, so much brighter than the ones Olive had once climbed on a ladder to stick to the ceiling of her bedroom. She was going to start working at a cancer lab at Berkeley in less than a week, which would mean a busier, more stressful schedule and a bit of a commute. And yet, she couldn’t wait.

“Just stand there,” she ordered. “Look antagonistic and unapproachable. And say ‘pumpkin spice.’”

He rolled his eyes. “What’s your plan if someone comes in?”

Olive glanced around the biology building. The hallway was silent and deserted, and the dim after-hours lights made Adam’s hair look almost blue. It was late, and summer, and the weekend to boot: no one was going to come in. Even if they did, Olive Smith and Adam Carlsen were old news by now. “Like who?”

“Anh might show up. To help you re-create the magic.”

“Pretty sure she’s out with Jeremy.”

“Jeremy? The guy you’re in love with?”

Olive stuck her tongue out at him and glanced down at her phone. Happy. She was so happy, and she didn’t even know why. Except that she did know.

“Okay. In one minute.”

“You can’t know the exact time.” Adam’s tone was patient and indulgent. “Not to the minute.”

“Wrong. I ran a Western blot that night. I looked at my lab logs, and I reconstructed both the when and the where down to the error bars. I am a thorough scientist.”

“Hm.” Adam folded his arms across his chest. “How did that blotting turn out?”

“Not the point.” She grinned. “What were you doing here, by the way?”

“What do you mean?”

“A year ago. Why were you walking around the department at night?”

“I can’t remember. Maybe I had a deadline. Or maybe I was going home.” He shrugged, and scanned the hallway until his eyes fell on the water fountain. “Maybe I was thirsty.”

“Maybe.” She took a step closer. “Maybe you were secretly hoping for a kiss.”

He gave her a long, amused look. “Maybe.”

She took another step, and another, and another. And then her alarm beeped, once, right as she came to stand in front of him. Another intrusion of his personal space. But this time, when she pushed up on her toes, when she wrapped her arms around his neck, Adam’s hands pulled her deeper into himself.

It had been one year. Exactly one year. And by now his body was so familiar to her, she knew the breadth of his shoulders, the scratch of his stubble, the scent of his skin, all by heart; she could feel the smile in his eyes.

Olive sank into him, let him support her weight, and then moved until her mouth was almost level with his ear. She pressed her lips against its shell, and whispered softly into his skin.

“May I kiss you, Dr. Carlsen?”

Author's Note

I write stories set in academia because academia is all I know. It can be a very insular, all-consuming, isolating environment. In the past decade, I've had excellent (women) mentors who constantly supported me, but I could name dozens of instances in which I felt as though I was a massive failure blundering her way through science. But that, as everyone who's been there knows, is grad school: a stressful, high-pressure, competitive endeavor. Academia has its own special way of tearing apart work-life balance, wearing people down, and making them forget that they are worth more than the number of papers they publish or the grant money they are able to rake in.

Taking the thing I love the most (writing love stories) and giving it a STEM academia backdrop has been surprisingly therapeutic. My experiences have not been the same as Olive's (no academic fake dating for me, boo), but I still managed to pour many of my frustrations, joys, and disappointments into her adventures. Just like Olive, in the past few years I have felt lonely, determined, helpless, scared, happy, cornered, inadequate, misunderstood, enthusiastic. Writing *The Love Hypothesis* gave me the opportunity to turn these experiences around with a humorous, sometimes self-indulgent spin, and to realize that I could put my own misadventures into perspective—sometimes even laugh at them! For this reason—and I know I probably shouldn't say it—this book means as much to me as my Ph.D. dissertation did.

Okay—that's a lie. It means waaay more.

If you're not familiar with it, a few words about a topic that comes up quite a bit in the book: Title IX is a US federal law that prohibits any kind of discrimination on the basis of gender in all institutions that receive federal funding (i.e., most universities). It legally compels schools to respond to and remedy situations of misconduct ranging from hostile work environments to harassment and assault. Covered schools have Title IX coordinators, whose job is to handle complaints and violations and to educate an institution's community about their rights. Title IX has been and currently is critical to guarantee equal access to education and to protect students and employees against gender-based discrimination.

Lastly: the women in STEM organizations Anh mentions in the book are fictionalized, but most universities host chapters of similar organizations. For real-life resources on supporting women academics in STEM, visit awis.org. For resources that specifically support BIPOC women academics in STEM, visit sswoc.org.

Acknowledgments

First, just allow me to say: asgfgsfasdgdg. I cannot believe this book exists. Truly, afgjsdfafksjfadg.

Second, allow me to further say: this book would *not* exist if approximately two hundred people hadn't held my hand for the past two years. *Cue end credits song.* In a very disorganized order, I must acknowledge:

Thao Le, my marvelous agent (your DM changed my life, for the very best); Sarah Blumenstock, my fantastic editor (who is *not* that kind of editor); Rebecca and Alannah, my very first betas (and shout-out to Alannah for the title!); my gremlins, for being gremalicious and for always defending the c.p.; Daddy Lucy and Jen (thank you for all the reads and the SM and the infinite hand-holding), Claire, Court, Julie, Katie, Kat, Kelly, Margaret, and my wife, Sabine (ALIMONE!) (as well as Jess, Shep, and Trix, my honorary grems). My Words Are Hard buds, for the whining support: Celia, Kate, Sarah, and Victoria. My TMers, who believed in me from the start: Court, Dani, Christy, Kate, Mar, Marie, and Rachelle; Caitie, for being the first IRL person who made me feel like I could talk about all of this; Margo Lipschultz and Jennie Conway, for the precious feedback on early drafts; Frankie, for the timeliest of prompts; Psi, for inspiring me with her beautiful writing; the Berkletes, for the pooping and the knotting; Sharon Ibbotson, for the invaluable editorial input and encouragement; Stephanie, Jordan, Lindsey Merril, and Kat, for beta reading my manuscript and helping me fix it; Lilith, for the stunning art and the amazing cover, as well as the

peeps at Penguin Creative; Bridget O'Toole and Jessica Brock for helping me make people think that they might want to read this book; everyone at Berkley who has helped getting this manuscript in shape behind the scenes; Rian Johnson, for doing The Thing that inspired me to do All The Things.

The truth is, I never saw myself as someone who'd ever write anything but science articles. And I probably never would have if it hadn't been for all the fanfiction authors who posted amazing pieces online and encouraged me to start writing myself. And I certainly wouldn't have had the guts to start writing original fiction if it hadn't been for the support, the cheering, the encouragement, the con-crit I got from the Star Trek and Star Wars/Reylo fandoms. To everyone who has left a comment or kudos on my fics, who has given me shout-outs on social media, who has reached out in DMs, who has drawn art for me or made a mood board, who has cheered me on, who has taken the time to read something I've written: thank you. Really, thank you so much. I owe you a lot.

Last, and let's be real, also definitely least: some half-hearted thanks to Stefan, for all the love and the patience. You better not be reading this, you pretentious hipster.

Don't miss

Love on the Brain

coming soon from Berkley Jove!

“By the way, you can get leprosy from armadillos.”

I peel my nose away from the airplane window and glance at Rocío, my research assistant. “Really?”

“Yep. They got it from humans millennia ago, and now they’re giving it back to us.” She shrugs. “Revenge and cold dishes and all that.”

I scrutinize her beautiful face for hints that she’s lying. Her large dark eyes, heavily rimmed with eyeliner, are inscrutable. Her hair is so Vantablack, it absorbs 99 percent of visible light. Her mouth is full, curved downward in its typical pout.

Nope. I got nothing. “Is this for real?”

“Would I ever lie to you?”

“Last week you swore to me that Stephen King was writing a Winnie-the-Pooh spin-off.” And I believed her. Like I believed that Lady Gaga is a known satanist, or that badminton racquets are made from human bones and intestines. Chaotic goth misanthropy and creepy deadpan sarcasm are her brand, and I should know better than to take her seriously. Problem is, every once in a while she’ll throw in a crazy-sounding story that upon further inspection (i.e., a Google search) is revealed to be true. For instance, did you know that the *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* was inspired by a true story? Before Rocío, I didn’t. And I slept significantly better.

“Don’t believe me, then.” She shrugs, going back to her grad school admission prep book. “Go pet the leper armadillos and die.”

She's such a weirdo. I adore her.

"Hey, you sure you're going to be fine, away from Alex for the next few months?" I feel a little guilty for taking her away from her boyfriend. When I was twenty-two, if someone had asked me to be apart from Tim for months, I'd have walked into the sea. Then again, hindsight has proven beyond doubt that I was a complete idiot, and Rocío seems pretty enthused for the opportunity. She plans to apply to Johns Hopkins's neuro program in the fall, and the NASA line on her CV won't hurt. She even hugged me when I invited her to come along—a moment of weakness I'm sure she deeply regrets.

"Fine? Are you kidding?" She looks at me like I'm insane. "Three months in Texas, do you know how many times I'll get to see La Llorona?"

"La . . . what?"

She rolls her eyes and pops in her AirPods. "You really know *nothing* about famed feminist ghosts."

I bite back a smile and turn back to the window. In 1905, Dr. Curie decided to invest her Nobel Prize money into hiring her first research assistant. I wonder if she, too, ended up working with a mildly terrifying, Cthulhu-worshipping emo girl. I stare at the clouds until I'm bored, and then I take my phone out of my pocket and connect to the complimentary in-flight Wi-Fi. I glance at Rocío, making sure that she's not paying attention to me, and angle my screen away.

I'm not a very secretive person, mostly out of laziness: I refuse to take on the cognitive labor of tracking lies and omissions. I do, however, have one secret. One single piece of information that I've never shared with anyone—not even my sister. Don't get me wrong, I trust Reike with my life, but I also know her well enough to picture the scene: she is wearing a flowy sundress and flirting with a Scottish shepherd she met in a trattoria on the Amalfi Coast. They decide to do the

shrooms they just purchased from a Belarusian farmer, and mid-trip she accidentally blurts out the one thing she's been expressly forbidden to repeat: her twin sister, Bee, runs one of the most popular and controversial accounts on Academic Twitter. The Scottish shepherd's cousin is a closeted men's rights activist who sends me a dead possum in the mail and rats me out to his insane friends, and I get fired.

No, thank you. I love my job (and possums) too much for this.

I created @WhatWouldMarieDo during my first semester of grad school. I was teaching a neuroanatomy class and decided to give my students an anonymous mid-semester survey to ask for honest feedback on how to improve the course. What I got was . . . not that. I was told that my lectures would be more interesting if I delivered them naked. That I should gain some weight, get a boob job, stop dying my hair "unnatural colors," get rid of my piercings. I was even given a phone number to call if I was "ever in the mood for a ten-inch dick." (Yeah, right.)

The messages were pretty appalling, but what sent me sobbing in a bathroom stall was the reactions of the other students in my cohort—Tim included. They laughed the comments off as harmless pranks and dissuaded me from reporting them to the department chair, telling me that I'd be making a stink about nothing.

They were, of course, all men.

(Seriously: Why *are* men?)

That night I fell asleep crying. The following day, I got up, wondered how many other women in STEM felt as alone as I did, and impulsively downloaded Twitter and made @WhatWouldMarieDo. I slapped on a poorly photoshopped pic of Dr. Curie wearing sunglasses and a one-line bio: *Making the periodic table girlier since 1889 (she/her)*. I just wanted to

scream into the void. I honestly didn't think that anyone would even see my first Tweet. But I was wrong.

@WhatWouldMarieDo What would Dr. Curie, first female professor at La Sorbonne, do if one of her students asked her to deliver her lectures naked?

@198888 She would shorten his half-life.

@annahhhh RAT HIM OUT TO PIERRE!!!

@emily89 Put some polonium in his pants and watch his dick shrivel.

@bioworm55 Nuke him NUKE HIM

@lucyinthesea Has this happened to you? God I'm so sorry. Once a student said something about my ass and it was so gross and no one believed me.

Over half a decade later, after a handful of *Chronicle of Higher Education* nods, a *New York Times* article, and about a million followers, WWMD is my happy place. What's best is, I think the same is true for many others. The account has evolved into a therapeutic community of sorts, used by women in STEM to tell their stories, exchange advice, and . . . bitch.

Oh, we bitch. We bitch a lot, and it's glorious.

@BiologySarah Hey, @WhatWouldMarieDo if she weren't given authorship on a project that was originally her idea and that she worked on for over one year? All other authors are men, because *of course* they are.

“Yikes.” I scrunch my face and quote-tweet Sarah.

Marie would slip some radium in their coffee. Also, she would consider reporting this to her institution's Office of Research Integrity, making sure to document every step of the process ♥

I hit send, drum my fingers on the armrest, and wait. My answers are not the main attraction of the account, not in the least. The real reason people reach out to WWMD is . . .

Yep. This. I feel my grin widen as the replies start coming in.

@DrAllixx This happened to me, too. I was the only woman and only POC in the author lineup and my name suddenly disappeared during revisions. DM if u want to chat, Sarah.

@AmyBernard I am a member of the Women in Science Association, and we have advice for situations like this on our website (they're sadly common)!

@TheGeologist Going through the same situation rn @BiologySarah. I did report it to ORI and it's still unfolding but I'm happy to talk if you need to vent.

@SteveHarrison Dude, breaking news: you're lying to yourself. Your contributions aren't VALUABLE enough to warrant authorship. Your team did you a favor letting you tag along for a while but if you're not smart enough, you're OUT. Not everything is about being a woman, sometimes you're just A LOSER 🤦

It is a truth universally acknowledged that a community of women trying to mind their own business must be in want of a random man's opinion.

I've long learned that engaging with basement-dwelling STEMlords who come online looking for a fight is never a good idea—the last thing I want is to provide free entertainment for their fragile egos. If they want to blow off some steam, they can buy a gym membership or play third-person-shooter video games. Like normal people.

I make to hide @SteveHarrison's delightful contribution but notice that someone has replied to him.

@Shmacademics Yeah, Marie, sometimes you're just a loser. Steve would know.

I chuckle.

@WhatWouldMarieDo Aw, Steve. Don't be too hard on yourself.

@Shmacademics He is just a boy, standing in front of a girl, asking her to do twice as much work as he ever did in order to prove that

she's worthy of becoming a scientist.

@WhatWouldMarieDo Steve, you old romantic.

@SteveHarrison Fuck you. This ridiculous push for women in STEM is ruining STEM. People should get jobs because they're good NOT BECAUSE THEY HAVE VAGINAS. But now people feel like they have to hire women and they get jobs over men who are MORE QUALIFIED. This is the end of STEM AND IT'S WRONG.

@WhatWouldMarieDo I can see you're upset about this, Steve.

@Shmacademics There, there.

Steve blocks both of us, and I chuckle again, drawing a curious glance from Rocío. @Shmacademics is another hugely popular account on Academic Twitter, and by far my favorite. He mostly tweets about how he should be writing, makes fun of elitism and ivory-tower academics, and points out bad or biased science. I was initially a bit distrustful of him—his bio says “he/him,” and we all know how cis men on the internet can be. But he and I ended up forming an alliance of sorts. When the STEMlords take offense at the sheer idea of women in STEM and start pitchforking in my mentions, he helps me ridicule them a little. I’m not sure when we started direct messaging, when I stopped being afraid that he was secretly a retired Gamergater out to doxx me, or when I began considering him a friend. But a handful of years later, here we are, chatting about half a dozen different things a couple of times a week, without having even exchanged real names. Is it weird, knowing that Shmac had lice three times in second grade but not which time zone he lives in? A bit. But it’s also liberating. Plus, having opinions online can be very dangerous. The internet is a sea full of creepy, cybercriminal fish, and if Mark Zuckerberg can cover his laptop webcam with a piece of tape, I reserve the right to keep things painfully anonymous.

The flight attendant offers me a glass of water from a tray. I shake my head, smile, and DM Shmac.

Marie: I think Steve doesn't want to play with us anymore.

Shmac: I think Steve wasn't held enough as a tadpole.

Marie: Lol!

Shmac: How's life?

Marie: Good! Cool new project starting next week. My ticket away from my gross boss

Shmac: I hope so. Can't believe dude's still around.

Marie: The power of connections. And inertia. What about you?

Shmac: Work's interesting.

Marie: Good interesting?

Shmac: Politicky interesting. So, no.

Marie: I'm afraid to ask. How's the rest?

Shmac: Weird.

Marie: Did your cat poop in your shoe again?

Shmac: No, but I did find a tomato in my boot the other day.

Marie: Send pics next time! What's going on?

Shmac: Nothing, really.

Marie: Oh, come on!

Shmac: How do you even know something's going on?

Marie: Your lack of exclamation points!

Shmac: !!!!!!!11!!1!!!!

Marie: Shmac.

Shmac: FYI, I'm sighing deeply.

Marie: I bet. Tell me!

Shmac: It's a girl.

Marie: Ooooh! Tell me EVERYTHING!!!!!!11!!1!!!!

Shmac: There isn't much to tell.

Marie: Did you just meet her?

Shmac: No. She's someone I've known for a long time, and now she's back.

Shmac: And she is married.

Marie: To you?

Shmac: Depressingly, no.

Shmac: Sorry—we're restructuring the lab. Gotta go before someone destroys a 5 mil piece of equipment. Talk later.

Marie: Sure, but I'll want to know everything about your affair with a married woman

Shmac: I wish.

It's nice to know that Shmac is always a click away, especially now that I'm flying into the Wardass's frosty, unwelcoming lap.

I switch to my email app to check if Levi has finally answered the email I sent three days ago. It was just a couple of lines—*Hey, long time no see, I look forward to working together again, would you like to meet to discuss BLINK this weekend?*—but he must have been too busy to reply. Or too full of contempt. Or both.

Ugh.

I lean back against the headrest and close my eyes, wondering how Dr. Curie would deal with Levi Ward. She'd probably hide some radioactive isotopes in his pockets, grab popcorn, and watch nuclear decay work its magic.

Yep, sounds about right.

After a few minutes, I fall asleep. I dream that Levi is part armadillo: his skin glows a faint, sallow green, and he's digging a tomato out of his boot with an expensive piece of equipment. Even with all of that, the weirdest thing about him is that he's finally being nice to me.

WE'RE PUT UP in small furnished apartments in a lodging facility just outside the Johnson Space Center, only a couple of minutes from the Sullivan Discovery Building, where we'll be working. I can't believe how short my commute is going to be.

"Bet you'll still manage to be late all the time," Rocío tells me, and I glare at her while unlocking my door. It's not my fault if I've spent a sizable chunk of my formative years in Italy, where time is but a polite suggestion.

The place is considerably nicer than the apartment I rent—maybe because of the raccoon incident, probably because I buy 90 percent of my furniture from the as-is bargain corner at Ikea. It has a balcony, a dishwasher, and—huge improvement on my quality of life—a toilet that flushes 100 percent of the times I push the lever. Truly paradigm shifting. I excitedly open and close every single cupboard (they're all empty; I'm not sure what I expected), take pictures to send Reike and my coworkers, stick my favorite Marie Curie magnet to the fridge (a picture of her holding a beaker that says "I'm pretty rad"), hang my hummingbird feeder on the balcony, and then . . .

It's still only two-thirty p.m. Ugh.

Not that I'm one of those people who hates having free time. I could easily spend five solid hours napping, rewatching an entire season of *The Office* while eating Twizzlers, or moving to step 2 of the couch-to-5K plan I'm still very . . . okay, *sort of* committed to. But I am here! In Houston! Near the Space Center! About to start the coolest project of my life!

It's Friday, and I'm not due to check in until Monday, but I'm brimming with nervous energy. So I text Rocío to ask whether she wants to check out the Space Center with me (*No.*) or to grab dinner together (*I only eat animal carcasses.*).

She's so mean. I love her.

My first impression of Houston is: big. Closely followed by: humid, and then by: humidly big. In Maryland, remnants of snow still cling to the ground, but the Space Center is already lush and green, a mix of open spaces and large buildings and old NASA aircraft on display. There are families visiting, which reminds me a little of an amusement park. I can't believe I'm going to be seeing rockets on my way to work for the next three months. It sure beats the perv crossing guard who works on the NIH campus.

The Discovery Building is on the outskirts of the center. It's wide, futuristic, and three-storied, with glass walls and a complicated-looking stair system I can't quite figure out. I step inside the marble hall, wondering if my new office will have a window. I'm not used to natural light; the sudden intake of vitamin D might kill me.

"I'm Bee Königswasser." I smile at the receptionist. "I'm starting work here on Monday, and I was wondering if I could take a look around?"

He gives me an apologetic smile. "I can't let you in if you don't have an ID badge. The engineering labs are upstairs—high-security areas."

Right. Yes. The engineering labs. Levi's labs. He's probably up there, hard at work. Engineering. Labbing. Not answering my emails.

"No problem, that's understandable. I'll just—"

"Dr. Königswasser? Bee?"

I turn around. There is a blond young man behind me. He's nonthreateningly handsome, medium height, smiling at me like we're old friends even though he doesn't look familiar. ". . . Hi?"

“I didn’t mean to eavesdrop, but I caught your name, and . . . I’m Guy. Guy Kowalsky?”

The name clicks immediately. I break into a grin. “Guy! It’s so nice to meet you in person.” When I was first notified of BLINK, Guy was my point of contact for logistics questions, and he and I emailed back and forth a few times. He’s an astronaut—*an actual astronaut!*—working on BLINK while he’s grounded. He seemed so familiar with the project, I initially assumed he’d be my co-lead.

He shakes my hand warmly. “I love your work! I’ve read all your articles—you’ll be such an asset to the project.”

“Likewise. I can’t wait to collaborate.”

If I weren’t dehydrated from the flight, I’d probably tear up. I cannot believe that this man, this nice, pleasant man who has given me more positive interactions in one minute than Dr. Wardass did in one year, could have been my co-lead. I must have pissed off some god. Zeus? Eros? Must be Poseidon. Shouldn’t have peed in the Baltic Sea during my misspent youth.

“Why don’t I show you around? You can come in as my guest.” He nods to the receptionist and gestures at me to follow him.

“I wouldn’t want to take you away from . . . astronauting?”

“I’m between missions. Giving you a tour beats debugging any day.” He shrugs, something boyishly charming about him. We’ll get along great, I already know it.

“Have you lived in Houston long?” I ask as we step into the elevator.

“About eight years. Came to NASA right out of grad school. Applied for the Astronaut Corps, did the training, then a mission.” I do some math in my head. It would put him in his mid-thirties, older than I initially thought. “The past two or

so, I worked on BLINK’s precursor. Engineering the structure of the helmet, figuring out the wireless system. But we got to a point where we needed a neurostimulation expert on board.” He gives me a warm smile.

“I cannot wait to see what we cook up together.” I also cannot wait to find out why Levi was given the lead of this project over someone who has been on it for five years. It just seems unfair. To Guy *and* to me.

The elevator doors open, and he points to a quaint-looking café in the corner. “That place over there—amazing sandwiches, worst coffee in the world. You hungry?”

“No, thanks.”

“You sure? It’s on me. The egg sandwiches are almost as good as the coffee is bad.”

“I don’t really eat eggs.”

“Let me guess, a vegan?”

I nod. I try hard to break the stereotypes that plague my people and not use the word “vegan” in my first three meetings with a new acquaintance, but if they’re the ones to mention it, all bets are off.

“I should introduce you to my daughter. She recently announced that she won’t eat animal products anymore.” He sighs. “Last weekend I poured regular milk in her cereal figuring she wouldn’t know the difference. She told me that her legal team will be in touch.”

“How old is she?”

“Just turned six.”

I laugh. “Good luck with that.”

I stopped having meat at seven, when I realized that the delicious *pollo* nuggets my Sicilian grandmother served nearly every day and the cute *galline* grazing about the farm were

more . . . connected than I originally suspected. Stunning plot twist, I know. Reike wasn't nearly as distraught: when I frantically explained that "Pigs have families, too. A mom and a dad and siblings that will miss them," she just nodded thoughtfully and said, "What you're saying is, we should eat the whole family?" I went fully vegan a couple of years later. Meanwhile, my sister has made it her life's goal to eat enough animal products for two. Together we emit one normal person's carbon footprint.

"The engineering labs are down this hallway," Guy says. The space is an interesting mix of glass and wood, and I can see inside some of the rooms. "A bit cluttered, and most people are off today—we're shuffling around equipment and reorganizing the space. We've got lots of ongoing projects, but BLINK's everyone's favorite child. The other astronauts pop by every once in a while just to ask how much longer it will be until their fancy swag is ready."

I grin. "For real?"

"Yep."

Making fancy swag for astronauts is my literal job description. I can add it to my LinkedIn profile. Not that anyone uses LinkedIn.

"The neuroscience labs—your labs—will be on the right. This way there are—" His phone rings. "Sorry—mind if I take it?"

"Not at all." I smile at his beaver phone case ("Nature's Engineer") and look away.

I wonder whether Guy would think I'm lame if I snapped a few pictures of the building for my friends. I decide that I can live with that, but when I take out my phone, I hear a noise from down the hallway. It's soft and chirpy, and sounds a lot like a . . .

“Meow.”

I glance back at Guy. He’s busy explaining how to put on *Moana* to someone very young, so I decide to investigate. Most of the rooms are deserted, labs full of large, abstruse equipment that looks like it belongs to . . . well. NASA. I hear male voices somewhere in the building, but no sign of the—

“Meow.”

I turn around. A few feet away, staring at me with a curious expression, is a beautiful young calico.

“And who might you be?” I slowly hold out my hand. The kitten comes closer, delicately sniffs my fingers, and gives me a welcoming headbutt.

I laugh. “You’re such a sweet girl.” I squat down to scratch her under her chin. She nips my finger, a playful love bite. “Aren’t you the most *purr-fect* little baby? I feel so *fur-tunate* to have met you.”

She gives me a disdainful look and turns away. I think she understands puns.

“Come on, I was just *kitten*.” Another outraged glare. Then she jumps on a nearby cart, piled ceiling-high with boxes and heavy, precarious-looking equipment. “Where are you going?”

I squint, trying to figure out where she disappeared, and that’s when I realize it. The piece of equipment? The precarious-looking one? It actually *is* precarious. And the cat poked it just enough to dislodge it. And it’s falling on my head.

Right.

About.

Now.

I have less than three seconds to move away. Which is too bad, because my entire body is suddenly made of stone,

unresponsive to my brain's commands. I stand there, terrified, paralyzed, and close my eyes as a jumbled chaos of thoughts twists through my head. *Is the cat okay? Am I going to die? Oh God, I am going to die. Squashed by a tungsten anvil like Wile E. Coyote. I am a twenty-first century Pierre Curie, about to get my skull crushed by a horse-drawn cart. Except that I have no chair in the physics department of the University of Paris to leave to my lovely spouse, Marie. Except that I have barely done a tenth of all the science I meant to do. Except that I wanted so many things and I never oh my God any second now—*

Something slams into my body, shoving me aside and into the wall.

Everything is pain.

For a couple of seconds. Then the pain is over, and everything is *noise*: metal clanking as it plunges to the floor, horrified screaming, a shrill “meow” somewhere in the distance, and, closer to my ear . . . someone is panting. Less than an inch from me.

I open my eyes, gasping for breath, and . . .

Green.

All I can see is green. Not dark, like the grass outside; not dull, like the pistachios I had on the plane. This green is light, piercing, intense. Familiar, but hard to place, not unlike—

Eyes. I'm looking up into the greenest eyes I've ever seen. Eyes that I've seen before. Eyes surrounded by wavy black hair and a face that's angles and sharp edges and full lips, a face that's offensively, imperfectly handsome. A face attached to a large, solid body—a body that is pinning me to the wall, a body made of a broad chest and two thighs that could moonlight as redwoods. Easily. One is slotted between my legs and it's holding me up. Unyielding. This man even smells like a forest—and *that mouth*. That mouth is still breathing heavily

on top of me, probably from the effort of whisking me off from under seven hundred pounds of mechanical engineering tools, and—

I know that mouth.

Levi.

Levi.

I haven't seen Levi Ward in six years. Six blessed, blissful years. And now here he is, pushing me into a wall in the middle of NASA's Space Center, and he looks . . . he looks . . .

"Levi!" someone yells. The clanking goes silent. What was meant to fall has settled on the floor. "Are you okay?"

Levi doesn't move, nor does he look away. His mouth works, and so does his throat. His lips part to say something, but no sound comes out. Instead a hand, at once rushed and gentle, reaches up to cup my face. It's so large, I feel perfectly cradled. Engulfed in green, cozy warmth. I whimper when it leaves my skin, a plaintive, involuntary sound from deep in my throat, but I stop when I realize that it's only shifting to the back of my skull. To the hollow of my collarbone. To my brow, pushing back my hair.

It's a cautious touch. Pressing but delicate. Lingering but urgent. As though he is studying me. Trying to make sure that I'm all in one piece. Memorizing me.

I lift my eyes, and for the first time I notice the deep, unmasked concern in Levi's eyes.

His lips move, and I think that, maybe—is he mouthing my name? Once, and then again? Like it's some kind of prayer?

"Levi? Levi, is she—"

My eyelids fall closed, and everything goes dark.



Photo courtesy of the author

Ali Hazelwood is a multipublished author—alas, of peer-reviewed articles about brain science, in which no one makes out and the ever after is not always happy. Originally from Italy, she lived in Germany and Japan before moving to the United States to pursue a Ph.D. in neuroscience. She recently became a professor, which absolutely terrifies her. When Ali is not at work, she can be found running, eating cake pops, or watching sci-fi movies with her two feline overlords (and her slightly-less-feline husband).

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CHAPTER 16

Adam

There is a brief moment, just a handful of seconds after Olive's mouth first presses against his own, in which Adam considers coming clean to her.

It's a shit idea. One of his worst to date, even after truly outdoing himself in the last month. He was the one to propose this farce to Olive, as though anything good could ever come of pretending to be in a relationship with the only woman he's looked at twice in the past decade. And he was the one to offer that she room with him, even though there are about thirty people in Boston who could put him up for the night.

He should have reached out to grad school friends. Jack's in Pasadena now, but George still lives here. So do Annika and Riley. Tom, of course, though he'd probably ask why Adam's not staying with Olive and make a few more jabs about how "whipped" he is. He'd have to make excuses, come up with a few lies, which... annoying. Tom can be annoying. People are annoying.

But at least Adam wouldn't be right here, Olive's hand soft on his face, her lips moving clumsily against his own, hesitant, delicate, a little fumbling in a way that tells him she hasn't done this in a while, and....

Adam's cock is hard as a rock. He's thirty-four years old. He's fully clothed, barely touching a woman who's fully clothed herself, and yet this kiss is without a doubt the most profoundly erotic experience of his life.

This must be it, the thing that's fucking with his head. The reason he's considering telling her everything. But Olive's lips are cool, her damp hair tickles his face, and her skin smells sweet, edible, glowing. Like the shower she took a handful of feet from him, the one he sternly ordered himself not to think about. He managed to, at least until he realized that she hadn't locked herself inside the bathroom. That's when he forgot to breathe, only cheap plywood and opportunity between them, and Olive trusted him to stay put.

Not that he would ever do anything else. But Adam has it even worse than he thought, if the idea of this girl trusting him with basic human decency has more of an effect on him than full-blown pornography.

“You’re in love with her, aren’t you?” Holden asked last week, noticing that Adam’s eyes kept straying to his phone rather than the game on TV. And Adam rolled his eyes, looked back to the screen, and answered, *“I just want her to be safe. And happy. And to have what she needs.”* Holden didn’t say anything, just nodded and smiled knowingly, and that was the closest Adam had come to punching him since grad school.

So, what if Adam went ahead and did it? What if he told Olive the truth?

Pretty fucking tragic twist of fate, but you don’t seem to remember that we first met years ago. An issue, since I remember a little too well. I like no one, absolutely no one, but I liked you from the start. I liked you when I didn’t know you, and now that I do know you it’s only gotten worse. Sometimes, often, always, I think about you before falling asleep. Then I dream of you, and when I wake up my head’s still there, stuck on something funny, beautiful, filthy, intelligent that’s all about you. It’s been going on for a while, longer than you think, longer than you can imagine, and I should have told you, but I have this impression, this certainty that you’re half a second from running away, that I should give you enough reasons to stay. Is there anything I can do for you? I’ll take you grocery shopping and fill your fridge when we’re back home. Buy you a new bike and a case of decent reagent and that sludge you drink. Kill the people who made you cry. Is there something you need? Name it. It’s yours. If I have it, it’s yours.

There is no scenario in which any of this won’t send her screaming. And after the last few days, weeks, years, all Olive needs is to have a little quiet. A safe space. A place to run *to*, not *from*. So Adam makes his decision: he tucks the truth away one more time, and when she pulls back, a faint smile on her lips and a hopeful look in her eyes, he shakes his head.

“Olive, this is . . . no.”

“Why?” There is a frown between her brows. That Adam put there himself, because he is fucking *bad* for her.

“This is not what we’re here for.”

Her nostrils flare. “That doesn’t mean that—”

“You’re upset. And drunk.”

She rolls her eyes, impatient, and his hands itch to pull her closer. Kiss her again. Kiss her in every fucking place. She's a brat. An incessant, outrageous smartass, and he has to clench his fist to avoid reaching for her.

"I had two beers. *Hours* ago," she says irritably, and Adam feels himself grow just as irritated. He's in no condition to fight her on this. Not when he's already busy fighting himself.

"You're a grad student, Olive, currently depending on me for a place to stay. And even if not, the power I have over you could easily turn this into a coercive dynamic—"

She laughs. Like the one thing that scares the shit out of him and keeps him awake at night—that she'll get hurt from this thing they're doing, that there are signals he's not picking up, that he is harming her or taking advantage—is little more than a funny joke. "I'm not feeling coerced." She scoffs, like the possibility is ridiculous to her, maybe it's her tone, maybe her scent in his nostrils, but Adam's control snaps.

"You're in love with *someone else*," he tells her, angry, cruel, sparing nothing.

And Olive stops laughing. Instead she flinches, nearly recoils away from him, and Adam instantly wants to punch himself and take it back.

Great job, asshole. Throw it in her face. Remind her that the guy she does care about is off somewhere with her closest friend. It's not like you know exactly how it feels, wanting someone who'd rather be with someone else. It's not like you can relate every fucking minute you spend with her.

"Olive." He pinches the bridge of his nose, trying to calm down. Being brusque and short-tempered should be nothing new to him, but Olive does something to the chemistry of his brain, something that makes him mellow, patient, as content as someone like him can hope to be. A snarly, feral beast, tamed at last. Problem is, neither of them seems to be doing great tonight. Olive is tired and confused. Adam is tired, too, but also horny, and tempted, and ground-down to the bones after weeks and weeks of wanting and not having. More than a little pathetic about this girl.

He needs to be better, because this is not about him. He promised himself at the very start that his time with Olive would always be about *her*, and that's why he needs to attempt something radical to his nature: diplomacy.

He closes his eyes, and takes a deep breath, and thinks of a sensitive way of saying, *You think you want me to fuck you, but you don't. The problem is, I really, really do, which*

makes this a risky conversation for us to have. You should go to sleep. Get some rest while three feet away from you I try to forget that black dress of yours. Or the time you brought up the idea of us fucking in my office. Or when you wiggled in my lap for one hour, and all I could think was that in a just world, an ideal world, this thing we're doing would have been real, and those intrusive, half-formulated, lurid fantasies I have about you wouldn't send you screaming, and—

“Adam, I...”

He needs to wrap up this conversation, and then go for a ten-mile run. He's exhausted and not fit to be around.

“This is how you're feeling now,” he says, trying to sound reasonable even though he feels anything but. Olive presses her lips together, her nostrils flare, and Adam powers through. “A month from now, a week, tomorrow, I don't want you to regret...” he trails off the second he notices something: maybe she isn't *angry*? Because what she looks like is... *hurt*? Betrayed? Blinking quickly, like she's about to cry again.

He snaps his mouth shut. No. She's not going to feel like that. Not because of *him*.

“Olive—”

“What about what *I* want?” She leans forward, eyes blazing. Okay, she's angry alright. Fiercely, beautifully so. “What about the fact that *I* want this? Though maybe you don't care, because *you* don't want it, right? Maybe I'm just not attractive to you, and you don't want to—”

He really *is* fucking exhausted. Or his control would be better than this: closing his finger around her wrist and pulling her hand down to his cock. It's hard, he's hard, he's hard all the time, and if she wants to lie to herself then so be it, but not on his damn watch.

“You have no fucking idea what *I* want,” he hisses.

Except that now she must. His jaw rolls. He holds her wide, shocked eyes, presses her even closer, shows her *exactly* what he wants, what she does, what he deals with, what it's been like for the past three years, and—

Shit. Adam immediately lets go of her and looks away, but the damage is done, and this—*this* is why he shouldn't be allowed *anywhere* near her. If he cannot be trusted not to spill the extent to which he's gone for her, he needs to get the hell out of here. He even makes to stand, but stops the second she whispers,

“Well, then.”

He glances up. Olive’s expression has cleared. She looks calmer all of a sudden. Relieved. Determined. Like—and this makes absolutely no sense—like the one thing she’s afraid of is not Adam himself, but the idea of him *rejecting* her.

She steps close. Closer still. Her smell is in his nostrils, her thighs press against the inside of his own, and this was heady and harrowing twenty seconds ago, but it’s rapidly becoming unbearable. How beautiful she is—it confuses him. It’s a constant pressure that doesn’t let go, and Adam has to shut his eyes tight just to pretend that she’s not within reach. “This is not why I asked you to room with me.”

“I know.” She’s touching him, now. Of her own free will. Pushing hair away from his forehead. Her fingers are cool and soft and capable, the same fingers she does science with, and he wants to lean into her. “It’s also not why I accepted.” *You don’t like being touched, dickhead*, he reminds himself. *You hate it, in fact. Remember who you were, back when your life wasn’t a montage of the times this girl touched you because she had to?*

“When we started this, you said no sex,” he points out, in a half-hearted, last-ditch attempt at stopping this. Like he’d ever tell her no. The things he would do for her. The things he would do *to* her.

“I also said it was going to be an on-campus thing. And we just went out for dinner. So.” She shrugs her shoulders. The fabric of his shirt ripples against her breasts, and okay. Okay.

He’s considering this. He cannot stop himself.

“I don’t . . .” He rubs his forehead. *Don’t say it. It’ll mess you up. Basic self-preservation. Don’t do it.* But he knows that if she asks, he’ll fuck her. Even just to take her mind away from what’s bothering her. He’ll hopefully make it good enough, and tomorrow she’ll act like nothing happened.

Adam’s life won’t ever be the same.

“I don’t have anything,” he says.

She stares at him for a long moment, uncomprehending. Then her cheeks redden. “Oh, I... It doesn’t matter. I’m on birth control.” She bites into her lip, and he feels it like a hand on his own body. “But we could also do . . . other things.”

Other things.

Other things.

Ah, yes. Other things.

He lets his eyes roam her for a moment. As stupefied as he was by her waves and her makeup and that nearly-too-short dress, she'll never be more lovely to him than with her face scrubbed pink, her hair messy and wild. Her body is lithe, graceful, strong, and he takes in the shapeless t-shirt, the slight swell of her breasts, the curve of her hips. All things he hasn't allowed himself to look at for weeks—for *years*. It never mattered: they were always there, stuck in his brain. The curve of her lower back while she opened the seminar door with her shoulder. The line of her throat as she drank from a water bottle. A graceful stretch and a sliver of stomach skin.

He can think of *other things* to do with her. With every single part of her. So many indecent, beautiful, obscene things. *What's too much Olive? What can I ask you to do, how many times? You should be careful. Set boundaries. Tell me what you want.*

“After.” Adam swallows. Takes a deep breath. Tells himself to wind down. *Nothing might happen. Maybe she wants to make out a little. Fool around. Be held. It's fine.* “I need to know you won't hate me for this, after. That if we go back and you change your mind—”

“I won't. I . . .” She comes even closer. “I've never been surer of anything. Except maybe cell theory.” She smiles. First tentative, then hopeful, then bright, and then she leans over to kiss him again, and...

He never stood a chance. Never, and certainly not this time, when it's so different from all the others. They've kissed before, sure, and... it's been nice. Too nice, sometimes, but also interrupted. Frustrating. Unfinished. Performative. Always the start of something, never the end. This time, though... This time there's no one around, and after a moment of reluctance, Adam lets himself do what he wants.

He deepens the kiss. Brings Olive closer. Inhales the scent of her, familiar by now, soft skin and sugar and fake-dating Wednesdays. He's wanted her for so long, this feels like something imagined, right out of a dream. He could start by devouring her. By going on his knees and burying his face in her sweet pussy. By taking off her top, memorizing every inch of her for *after*. He won't rush her, though, so he makes himself get rid of his own shirt to feel more of her skin, and then stays put, sat on the side of the bed like a big, hulking animal trying to play nice. It doesn't feel like this'll be enough, not with the

way she gasps every time his tongue brushes against hers, not when his palm is cupping her ass, but he *can* go slow. He *can* feel her nipples, pointy and hard against his chest, but he'll be okay just sucking at a spot on her throat. He *can* let his hand slide up to rest on the soft underside of her breast, but he doesn't need to see it. And he *can*...

Olive is saying something. And Adam's brain is too dazed to parse language. "What?" "You did it that night, too." She's smiling. All he wants to think about is making her come. Can he do it? It's been a while. He wishes he had more practice. For her.

"I... what?"

"You touched me. Here." Her hand covers his through the cotton, and he takes it as permission. He lifts her shirt slowly, giving her time to object, stopping the instant her breath catches, at the first sign of hesitation. Right under her tits, which almost has him groaning in desperation, but—no. Patient. He can be fucking patient till she's comfortable.

He waits, and meanwhile he presses his lips against her ribs. Bites softly. Licks. She tastes sweet, and he wonders if she'd let him go down on her. Seems like asking for too much, but maybe.

"Here?" he says. "Olive. Here?" The underside of her breast is right there, and she's not answering him, just clutching him like she'll fall if she doesn't, and okay. Okay, yes: he wants to fuck her into the mattress. No point in pretending he doesn't. "Pay attention, sweetheart." The underside of her breast is right there, so he runs his tongue across, he sucks on it, and she whimpers. "Here?"

He doesn't hear her answer. He's a little distracted, because her shirt is finally coming off, and...

There is a split second of insecurity, he thinks. A short moment of hesitation when he can tell that Olive is thinking of covering herself. Her back nearly hunches, Adam can almost smell the panic between them, and he's ready to put a stop to this, right now. But then her shoulders square, like she's decided that she doesn't mind showing him her body after all, and...

Okay.

Yeah.

So it's been a long time for him. Years, he'd guess. Not since grad school, and even then he never quite... There was about a decade or so, in which Adam thought he'd had just

enough sex in his life to know with the utmost certainty that he wasn't interested in having any more. No real reason for it, just... no. And then—Olive. He almost laughed in his office, at being asked to be secretive about dating other women. At the reptilian, greedy part of his brain, thinking: *Are there any? I thought it was just you.*

“Do you remember it?” she’s saying, and her breasts. Her small, beautiful tits. The long dip in the center of her stomach. Her toned, smooth legs. He wants to tuck her underneath him for safekeeping. For months.

“Remember what?” he asks, absent, transfixed. His own voice sounds distant.

“Our first kiss.”

“I want to keep you in this hotel room for a week,” he murmurs, because it’s the truth.

Can he touch her? He’ll stop if she tells him to. But. “For a year.”

He’s losing track of time. Missing beats. Not out of control, but getting bolder. He splays his hand against her back, brings her closer to his mouth, arches her up like an offering, and he misses a bit of what comes after because it feels *that* good. He doesn’t want to be rough, but the noises Olive is making are spellbinding, breathless moans and sharp inhales.

Then her muscles tense. It’s sudden, and he feels the second it happens, like a bucket of ice over his head. He immediately pulls back. “This okay?”

She’s in her head about something. Her expression is far away, and as much as his cock hurts, something switches in his brain. He wants to lick her tits, yes, but he wants to reassure her more.

He sets his hand on her hip, thumb swiping back and forth on her hip bone, trying to look at her face. “You’re tense. We don’t have to—”

“I want to.” She sounds scared. A little defensive. Definitely in her head. “I said I did.”

“It doesn’t matter what you said. You can always change your mind.”

“I won’t.”

She’s stubborn. She’s stubborn, and he likes that about her, just like every other damn thing, but this... He’s just not willing to risk moving this along if she’s having any doubt. So he squeezes his cock till near pain and stops. Slows down. Brings her into himself, rests his forehead on her sternum, matches his breathing with hers, feels her arms form a loose loop around his neck, lets himself smell the sweetness between them.

It takes several moments, but she slowly softens, relaxing into him. First pliant, her nose rubbing softly against his hair, then restless. Eager all over again.

Holden and his stupid, supremely idiotic questions. Of course Adam is in love with Olive, of fucking course. And that's why this is nice, too. Just being with her. Near her. A little painful, maybe, but a whole lot nice.

"I think I've changed my mind," he says against her skin. His fingers are tracing the elastic of her panties—cotton, green polka dots. He's going to steal them once they're done. He's going to build a shrine for them. Do unspeakable things with them.

"I know I'm not doing anything," Olive says, something reedy in her voice, "but if you tell me what you like, I can—"

"My favorite color must be green, after all."

She's wet already. Adam cannot quite believe it, so he presses his thumb to her panties, just to make sure. But once his finger is there, he cannot help himself. He moves the tip up and down between her legs, over and over. He wants to remember this moment. Store it for later. Archive it in his DNA.

"Do you . . . Do you want me to take them off?"

Yes. But no. This underwear is probably all that's between her and Adam begging her to let him fuck her. Better on for now. "Not yet"

She squirms, impatient. "But if we—"

He pushes the cotton to the side because he cannot help himself, and that's a mistake.

She looks ready. Ripe. A perfect piece of fruit. He wonders if it means that he could fuck her now. That it could be fast, a little messy, and she'd still be okay. She'd take it. She'd enjoy it. He'd make it good, hopefully. Maybe. If he remembers how. If he doesn't blow it in twenty seconds. If he doesn't blow it right now, just looking at his fingers trace her glistening pussy, circle around her clit, disappear between her plump folds, and she's wet, she's really fucking *wet*, wet in a way that makes it easy to lie to himself and pretend that it's *him* she wants, not just anyone who'll take her mind off a shitty day. He watches her arch up, close her eyes, let out a low moan, exhale in something that is so obviously pleasure. Adam strokes himself and *knows* it, that he's going to come just from looking at her.

"You are so beautiful." He can't remember ever saying it to a woman before—why state obvious facts—but with Olive the words burst out of him. "May I?" he rasps against her

nipples when finds her entrance, not quite sounding like himself, and the second his finger is inside her he—

“Fuck.” It’s a tight fit, which makes his cock twitch even harder. His vision darkens to black spots. For a few seconds he can feel his heartbeat drumming in his ears, pleasure stabbing in his loins. He forgets about everything that’s not Olive, everything that’s not the places where he’s touching her. She feels like the best thing that’s ever happened to him, but better. And then... Then she’s moving. Squirming while impaled on his finger, in a way that broadcasts very little enjoyment, and the wave of pleasure that was about to crash right into him, it abruptly recedes.

Adam freezes.

“Hey. Shh.” This is not really working—him in her. So he tries to still her hips, and when that doesn’t do the trick he grazes her clit again with his thumb, hoping it will help her soften. She whimpers, closes a hand around his arm with trembling fingers. Her nipples are hard little pebbles and she seems to like it, seems to breathe faster and break into a sweat and maybe want more—but she stays just as tight. “It’s okay. Relax.” He tries to stretch her. Work his finger in a little deeper. See where he can go. She’s wet inside, really wet, and it shouldn’t be this difficult, he doesn’t think.

Problem is, he cannot read her. Not consistently. Granted, he has very little recent experience, and even less clarity of mind with Olive grinding against his hand. She lets out soft groans, deep breaths, but then she’ll wince, claw her nails into his biceps, and that’s putting the brakes on pretty quickly for him, the idea that she might be in any kind of pain. “Does it hurt?” he tries to ask. She shakes her head, but a second later he sees her flinch. “Why are you so tense, Olive?” he asks, distracted, staring at his finger inside her. “You’ve done this before, right?”

It’s a stupid question, and he instantly wants to punch himself for asking it. Of course, she’s done this before—look at her. She’s not like Adam. She probably does this—“Um, a couple of times. In college.”

Adam goes still. His mind empties, then blanks. Then the enormity of what is happening hits him like a freight train, and he gently pulls away, shaking his head.

This is... no. No. It’s a mistake. She clearly doesn’t take sex lightly, which means that she deserves to have it with someone... better. Someone else. Someone who’s not this much older than her, who never failed her friend’s dissertation proposal, who doesn’t

need to set an alarm for one AM to remember to stop working and go to sleep. Someone who didn't spend the last several years pining across lecture rooms, someone who doesn't picture her when he—

"It doesn't matter, I can figure it out, I've learned whole-cell patch clamp in a couple of hours, sex can't be much harder," she says quickly. Like she's under the impression that he's put off by her inexperience. "And I bet you do this all the time, so you can tell me how to—"

"You'd lose."

"I... what?"

"You'd lose your bet." He sighs. His stupid, moronic cock has never been this hard. Because part of him likes this. The lie he could spin to himself: that this means something to her. That *he* means something to her. "I can't."

"Of course you can."

He shakes his head. "I'm sorry."

"What? No. No, I—"

"You're basically a vir—"

"I'm not!"

"Olive."

"I am not."

"But so close to it that—"

"No, that's not the way it works. Virginity is not a continuous variable, it's categorical. Binary. Nominal. Dichotomous. Ordinal, potentially. I'm talking about chi-square, maybe Spearman's correlation, logistic regression, the logit model and that stupid sigmoid function, and . . ."

She does *this* every single time. Makes him want to laugh, like he's somehow not really the sulky, humorless person he knows himself to be. Every Wednesday, she makes him forget that he's supposed to be antagonistic and unapproachable, to hate the entire world, and even though it's a terrible idea, he's touching her again, smiling against her mouth while she laughs into his, telling her between kisses to stop being a smart-ass, and then, once they're too close again: "Olive, if for any reason sex is something that you are not comfortable with, or that you'd rather not have outside of a relationship, then—"

“No. No, it’s nothing like that. I—” He pulls back and watches her, patient. Wanting to understand. “It’s not that I want to *not* have sex. I just . . . don’t particularly want to have it. There is something weird about my brain, and my body, and—I don’t know what’s wrong with me, but I don’t seem to be able to experience attraction like other people. Like normal people. I tried to just . . . just to do it, to get it over with, and the guy I did it with was nice, but the truth is that I just don’t feel any... sexual attraction unless I actually get to trust and like a person, which for some reason never happens. Or, almost never. It hadn’t, not in a long time, but now—I really like you, and I really trust you, and for the first time in a million years I want to...”

Adam wants to tell her that there’s nothing weird with her brain. That he’d forgotten sex was something he was *supposed* to want for years before meeting her. That he knows exactly what she’s saying. But it’s a risky truth to admit amidst the lies, and so he just looks at her, takes in her words, and for the first time in weeks wonders if maybe there is hope.

He hasn’t let himself before. He’s not one to lie, not even to himself, and the delusion that this will end in anything but a clean cut on September 29th is a dangerous one to entertain. But if Olive trusts him. If she *trusts* him.

Maybe not now. Nor soon. She’s in love with someone else, and these things take time. But next year they’ll be both here in Boston, and maybe, if she already *trusts* him, Adam could convince her to let him take care of her. He doesn’t want anything in return. She doesn’t need to fall for him, because he loves her enough for the both of them. But if she *trusts* him—

“I want to do this,” she’s telling him. “With you. I really do.”

Adam can feel his heart expand, grow full of something fragile and unfamiliar. “Me too, Olive. You have no idea.”

“Then, please. Please, don’t say no. Please?” She nibbles on his lip, his jaw, the skin under his ear, until he takes a deep breath and nods and realizes that if this is going to happen—and it is, it absolutely fucking is—he needs to be better at it. Make her comfortable. So he picks her up and deposits her on his bed, smiling at the surprised, laughing yelp she lets out.

“Okay?” he asks when she’s on her back, shifting on top of her, taking in her small nod and the new view—hair fanning hair, pale skin, jutting hip bones. He wants to lick them.

Then he wants to feed her sugary foods, keep her warm and safe till her ribs don't stick out so much anymore. The skin of her belly—he will think about it years from now, get himself off to the memories of each soft freckle. He takes her panties off, finally, *finally*, and she's wearing knee socks, bright and happy, and... just like everything else she's ever done, he's apparently into that. He's into that *a lot*.

"Adam?"

Her voice is airy, and he takes it as an ask to hurry up. To push her legs wide open with his palms on her inner thighs and smell her lovely, honey scent. She's wet and sticky under his lips, smooth and soft, and he thinks he blacks out from it a little. From the pleasure of doing this to her, of exploring her with his tongue. He's almost sure he's done this before, and even though he doesn't remember when, or with whom, he's positive she was nothing like Olive. Her ass fits perfectly in his palm, he can span her hips with his fingers, and it's a bit of a power trip, the way he can easily angle her for him to lick, and... She's lithe. Especially compared to the oafish, lumbering mountain Adam is. He's tried very hard to pretend it doesn't turn him on to the extent that it does, but... no. Not possible to lie to himself, not when he's sucking on the lips of her pussy and she's moaning in the palm of her hand. It makes him want to get closer, learn her even more, and—

And then she's telling him to stop.

It takes a moment to penetrate the trance he's been put into, but when it does he goes still. "Have you changed your mind?"

"No. But we should do . . . other things."

"You don't like this?"

"Well, I've never . . ."

Adam tries to imagine having sex with Olive and not begging her to let him do this. Seems absurd. Beyond belief.

"But I'm the one who put you up to this," she adds, "so we should do things that *you* are into, and not stuff for me . . ."

He finally catches her meaning and growls deep in his throat. He closes his eyes, lays his forehead against her thighs, and contemplates trashing the entire damn hotel room. But it would scare Olive, and do absolutely nothing to convince her that she is beautiful and fuckable, that he wants to absorb her into himself and lick her dry, that this is

for *him* more than for her. So he opts for something else: pressing his tongue against her clit, gripping her squirming waist to still her, to make her take his fingers and his tongue inside her. He holds her wide open, watches her arch on the mattress in a beautiful, perfect bow. He hears her soft noises and feels her tense, clutch at his hair and shoulders with a frustrated, impatient sort of desperation, like she wants to come but she's afraid she won't, and he loves the feeling of it, the illusion that this precipice they're hovering on together is unending, hidden in space and time. An arc of pleasure, suspended. But then she comes with sweet whimpers and slow, strong contractions, and Adam's gut tightens, and his vision whites. He'd love to fuck her, but he might come from just this, and that's okay. He wants to watch her again. She's sensitive, writhing, laughing, small and tight and warm, beautiful, so beautiful, so powerful and perfect and beautiful. When it's too much, when she pulls him up to her, he presses her into bed with his legs and his arms and his hands, watches her twitch with the last aftershocks of pleasure, feels her little heart beat a drum against his own. In this moment, he has everything. Every last thing he needs.

"Can I fuck you?" he asks against her mouth.

She kisses him back. Pulls him closer. Traces his hot, sweaty skin. He's not worthy, but he wants her anyway. "Mmm?"

"Can I fuck you? Please?"

She nods and reaches down for him, but he's not sure there's time for it. He's hard in a way that's painful and urgent, different from ever before, and Olive's flawless, soft, tight pussy is right there, ready for him, and when he begins to slide inside his existence narrows to bare details: the pressure around his cock, strained, world-defining; Olive's eyes holding his own, shocked-wide; the air between them, warm, heavy.

"You're so big," she gasps.

He groans into her neck. Maybe he is big. Still. "You can take it." Nothing, nothing exists, except for the pleasure tingling at the base of his spine.

"I can," she agrees. Adam has to close his eyes, or it will be over right now. He rocks inside her, and it's torture. Delicious, drowning torture. "What if it's too much?"

It seems like a distinct possibility. He can't imagine thrusting into her the way he needs to, because she's small, and he's not. "Then I'll fuck you like this." It's already getting better. She's still sealed tight around him, but he's making progress, getting a little

farther, and the way she pulsates around him is splendidly, obscenely good. They're both breathing fast, loud. She's not positioned right for him to push deeper, that's the problem. He lets his hand slide to her thigh and shifts it to open her more. Just a little more.

“Is there something I should be—”

“Shhh. Be quiet for a moment, so I don’t come already.”

She’s starting to move underneath him. Like she’s impatient for this to progress, even though he’s about to snap from the tension of keeping it slow. He wants to sink his teeth into her. Tether her to him. Keep her in check. He withdraws a bit, which his body hates and seems pretty fucking stupid, but pushing back in is beyond anything.

“Maybe you should.”

He should what? Ah, yeah. They’re talking about him, coming. “I should?”

She nods, and he wants to kiss her, she wants to kiss him too, but they’re not quite able to do it, too distracted, too dazed, and he lets out a silent laugh, thinking about the two of them attempting this. Both of them barely knowing what they’re doing, and yet somehow making this spectacular, magnificent chaos. “Inside you?”

She nods, like whatever he’d ask of her, she’d give him. “If you want to.”

He does. He thinks of it a lot—base, filthy fantasies of making a mess on her, making a mess *in* her, leaving his mark. He has lots of those. A few more than he should. “You’re driving me insane,” he says into her clavicle, and that’s when something gives. A second of slick friction. Then he finds himself as deep as he can go, and everything stops.

The universe rearranges into something better.

They’re both still for a moment. Then they exhale sharp sounds in the silent room. Olive lifts a hand, just to run her fingers through his hair, and Adam is speechless. Mindless. This is—Jesus. Oh, God.

She smiles at him, happy, hopeful, beautiful and says, “Hey.”

Adam smiles, too, and thinks, *This is it.* He thinks, *I love you.* He thinks, *Maybe, one day, you’ll even let me tell you.*

And he says, “Hey.”

PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND

DAVID DICKIE

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DAVID ICKE

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MIND



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.

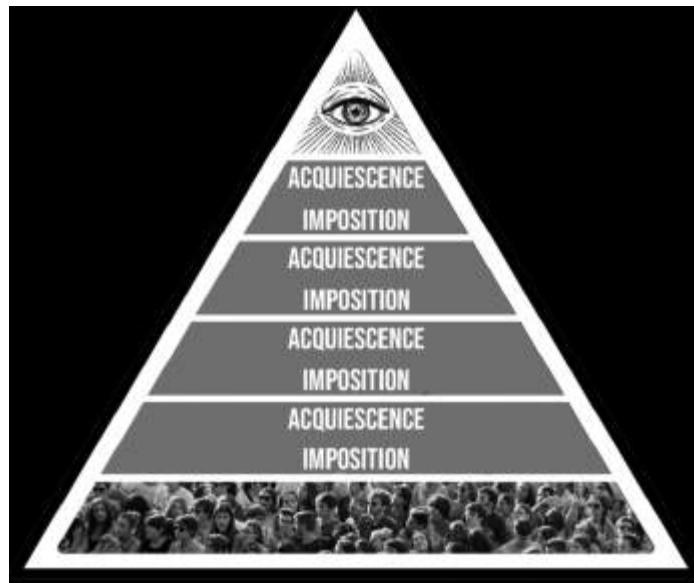


Figure 2: The simple sequence of imposition and compliance that allows a handful of people at the peak of the pyramid to dictate the lives of billions.

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 ‘bettters’ 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 initiates have been manipulating events with increasing effect the more that global power has been centralised. In ancient times the Cult secured control through the system of monarchy in which 'special' bloodlines (of which more later) demanded the right to rule as kings and queens simply by birthright and by vanquishing others who claimed the same birthright. There came a time, however, when people had matured enough to see the unfairness of such tyranny and demanded a say in who governed them. Note the word – *governed* them. Not served them – *governed* them, hence government defined as 'the political direction and control exercised over the

actions of the members, citizens, or inhabitants of communities, societies, and states; direction of the affairs of a state, community, etc.' Governments exercise control over rather than serve just like the monarchies before them. Bizarrely there are still countries like the United Kingdom which are ruled by a monarch *and* a government that officially answers to the monarch. The UK head of state and that of Commonwealth countries such as Canada, Australia and New Zealand is 'selected' by who in a *single family* had unprotected sex with whom and in what order. Pinch me it can't be true. Ouch! Shit, it is. The demise of monarchies in most countries offered a potential vacuum in which some form of free and fair society could arise and the Cult had that base covered. Monarchies had served its interests but they couldn't continue in the face of such widespread opposition and, anyway, replacing a 'royal' dictatorship that people could see with a dictatorship 'of the people' hiding behind the concept of 'democracy' presented far greater manipulative possibilities and ways of hiding coordinated tyranny behind the illusion of 'freedom'.

Democracy is quite wrongly defined as government selected by the population. This is not the case at all. It is government selected by *some* of the population (and then only in theory). This 'some' doesn't even have to be the majority as we have seen so often in 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 distain for politicians by putting idiots and incompetents in theoretical power on the road to deleting them. The idea is to instil a public reaction that says of the technocrats: 'Well, they couldn't do any worse than the pathetic politicians.' It's all about controlling perception and Renegade Minds can see through that while programmed minds cannot when they are ignorant of both the planned outcome and the manipulation techniques employed to secure that end. This knowledge can be learned, however, and fast if people choose to get informed.

Politics may at first sight appear very difficult to control from a central point. I mean look at the 'different' parties and how would you be able to oversee them all and their constituent parts? In truth, it's very straightforward because of their structure. We are back to the pyramid of imposition and acquiescence. Organisations are structured in the same way as the system as a whole. Political parties are not open forums of free expression. They are hierarchies. I was a national spokesman for the British Green Party which claimed to be a different kind of politics in which influence and power was devolved; but I can tell you from direct experience – and it's far worse now – that Green parties are run as hierarchies like all the others however much they may try to hide that fact or kid themselves that it's not true. A very few at the top of all political parties are directing policy and personnel. They decide if you are elevated in the party or serve as a government minister and to do that you have to be a yes man or woman. Look at all the maverick political thinkers who never ascended the greasy pole. If you want to progress within the party or reach 'high-office' you need to fall into line and conform. Exceptions to this are rare indeed. Should you want to run for parliament or Congress you have to persuade the local or state level of the party to select you and for that you need to play the game as dictated by the hierarchy. If you secure election and wish to progress within the greater structure you need to go on conforming to what is acceptable to those running the hierarchy

from the peak of the pyramid. Political parties are perceptual gulags and the very fact that there are party 'Whips' appointed to 'whip' politicians into voting the way the hierarchy demands exposes the ridiculous idea that politicians are elected to serve the people they are supposed to represent. Cult operatives and manipulation has long seized control of major parties that have any chance of forming a government and at least most of those that haven't. A new party forms and the Cult goes to work to infiltrate and direct. This has reached such a level today that you see video compilations of 'leaders' of all parties whether Democrats, Republicans, Conservative, Labour and Green parroting the same Cult mantra of 'Build Back Better' and the 'Great Reset' which are straight off the Cult song-sheet to describe the transformation of global society in response to the Cult-instigated hoaxes of the 'Covid pandemic' and human-caused 'climate change'. To see Caroline Lucas, the Green Party MP that I knew when I was in the party in the 1980s, speaking in support of plans proposed by Cult operative Klaus Schwab representing the billionaire global elite is a real head-shaker.

Many parties – one master

The party system is another mind-trick and was instigated to change the nature of the dictatorship by swapping 'royalty' for dark suits that people believed – though now ever less so – represented their interests. Understanding this trick is to realise that a single force (the Cult) controls all parties either directly in terms of the major ones or through manipulation of perception and ideology with others. You don't need to manipulate Green parties to demand your transformation of society in the name of 'climate change' when they are obsessed with the lie that this is essential to 'save the planet'. You just give them a platform and away they go serving your interests while believing they are being environmentally virtuous. America's political structure is a perfect blueprint for how the two or 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.

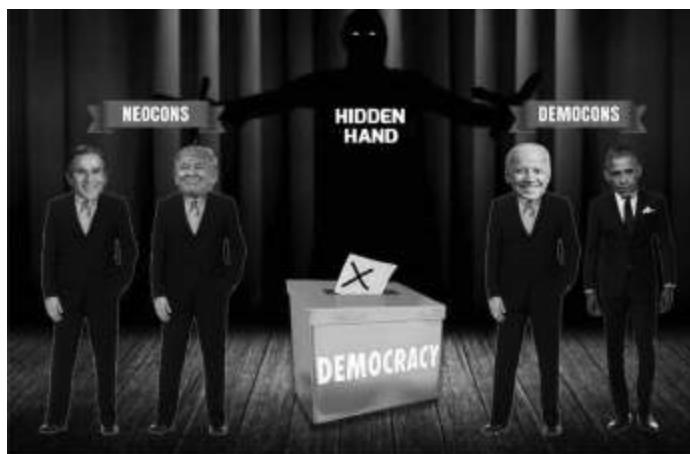


Figure 6: Different front people, different parties – same control system.

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 ‘Dönmeh’ which means ‘to turn’. This is rather ironic because they didn’t ‘turn’ and instead hid behind a fake Islamic persona. The process of appearing to be one thing while being very much another would become the calling card of Sabbatianism especially after Zevi’s death and the arrival of the Satanist Jacob Frank in the 18th century when the cult became Sabbatian-Frankism and plumbbed still new depths of depravity and infiltration which included – still includes – human sacrifice and sex with children. Wherever Sabbatians go paedophilia and Satanism follow and is it really a surprise that Hollywood is so infested with child abuse and Satanism when it was established by Sabbatian-Frankists and is still controlled by them? Hollywood has been one of the prime vehicles for global perceptual programming and manipulation. How many believe the version of ‘history’ portrayed in movies when it is a travesty and inversion (again) of the truth? Rabbi Marvin Antelman describes Frankism in his book, *To Eliminate the Opiate*, as ‘a movement of complete evil’ while Jewish professor Gershom Scholem said of Frank in *The Messianic Idea in Judaism*: ‘In all his actions [he was] a truly corrupt and degenerate individual ... one of the most frightening phenomena in the whole of Jewish history.’ Frank was excommunicated by traditional rabbis, as was Zevi, but Frank was undeterred and enjoyed vital support from the House of Rothschild, the infamous banking dynasty whose inner-core are Sabbatian-Frankists and not Jews. Infiltration of the Roman Church and Vatican was instigated by Frank with many Dönmeh ‘turning’ again to convert to Roman Catholicism with a view to hijacking the reins of power. This was the ever-repeating modus operandi and continues to be so. Pose as an advocate of the religion, culture or country that you want to control and then

manipulate your people into the positions of authority and influence largely as advisers, administrators and Svengalis for those that appear to be in power. They did this with Judaism, Christianity (Christian Zionism is part of this), Islam and other religions and nations until Sabbatian-Frankism spanned the world as it does today.

Sabbatian Saudis and the terror network

One expression of the Sabbatian-Frankist 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 lighting and extensive Illuminati documents were found in his saddlebags. They made the link to Weishaupt and detailed the plan for world takeover. Current events with 'Covid' fascism have been in the making for a very long time. Jacob Frank was jailed for 13 years by the Catholic Inquisition after his arrest in 1760 and on his release he headed for Frankfurt, Germany, home city and headquarters of the House of Rothschild where the alliance was struck with Mayer Amschel Rothschild and Weishaupt. Rothschild arranged for Frank to be given the title of Baron and he became a wealthy nobleman with a big following of Jews in Germany, the Austro-Hungarian Empire and other European countries. Most of them would have believed he was on their side.

The name 'Illuminati' came from the Zohar which is a body of works in the Jewish mystical 'bible' called the Kabbalah. 'Zohar' is the foundation of Sabbatian-Frankist belief and in Hebrew 'Zohar' means 'splendour', 'radiance', 'illuminated', and so we have 'Illuminati'. They claim to be the 'Illuminated Ones' from their knowledge systematically hidden from the human population and passed on through generations of carefully-chosen initiates in the global secret society network or Cult. Hidden knowledge includes an awareness of the Cult agenda for the world and the nature of our collective reality that I will explore later. Cult 'illumination' is symbolised by the torch held by the Statue of Liberty which was gifted to New York by French Freemasons in Paris who knew exactly what it represents. 'Liberty' symbolises the goddess worshipped in

Babylon as Queen Semiramis or Ishtar. The significance of this will become clear. Notice again the ubiquitous theme of inversion with the Statue of 'Liberty' really symbolising mass control ([Fig 7](#)). A mirror-image statute stands on an island in the River Seine in Paris from where New York Liberty originated ([Fig 8](#)). A large replica of the Liberty flame stands on top of the Pont de l'Alma tunnel in Paris where Princess Diana died in a Cult ritual described in *The Biggest Secret*. Lucifer 'the light bringer' is related to all this (and much more as we'll see) and 'Lucifer' is a central figure in Sabbatian-Frankism and its associated Satanism. Sabbatians reject the Jewish Torah, or Pentateuch, the 'five books of Moses' in the Old Testament known as Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy which are claimed by Judaism and Christianity to have been dictated by 'God' to Moses on Mount Sinai. Sabbatians say these do not apply to them and they seek to replace them with the Zohar to absorb Judaism and its followers into their inversion which is an expression of a much greater global inversion. They want to delete all religions and force humanity to worship a one-world religion – Sabbatian Satanism that also includes worship of the Earth goddess. Satanic themes are being more and more introduced into mainstream society and while Christianity is currently the foremost target for destruction the others are planned to follow.



Figure 7: The Cult goddess of Babylon disguised as the Statue of Liberty holding the flame of Lucifer the 'light bringer'.



Figure 8: Liberty's mirror image in Paris where the New York version originated.

Marx brothers

Rabbi Marvin Antelman connects the Illuminati to the Jacobins in *To Eliminate the Opiate* and Jacobins were the force behind the French Revolution. He links both to the Bund der Gerechten, or League of the Just, which was the network that inflicted communism/Marxism on the world. Antelman wrote:

The original inner circle of the Bund der Gerechten consisted of born Catholics, Protestants and Jews [Sabbatian-Frankist infiltrators], and those representatives of respective subdivisions formulated schemes for the ultimate destruction of their faiths. The heretical Catholics laid plans which they felt would take a century or more for the ultimate destruction of the church; the apostate Jews for the ultimate destruction of the Jewish religion.

Sabbatian-created communism connects into this anti-religion agenda in that communism does not allow for the free practice of religion. The Sabbatian 'Bund' became the International Communist Party and Communist League and in 1848 'Marxism' was born with the Communist Manifesto of Sabbatian assets Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. It is absolutely no coincidence that Marxism, just a different name for fascist and other centrally-controlled tyrannies, is being imposed worldwide as a result of the 'Covid' hoax and nor that Marxist/fascist China was the place where the hoax originated. The reason for this will become very clear in the chapter 'Covid: The calculated catastrophe'. The so-called 'Woke' mentality has hijacked

traditional beliefs of the political left and replaced them with 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 Gaeachteten.

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, 2021. 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 staff revolving door operation between itself and major financial positions in government worldwide. Obama inherited the fallout of the crash when he took office in January, 2009, and fortunately he had the support of his ultra-Zionist White House Chief of Staff Rahm Emmanuel, son of a terrorist who helped to bomb Israel into being in 1948, and his ultra-Zionist senior adviser David Axelrod, chief strategist in Obama's two

successful presidential campaigns. Emmanuel, later mayor of Chicago and former senior fundraiser and strategist for Bill Clinton, is an example of the Sabbatian policy after Israel was established of migrating insider families to America so their children would be born American citizens. ‘Obama’ chose this financial team throughout his administration to respond to the Sabbatian-instigated crisis:

Timothy Geithner (ultra-Zionist) Treasury Secretary; Jacob J. Lew, Treasury Secretary; Larry Summers (ultra-Zionist), director of the White House National Economic Council; Paul Adolph Volcker (Rothschild business partner), chairman of the Economic Recovery Advisory Board; Peter Orszag (ultra-Zionist), director of the Office of Management and Budget overseeing all government spending; Penny Pritzker (ultra-Zionist), Commerce Secretary; Jared Bernstein (ultra-Zionist), chief economist and economic policy adviser to Vice President Joe Biden; Mary Schapiro (ultra-Zionist), chair of the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC); Gary Gensler (ultra-Zionist), chairman of the Commodity Futures Trading Commission (CFTC); Sheila Bair (ultra-Zionist), chair of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (FDIC); Karen Mills (ultra-Zionist), head of the Small Business Administration (SBA); Kenneth Feinberg (ultra-Zionist), Special Master for Executive [bail-out] Compensation. Feinberg would be appointed to oversee compensation (with strings) to 9/11 victims and families in a campaign to stop them having their day in court to question the official story. At the same time ultra-Zionist Bernard Bernanke was chairman of the Federal Reserve and these are only some of the ultra-Zionists with allegiance to Sabbatian-controlled Israel in the Obama government. Obama’s biggest corporate donor was ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs which had employed many in his administration.

Donald Trump ('Republican')

Trump claimed to be an outsider (he wasn’t) who had come to ‘drain the swamp’. He embarked on this goal by immediately appointing ultra-Zionist Steve Mnuchin, a Goldman Sachs employee for 17

years, as his Treasury Secretary. Others included Gary Cohn (ultra-Zionist), chief operating officer of Goldman Sachs, his first Director of the National Economic Council and chief economic adviser, who was later replaced by Larry Kudlow (ultra-Zionist). Trump's senior adviser throughout his four years in the White House was his sinister son-in-law Jared Kushner, a life-long friend of Israel Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu. Kushner is the son of a convicted crook who was pardoned by Trump in his last days in office. Other ultra-Zionists in the Trump administration included: Stephen Miller, Senior Policy Adviser; Avrahm Berkowitz, Deputy Adviser to Trump and his Senior Adviser Jared Kushner; Ivanka Trump, Adviser to the President, who converted to Judaism when she married Jared Kushner; David Friedman, Trump lawyer and Ambassador to Israel; Jason Greenblatt, Trump Organization executive vice president and chief legal officer, who was made Special Representative for International Negotiations and the Israeli-Palestinian Conflict; Rod Rosenstein, Deputy Attorney General; Elliot Abrams, Special Representative for Venezuela, then Iran; John Eisenberg, National Security Council Legal Adviser and Deputy Council to the President for National Security Affairs; Anne Neuberger, Deputy National Manager, National Security Agency; Ezra Cohen-Watnick, Acting Under Secretary of Defense for Intelligence; Elan Carr, Special Envoy to monitor and combat anti-Semitism; Len Khodorkovsky, Deputy Special Envoy to monitor and combat anti-Semitism; Reed Cordish, Assistant to the President, Intragovernmental and Technology Initiatives. Trump Vice President Mike Pence and Secretary of State Mike Pompeo, both Christian Zionists, were also vehement supporters of Israel and its goals and ambitions.

Donald 'free-speech believer' Trump pardoned a number of financial and violent criminals while ignoring calls to pardon Julian Assange and Edward Snowden whose crimes are revealing highly relevant information about government manipulation and corruption and the widespread illegal surveillance of the American people by US 'security' agencies. It's so good to know that Trump is on the side of freedom and justice and not mega-criminals with

allegiance to Sabbatian-controlled Israel. These included a pardon for Israeli spy Jonathan Pollard who was jailed for life in 1987 under the Espionage Act. Aviem Sella, the Mossad agent who recruited Pollard, was also pardoned by Trump while Assange sat in jail and Snowden remained in exile in Russia. Sella had 'fled' (was helped to escape) to Israel in 1987 and was never extradited despite being charged under the Espionage Act. A Trump White House statement said that Sella's clemency had been 'supported by Benjamin Netanyahu, Ron Dermer, Israel's US Ambassador, David Friedman, US Ambassador to Israel and Miriam Adelson, wife of leading Trump donor Sheldon Adelson who died shortly before. Other friends of Jared Kushner were pardoned along with Sholom Weiss who was believed to be serving the longest-ever white-collar prison sentence of more than 800 years in 2000. The sentence was commuted of Ponzi-schemer Eliyahu Weinstein who defrauded Jews and others out of \$200 million. I did mention that Assange and Snowden were ignored, right? Trump gave Sabbatians almost everything they asked for in military and political support, moving the US Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem with its critical symbolic and literal implications for Palestinian statehood, and the 'deal of the Century' designed by Jared Kushner and David Friedman which gave the Sabbatian Israeli government the green light to substantially expand its already widespread program of building illegal Jewish-only settlements in the occupied land of the West Bank. This made a two-state 'solution' impossible by seizing all the land of a potential Palestinian homeland and that had been the plan since 1948 and then 1967 when the Arab-controlled Gaza Strip, West Bank, Sinai Peninsula and Syrian Golan Heights were occupied by Israel. All the talks about talks and road maps and delays have been buying time until the West Bank was physically occupied by Israeli real estate. Trump would have to be a monumentally ill-informed idiot not to see that this was the plan he was helping to complete. The Trump administration was in so many ways the Kushner administration which means the Netanyahu administration which means the Sabbatian administration. I understand why many opposing Cult fascism in all its forms gravitated to Trump, but he

was a crucial part of the Sabbatian plan and I will deal with this in the next chapter.

Joe Biden ('Democrat')

A barely cognitive Joe Biden took over the presidency in January, 2021, along with his fellow empty shell, Vice-President Kamala Harris, as the latest Sabbatian gofers to enter the White House. Names on the door may have changed and the 'party' – the force behind them remained the same as Zionists were appointed to a stream of pivotal areas relating to Sabbatian plans and policy. They included: Janet Yellen, Treasury Secretary, former head of the Federal Reserve, and still another ultra-Zionist running the US Treasury after Mnuchin (Trump), Lew and Geithner (Obama), and Summers and Rubin (Clinton); Anthony Blinken, Secretary of State; Wendy Sherman, Deputy Secretary of State (so that's 'Biden's' Sabbatian foreign policy sorted); Jeff Zients, White House coronavirus coordinator; Rochelle Walensky, head of the Centers for Disease Control; Rachel Levine, transgender deputy health secretary (that's 'Covid' hoax policy under control); Merrick Garland, Attorney General; Alejandro Mayorkas, Secretary of Homeland Security; Cass Sunstein, Homeland Security with responsibility for new immigration laws; Avril Haines, Director of National Intelligence; Anne Neuberger, National Security Agency cybersecurity director (note, cybersecurity); David Cohen, CIA Deputy Director; Ronald Klain, Biden's Chief of Staff (see Rahm Emanuel); Eric Lander, a 'leading geneticist', Office of Science and Technology Policy director (see Smart Grid, synthetic biology agenda); Jessica Rosenworcel, acting head of the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) which controls Smart Grid technology policy and electromagnetic communication systems including 5G. How can it be that so many pivotal positions are held by two-percent of the American population and 0.2 percent of the world population administration after administration no matter who is the president and what is the party? It's a coincidence? Of course it's not and this is why Sabbatians have built their colossal global web of interlocking '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 here and don't want to be true. Sales people are taught to be skilled in eliciting by calculated questioning what their customers want to hear and repeating that back to them as their own opinion to get their targets to like and trust them. Assets of the Cult are also sales people in the sense of selling perception. To read Cult manipulation you have to play the long and expanded game and not fall for the Vaudeville show of party politics. Both American parties are vehicles for the Cult and they exploit them in different ways depending on what the agenda requires at that moment. Trump and the Republicans were used to be the focus of dividing America and isolating Pushbackers to open the way for a Biden presidency to become the most extreme in American history by advancing the full-blown Woke (Cult) agenda with the aim of destroying and silencing Pushbackers now labelled Nazi Trump supporters and white supremacists.

Sabbatians wanted Trump in office for the reasons described by ultra-Zionist Saul Alinsky (1909-1972) who was promoting the Woke philosophy through 'community organising' long before anyone had heard of it. In those days it still went by its traditional name of Marxism. The reason for the manipulated Trump phenomenon was laid out in Alinsky's 1971 book, *Rules for Radicals*, which was his blueprint for overthrowing democratic and other regimes and replacing them with Sabbatian Marxism. Not surprisingly his to-do list was evident in the Sabbatian French and Russian 'Revolutions' and that in China which will become very relevant in the next chapter about the 'Covid' hoax. Among Alinsky's followers have been the deeply corrupt Barack Obama, House Speaker Nancy Pelosi and Hillary Clinton who described him as a 'hero'. All three are Sabbatian stooges with Pelosi personifying the arrogant corrupt idiocy that so widely fronts up for the Cult inner core. Predictably as a Sabbatian advocate of the 'light-bringer' Alinsky features Lucifer on the dedication page of his book as the original radical who gained

his own kingdom ('Earth' as we shall see). One of Alinsky's golden radical rules was to pick an individual and focus all attention, hatred and blame on them and not to target faceless bureaucracies and corporations. *Rules for Radicals* is really a Sabbatian handbook with its contents repeatedly employed all over the world for centuries and why wouldn't Sabbatians bring to power their designer-villain to be used as the individual on which all attention, hatred and blame was bestowed? This is what they did and the only question for me is how much Trump knew that and how much he was manipulated. A bit of both, I suspect. This was Alinsky's Trump technique from a man who died in 1972. The technique has spanned history:

Pick the target, freeze it, personalize it, polarize it. Don't try to attack abstract corporations or bureaucracies. Identify a responsible individual. Ignore attempts to shift or spread the blame.

From the moment Trump came to illusory power everything was about him. It wasn't about Republican policy or opinion, but all about Trump. Everything he did was presented in negative, derogatory and abusive terms by the Sabbatian-dominated media led by Cult operations such as CNN, MSNBC, *The New York Times* and the Jeff Bezos-owned *Washington Post* – 'Pick the target, freeze it, personalize it, polarize it.' Trump was turned into a demon to be vilified by those who hated him and a demi-god loved by those who worshipped him. This, in turn, had his supporters, too, presented as equally demonic in preparation for the punchline later down the line when Biden was about to take office. It was here's a Trump, there's a Trump, everywhere a Trump, Trump. Virtually every news story or happening was filtered through the lens of 'The Donald'. You loved him or hated him and which one you chose was said to define you as Satan's spawn or a paragon of virtue. Even supporting some Trump policies or statements and not others was enough for an assault on your character. No shades of grey were or are allowed. Everything is black and white (literally and figuratively). A Californian I knew had her head utterly scrambled by her hatred for Trump while telling people they should love each other. She was so totally consumed by

Trump Derangement Syndrome as it became to be known that this glaring contradiction would never have occurred to her. By definition anyone who criticised Trump or praised his opponents was a hero and this lady described Joe Biden as 'a kind, honest gentleman' when he's a provable liar, mega-crook and vicious piece of work to boot. Sabbatians had indeed divided America using Trump as the fall-guy and all along the clock was ticking on the consequences for his supporters.

In hock to his masters

Trump gave Sabbatians via Israel almost everything they wanted in his four years. Ask and you shall receive was the dynamic between himself and Benjamin Netanyahu orchestrated by Trump's ultra-Zionist son-in-law Jared Kushner, his ultra-Zionist Ambassador to Israel, David Friedman, and ultra-Zionist 'Israel adviser', Jason Greenblatt. The last two were central to the running and protecting from collapse of his business empire, the Trump Organisation, and colossal business failures made him forever beholden 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 Capitol 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 underestimate 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-twins, 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 moto says ‘Ordo Ab Chao’ (Order out of Chaos) and this is why the Cult is constantly creating chaos to impose a new ‘order’. Here you have the reason the Cult is constantly creating chaos. The ‘Covid’ hoax can be seen with those entering the United States by plane being forced to take a ‘Covid’ test while migrants flooding through southern border processing facilities do not. Nothing is put in the way of mass migration and if that means ignoring the government’s own ‘Covid’ rules then so be it. They know it’s all bullshit anyway. Any pushback on this is denounced as ‘racist’ by Wokers and Sabbatian fronts like the ultra-Zionist Anti-Defamation League headed by the appalling Jonathan Greenblatt which at the same time argues that Israel should not give citizenship and voting rights to more Palestinian Arabs or the ‘Jewish population’ (in truth the Sabbatian network) will lose control of the country.

Society-changing numbers

Biden’s masters have declared that countries like El Salvador are so dangerous that their people must be allowed into the United States for humanitarian reasons when there are fewer murders in large parts of many Central American countries than in US cities like

Baltimore. That is not to say Central America cannot be a dangerous place and Cult-controlled American governments have been making it so since way back, along with the dismantling of economies, in a long-term plan to drive people north into the United States. Parts of Central America are very dangerous, but in other areas the story is being greatly exaggerated to justify relaxing immigration criteria. Migrants are being offered free healthcare and education in the United States as another incentive to head for the border and there is no requirement to be financially independent before you can enter to prevent the resources of America being drained. You can't blame migrants for seeking what they believe will be a better life, but they are being played by the Cult for dark and nefarious ends. The numbers since Biden took office are huge. In February, 2021, more than 100,000 people were known to have tried to enter the US illegally through the southern border (it was 34,000 in the same month in 2020) and in March it was 170,000 – a 418 percent increase on March, 2020. These numbers are only known people, not the ones who get in unseen. The true figure for migrants illegally crossing the border in a single month was estimated by one congressman at 250,000 and that number will only rise under Biden's current policy. Gangs of murdering drug-running thugs that control the Mexican side of the border demand money – thousands of dollars – to let migrants cross the Rio Grande into America. At the same time gun battles are breaking out on the border several times a week between rival Mexican drug gangs (which now operate globally) who are equipped with sophisticated military-grade weapons, grenades and armoured vehicles. While the Capitol Building was being 'protected' from a non-existent 'threat' by thousands of troops, and others were still deployed at the time in the Cult Neocon war in Afghanistan, the southern border of America was left to its fate. This is not incompetence, it is cold calculation.

By March, 2021, there were 17,000 unaccompanied children held at border facilities and many of them are ensnared by people traffickers for paedophile rings and raped on their journey north to America. This is not conjecture – this is fact. Many of those designated

children are in reality teenage boys or older. Meanwhile Wokers posture their self-purity for encouraging poor and tragic people to come to America and face this nightmare both on the journey and at the border with the disgusting figure of House Speaker Nancy Pelosi giving disingenuous speeches about caring for migrants. The woman's evil. Wokers condemned Trump for having children in cages at the border (so did Obama, *Shhhh*), but now they are sleeping on the floor without access to a shower with one border facility 729 percent over capacity. The Biden insanity even proposed flying migrants from the southern border to the northern border with Canada for 'processing'. The whole shambles is being overseen by ultra-Zionist Secretary of Homeland Security, the moronic liar Alejandro Mayorkas, who banned news cameras at border facilities to stop Americans seeing what was happening. Mayorkas said there was not a ban on news crews; it was just that they were not allowed to film. Alongside him at Homeland Security is another ultra-Zionist Cass Sunstein appointed by Biden to oversee new immigration laws. Sunstein despises conspiracy researchers to the point where he suggests they should be banned or *taxed* for having such views. The man is not bonkers or anything. He's perfectly well-adjusted, but adjusted to what is the question. Criticise what is happening and you are a 'white supremacist' when earlier non-white immigrants also oppose the numbers which effect their lives and opportunities. Black people in poor areas are particularly damaged by uncontrolled immigration and the increased competition for work opportunities with those who will work for less. They are also losing voting power as Hispanics become more dominant in former black areas. It's a downward spiral for them while the billionaires behind the policy drone on about how much they care about black people and 'racism'. None of this is about compassion for migrants or black people – that's just wind and air. Migrants are instead being mercilessly exploited to transform America while the countries they leave are losing their future and the same is true in Europe. Mass immigration may now be the work of Woke Democrats, but it can be traced back to the 1986 Immigration Reform and Control Act (it

wasn't) signed into law by Republican hero President Ronald Reagan which gave amnesty to millions living in the United States illegally and other incentives for people to head for the southern border. Here we have the one-party state at work again.

Save me syndrome

Almost every aspect of what I have been exposing as the Cult agenda was on display in even the first days of 'Biden' with silencing of Pushbackers at the forefront of everything. A Renegade Mind will view the Trump years and QAnon in a very different light to their supporters and advocates as the dots are connected. The QAnon/Trump Psyop has given the Cult all it was looking for. We may not know how much, or little, that Trump realised he was being used, but that's a side issue. This pincer movement produced the desired outcome of dividing America and having Pushbackers isolated. To turn this around we have to look at new routes to empowerment which do not include handing our power to other people and groups through what I will call the 'Save Me Syndrome' – 'I want someone else to do it so that I don't have to'. We have seen this at work throughout human history and the QAnon/Trump Psyop is only the latest incarnation alongside all the others. Religion is an obvious expression of this when people look to a 'god' or priest to save them or tell them how to be saved and then there are 'save me' politicians like Trump. Politics is a diversion and not a 'saviour'. It is a means to block positive change, not make it possible.

Save Me Syndrome always comes with the same repeating theme of handing your power to whom or what you believe will save you while your real 'saviour' stares back from the mirror every morning. Renegade Minds are constantly vigilant in this regard and always asking the question 'What can I do?' rather than 'What can someone else do for me?' Gandhi was right when he said: 'You must be the change you want to see in the world.' We are indeed the people we have been waiting for. We are presented with a constant raft of reasons to concede that power to others and forget where the real power is. Humanity has the numbers and the Cult does not. It has to

use diversion and division to target the unstoppable power that comes from unity. Religions, governments, politicians, corporations, media, QAnon, are all different manifestations of this power-diversion and dilution. Refusing to give your power to governments and instead handing it to Trump and QAnon is not to take a new direction, but merely to recycle the old one with new names on the posters. I will explore this phenomenon as we proceed and how to break the cycles and recycles that got us here through the mists of repeating perception and so repeating history.

For now we shall turn to the most potent example in the entire human story of the consequences that follow when you give your power away. I am talking, of course, of the 'Covid' hoax.

CHAPTER FOUR

'Covid': Calculated catastrophe

Facts are threatening to those invested in fraud
DaShanne Stokes

We can easily unravel the real reason for the 'Covid pandemic' hoax by employing the Renegade Mind methodology that I have outlined this far. We'll start by comparing the long-planned Cult outcome with the 'Covid pandemic' outcome. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey.

I have highlighted the plan for the Hunger Games Society which has been in my books for so many years with the very few controlling the very many through ongoing dependency. To create this dependency it is essential to destroy independent livelihoods, businesses and employment to make the population reliant on the state (the Cult) for even the basics of life through a guaranteed pittance income. While independence of income remained these Cult ambitions would be thwarted. With this knowledge it was easy to see where the 'pandemic' hoax was going once talk of 'lockdowns' began and the closing of all but perceived 'essential' businesses to 'save' us from an alleged 'deadly virus'. Cult corporations like Amazon and Walmart were naturally considered 'essential' while mom and pop shops and stores had their doors closed by fascist decree. As a result with every new lockdown and new regulation more small and medium, even large businesses not owned by the Cult, went to the wall while Cult giants and their frontmen and women grew financially fatter by the second. Mom and pop were

denied an income and the right to earn a living and the wealth of people like Jeff Bezos (Amazon), Mark Zuckerberg (Facebook) and Sergei Brin and Larry Page (Google/Alphabet) have reached record levels. The Cult was increasing its own power through further dramatic concentrations of wealth while the competition was being destroyed and brought into a state of dependency. Lockdowns have been instigated to secure that very end and were never anything to do with health. My brother Paul spent 45 years building up a bus repair business, but lockdowns meant buses were running at a fraction of normal levels for months on end. Similar stories can told in their hundreds of millions worldwide. Efforts of a lifetime coldly destroyed by Cult multi-billionaires and their lackeys in government and law enforcement who continued to earn their living from the taxation of the people while denying the right of the same people to earn theirs. How different it would have been if those making and enforcing these decisions had to face the same financial hardships of those they affected, but they never do.

Gates of Hell

Behind it all in the full knowledge of what he is doing and why is the psychopathic figure of Cult operative Bill Gates. His puppet Tedros at the World Health Organization declared 'Covid' a pandemic in March, 2020. The WHO had changed the definition of a 'pandemic' in 2009 just a month before declaring the 'swine flu pandemic' which would not have been so under the previous definition. The same applies to 'Covid'. The definition had included... 'an infection by an infectious agent, occurring simultaneously in different countries, with a significant mortality rate relative to the proportion of the population infected'. The new definition removed the need for 'significant mortality'. The 'pandemic' has been fraudulent even down to the definition, but Gates demanded economy-destroying lockdowns, school closures, social distancing, mandatory masks, a 'vaccination' for every man, woman and child on the planet and severe consequences and restrictions for those that refused. Who gave him this power? The

Cult did which he serves like a little boy in short trousers doing what his daddy tells him. He and his psychopathic missus even smiled when they said that much worse was to come (what they knew was planned to come). Gates responded in the matter-of-fact way of all psychopaths to a question about the effect on the world economy of what he was doing:

Well, it won't go to zero but it will shrink. Global GDP is probably going to take the biggest hit ever [Gates was smiling as he said this] ... in my lifetime this will be the greatest economic hit. But you don't have a choice. People act as if you have a choice. People don't feel like going to the stadium when they might get infected ... People are deeply affected by seeing these stats, by knowing they could be part of the transmission chain, old people, their parents and grandparents, could be affected by this, and so you don't get to say ignore what is going on here.

There will be the ability to open up, particularly in rich countries, if things are done well over the next few months, but for the world at large normalcy only returns when we have largely vaccinated the entire population.

The man has no compassion or empathy. How could he when he's a psychopath like all Cult players? My own view is that even beyond that he is very seriously mentally ill. Look in his eyes and you can see this along with his crazy flailing arms. You don't do what he has done to the world population since the start of 2020 unless you are mentally ill and at the most extreme end of psychopathic. You especially don't do it when to you know, as we shall see, that cases and deaths from 'Covid' are fakery and a product of monumental figure massaging. 'These stats' that Gates referred to are based on a 'test' that's not testing for the 'virus' as he has known all along. He made his fortune with big Cult support as an infamously ruthless software salesman and now buys global control of 'health' (death) policy without the population he affects having any say. It's a breathtaking outrage. Gates talked about people being deeply affected by fear of 'Covid' when that was because of *him* and his global network lying to them minute-by-minute supported by a lying media that he seriously influences and funds to the tune of hundreds of millions. He's handed big sums to media operations including the BBC, NBC, Al Jazeera, Univision, *PBS NewsHour*,

ProPublica, National Journal, The Guardian, The Financial Times, The Atlantic, Texas Tribune, USA Today publisher Gannett, Washington Monthly, Le Monde, Center for Investigative Reporting, Pulitzer Center on Crisis Reporting, National Press Foundation, International Center for Journalists, Solutions Journalism Network, the Poynter Institute for Media Studies, and many more. Gates is everywhere in the ‘Covid’ hoax and the man must go to prison – or a mental facility – for the rest of his life and his money distributed to those he has taken such enormous psychopathic pleasure in crushing.

The Muscle

The Hunger Games global structure demands a police-military state – a fusion of the two into one force – which viciously imposes the will of the Cult on the population and protects the Cult from public rebellion. In that regard, too, the ‘Covid’ hoax just keeps on giving. Often unlawful, ridiculous and contradictory ‘Covid’ rules and regulations have been policed across the world by moronic automatons and psychopaths made faceless by face-nappy masks and acting like the Nazi SS and fascist blackshirts and brownshirts of Hitler and Mussolini. The smallest departure from the rules decreed by the psychos in government and their clueless gofers were jumped upon by the face-nappy fascists. Brutality against public protestors soon became commonplace even on girls, women and old people as the brave men with the batons – the Face-Nappies as I call them – broke up peaceful protests and handed out fines like confetti to people who couldn’t earn a living let alone pay hundreds of pounds for what was once an accepted human right. Robot Face-Nappies of Nottingham police in the English East Midlands fined one group £11,000 for attending a child’s birthday party. For decades I charted the transformation of law enforcement as genuine, decent officers were replaced with psychopaths and the brain dead who would happily and brutally do whatever their masters told them. Now they were let loose on the public and I would emphasise the point that none of this just happened. The step-by-step change in the dynamic between police and public was orchestrated from the shadows by

those who knew where this was all going and the same with the perceptual reframing of those in all levels of authority and official administration through ‘training courses’ by organisations such as Common Purpose which was created in the late 1980s and given a massive boost in Blair era Britain until it became a global phenomenon. Supposed public ‘servants’ began to view the population as the enemy and the same was true of the police. This was the start of the explosion of behaviour manipulation organisations and networks preparing for the all-war on the human psyche unleashed with the dawn of 2020. I will go into more detail about this later in the book because it is a core part of what is happening.

Police desecrated beauty spots to deter people gathering and arrested women for walking in the countryside alone ‘too far’ from their homes. We had arrogant, clueless sergeants in the Isle of Wight police where I live posting on Facebook what they insisted the population must do or else. A schoolmaster sergeant called Radford looked young enough for me to ask if his mother knew he was out, but he was posting what he *expected* people to do while a Sergeant Wilkinson boasted about fining lads for meeting in a McDonald’s car park where they went to get a lockdown takeaway. Wilkinson added that he had even cancelled their order. What a pair of prats these people are and yet they have increasingly become the norm among Jackboot Johnson’s Yellowshirts once known as the British police. This was the theme all over the world with police savagery common during lockdown protests in the United States, the Netherlands, and the fascist state of Victoria in Australia under its tyrannical and again moronic premier Daniel Andrews. Amazing how tyrannical and moronic tend to work as a team and the same combination could be seen across America as arrogant, narcissistic Woke governors and mayors such as Gavin Newsom (California), Andrew Cuomo (New York), Gretchen Whitmer (Michigan), Lori Lightfoot (Chicago) and Eric Garcetti (Los Angeles) did their Nazi and Stalin impressions with the full support of the compliant brutality of their enforcers in uniform as they arrested small business owners defying

fascist shutdown orders and took them to jail in ankle shackles and handcuffs. This happened to bistro owner Marlena Pavlos-Hackney in Gretchen Whitmer's fascist state of Michigan when police arrived to enforce an order by a state-owned judge for 'putting the community at risk' at a time when other states like Texas were dropping restrictions and migrants were pouring across the southern border without any 'Covid' questions at all. I'm sure there are many officers appalled by what they are ordered to do, but not nearly enough of them. If they were truly appalled they would not do it. As the months passed every opportunity was taken to have the military involved to make their presence on the streets ever more familiar and 'normal' for the longer-term goal of police-military fusion.

Another crucial element to the Hunger Games enforcement network has been encouraging the public to report neighbours and others for 'breaking the lockdown rules'. The group faced with £11,000 in fines at the child's birthday party would have been dobbed-in by a neighbour with a brain the size of a pea. The technique was most famously employed by the Stasi secret police in communist East Germany who had public informants placed throughout the population. A police chief in the UK says his force doesn't need to carry out 'Covid' patrols when they are flooded with so many calls from the public reporting other people for visiting the beach. Dorset police chief James Vaughan said people were so enthusiastic about snitching on their fellow humans they were now operating as an auxiliary arm of the police: 'We are still getting around 400 reports a week from the public, so we will respond to reports ... We won't need to be doing hotspot patrols because people are very quick to pick the phone up and tell us.' Vaughan didn't say that this is a pillar of all tyrannies of whatever complexion and the means to hugely extend the reach of enforcement while spreading distrust among the people and making them wary of doing anything that might get them reported. Those narcissistic Isle of Wight sergeants Radford and Wilkinson never fail to add a link to their Facebook posts where the public can inform on their fellow slaves.

Neither would be self-aware enough to realise they were imitating the Stasi which they might well never have heard of. Government psychologists that I will expose later laid out a policy to turn communities against each other in the same way.

A coincidence? Yep, and I can knit fog

I knew from the start of the alleged pandemic that this was a Cult operation. It presented limitless potential to rapidly advance the Cult agenda and exploit manipulated fear to demand that every man, woman and child on the planet was ‘vaccinated’ in a process never used on humans before which infuses self-replicating *synthetic* material into human cells. Remember the plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic biological state. I’ll deal with the ‘vaccine’ (that’s not actually a vaccine) when I focus on the genetic agenda. Enough to say here that mass global ‘vaccination’ justified by this ‘new virus’ set alarms ringing after 30 years of tracking these people and their methods. The ‘Covid’ hoax officially beginning in China was also a big red flag for reasons I will be explaining. The agenda potential was so enormous that I could dismiss any idea that the ‘virus’ appeared naturally. Major happenings with major agenda implications never occur without Cult involvement in making them happen. My questions were twofold in early 2020 as the media began its campaign to induce global fear and hysteria: Was this alleged infectious agent released on purpose by the Cult or did it even exist at all? I then did what I always do in these situations. I sat, observed and waited to see where the evidence and information would take me. By March and early April synchronicity was strongly – and ever more so since then – pointing me in the direction of *there is no ‘virus’*. I went public on that with derision even from swathes of the alternative media that voiced a scenario that the Chinese government released the ‘virus’ in league with Deep State elements in the United States from a 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-envisioned 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 Nuremberg-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 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 ABBBCCDDDD 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. Zzzzzzzz.

What is a ‘virus’ REALLY?

Dr Tom Cowan is one of many contesting the very existence of viruses let alone that they cause disease. This is understandable when there is no scientific evidence for a disease-causing ‘virus’. German virologist Dr Stefan Lanka won a landmark case in 2017 in the German Supreme Court over his contention that there is no such thing as a measles virus. He had offered a big prize for anyone who could prove there is and Lanka won his case when someone sought to claim the money. There is currently a prize of more than 225,000 euros on offer from an Isolate Truth Fund for anyone who can prove the isolation of SARS-CoV-2 and its genetic substance. Lanka wrote in an article headed ‘The Misconception Called Virus’ that scientists think a ‘virus’ is causing tissue to become diseased and degraded when in fact it is the *processes they are using* which do that – not a ‘virus’. Lanka has done an important job in making this point clear as Cowan did in his analysis of the CDC paper. Lanka says that all claims about viruses as disease-causing pathogens are wrong and based on ‘easily recognisable, understandable and verifiable misinterpretations.’ Scientists believed they were working with ‘viruses’ in their laboratories when they were really working with ‘typical particles of specific dying tissues or cells ...’ Lanka said that the tissue decaying process claimed to be caused by a ‘virus’ still happens when no alleged ‘virus’ is involved. It’s the *process* that does the damage and not a ‘virus’. The genetic sample is deprived of nutrients, removed from its energy supply through removal from the body and then doused in toxic antibiotics to remove any bacteria. He confirms again that establishment scientists do not (pinch me)

conduct control experiments to see if this is the case and if they did they would see the claims that 'viruses' are doing the damage is nonsense. He adds that during the measles 'virus' court case he commissioned an independent laboratory to perform just such a control experiment and the result was that the tissues and cells died in the exact same way as with alleged 'infected' material. This is supported by a gathering number of scientists, doctors and researchers who reject what is called 'germ theory' or the belief in the body being infected by contagious sources emitted by other people. Researchers Dawn Lester and David Parker take the same stance in their highly-detailed and sourced book *What Really Makes You Ill – Why everything you thought you knew about disease is wrong* which was recommended to me by a number of medical professionals genuinely seeking the truth. Lester and Parker say there is no provable scientific evidence to show that a 'virus' can be transmitted between people or people and animals or animals and people:

The definition also claims that viruses are the cause of many diseases, as if this has been definitively proven. But this is not the case; there is no original scientific evidence that definitively demonstrates that any virus is the cause of any disease. The burden of proof for any theory lies with those who proposed it; but none of the existing documents provides 'proof' that supports the claim that 'viruses' are pathogens.

Dr Tom Cowan employs one of his clever analogies to describe the process by which a 'virus' is named as the culprit for a disease when what is called a 'virus' is only material released by cells detoxing themselves from infiltration by chemical or radiation poisoning. The tidal wave of technologically-generated radiation in the 'smart' modern world plus all the toxic food and drink are causing this to happen more than ever. Deluded 'scientists' misread this as a gathering impact of what they wrongly label 'viruses'.

Paper can infect houses

Cowan said in an article for davidicke.com – with his tongue only mildly in his cheek – that he believed he had made a tremendous

discovery that may revolutionise science. He had discovered that small bits of paper are alive, ‘well alive-ish’, can ‘infect’ houses, and then reproduce themselves inside the house. The result was that this explosion of growth in the paper inside the house causes the house to explode, blowing it to smithereens. His evidence for this new theory is that in the past months he had carefully examined many of the houses in his neighbourhood and found almost no scraps of paper on the lawns and surrounds of the house. There was an occasional stray label, but nothing more. Then he would return to these same houses a week or so later and with a few, not all of them, particularly the old and decrepit ones, he found to his shock and surprise they were littered with stray bits of paper. He knew then that the paper had infected these houses, made copies of itself, and blew up the house. A young boy on a bicycle at one of the sites told him he had seen a demolition crew using dynamite to explode the house the previous week, but Cowan dismissed this as the idle thoughts of silly boys because ‘I was on to something big’. He was on to how ‘scientists’ mistake genetic material in the detoxifying process for something they call a ‘virus’. Cowan said of his house and paper story:

If this sounds crazy to you, it’s because it should. This scenario is obviously nuts. But consider this admittedly embellished, for effect, current viral theory that all scientists, medical doctors and virologists currently believe.

He takes the example of the ‘novel SARS-Cov2’ virus to prove the point. First they take someone with an undefined illness called ‘Covid-19’ and don’t even attempt to find any virus in their sputum. Never mind the scientists still describe how this ‘virus’, which they have not located attaches to a cell receptor, injects its genetic material, in ‘Covid’s’ case, RNA, into the cell. The RNA once inserted exploits the cell to reproduce itself and makes ‘thousands, nay millions, of copies of itself ... Then it emerges victorious to claim its next victim’:

If you were to look in the scientific literature for proof, actual scientific proof, that uniform SARS-CoV2 viruses have been properly isolated from the sputum of a sick person, that actual spike proteins could be seen protruding from the virus (which has not been found), you would find that such evidence doesn't exist.

If you go looking in the published scientific literature for actual pictures, proof, that these spike proteins or any viral proteins are ever attached to any receptor embedded in any cell membrane, you would also find that no such evidence exists. If you were to look for a video or documented evidence of the intact virus injecting its genetic material into the body of the cell, reproducing itself and then emerging victorious by budding off the cell membrane, you would find that no such evidence exists.

The closest thing you would find is electron micrograph pictures of cellular particles, possibly attached to cell debris, both of which to be seen were stained by heavy metals, a process that completely distorts their architecture within the living organism. This is like finding bits of paper stuck to the blown-up bricks, thereby proving the paper emerged by taking pieces of the bricks on its way out.

The Enders baloney

Cowan describes the 'Covid' story as being just as make-believe as his paper story and he charts back this fantasy to a Nobel Prize winner called John Enders (1897-1985), an American biomedical scientist who has been dubbed 'The Father of Modern Vaccines'. Enders is claimed to have 'discovered' the process of the viral culture which 'proved' that a 'virus' caused measles. Cowan explains how Enders did this 'by using the EXACT same procedure that has been followed by every virologist to find and characterize every new virus since 1954'. Enders took throat swabs from children with measles and immersed them in 2ml of milk. Penicillin (100u/ml) and the antibiotic streptomycin (50,g/ml) were added and the whole mix was centrifuged – rotated at high speed to separate large cellular debris from small particles and molecules as with milk and cream, for example. Cowan says that if the aim is to find little particles of genetic material ('viruses') in the snot from children with measles it would seem that the last thing you would do is mix the snot with other material – milk –that also has genetic material. 'How are you ever going to know whether whatever you found came from the snot or the milk?' He points out that streptomycin is a 'nephrotoxic' or poisonous-to-the-kidney drug. You will see the relevance of that

shortly. Cowan says that it gets worse, much worse, when Enders describes the culture medium upon which the virus 'grows': 'The culture medium consisted of bovine amniotic fluid (90%), beef embryo extract (5%), horse serum (5%), antibiotics and phenol red as an indicator of cell metabolism.' Cowan asks incredulously: 'Did he just say that the culture medium also contained fluids and tissues that are themselves rich sources of genetic material?' The genetic cocktail, or 'medium', is inoculated onto tissue and cells from rhesus monkey *kidney* tissue. This is where the importance of streptomycin comes in and currently-used antimicrobials and other drugs that are *poisonous to kidneys* and used in ALL modern viral cultures (e.g. gentamicin, streptomycin, and amphotericin). Cowan asks: 'How are you ever going to know from this witch's brew where any genetic material comes from as we now have five different sources of rich genetic material in our mix?' Remember, he says, that all genetic material, whether from monkey kidney tissues, bovine serum, milk, etc., is made from the exact same components. The same central question returns: 'How are you possibly going to know that it was the virus that killed the kidney tissue and not the toxic antibiotic and starvation rations on which you are growing the tissue?' John Enders answered the question himself – *you can't*:

A second agent was obtained from an uninoculated culture of monkey kidney cells. The cytopathic changes [death of the cells] it induced in the unstained preparations could not be distinguished with confidence from the viruses isolated from measles.

The death of the cells ('cytopathic changes') happened in exactly the same manner, whether they inoculated the kidney tissue with the measles snot or not, Cowan says. 'This is evidence that the destruction of the tissue, the very proof of viral causation of illness, was not caused by anything in the snot because they saw the same destructive effect when the snot was not even used ... the cytopathic, i.e., cell-killing, changes come from the process of the culture itself, not from any virus in any snot, period.' Enders quotes in his 1957 paper a virologist called Ruckle as reporting similar findings 'and in addition has isolated an agent from monkey kidney tissue that is so

far indistinguishable from human measles virus'. In other words, Cowan says, these particles called 'measles viruses' are simply and clearly breakdown products of the starved and poisoned tissue. For measles 'virus' see all 'viruses' including the so-called 'Covid virus'. Enders, the 'Father of Modern Vaccines', also said:

There is a potential risk in employing cultures of primate cells for the production of vaccines composed of attenuated virus, since the presence of other agents possibly latent in primate tissues cannot be definitely excluded by any known method.

Cowan further quotes from a paper published in the journal *Viruses* in May, 2020, while the 'Covid pandemic' was well underway in the media if not in reality. 'EVs' here refers to particles of genetic debris from our own tissues, such as exosomes of which more in a moment: 'The remarkable resemblance between EVs and viruses has caused quite a few problems in the studies focused on the analysis of EVs released during viral infections.' Later the paper adds that to date a reliable method that can actually guarantee a complete separation (of EVs from viruses) DOES NOT EXIST. This was published at a time when a fairy tale 'virus' was claimed in total certainty to be causing a fairy tale 'viral disease' called 'Covid-19' – a fairy tale that was already well on the way to transforming human society in the image that the Cult has worked to achieve for so long. Cowan concludes his article:

To summarize, there is no scientific evidence that pathogenic viruses exist. What we think of as 'viruses' are simply the normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues and cells. When we are well, we make fewer of these particles; when we are starved, poisoned, suffocated by wearing masks, or afraid, we make more.

There is no engineered virus circulating and making people sick. People in laboratories all over the world are making genetically modified products to make people sick. These are called vaccines. There is no virome, no 'ecosystem' of viruses, viruses are not 8%, 50% or 100 % of our genetic material. These are all simply erroneous ideas based on the misconception called a virus.

What is 'Covid'? Load of bollocks

The background described here by Cowan and Lanka was emphasised in the first video presentation that I saw by Dr Andrew Kaufman when he asked whether the ‘Covid virus’ was in truth a natural defence mechanism of the body called ‘exosomes’. These are released by cells when in states of toxicity – see the same themes returning over and over. They are released ever more profusely as chemical and radiation toxicity increases and think of the potential effect therefore of 5G alone as its destructive frequencies infest the human energetic information field with a gathering pace (5G went online in Wuhan in 2019 as the ‘virus’ emerged). I’ll have more about this later. Exosomes transmit a warning to the rest of the body that ‘Houston, we have a problem’. Kaufman presented images of exosomes and compared them with ‘Covid’ under an electron microscope and the similarity was remarkable. They both attach to the same cell receptors (*claimed* in the case of ‘Covid’), contain the same genetic material in the form of RNA or ribonucleic acid, and both are found in ‘viral cell cultures’ with damaged or dying cells. James Hildreth MD, President and Chief Executive Officer of the Meharry Medical College at Johns Hopkins, said: ‘The virus is fully an exosome in every sense of the word.’ Kaufman’s conclusion was that there is no ‘virus’: ‘This entire pandemic is a completely manufactured crisis … there is no evidence of anyone dying from [this] illness.’ Dr Tom Cowan and Sally Fallon Morell, authors of *The Contagion Myth*, published a statement with Dr Kaufman in February, 2021, explaining why the ‘virus’ does not exist and you can read it that in full in the Appendix.

‘Virus’ theory can be traced to the ‘cell theory’ in 1858 of German physician Rudolf Virchow (1821-1920) who contended that disease originates from a single cell infiltrated by a ‘virus’. Dr Stefan Lanka said that findings and insights with respect to the structure, function and central importance of tissues in the creation of life, which were already known in 1858, comprehensively refute the cell theory. Virchow ignored them. We have seen the part later played by John Enders in the 1950s and Lanka notes that infection theories were only established as a global dogma through the policies and

eugenics of the Third Reich in Nazi Germany (creation of the same Sabbatian cult behind the ‘Covid’ hoax). Lanka said: ‘Before 1933, scientists dared to contradict this theory; after 1933, these critical scientists were silenced’. Dr Tom Cowan’s view is that ill-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 Rockefellers were the force behind the creation of Big Pharma ‘medicine’, established the World Health Organisation in 1948, and have long and close associations with the Gates family that now runs the WHO during the pandemic hoax through mega-rich Cult gofer and psychopath Bill Gates.

Only a Renegade Mind can see through all this bullshit by asking the questions that need to be answered, not taking ‘no’ or prevarication for an answer, and certainly not hiding from the truth in fear of speaking it. Renegade Minds have always changed the world for the better and they will change this one no matter how bleak it may currently appear to be.

CHAPTER SIX

Sequence of deceit

If you tell the truth, you don't have to remember anything

Mark Twain

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.' Hyping the fear against all the facts is not unique to 'Covid' and has happened many times before. Ferguson is reported to have over-estimated the projected death toll of bird flu (H5N1) by some three million-fold, but bird flu vaccine makers again made a killing from the scare. This is some of the background to the Neil Ferguson who produced the perfectly-timed computer models in early 2020 predicting that half a million people would die in Britain without draconian lockdown and 2.2 million in the United States. Politicians panicked, people panicked, and lockdowns of alleged short duration were instigated to 'flatten the curve' of cases gleaned from a test not testing for the 'virus'. I said at the time that the public could forget the 'short duration' bit. This was an agenda to destroy the livelihoods of the population and force them into mass control through dependency and there was going to be nothing 'short' about it. American researcher Daniel Horowitz described the consequences of the 'models' spewed out by Gates-funded Ferguson and Imperial College:

What led our government and the governments of many other countries into panic was a single Imperial College of UK study, funded by global warming activists, that predicted 2.2 million deaths if we didn't lock down the country. In addition, the reported 8-9% death rate in Italy scared us into thinking there was some other mutation of this virus that they got, which might have come here.

Together with the fact that we were finally testing and had the ability to actually report new cases, we thought we were headed for a death spiral. But again ... we can't flatten a curve if we don't know when the curve started.

How about it *never* started?

Giving them what they want

An investigation by German news outlet *Welt Am Sonntag* (*World on Sunday*) revealed how in March, 2020, the German government gathered together 'leading scientists from several research institutes and universities' and 'together, they were to produce a [modelling]

paper that would serve as legitimization for further tough political measures'. The Cult agenda was justified by computer modelling not based on evidence or reality; it was specifically constructed to justify the Cult demand for lockdowns all over the world to destroy the independent livelihoods of the global population. All these modellers and everyone responsible for the 'Covid' hoax have a date with a trial like those in Nuremberg after World War Two when Nazis faced the consequences of their war crimes. These corrupt-beyond-belief 'modellers' wrote the paper according to government instructions and it said 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 *Medr* ^{xiv} which only publishes papers not peer-reviewed and the journal was established by an organisation headed by Facebook's Mark Zuckerberg and his missus. What a small world it is. Frei discovered that Edmunds is on the Scientific Advisory Board of the Coalition for Epidemic Preparedness Innovations (CEPI) which was established by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, Klaus Schwab's Davos World Economic Forum and Big Pharma giant Wellcome. CEPI was 'launched in Davos [in 2017] to develop vaccines to stop future epidemics', according to its website. 'Our mission is to accelerate the development of vaccines against emerging infectious diseases and enable equitable access to these vaccines for people during outbreaks.' What kind people they are. Rosemary Frei reveals that Public Health England (PHE) director Susan Hopkins is an author of her organisation's non-peer-reviewed reports on 'new variants'. Hopkins is a professor of infectious diseases at London's Imperial College which is gifted tens of millions of dollars a year by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Gates-funded modelling disaster Neil Ferguson also co-authors Public Health England reports and he spoke in December, 2020, about the potential danger of the B.1.1.7. 'UK variant' promoted by Gates-funded modeller John Edmunds. When I come to the 'Covid vaccines' the 'new variants' will be shown for what they are – bollocks.

Connections, connections

All these people and modellers are lockdown-obsessed or, put another way, they demand what the Cult demands. Edmunds said in January, 2021, that to ease lockdowns too soon would be a disaster and they had to 'vaccinate much, much, much more widely than the

elderly'. Rosemary Frei highlights that Edmunds is married to Jeanne Pimenta who is described in a LinkedIn profile as director of epidemiology at GlaxoSmithKline (GSK) and she held shares in the company. Patrick Vallance, co-chair of SAGE and the government's Chief Scientific Adviser, is a former executive of GSK and has a deferred bonus of shares in the company worth £600,000. GSK has serious business connections with Bill Gates and is collaborating with mRNA-'vaccine' company CureVac to make 'vaccines' for the new variants that Edmunds is talking about. GSK is planning a 'Covid vaccine' with drug giant Sanofi. Puppet Prime Minister Boris Johnson announced in the spring of 2021 that up to 60 million vaccine doses were to be made at the GSK facility at Barnard Castle in the English North East. Barnard Castle, with a population of just 6,000, was famously visited in breach of lockdown rules in April, 2020, by Johnson aide Dominic Cummings who said that he drove there 'to test his eyesight' before driving back to London. Cummings would be better advised to test his integrity – not that it would take long. The GSK facility had nothing to do with his visit then although I'm sure Patrick Vallance would have been happy to arrange an introduction and some tea and biscuits. Ruthless psychopath Gates has made yet another fortune from vaccines in collaboration with Big Pharma companies and gushes at the phenomenal profits to be made from vaccines – more than a 20-to-1 return as he told one interviewer. Gates also tweeted in December, 2019, with the foreknowledge of what was coming: 'What's next for our foundation? I'm particularly excited about what the next year could mean for one of the best buys in global health: vaccines.'

Modeller John Edmunds is a big promotor of vaccines as all these people appear to be. He's the dean of the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine's Faculty of Epidemiology and Population Health which is primarily funded by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation and the Gates-established and funded GAVI vaccine alliance which is the Gates vehicle to vaccinate the world. The organisation Doctors Without Borders has described GAVI as being 'aimed more at supporting drug-industry desires to promote new

products than at finding the most efficient and sustainable means for fighting the diseases of poverty'. But then that's why the psychopath Gates created it. John Edmunds said in a video that the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine is involved in every aspect of vaccine development including large-scale clinical trials. He contends that mathematical modelling can show that vaccines protect individuals and society. That's on the basis of shit in and shit out, I take it. Edmunds serves on the UK Vaccine Network as does Ferguson and the government's foremost 'Covid' adviser, the 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 vaccine children en masse in poor countries. You would expect someone like Gates who has constantly talked about the need to reduce the population to want to fund vaccines to keep more people alive. I'm sure that's why he does it. The John Edmunds London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine (LSHTM) has a Vaccines Manufacturing Innovation Centre which develops, tests and commercialises vaccines. Rosemary Frei writes:

The vaccines centre also performs affiliated activities like combating 'vaccine hesitancy'. The latter includes the Vaccine Confidence Project. The project's stated purpose is, among other things, 'to provide analysis and guidance for early response and engagement with the public to ensure sustained confidence in vaccines and immunisation'. The Vaccine Confidence Project's director is LSHTM professor Heidi Larson. For more than a decade she's been researching how to combat vaccine hesitancy.

How the bloody hell can blokes like John Edmunds and Neil Ferguson with those connections and financial ties model 'virus' case

and death projections for the government and especially in a way that gives their paymasters like Gates exactly what they want? It's insane, but this is what you find throughout the world.

'Covid' is not dangerous, oops, wait, yes it is

Only days before Ferguson's nightmare scenario made Jackboot Johnson take Britain into a China-style lockdown to save us from a deadly 'virus' the UK government website gov.uk was reporting something very different to Ferguson on a page of official government guidance for 'high consequence infectious diseases (HCID)'. It said this about 'Covid-19':

As of 19 March 2020, COVID-19 *is no longer considered to be a high consequence infectious diseases (HCID) in the UK* [my emphasis]. The 4 nations public health HCID group made an interim recommendation in January 2020 to classify COVID-19 as an HCID. This was based on consideration of the UK HCID criteria about the virus and the disease with information available during the early stages of the outbreak.

Now that more is known about COVID-19, the public health bodies in the UK have reviewed the most up to date information about COVID-19 against the UK HCID criteria. They have determined that several features have now changed; in particular, more information is available about mortality rates (low overall), and there is now greater clinical awareness and a specific and sensitive laboratory test, the availability of which continues to increase. The Advisory Committee on Dangerous Pathogens (ACDP) is also of the opinion that COVID-19 should no longer be classified as an HCID.

Soon after the government had been exposed for downgrading the risk they upgraded it again and everyone was back to singing from the same Cult hymn book. Ferguson and his fellow Gates clones indicated that lockdowns and restrictions would have to continue until a Gates-funded vaccine was developed. Gates said the same because Ferguson and his like were repeating the Gates script which is the Cult script. 'Flatten the curve' became an ongoing nightmare of continuing lockdowns with periods in between of severe restrictions in pursuit of destroying independent incomes and had nothing to do with protecting health about which the Cult gives not a shit. Why wouldn't Ferguson be pushing a vaccine 'solution' when he's owned by vaccine-obsessive Gates who makes a fortune from them and

when Ferguson heads the Vaccine Impact Modelling Consortium at Imperial College funded by the Gates Foundation and GAVI, the ‘vaccine alliance’, created by Gates as his personal vaccine promotion operation? To compound the human catastrophe that Ferguson’s ‘models’ did so much to create he was later exposed for breaking his own lockdown rules by having sexual liaisons with his married girlfriend Antonia Staats at his home while she was living at another location with her husband and children. Staats was a ‘climate’ activist and senior campaigner at the Soros-funded Avaaz which I wouldn’t trust to tell me that grass is green. Ferguson had to resign as a government advisor over this hypocrisy in May, 2020, but after a period of quiet he was back being quoted by the ridiculous media on the need for more lockdowns and a vaccine rollout. Other government-advising ‘scientists’ from Imperial College held the fort in his absence and said lockdown could be indefinite until a vaccine was found. The Cult script was being sung by the payrolled choir. I said there was no intention of going back to ‘normal’ when the ‘vaccine’ came because the ‘vaccine’ is part of a very different agenda that I will discuss in Human 2.0. Why would the Cult want to let the world go back to normal when destroying that normal forever was the whole point of what was happening? House arrest, closing businesses and schools through lockdown, (un)social distancing and masks all followed the Ferguson fantasy models. Again as I predicted (these people are so predictable) when the ‘vaccine’ arrived we were told that house arrest, lockdown, (un)social distancing and masks would still have to continue. I will deal with the masks in the next chapter because they are of fundamental importance.

Where's the 'pandemic'?

Any mildly in-depth assessment of the figures revealed what was really going on. Cult-funded and controlled organisations still have genuine people working within them such is the number involved. So it is with Genevieve Briand, assistant program director of the Applied Economics master’s degree program at Johns Hopkins

University. She analysed the impact that 'Covid-19' had on deaths from *all* causes in the United States using official data from the CDC for the period from early February to early September, 2020. She found that allegedly 'Covid' *related*-deaths exceeded those from heart disease which she found strange with heart disease always the biggest cause of fatalities. Her research became even more significant when she noted the sudden decline in 2020 of *all* non-'Covid' deaths: 'This trend is completely contrary to the pattern observed in all previous years ... the total decrease in deaths by other causes almost exactly equals the increase in deaths by Covid-19.' This was such a game, set and match in terms of what was happening that Johns Hopkins University deleted the article on the grounds that it 'was being used to support false and dangerous inaccuracies about the impact of the pandemic'. No – because it exposed the scam from official CDC figures and this was confirmed when those figures were published in January, 2021. Here we can see the effect of people dying from heart attacks, cancer, road accidents and gunshot wounds – *anything* – having 'Covid-19' on the death certificate along with those diagnosed from 'symptoms' who had even not tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'. I am not kidding with the gunshot wounds, by the way. Brenda Bock, coroner in Grand County, Colorado, revealed that two gunshot victims tested positive for the 'virus' within the previous 30 days and were therefore classified as 'Covid deaths'. Bock said: 'These two people had tested positive for Covid, but that's not what killed them. A gunshot wound is what killed them.' She said she had not even finished her investigation when the state listed the gunshot victims as deaths due to the 'virus'. The death and case figures for 'Covid-19' are an absolute joke and yet they are repeated like parrots by the media, politicians and alleged medical 'experts'. The official Cult narrative is the only show in town.

Genevieve Briand found that deaths from all causes were not exceptional in 2020 compared with previous years and a Spanish magazine published figures that said the same about Spain which was a 'Covid' propaganda hotspot at one point. *Discovery Salud*, a

health and medicine magazine, quoted government figures which showed how 17,000 *fewer* people died in Spain in 2020 than in 2019 and more than 26,000 fewer than in 2018. The age-standardised mortality rate for England and Wales when age distribution is taken into account was significantly lower in 2020 than the 1970s, 80s and 90s, and was only the ninth highest since 2000. Where is the ‘pandemic’?

Post mortems and autopsies virtually disappeared for ‘Covid’ deaths amid claims that ‘virus-infected’ bodily fluids posed a risk to those carrying out the autopsy. This was rejected by renowned German pathologist and forensic doctor Klaus Püschel who said that he and his staff had by then done 150 autopsies on ‘Covid’ patients with no problems at all. He said they were needed to know why some ‘Covid’ patients suffered blood clots and not severe respiratory infections. The ‘virus’ is, after all, called SARS or ‘severe acute respiratory syndrome’. I highlighted in the spring of 2020 this phenomenon and quoted New York intensive care doctor Cameron Kyle-Sidell who posted a soon deleted YouTube video to say that they had been told to prepare to treat an infectious disease called ‘Covid-19’, but that was not what they were dealing with. Instead he likened the lung condition of the most severely ill patients to what you would expect with cabin depressurisation in a plane at 30,000 feet or someone dropped on the top of Everest without oxygen or acclimatisation. I have never said this is not happening to a small minority of alleged ‘Covid’ patients – I am saying this is not caused by a phantom ‘contagious virus’. Indeed Kyle-Sidell said that ‘Covid-19’ was not the disease they were told was coming their way. ‘We are operating under a medical paradigm that is untrue,’ he said, and he believed they were treating the wrong disease: ‘These people are being slowly starved of oxygen.’ Patients would take off their oxygen masks in a state of fear and stress and while they were blue in the face on the brink of death. They did not look like patients dying of pneumonia. You can see why they don’t want autopsies when their virus doesn’t exist and there is another condition in some people that they don’t wish to be uncovered. I should add here that

the 5G system of millimetre waves was being rapidly introduced around the world in 2020 and even more so now as they fire 5G at the Earth from satellites. At 60 gigahertz within the 5G range that frequency interacts with the oxygen molecule and stops people breathing in sufficient oxygen to be absorbed into the bloodstream. They are installing 5G in schools and hospitals. The world is not mad or anything. 5G can cause major changes to the lungs and blood as I detail in *The Answer* and these consequences are labelled 'Covid-19', the alleged symptoms of which can be caused by 5G and other electromagnetic frequencies as cells respond to radiation poisoning.

The 'Covid death' scam

Dr Scott Jensen, a Minnesota state senator and medical doctor, exposed 'Covid' Medicare payment incentives to hospitals and death certificate manipulation. He said he was sent a seven-page document by the US Department of Health 'coaching' him on how to fill out death certificates which had never happened before. The document said that he didn't need to have a laboratory test for 'Covid-19' to put that on the death certificate and that shocked him when death certificates are supposed to be about facts. Jensen described how doctors had been 'encouraged, if not pressured' to make a diagnosis of 'Covid-19' if they thought it was probable or '*presumed*'. No positive test was necessary – not that this would have mattered anyway. He said doctors were told to diagnose 'Covid' by symptoms when these were the same as colds, allergies, other respiratory problems, and certainly with influenza which 'disappeared' in the 'Covid' era. A common sniffle was enough to get the dreaded verdict. Ontario authorities decreed that a single care home resident with *one* symptom from a long list must lead to the isolation of the entire home. Other courageous doctors like Jensen made the same point about death figure manipulation and how deaths by other causes were falling while 'Covid-19 deaths' were rising at the same rate due to re-diagnosis. Their videos rarely survive long on YouTube with its Cult-supporting algorithms courtesy of CEO Susan Wojcicki and her bosses at Google. Figure-tampering was so glaring

and ubiquitous that even officials were letting it slip or outright saying it. UK chief scientific adviser Patrick Vallance said on one occasion that ‘Covid’ on the death certificate doesn’t mean ‘Covid’ was the cause of death (so why the hell is it there?) and we had the rare sight of a BBC reporter telling the truth when she said: ‘Someone could be successfully treated for Covid, in say April, discharged, and then in June, get run over by a bus and die ... That person would still be counted as a Covid death in England.’ Yet the BBC and the rest of the world media went on repeating the case and death figures as if they were real. Illinois Public Health Director Dr Ngozi Ezike revealed the deceit while her bosses must have been clenching their buttocks:

If you were in a hospice and given a few weeks to live and you were then found to have Covid that would be counted as a Covid death. [There might be] a clear alternate cause, but it is still listed as a Covid death. So everyone listed as a Covid death doesn’t mean that was the cause of the death, but that they had Covid at the time of death.

Yes, a ‘Covid virus’ never shown to exist and tested for with a test not testing for the ‘virus’. In the first period of the pandemic hoax through the spring of 2020 the process began of designating almost everything a ‘Covid’ death and this has continued ever since. I sat in a restaurant one night listening to a loud conversation on the next table where a family was discussing in bewilderment how a relative who had no symptoms of ‘Covid’, and had died of a long-term problem, could have been diagnosed a death by the ‘virus’. I could understand their bewilderment. If they read this book they will know why this medical fraud has been perpetrated the world over.

Some media truth shock

The media ignored the evidence of death certificate fraud until eventually one columnist did speak out when she saw it first-hand. Bel Mooney is a long-time national newspaper journalist in Britain currently working for the *Daily Mail*. Her article on February 19th, 2021, carried this headline: ‘My dad Ted passed three Covid tests

and died of a chronic illness yet he's officially one of Britain's 120,000 victims of the virus and is far from alone ... so how many more are there?' She told how her 99-year-old father was in a care home with a long-standing chronic obstructive pulmonary disease and vascular dementia. Maybe, but he was still aware enough to tell her from the start that there was no 'virus' and he refused the 'vaccine' for that reason. His death was not unexpected given his chronic health problems and Mooney said she was shocked to find that 'Covid-19' was declared the cause of death on his death certificate. She said this was a 'bizarre and unacceptable untruth' for a man with long-time health problems who had tested negative twice at the home for the 'virus'. I was also shocked by this story although not by what she said. I had been highlighting the death certificate manipulation for ten months. It was the confirmation that a professional full-time journalist only realised this was going on when it affected her directly and neither did she know that whether her dad tested positive or negative was irrelevant with the test not testing for the 'virus'. Where had she been? She said she did not believe in 'conspiracy theories' without knowing I'm sure that this and 'conspiracy theorists' were terms put into widespread circulation by the CIA in the 1960s to discredit those who did not accept the ridiculous official story of the Kennedy assassination. A blanket statement of 'I don't believe in conspiracy theories' is always bizarre. The dictionary definition of the term alone means the world is drowning in conspiracies. What she said was even more daft when her dad had just been affected by the 'Covid' conspiracy. Why else does she think that 'Covid-19' was going on the death certificates of people who died of something else?

To be fair once she saw from personal experience what was happening she didn't mince words. Mooney was called by the care home on the morning of February 9th to be told her father had died in his sleep. When she asked for the official cause of death what came back was 'Covid-19'. Mooney challenged this and was told there had been deaths from Covid on the dementia floor (confirmed by a test not testing for the 'virus') so they considered it 'reasonable

to assume'. 'But doctor,' Mooney rightly protested, 'an assumption isn't a diagnosis.' She said she didn't blame the perfectly decent and sympathetic doctor – 'he was just doing his job'. Sorry, but that's *bullshit*. He wasn't doing his job at all. He was putting a false cause of death on the death certificate and that is a criminal offence for which he should be brought to account and the same with the millions of doctors worldwide who have done the same. They were not doing their job they were following orders and that must not wash at new Nuremberg trials any more than it did at the first ones. Mooney's doctor was 'assuming' (presuming) as he was told to, but 'just following orders' makes no difference to his actions. A doctor's job is to serve the patient and the truth, not follow orders, but that's what they have done all over the world and played a central part in making the 'Covid' hoax possible with all its catastrophic consequences for humanity. Shame on them and they must answer for their actions. Mooney said her disquiet worsened when she registered her father's death by telephone and was told by the registrar there had been very many other cases like hers where 'the deceased' had not tested positive for 'Covid' yet it was recorded as the cause of death. The test may not matter, but those involved at their level *think* it matters and it shows a callous disregard for accurate diagnosis. The pressure to do this is coming from the top of the national 'health' pyramids which in turn obey the World Health Organization which obeys Gates and the Cult. Mooney said the registrar agreed that this must distort the national figures adding that 'the strangest thing is that every winter we record countless deaths from flu, and this winter there have been none. Not one!' She asked if the registrar thought deaths from flu were being misdiagnosed and lumped together with 'Covid' deaths. The answer was a 'puzzled yes'. Mooney said that the funeral director said the same about 'Covid' deaths which had nothing to do with 'Covid'. They had lost count of the number of families upset by this and other funeral companies in different countries have had the same experience. Mooney wrote:

The nightly shroud-waving and shocking close-ups of pain imposed on us by the TV news bewildered and terrified the population into eager compliance with lockdowns. We were invited to ‘save the NHS’ and to grieve for strangers – the real-life loved ones behind those shocking death counts. Why would the public imagine what I now fear, namely that the way Covid-19 death statistics are compiled might make the numbers seem greater than they are?

Oh, just a little bit – like 100 percent.

Do the maths

Mooney asked why a country would wish to skew its mortality figures by wrongly certifying deaths? What had been going on? Well, if you don’t believe in conspiracies you will never find the answer which is that *it’s a conspiracy*. She did, however, describe what she had discovered as a ‘national scandal’. In reality it’s a global scandal and happening everywhere. Pillars of this conspiracy were all put into place before the button was pressed with the Drosten PCR protocol and high amplifications to produce the cases and death certificate changes to secure illusory ‘Covid’ deaths.

Mooney notes that normally two doctors were needed to certify a death, with one having to know the patient, and how the rules were changed in the spring of 2020 to allow one doctor to do this. In the same period ‘Covid deaths’ were decreed to be all cases where Covid-19 was put on the death certificate even without a positive test or any symptoms. Mooney asked: ‘How many of the 30,851 (as of January 15) care home resident deaths with Covid-19 on the certificate (32.4 per cent of all deaths so far) were based on an assumption, like that of my father? And what has that done to our national psyche?’ All of them is the answer to the first question and it has devastated and dismantled the national psyche, actually the global psyche, on a colossal scale. In the UK case and death data is compiled by organisations like Public Health England (PHE) and the Office for National Statistics (ONS). Mooney highlights the insane policy of counting a death from any cause as ‘Covid-19’ if this happens within 28 days of a positive test (with a test not testing for the ‘virus’) and she points out that ONS statistics reflect deaths ‘involving Covid’ ‘or due to Covid’ which meant in practice any

death where ‘Covid-19’ was mentioned on the death certificate. She described the consequences of this fraud:

Most people will accept the narrative they are fed, so panicky governments here and in Europe witnessed the harsh measures enacted in totalitarian China and jumped into lockdown. Headlines about Covid deaths tolled like the knell that would bring doomsday to us all. Fear stalked our empty streets. Politicians parroted the frankly ridiculous aim of ‘zero Covid’ and shut down the economy, while most British people agreed that lockdown was essential and (astonishingly to me, as a patriotic Brit) even wanted more restrictions.

For what? Lies on death certificates? Never mind the grim toll of lives ruined, suicides, schools closed, rising inequality, depression, cancelled hospital treatments, cancer patients in a torture of waiting, poverty, economic devastation, loneliness, families kept apart, and so on. How many lives have been lost as a direct result of lockdown?

She said that we could join in a national chorus of shock and horror at reaching the 120,000 death toll which was surely certain to have been totally skewed all along, but what about the human cost of lockdown justified by these ‘death figures’? *The British Medical Journal* had reported a 1,493 percent increase in cases of children taken to Great Ormond Street Hospital with abusive head injuries alone and then there was the effect on families:

Perhaps the most shocking thing about all this is that families have been kept apart – and obeyed the most irrational, changing rules at the whim of government – because they believed in the statistics. They succumbed to fear, which his generation rejected in that war fought for freedom. Dad (God rest his soul) would be angry. And so am I.

Another theme to watch is that in the winter months when there are more deaths from all causes they focus on ‘Covid’ deaths and in the summer when the British Lung Foundation says respiratory disease plummets by 80 percent they rage on about ‘cases’. Either way fascism on population is always the answer.

Nazi eugenics in the 21st century

Elderly people in care homes have been isolated from their families month after lonely month with no contact with relatives and grandchildren who were banned from seeing them. We were told

that lockdown fascism was to ‘protect the vulnerable’ like elderly people. At the same time Do Not Resuscitate (DNR) orders were placed on their medical files so that if they needed resuscitation it wasn’t done and ‘Covid-19’ went on their death certificates. Old people were not being ‘protected’ they were being culled – murdered in truth. DNR orders were being decreed for disabled and young people with learning difficulties or psychological problems. The UK Care Quality Commission, a non-departmental body of the Department of Health and Social Care, found that 34 percent of those working in health and social care were pressured into placing ‘do not attempt cardiopulmonary resuscitation’ orders on ‘Covid’ patients who suffered from disabilities and learning difficulties without involving the patient or their families in the decision. UK judges ruled that an elderly woman with dementia should have the DNA-manipulating ‘Covid vaccine’ against her son’s wishes and that a man with severe learning difficulties should have the jab despite his family’s objections. Never mind that many had already died. The judiciary always supports doctors and government in fascist dictatorships. They wouldn’t dare do otherwise. A horrific video was posted showing fascist officers from Los Angeles police forcibly giving the ‘Covid’ shot to women with special needs who were screaming that they didn’t want it. The same fascists are seen giving the jab to a sleeping elderly woman in a care home. This is straight out of the Nazi playbook. Hitler’s Nazis committed mass murder of the mentally ill and physically disabled throughout Germany and occupied territories in the programme that became known as Aktion T4, or just T4. Sabbatian-controlled Hitler and his grotesque crazies set out to kill those they considered useless and unnecessary. The Reich Committee for the Scientific Registering of Hereditary and Congenital Illnesses registered the births of babies identified by physicians to have ‘defects’. By 1941 alone more than 5,000 children were murdered by the state and it is estimated that in total the number of innocent people killed in Aktion T4 was between 275,000 and 300,000. Parents were told their children had been sent away for ‘special treatment’ never to return. It is rather pathetic to see claims about plans for new extermination camps being dismissed today

when the same force behind current events did precisely that 80 years ago. Margaret Sanger was a Cult operative who used 'birth control' to sanitise her programme of eugenics. Organisations she founded became what is now Planned Parenthood. Sanger proposed that 'the whole dysgenic population would have its choice of segregation or sterilization'. These included epileptics, '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 light of all this would governments and medical systems the world over say that billions must go under house arrest; lose their livelihood; in many cases lose their mind, their health and their life; force people to wear masks dangerous to health and psychology; make human interaction and even family interaction a criminal offence; ban travel; close restaurants, bars, watching live sport, concerts, theatre, and any activity involving human togetherness and discourse; and closing schools to isolate children from their friends and cause many to commit suicide in acts of hopelessness and despair? The California doctors said lockdown consequences included increased child abuse, partner abuse, alcoholism, depression, and other impacts they were seeing every day. Who would do that to the entire human race if not mentally-ill psychopaths of almost unimaginable extremes like Bill Gates? We must face the reality of what we are dealing with and come out of

denial. Fascism and tyranny are made possible only by the target population submitting and acquiescing to fascism and tyranny. The whole of human history shows that to be true. Most people naively and unquestioning believed what they were told about a ‘deadly virus’ and meekly and weakly submitted to house arrest. Those who didn’t believe it – at least in total – still submitted in fear of the consequences of not doing so. For the rest who wouldn’t submit draconian fines have been imposed, brutal policing by psychopaths *for* psychopaths, and condemnation from the meek and weak who condemn the Pushbackers on behalf of the very force that has them, too, in its gunsights. ‘Pathetic’ does not even begin to suffice.

Britain’s brainless ‘Health’ Secretary Matt Hancock warned anyone lying to border officials about returning from a list of ‘hotspot’ countries could face a jail sentence of up to ten years which is more than for racially-aggravated assault, incest and attempting to have sex with a child under 13. Hancock is a lunatic, but he has the state apparatus behind him in a Cult-led chain reaction and the same with UK ‘Vaccine Minister’ Nadhim Zahawi, a prominent member of the mega-Cult secret society, Le Cercle, which featured in my earlier books. The Cult enforces its will on governments and medical systems; government and medical systems enforce their will on business and police; business enforces its will on staff who enforce it on customers; police enforce the will of the Cult on the population and play their essential part in creating a world of fascist control that their own children and grandchildren will have to live in their entire lives. It is a hierarchical pyramid of imposition and acquiescence and, yes indeedy, of clinical insanity.

Does anyone bright enough to read this book have to ask what the answer is? I think not, but I will reveal it anyway in the fewest of syllables: Tell the psychos and their moronic lackeys to fuck off and let’s get on with our lives. We are many – They are few.

CHAPTER SEVEN

War on your mind

One believes things because one has been conditioned to believe them

Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*

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-quickenning 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 ‘Covidiots’. The awake have been abused by the fast asleep for not conforming to fascism and impositions that the awake know are designed to endanger their health, dehumanise them, and tear asunder the very fabric of human society. We have had the curtain-twitchers and morons reporting neighbours and others to the face-nappied police for breaking ‘Covid rules’ with fascist police delighting in posting links and phone numbers where this could be done. The Cult cannot impose its will without a compliant police

and military or a compliant population willing to play their part in enslaving themselves and their kids. The words of a pastor in Nazi Germany are so appropriate today:

First they came for the socialists and I did not speak out because I was not a socialist.

Then they came for the trade unionists and I did not speak out because I was not a trade unionist.

Then they came for the Jews and I did not speak out because I was not a Jew.

Then they came for me and there was no one left to speak for me.

Those who don't learn from history are destined to repeat it and so many are.

'Covid' rules: Rewiring the mind

With the background laid out to this gigantic national and global web of psychological manipulation we can put 'Covid' rules into a clear and sinister perspective. Forget the claims about protecting health. 'Covid' rules are about dismantling the human mind, breaking the human spirit, destroying self-respect, and then putting Humpty Dumpty together again as a servile, submissive slave. Social isolation through lockdown and distancing have devastating effects on the human psyche as the psychological psychopaths well know and that's the real reason for them. Humans need contact with each other, discourse, closeness and touch, or they eventually, and 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-feet fantasy

Social (unsocial) distancing demanded that people stay six feet or two metres apart. UK government advisor Robert Dingwall from the New and Emerging Respiratory Virus Threats Advisory Group said in a radio interview that the two-metre rule was 'conjured up out of nowhere' and was not based on science. No, it was not based on *medical* science, but it didn't come out of nowhere. The distance related to *psychological* science. Six feet/two metres was adopted in many countries and we were told by people like the criminal Anthony Fauci and his ilk that it was founded on science. Many schools could not reopen because they did not have the space for six-feet distancing. Then in March, 2021, after a year of six-feet 'science', a study published in the *Journal of Infectious Diseases* involving more than 500,000 students and almost 100,000 staff over 16 weeks revealed no significant difference in 'Covid' cases between six feet and three feet and Fauci changed his tune. Now three feet was okay. There is no difference between six feet and three *inches* when there is no 'virus' and they got away with six feet for psychological reasons for as long as they could. I hear journalists and others talk about 'unintended consequences' of lockdown. They are not *unintended* at all; they have been coldly-calculated for a specific outcome of human control and that's why super-psychopaths like Gates have called for them so vehemently. Super-psychopath psychologists have demanded them and psychopathic or clueless, spineless, politicians have gone along with them by 'following the science'. But it's not science at all. 'Science' is not what is; it's only what people can be manipulated to believe it is. The whole 'Covid' catastrophe is

founded on mind control. Three word or three statement mantras issued by the UK government are a well-known mind control technique and so we've had 'Stay home/protect the NHS/save lives', 'Stay alert/control the virus/save lives' and 'hands/face/space'. One of the most vocal proponents of extreme 'Covid' rules in the UK has been Professor Susan Michie, a member of the British Communist Party, who is not a medical professional. Michie is the director of the Centre for Behaviour Change at University College London. She is a *behavioural psychologist* and another filthy rich 'Marxist' who praised China's draconian lockdown. She was known by fellow students at Oxford University as 'Stalin's nanny' for her extreme Marxism. Michie is an influential member of the UK government's Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE) and behavioural manipulation groups which have dominated 'Covid' policy. She is a consultant adviser to the World Health Organization on 'Covid-19' and behaviour. Why the hell are lockdowns anything to do with her when they are claimed to be about health? Why does a behavioural psychologist from a group charged with changing the behaviour of the public want lockdown, human isolation and mandatory masks? Does that question really need an answer? Michie *absolutely* has to explain herself before a Nuremberg court when humanity takes back its world again and even more so when you see the consequences of masks that she demands are compulsory. This is a Michie classic:

The benefits of getting primary school children to wear masks is that regardless of what little degree of transmission is occurring in those age groups it could help normalise the practice. Young children wearing masks may be more likely to get their families to accept masks.

Those words alone should carry a prison sentence when you ponder on the callous disregard for children involved and what a statement it makes about the mind and motivations of Susan Michie. What a lovely lady and what she said there encapsulates the mentality of the psychopaths behind the 'Covid' horror. Let us compare what Michie said with a countrywide study in Germany published at [researchsquare.com](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 minuscule 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 psycho-psychologists 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 adaption of it, in which opinions are expressed that are summarised by a 'facilitator or change agent' at each stage. Participants are 'encouraged' to modify their views in the light of what others have said. Stage by stage the former individual opinions are merged into group consensus which just happens to be what Common Purpose wants them to believe. A key part of this is to marginalise anyone refusing to concede to group think and turn the group against them to apply pressure to conform. We are seeing this very technique used on the general population to make 'Covid' group-thinkers hostile to those who have seen through the bullshit. People can be reframed by using perception manipulation methods such as Neuro-Linguistic Programming (NLP) in which you change perception with the use of

carefully constructed language. An NLP website described the technique this way:

... A method of influencing brain behaviour (the 'neuro' part of the phrase) through the use of language (the 'linguistic' part) and other types of communication to enable a person to 'recode' the way the brain responds to stimuli (that's the 'programming') and manifest new and better behaviours. Neuro-Linguistic Programming often incorporates hypnosis and self-hypnosis to help achieve the change (or 'programming') that is wanted.

British alternative media operation UKColumn has done very detailed research into Common Purpose over a long period. I quoted co-founder and former naval officer Brian Gerrish in my book *Remember Who You Are*, published in 2011, as saying the following years before current times:

It is interesting that many of the mothers who have had children taken by the State speak of the Social Services people being icily cool, emotionless and, as two ladies said in slightly different words, '... like little robots'. We know that NLP is cumulative, so people can be given small imperceptible doses of NLP in a course here, another in a few months, next year etc. In this way, major changes are accrued in their personality, but the day by day change is almost unnoticeable.

In these and other ways 'graduates' have had their perceptions uniformly reframed and they return to their roles in the institutions of government, law enforcement, legal profession, military, 'education', the UK National Health Service and the whole swathe of the establishment structure to pursue a common agenda preparing for the 'post-industrial', 'post-democratic' society. I say 'preparing' but we are now there. 'Post-industrial' is code for the Great Reset and 'post-democratic' is 'Covid' fascism. UKColumn has spoken to partners of those who have attended Common Purpose 'training'. They have described how personalities and attitudes of 'graduates' changed very noticeably for the worse by the time they had completed the course. They had been 'reframed' and told they are the 'leaders' – the special ones – who know better than the population. There has also been the very demonstrable recruitment of psychopaths and narcissists into government administration at all

levels and law enforcement. If you want psychopathy hire psychopaths and you get a simple cause and effect. If you want administrators, police officers and 'leaders' to perceive the public as lesser beings who don't matter then employ narcissists. These personalities are identified using 'psychometrics' that identifies knowledge, abilities, attitudes and personality traits, mostly through carefully-designed questionnaires and tests. As this policy has passed through the decades we have had power-crazy, power-trippers appointed into law enforcement, security and government administration in preparation for current times and the dynamic between public and law enforcement/officialdom has been transformed. UKColumn's Brian Gerrish said of the narcissistic personality:

Their love of themselves and power automatically means that they will crush others who get in their way. I received a major piece of the puzzle when a friend pointed out that when they made public officials re-apply for their own jobs several years ago they were also required to do psychometric tests. This was undoubtedly the start of the screening process to get 'their' sort of people in post.

How obvious that has been since 2020 although it was clear what was happening long before if people paid attention to the changing public-establishment dynamic.

Change agents

At the centre of events in 'Covid' Britain is the National Health Service (NHS) which has behaved disgracefully in slavishly following the Cult agenda. The NHS management structure is awash with Common Purpose graduates or 'change agents' working to a common cause. Helen Bevan, a Chief of Service Transformation at the NHS Institute for Innovation and Improvement, co-authored a document called 'Towards a million change agents, a review of the social movements literature: implications for large scale change in the NHS'. The document compared a project management approach to that of change and social movements where 'people change

themselves and each other – peer to peer’. Two definitions given for a ‘social movement’ were:

A group of people who consciously attempt to build a radically new social order; involves people of a broad range of social backgrounds; and deploys politically confrontational and socially disruptive tactics – Cyrus Zirakzadeh 1997

Collective challenges, based on common purposes and social solidarities, in sustained interaction with elites, opponents, and authorities – Sidney Tarrow 1994

Helen Bevan wrote another NHS document in which she defined ‘framing’ as ‘the process by which leaders construct, articulate and put across their message in a powerful and compelling way in order to win people to their cause and call them to action’. I think I could come up with another definition that would be rather more accurate. The National Health Service and institutions of Britain and the wider world have been taken over by reframed ‘change agents’ and that includes everything from the United Nations to national governments, local councils and social services which have been kidnapping children from loving parents on an extraordinary and gathering scale on the road to the end of parenthood altogether. Children from loving homes are stolen and kidnapped by the state and put into the ‘care’ (inversion) of the local authority through council homes, foster parents and forced adoption. At the same time children are allowed to be abused without response while many are under council ‘care’. UKColumn highlighted the Common Purpose connection between South Yorkshire Police and Rotherham council officers in the case of the scandal in that area of the sexual exploitation of children to which the authorities turned not one blind eye, but both:

We were alarmed to discover that the Chief Executive, the Strategic Director of Children and Young People's Services, the Manager for the Local Strategic Partnership, the Community Cohesion Manager, the Cabinet Member for Cohesion, the Chief Constable and his predecessor had all attended Leadership training courses provided by the pseudo-charity Common Purpose.

Once 'change agents' have secured positions of hire and fire within any organisation things start to move very quickly. Personnel are then hired and fired on the basis of whether they will work towards the agenda the change agent represents. If they do they are rapidly promoted even though they may be incompetent. Those more qualified and skilled who are pre-Common Purpose 'old school' see their careers stall and even disappear. This has been happening for decades in every institution of state, police, 'health' and social services and all of them have been transformed as a result in their attitudes to their jobs and the public. Medical professions, including nursing, which were once vocations for the caring now employ many cold, callous and couldn't give a shit personality types. The UKColumn investigation concluded:

By blurring the boundaries between people, professions, public and private sectors, responsibility and accountability, Common Purpose encourages 'graduates' to believe that as new selected leaders, they can work together, outside of the established political and social structures, to achieve a paradigm shift or CHANGE – so called 'Leading Beyond Authority'. In doing so, the allegiance of the individual becomes 'reframed' on CP colleagues and their NETWORK.

Reframing the Face-Nappies

Nowhere has this process been more obvious than in the police where recruitment of psychopaths and development of unquestioning mind-controlled group-thinkers have transformed law enforcement into a politically-correct 'Woke' joke and a travesty of what should be public service. Today they wear their face-nappies like good little gofers and enforce 'Covid' rules which are fascism under another name. Alongside the specifically-recruited psychopaths we have software minds incapable of free thought. Brian Gerrish again:

An example is the policeman who would not get on a bike for a press photo because he had not done the cycling proficiency course. Normal people say this is political correctness gone mad. Nothing could be further from the truth. The policeman has been reframed, and in his reality it is perfect common sense not to get on the bike ‘because he hasn’t done the cycling course’.

Another example of this is where the police would not rescue a boy from a pond until they had taken advice from above on the ‘risk assessment’. A normal person would have arrived, perhaps thought of the risk for a moment, and dived in. To the police now ‘reframed’, they followed ‘normal’ procedure.

There are shocking cases of reframed ambulance crews doing the same. Sheer unthinking stupidity of London Face-Nappies headed by Common Purpose graduate Cressida Dick can be seen in their behaviour at a vigil in March, 2021, for a murdered woman, Sarah Everard. A police officer had been charged with the crime. Anyone with a brain would have left the vigil alone in the circumstances. Instead they ‘manhandled’ women to stop them breaking ‘Covid rules’ to betray classic reframing. Minds in the thrall of perception control have no capacity for seeing a situation on its merits and acting accordingly. ‘Rules is rules’ is their only mind-set. My father used to say that rules and regulations are for the guidance of the intelligent and the blind obedience of the idiot. Most of the intelligent, decent, coppers have gone leaving only the other kind and a few old school for whom the job must be a daily nightmare. The combination of psychopaths and rule-book software minds has been clearly on public display in the ‘Covid’ era with automaton robots in uniform imposing fascistic ‘Covid’ regulations on the population without any personal initiative or judging situations on their merits. There are thousands of examples around the world, but I’ll make my point with the infamous Derbyshire police in the English East Midlands – the ones who think pouring dye into beauty spots and using drones to track people walking in the countryside away from anyone is called ‘policing’. To them there are rules decreed by the government which they have to enforce and in their bewildered state a group gathering in a closed space and someone walking alone in the countryside are the same thing. It is beyond idiocy and enters the realm of clinical insanity.

Police officers in Derbyshire said they were ‘horrified’ – *horrified* – to find 15 to 20 ‘irresponsible’ kids playing a football match at a closed leisure centre ‘in breach of coronavirus restrictions’. When they saw the police the kids ran away leaving their belongings behind and the reframed men and women of Derbyshire police were seeking to establish their identities with a view to fining their parents. The most natural thing for youngsters to do – kicking a ball about – is turned into a criminal activity and enforced by the moronic software programs of Derbyshire police. You find the same mentality in every country. These barely conscious ‘horrified’ officers said they had to take action because ‘we need to ensure these rules are being followed’ and ‘it is of the utmost importance that you ensure your children are following the rules and regulations for Covid-19’. Had any of them done ten seconds of research to see if this parroting of their masters’ script could be supported by any evidence? Nope. Reframed people don’t think – others think for them and that’s the whole idea of reframing. I have seen police officers one after the other repeating without question word for word what officialdom tells them just as I have seen great swathes of the public doing the same. Ask either for ‘their’ opinion and out spews what they have been told to think by the official narrative. Police and public may seem to be in different groups, but their mentality is the same. Most people do whatever they are told in fear not doing so or because they believe what officialdom tells them; almost the entirety of the police do what they are told for the same reason. Ultimately it’s the tiny inner core of the global Cult that’s telling both what to do.

So Derbyshire police were ‘horrified’. Oh, really? Why did they think those kids were playing football? It was to relieve the psychological consequences of lockdown and being denied human contact with their friends and interaction, touch and discourse vital to human psychological health. Being denied this month after month has dismantled the psyche of many children and young people as depression and suicide have exploded. Were Derbyshire police *horrified by that?* Are you kidding? Reframed people don’t have those

mental and emotional processes that can see how the impact on the psychological health of youngsters is far more dangerous than any 'virus' even if you take the mendacious official figures to be true. The reframed are told (programmed) how to act and so they do. The Derbyshire Chief Constable in the first period of lockdown when the black dye and drones nonsense was going on was Peter Goodman. He was the man who severed the connection between his force and the Derbyshire Constabulary *Male Voice* Choir when he decided that it was not inclusive enough to allow women to join. The fact it was a male voice choir making a particular sound produced by male voices seemed to elude a guy who terrifyingly ran policing in Derbyshire. He retired weeks after his force was condemned as disgraceful by former Supreme Court Justice Jonathan Sumption for their behaviour over extreme lockdown impositions. Goodman was replaced by his deputy Rachel Swann who was in charge when her officers were 'horrified'. The police statement over the boys committing the hanging-offence of playing football included the line about the youngsters being 'irresponsible in the times we are all living through' missing the point that the real relevance of the 'times we are all living through' is the imposition of fascism enforced by psychopaths and reframed minds of police officers playing such a vital part in establishing the fascist tyranny that their own children and grandchildren will have to live in their entire lives. As a definition of insanity that is hard to beat although it might be run close by imposing masks on people that can have a serious effect on their health while wearing a face nappy all day themselves. Once again public and police do it for the same reason – the authorities tell them to and who are they to have the self-respect to say no?

Wokers in uniform

How reframed do you have to be to arrest a *six-year-old* and take him to court for *picking a flower* while waiting for a bus? Brain dead police and officialdom did just that in North Carolina where criminal proceedings happen regularly for children under nine. Attorney Julie Boyer gave the six-year-old crayons and a colouring book

during the ‘flower’ hearing while the ‘adults’ decided his fate. County Chief District Court Judge Jay Corpening asked: ‘Should a child that believes in Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny and the tooth fairy be making life-altering decisions?’ Well, of course not, but common sense has no meaning when you have a common purpose and a reframed mind. Treating children in this way, and police operating in American schools, is all part of the psychological preparation for children to accept a police state as normal all their adult lives. The same goes for all the cameras and biometric tracking technology in schools. Police training is focused on reframing them as snowflake Wokers and this is happening in the military. Pentagon top brass said that ‘training sessions on extremism’ were needed for troops who asked why they were so focused on the Capitol Building riot when Black Lives Matter riots were ignored. What’s the difference between them some apparently and rightly asked. Actually, there is a difference. Five people died in the Capitol riot, only one through violence, and that was a police officer shooting an unarmed protestor. BLM riots killed at least 25 people and cost billions. Asking the question prompted the psychopaths and reframed minds that run the Pentagon to say that more ‘education’ (programming) was needed. Troop training is all based on psychological programming to make them fodder for the Cult – ‘Military men are just dumb, stupid animals to be used as pawns in foreign policy’ as Cult-to-his-DNA former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger famously said. Governments see the police in similar terms and it’s time for those among them who can see this to defend the people and stop being enforcers of the Cult agenda upon the people.

The US military, like the country itself, is being targeted for destruction through a long list of Woke impositions. Cult-owned gaga ‘President’ Biden signed an executive order when he took office to allow taxpayer money to pay for transgender surgery for active military personnel and veterans. Are you a man soldier? No, I’m a LGBTQIA+ with a hint of Skoliosexual and Spectrasexual. Oh, good man. Bad choice of words you bigot. The Pentagon announced in March, 2021, the appointment of the first ‘diversity and inclusion

officer' for US Special Forces. Richard Torres-Estrada arrived with the publication of a 'D&I Strategic Plan which will guide the enterprise-wide effort to institutionalize and sustain D&I'. If you think a Special Forces 'Strategic Plan' should have something to do with defending America you haven't been paying attention.

Defending Woke is now the military's new role. Torres-Estrada has posted images comparing Donald Trump with Adolf Hitler and we can expect no bias from him as a representative of the supposedly non-political Pentagon. Cable news host Tucker Carlson said: 'The Pentagon is now the Yale faculty lounge but with cruise missiles.' Meanwhile Secretary of Defense Lloyd Austin, a board member of weapons-maker Raytheon with stock and compensation interests in October, 2020, worth \$1.4 million, said he was purging the military of the 'enemy within' – anyone who isn't Woke and supports Donald Trump. Austin refers to his targets as 'racist extremists' while in true Woke fashion being himself a racist extremist. Pentagon documents pledge to 'eradicate, eliminate and conquer all forms of racism, sexism and homophobia'. The definitions of these are decided by 'diversity and inclusion committees' peopled by those who see racism, sexism and homophobia in every situation and opinion. Woke (the Cult) is dismantling the US military and purging testosterone as China expands its military and gives its troops 'masculinity training'. How do we think that is going to end when this is all Cult coordinated? The US military, like the British military, is controlled by Woke and spineless top brass who just go along with it out of personal career interests.

'Woke' means fast asleep

Mind control and perception manipulation techniques used on individuals to create group-think have been unleashed on the global population in general. As a result many have no capacity to see the obvious fascist agenda being installed all around them or what 'Covid' is really all about. Their brains are firewalled like a computer system not to process certain concepts, thoughts and realisations that are bad for the Cult. The young are most targeted as the adults they

will be when the whole fascist global state is planned to be fully implemented. They need to be prepared for total compliance to eliminate all pushback from entire generations. The Cult has been pouring billions into taking complete control of 'education' from schools to universities via its operatives and corporations and not least Bill Gates as always. The plan has been to transform 'education' institutions into programming centres for the mentality of 'Woke'. James McConnell, professor of psychology at the University of Michigan, wrote in *Psychology Today* in 1970:

The day has come when we can combine sensory deprivation with drugs, hypnosis, and astute manipulation of reward and punishment, to gain almost absolute control over an individual's behaviour. It should then be possible to achieve a very rapid and highly effective type of brainwashing that would allow us to make dramatic changes in a person's behaviour and personality ...

... We should reshape society so that we all would be trained from birth to want to do what society wants us to do. We have the techniques to do it... no-one owns his own personality you acquired, and there's no reason to believe you should have the right to refuse to acquire a new personality if your old one is anti-social.

This was the potential for mass brainwashing in 1970 and the mentality there displayed captures the arrogant psychopathy that drives it forward. I emphasise that not all young people have succumbed to Woke programming and those that haven't are incredibly impressive people given that today's young are the most perceptually-targeted generations in history with all the technology now involved. Vast swathes of the young generations, however, have fallen into the spell – and that's what it is – of Woke. The Woke mentality and perceptual program is founded on *inversion* and you will appreciate later why that is so significant. Everything with Woke is inverted and the opposite of what it is claimed to be. Woke was a term used in African-American culture from the 1900s and referred to an awareness of social and racial justice. This is not the meaning of the modern version or 'New Woke' as I call it in *The Answer*. Oh, no, Woke today means something very different no matter how much Wokers may seek to hide that and insist Old Woke and New

Woke are the same. See if you find any 'awareness of social justice' here in the modern variety:

- Woke demands 'inclusivity' while excluding anyone with a different opinion and calls for mass censorship to silence other views.
- Woke claims to stand against oppression when imposing oppression is the foundation of all that it does. It is the driver of political correctness which is nothing more than a Cult invention to manipulate the population to silence itself.
- Woke believes itself to be 'liberal' while pursuing a global society that can only be described as fascist (see 'anti-fascist' fascist Antifa).
- Woke calls for 'social justice' while spreading injustice wherever it goes against the common 'enemy' which can be easily identified as a differing view.
- Woke is supposed to be a metaphor for 'awake' when it is solid-gold asleep and deep in a Cult-induced coma that meets the criteria for 'off with the fairies'.

I state these points as obvious facts if people only care to look. I don't do this with a sense of condemnation. We need to appreciate that the onslaught of perceptual programming on the young has been incessant and merciless. I can understand why so many have been reframed, or, given their youth, framed from the start to see the world as the Cult demands. The Cult has had access to their minds day after day in its 'education' system for their entire formative years. Perception is formed from information received and the Cult-created system is a life-long download of information delivered to elicit a particular perception, thus behaviour. The more this has expanded into still new extremes in recent decades and ever-increasing censorship has deleted other opinions and information why wouldn't that lead to a perceptual reframing on a mass scale? I

have described already cradle-to-grave programming and in more recent times the targeting of young minds from birth to adulthood has entered the stratosphere. This has taken the form of skewing what is ‘taught’ to fit the Cult agenda and the omnipresent techniques of group-think to isolate non-believers and pressure them into line. There has always been a tendency to follow the herd, but we really are in a new world now in relation to that. We have parents who can see the ‘Covid’ hoax told by their children not to stop them wearing masks at school, being ‘Covid’ tested or having the ‘vaccine’ in fear of the peer-pressure consequences of being different. What is ‘peer-pressure’ if not pressure to conform to group-think? Renegade Minds never group-think and always retain a set of perceptions that are unique to them. Group-think is always underpinned by consequences for not group-thinking. Abuse now aimed at those refusing DNA-manipulating ‘Covid vaccines’ are a potent example of this. The biggest pressure to conform comes from the very group which is itself being manipulated. ‘I am programmed to be part of a hive mind and so you must be.’

Woke control structures in ‘education’ now apply to every mainstream organisation. Those at the top of the ‘education’ hierarchy (the Cult) decide the policy. This is imposed on governments through the Cult network; governments impose it on schools, colleges and universities; their leadership impose the policy on teachers and academics and they impose it on children and students. At any level where there is resistance, perhaps from a teacher or university lecturer, they are targeted by the authorities and often fired. Students themselves regularly demand the dismissal of academics (increasingly few) at odds with the narrative that the students have been programmed to believe in. It is quite a thought that students who are being targeted by the Cult become so consumed by programmed group-think that they launch protests and demand the removal of those who are trying to push back against those targeting the students. Such is the scale of perceptual inversion. We see this with ‘Covid’ programming as the Cult imposes the rules via psycho-psychologists and governments on

shops, transport companies and businesses which impose them on their staff who impose them on their customers who pressure Pushbackers to conform to the will of the Cult which is in the process of destroying them and their families. Scan all aspects of society and you will see the same sequence every time.

Fact free Woke and hijacking the 'left'

There is no more potent example of this than 'Woke', a mentality only made possible by the deletion of factual evidence by an 'education' system seeking to produce an ever more uniform society. Why would you bother with facts when you don't know any? Deletion of credible history both in volume and type is highly relevant. Orwell said: 'Who controls the past controls the future: who controls the present controls the past.' They who control the perception of the past control the perception of the future and they who control the present control the perception of the past through the writing and deleting of history. Why would you oppose the imposition of Marxism in the name of Wokeism when you don't know that Marxism cost at least 100 million lives in the 20th century alone? Watch videos and read reports in which Woker generations are asked basic historical questions – it's mind-blowing. A survey of 2,000 people found that six percent of millennials (born approximately early 1980s to early 2000s) believed the Second World War (1939-1945) broke out with the assassination of President Kennedy (in 1963) and one in ten thought Margaret Thatcher was British Prime Minister at the time. She was in office between 1979 and 1990. We are in a post-fact society. Provable facts are no defence against the fascism of political correctness or Silicon Valley censorship. Facts don't matter anymore as we have witnessed with the 'Covid' hoax. Sacrificing uniqueness to the Woke group-think religion is all you are required to do and that means thinking for yourself is the biggest Woke no, no. All religions are an expression of group-think and censorship and Woke is just another religion with an orthodoxy defended by group-think and censorship. Burned at

the stake becomes burned on Twitter which leads back eventually to burned at the stake as Woke humanity regresses to ages past.

The biggest Woke inversion of all is its creators and funders. I grew up in a traditional left of centre political household on a council estate in Leicester in the 1950s and 60s – you know, the left that challenged the power of wealth-hoarding elites and threats to freedom of speech and opinion. In those days students went on marches defending freedom of speech while today's Wokers march for its deletion. What on earth could have happened? Those very elites (collectively the Cult) that we opposed in my youth and early life have funded into existence the antithesis of that former left and hijacked the 'brand' while inverting everything it ever stood for. We have a mentality that calls itself 'liberal' and 'progressive' while acting like fascists. Cult billionaires and their corporations have funded themselves into control of 'education' to ensure that Woke programming is unceasing throughout the formative years of children and young people and that non-Wokers are isolated (that word again) whether they be students, teachers or college professors. The Cult has funded into existence the now colossal global network of Woke organisations that have spawned and promoted all the 'causes' on the Cult wish-list for global transformation and turned Wokers into demanders of them. Does anyone really think it's a coincidence that the Cult agenda for humanity is a carbon (sorry) copy of the societal transformations desired by Woke?? These are only some of them:

Political correctness: The means by which the Cult deletes all public debates that it knows it cannot win if we had the free-flow of information and evidence.

Human-caused 'climate change': The means by which the Cult seeks to transform society into a globally-controlled dictatorship imposing its will over the fine detail of everyone's lives 'to save the planet' which doesn't actually need saving.

Transgender obsession: Preparing collective perception to accept the ‘new human’ which would not have genders because it would be created technologically and not through procreation. I’ll have much more on this in Human 2.0.

Race obsession: The means by which the Cult seeks to divide and rule the population by triggering racial division through the perception that society is more racist than ever when the opposite is the case. Is it perfect in that regard? No. But to compare today with the racism of apartheid and segregation brought to an end by the civil rights movement in the 1960s is to insult the memory of that movement and inspirations like Martin Luther King. Why is the ‘anti-racism’ industry (which it is) so dominated by privileged white people?

White supremacy: This is a label used by privileged white people to demonise poor and deprived white people pushing back on tyranny to marginalise and destroy them. White people are being especially targeted as the dominant race by number within Western society which the Cult seeks to transform in its image. If you want to change a society you must weaken and undermine its biggest group and once you have done that by using the other groups you next turn on them to do the same ... ‘Then they came for the Jews and I was not a Jew so I did nothing.’

Mass migration: The mass movement of people from the Middle East, Africa and Asia into Europe, from the south into the United States and from Asia into Australia are another way the Cult seeks to dilute the racial, cultural and political influence of white people on Western society. White people ask why their governments appear to be working against them while being politically and culturally biased towards incoming cultures. Well, here’s your answer. In the same way sexually ‘straight’ people, men and women, ask why the

authorities are biased against them in favour of other sexualities. The answer is the same – that's the way the Cult wants it to be for very sinister motives.

These are all central parts of the Cult agenda and central parts of the Woke agenda and Woke was created and continues to be funded to an immense degree by Cult billionaires and corporations. If anyone begins to say 'coincidence' the syllables should stick in their throat.

Billionaire 'social justice warriors'

Joe Biden is a 100 percent-owned asset of the Cult and the Wokers' man in the White House whenever he can remember his name and for however long he lasts with his rapidly diminishing cognitive function. Even walking up the steps of an aircraft without falling on his arse would appear to be a challenge. He's not an empty-shell puppet or anything. From the minute Biden took office (or the Cult did) he began his executive orders promoting the Woke wish-list. You will see the Woke agenda imposed ever more severely because it's really the *Cult* agenda. Woke organisations and activist networks spawned by the Cult are funded to the extreme so long as they promote what the Cult wants to happen. Woke is funded to promote 'social justice' by billionaires who become billionaires by destroying social justice. The social justice mantra is only a cover for dismantling social justice and funded by billionaires that couldn't give a damn about social justice. Everything makes sense when you see that. One of Woke's premier funders is Cult billionaire financier George Soros who said: 'I am basically there to make money, I cannot and do not look at the social consequences of what I do.' This is the same Soros who has given more than \$32 billion to his Open Society Foundations global Woke network and funded Black Lives Matter, mass immigration into Europe and the United States, transgender activism, climate change activism, political correctness and groups targeting 'white supremacy' in the form of privileged white thugs that dominate Antifa. What a scam it all is and when

you are dealing with the unquestioning fact-free zone of Woke scamming them is child's play. All you need to pull it off in all these organisations are a few in-the-know agents of the Cult and an army of naïve, reframed, uninformed, narcissistic, know-nothings convinced of their own self-righteousness, self-purity and virtue.

Soros and fellow billionaires and billionaire corporations have poured hundreds of millions into Black Lives Matter and connected groups and promoted them to a global audience. None of this is motivated by caring about black people. These are the billionaires that have controlled and exploited a system that leaves millions of black people in abject poverty and deprivation which they do absolutely nothing to address. The same Cult networks funding BLM were behind the *slave trade!* Black Lives Matter hijacked a phrase that few would challenge and they have turned this laudable concept into a political weapon to divide society. You know that BLM is a fraud when it claims that *All Lives Matter*, the most inclusive statement of all, is 'racist'. BLM and its Cult masters don't want to end racism. To them it's a means to an end to control all of humanity never mind the colour, creed, culture or background. What has destroying the nuclear family got to do with ending racism? Nothing – but that is one of the goals of BLM and also happens to be a goal of the Cult as I have been exposing in my books for decades. Stealing children from loving parents and giving schools ever more power to override parents is part of that same agenda. BLM is a Marxist organisation and why would that not be the case when the Cult created Marxism *and* BLM? Patrisse Cullors, a BLM co-founder, said in a 2015 video that she and her fellow organisers, including co-founder Alicia Garza, are 'trained Marxists'. The lady known after marriage as Patrisse Khan-Cullors bought a \$1.4 million home in 2021 in one of the whitest areas of California with a black population of just 1.6 per cent and has so far bought *four* high-end homes for a total of \$3.2 million. How very Marxist. There must be a bit of spare in the BLM coffers, however, when Cult corporations and billionaires have handed over the best part of \$100 million. Many black people can see that Black Lives Matter is not

working for them, but against them, and this is still more confirmation. Black journalist Jason Whitlock, who had his account suspended by Twitter for simply linking to the story about the ‘Marxist’s’ home buying spree, said that BLM leaders are ‘making millions of dollars off the backs of these dead black men who they wouldn’t spit on if they were on fire and alive’.

Black Lies Matter

Cult assets and agencies came together to promote BLM in the wake of the death of career criminal George Floyd who had been jailed a number of times including for forcing his way into the home of a black woman with others in a raid in which a gun was pointed at her stomach. Floyd was filmed being held in a Minneapolis street in 2020 with the knee of a police officer on his neck and he subsequently died. It was an appalling thing for the officer to do, but the same technique has been used by police on peaceful protestors of lockdown without any outcry from the Woke brigade. As unquestioning supporters of the Cult agenda Wokers have supported lockdown and all the ‘Covid’ claptrap while attacking anyone standing up to the tyranny imposed in its name. Court documents would later include details of an autopsy on Floyd by County Medical Examiner Dr Andrew Baker who concluded that Floyd had taken a fatal level of the drug fentanyl. None of this mattered to fact-free, question-free, Woke. Floyd’s death was followed by worldwide protests against police brutality amid calls to defund the police. Throwing babies out with the bathwater is a Woke speciality. In the wake of the murder of British woman Sarah Everard a Green Party member of the House of Lords, Baroness Jones of Moulsecoomb (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 fund-raising 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 hoaxter 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.

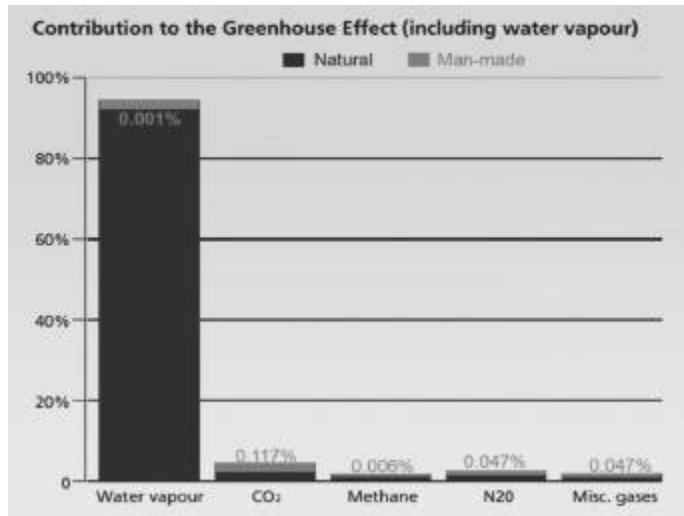


Figure 9: The idea that the gas of life is disastrously changing the climate is an insult to brain cell activity.

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 promotorrs 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 side-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-Covidiers 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-wears they had to display when shopping. How very sensitive. The Israeli system is blatant South African-style apartheid on the basis of compliance or non-compliance to fascism rather than colour of the skin. How appropriate that the Sabbatian Israeli government was so close to the pre-Mandela apartheid regime in Pretoria. The Sabbatian-instigated 'vaccine passport' in Israel is planned for everywhere. Sabbatians struck a deal with Pfizer that allowed them to lead the way in the percentage of a national population infused with synthetic material and the result was catastrophic. Israeli freedom activist Shai Dannon told me how chairs were appearing on beaches that said 'vaccinated only'. Health Minister Yuli Edelstein said that anyone unwilling or unable to get

the jabs that ‘confer immunity’ will be ‘left behind’. The man’s a liar. Not even the makers claim the ‘vaccines’ confer immunity. When you see those figures of ‘vaccine’ deaths these psychopaths were saying that you must take the chance the ‘vaccine’ will kill you or maim you while knowing it will change your DNA or lockdown for you will be permanent. That’s fascism. The Israeli parliament passed a law to allow personal information of the non-vaccinated to be shared with local and national authorities for three months. This was claimed by its supporters to be a way to ‘encourage’ people to be vaccinated. Hadas Ziv from Physicians for Human Rights described this as a ‘draconian law which crushed medical ethics and the patient rights’. But that’s the idea, the Sabbatians would reply.

Your papers, please

Sabbatian Israel was leading what has been planned all along to be a global ‘vaccine pass’ called a ‘green passport’ without which you would remain in permanent lockdown restriction and unable to do anything. This is how badly – *desperately* – the Cult is to get everyone ‘vaccinated’. The term and colour ‘green’ was not by chance and related to the psychology of fusing the perception of the green climate hoax with the ‘Covid’ hoax and how the ‘solution’ to both is the same Great Reset. Lying politicians, health officials and psychologists denied there were any plans for mandatory vaccinations or restrictions based on vaccinations, but they knew that was exactly what was meant to happen with governments of all countries reaching agreements to enforce a global system. ‘Free’ Denmark and ‘free’ Sweden unveiled digital vaccine certification. Cyprus, Czech Republic, Estonia, Greece, Hungary, Iceland, Italy, Poland, Portugal, Slovakia, and Spain have all committed to a vaccine passport system and the rest including the whole of the EU would follow. The satanic UK government will certainly go this way despite mendacious denials and at the time of writing it is trying to manipulate the public into having the ‘vaccine’ so they could go abroad on a summer holiday. How would that work without something to prove you had the synthetic toxicity injected into you?

Documents show that the EU's European Commission was moving towards 'vaccine certificates' in 2018 and 2019 before the 'Covid' hoax began. They knew what was coming. Abracadabra – Ursula von der Leyen, the German President of the Commission, announced in March, 2021, an EU 'Digital Green Certificate' – green again – to track the public's 'Covid status'. The passport sting is worldwide and the Far East followed the same pattern with South Korea ruling that only those with 'vaccination' passports – again the *green* pass – would be able to 'return to their daily lives'.

Bill Gates has been preparing for this 'passport' with other Cult operatives for years and beyond the paper version is a Gates-funded 'digital tattoo' to identify who has been vaccinated and who hasn't. The 'tattoo' is reported to include a substance which is externally readable to confirm who has been vaccinated. This is a bio-luminous light-generating enzyme (think fireflies) called ... *Luciferase*. Yes, named after the Cult 'god' Lucifer the 'light bringer' of whom more to come. Gates said he funded the readable tattoo to ensure children in the developing world were vaccinated and no one was missed out. He cares so much about poor kids as we know. This was just the cover story to develop a vaccine tagging system for everyone on the planet. Gates has been funding the ID2020 'alliance' to do just that in league with other lovely people at Microsoft, GAVI, the Rockefeller Foundation, Accenture and IDEO.org. He said in interviews in March, 2020, before any 'vaccine' publicly existed, that the world must have a globalised digital certificate to track the 'virus' and who had been vaccinated. Gates knew from the start that the mRNA vaccines were coming and when they would come and that the plan was to tag the 'vaccinated' to marginalise the intelligent and stop them doing anything including travel. Evil just doesn't suffice. Gates was exposed for offering a \$10 million bribe to the Nigerian House of Representatives to invoke compulsory 'Covid' vaccination of all Nigerians. Sara Cunial, a member of the Italian Parliament, called Gates a 'vaccine criminal'. She urged the Italian President to hand him over to the International Criminal Court for crimes against

humanity and condemned his plans to 'chip the human race' through ID2020.

You know it's a long-planned agenda when war criminal and Cult gofer Tony Blair is on the case. With the scale of arrogance only someone as dark as Blair can muster he said: 'Vaccination in the end is going to be your route to liberty.' Blair is a disgusting piece of work and he confirms that again. The media has given a lot of coverage to a bloke called Charlie Mullins, founder of London's biggest independent plumbing company, Pimlico Plumbers, who has said he won't employ anyone who has not been vaccinated or have them go to any home where people are not vaccinated. He said that if he had his way no one would be allowed to walk the streets if they have not been vaccinated. Gates was cheering at the time while I was alerting the white coats. The plan is that people will qualify for 'passports' for having the first two doses and then to keep it they will have to have all the follow ups and new ones for invented 'variants' until human genetics is transformed and many are dead who can't adjust to the changes. Hollywood celebrities – the usual propaganda stunt – are promoting something called the WELL Health-Safety Rating to verify that a building or space has 'taken the necessary steps to prioritize the health and safety of their staff, visitors and other stakeholders'. They included Lady Gaga, Jennifer Lopez, Michael B. Jordan, Robert DeNiro, Venus Williams, Wolfgang Puck, Deepak Chopra and 17th Surgeon General Richard Carmona. Yawn. WELL Health-Safety has big connections with China. Parent company Delos is headed by former Goldman Sachs partner Paul Scialla. This is another example – and we will see so many others – of using the excuse of 'health' to dictate the lives and activities of the population. I guess one confirmation of the 'safety' of buildings is that only 'vaccinated' people can go in, right?

Electronic concentration camps

I wrote decades ago about the plans to restrict travel and here we are for those who refuse to bow to tyranny. This can be achieved in one go with air travel if the aviation industry makes a blanket decree.

The ‘vaccine’ and guaranteed income are designed to be part of a global version of China’s social credit system which tracks behaviour 24/7 and awards or deletes ‘credits’ based on whether your behaviour is supported by the state or not. I mean your entire lifestyle – what you do, eat, say, everything. Once your credit score falls below a certain level consequences kick in. In China tens of millions have been denied travel by air and train because of this. All the locations and activities denied to refusers by the ‘vaccine’ passports will be included in one big mass ban on doing almost anything for those that don’t bow their head to government. It’s beyond fascist and a new term is required to describe its extremes – I guess fascist technocracy will have to do. The way the Chinese system of technological – technocratic – control is sweeping the West can be seen in the Los Angeles school system and is planned to be expanded worldwide. Every child is required to have a ‘Covid’-tracking app scanned daily before they can enter the classroom. The so-called Daily Pass tracking system is produced by Gates’ Microsoft which I’m sure will shock you rigid. The pass will be scanned using a barcode (one step from an inside-the-body barcode) and the information will include health checks, ‘Covid’ tests and vaccinations. Entry codes are for one specific building only and access will only be allowed if a student or teacher has a negative test with a test not testing for the ‘virus’, has no symptoms of anything alleged to be related to ‘Covid’ (symptoms from a range of other illness), and has a temperature under 100 degrees. No barcode, no entry, is planned to be the case for everywhere and not only schools.

Kids are being psychologically prepared to accept this as ‘normal’ their whole life which is why what they can impose in schools is so important to the Cult and its gofers. Long-time American freedom campaigner John Whitehead of the Rutherford Institute was not exaggerating when he said: ‘Databit by databit, we are building our own electronic concentration camps.’ Canada under its Cult gofer prime minister Justin Trudeau has taken a major step towards the real thing with people interned against their will if they test positive with a test not testing for the ‘virus’ when they arrive at a Canadian

airport. They are jailed in internment hotels often without food or water for long periods and with many doors failing to lock there have been sexual assaults. The interned are being charged sometimes \$2,000 for the privilege of being abused in this way. Trudeau is fully on board with the Cult and says the ‘Covid pandemic’ has provided an opportunity for a global ‘reset’ to permanently change Western civilisation. His number two, Deputy Prime Minister Chrystia Freeland, is a trustee of the World Economic Forum and a Rhodes Scholar. The Trudeau family have long been servants of the Cult. See *The Biggest Secret* and Cathy O’Brien’s book *Trance-Formation of America* for the horrific background to Trudeau’s father Pierre Trudeau another Canadian prime minister. Hide your fascism behind the façade of a heart-on-the-sleeve liberal. It’s a well-honed Cult technique.

What can the ‘vaccine’ really do?

We have a ‘virus’ never shown to exist and ‘variants’ of the ‘virus’ that have also never been shown to exist except, like the ‘original’, as computer-generated fictions. Even if you believe there’s a ‘virus’ the ‘case’ to ‘death’ rate is in the region of 0.23 to 0.15 percent and those ‘deaths’ are concentrated among the very old around the same average age that people die anyway. In response to this lack of threat (in truth none) psychopaths and idiots, knowingly and unknowingly answering to Gates and the Cult, are seeking to ‘vaccinate’ every man, woman and child on Planet Earth. Clearly the ‘vaccine’ is not about ‘Covid’ – none of this ever has been. So what is it all about *really*? Why the desperation to infuse genetically-manipulating synthetic material into everyone through mRNA fraudulent ‘vaccines’ with the intent of doing this over and over with the excuses of ‘variants’ and other ‘virus’ inventions? Dr Sherri Tenpenny, an osteopathic medical doctor in the United States, has made herself an expert on vaccines and their effects as a vehement campaigner against their use. Tenpenny was board certified in emergency medicine, the director of a level two trauma centre for 12 years, and moved to Cleveland in 1996 to start an integrative

medicine practice which has treated patients from all 50 states and some 17 other countries. Weaning people off pharmaceutical drugs is a speciality.

She became interested in the consequences of vaccines after attending a meeting at the National Vaccine Information Center in Washington DC in 2000 where she ‘sat through four days of listening to medical doctors and scientists and lawyers and parents of vaccine injured kids’ and asked: ‘What’s going on?’ She had never been vaccinated and never got ill while her father was given a list of vaccines to be in the military and was ‘sick his entire life’. The experience added to her questions and she began to examine vaccine documents from the Centers for Disease Control (CDC). After reading the first one, the 1998 version of *The General Recommendations of Vaccination*, she thought: ‘This is it?’ The document was poorly written and bad science and Tenpenny began 20 years of research into vaccines that continues to this day. She began her research into ‘Covid vaccines’ in March, 2020, and she describes them as ‘deadly’. For many, as we have seen, they already have been. Tenpenny said that in the first 30 days of the ‘vaccine’ rollout in the United States there had been more than 40,000 adverse events reported to the vaccine adverse event database. A document had been delivered to her the day before that was 172 pages long. ‘We have over 40,000 adverse events; we have over 3,100 cases of [potentially deadly] anaphylactic shock; we have over 5,000 neurological reactions.’ Effects ranged from headaches to numbness, dizziness and vertigo, to losing feeling in hands or feet and paraesthesia which is when limbs ‘fall asleep’ and people have the sensation of insects crawling underneath their skin. All this happened in the first 30 days and remember that only about *ten percent* (or far less) of adverse reactions and vaccine-related deaths are estimated to be officially reported. Tenpenny said:

So can you think of one single product in any industry, any industry, for as long as products have been made on the planet that within 30 days we have 40,000 people complaining of side effects that not only is still on the market but ... we’ve got paid actors telling us how great

they are for getting their vaccine. We're offering people \$500 if they will just get their vaccine and we've got nurses and doctors going; 'I got the vaccine, I got the vaccine'.

Tenpenny said they were not going to be 'happy dancing folks' when they began to suffer Bell's palsy (facial paralysis), neuropathies, cardiac arrhythmias and autoimmune reactions that kill through a blood disorder. 'They're not going to be so happy, happy then, but we're never going to see pictures of those people' she said. Tenpenny described the 'vaccine' as 'a well-designed killing tool'.

No off-switch

Bad as the initial consequences had been Tenpenny said it would be maybe 14 months before we began to see the 'full ravage' of what is going to happen to the 'Covid vaccinated' with full-out consequences taking anything between two years and 20 years to show. You can understand why when you consider that variations of the 'Covid vaccine' use mRNA (messenger RNA) to in theory activate the immune system to produce protective antibodies without using the actual 'virus'. How can they when it's a computer program and they've never isolated what they claim is the 'real thing'? Instead they use *synthetic* mRNA. They are inoculating synthetic material into the body which through a technique known as the Trojan horse is absorbed into cells to change the nature of DNA. Human DNA is changed by an infusion of messenger RNA and with each new 'vaccine' of this type it is changed even more. Say so and you are banned by Cult Internet platforms. The contempt the contemptuous Mark Zuckerberg has for the truth and human health can be seen in an internal Facebook video leaked to the Project Veritas investigative team in which he said of the 'Covid vaccines': '... I share some caution on this because we just don't know the long term side-effects of basically modifying people's DNA and RNA.' At the same time this disgusting man's Facebook was censoring and banning anyone saying exactly the same. He must go before a Nuremberg trial for crimes against humanity when he *knows* that he

is censoring legitimate concerns and denying the right of informed consent on behalf of the Cult that owns him. People have been killed and damaged by the very ‘vaccination’ technique he cast doubt on himself when they may not have had the ‘vaccine’ with access to information that he denied them. The plan is to have at least annual ‘Covid vaccinations’, add others to deal with invented ‘variants’, and change all other vaccines into the mRNA system. Pfizer executives told shareholders at a virtual Barclays Global Healthcare Conference in March, 2021, that the public may need a third dose of ‘Covid vaccine’, plus regular yearly boosters and the company planned to hike prices to milk the profits in a ‘significant opportunity for our vaccine’. These are the professional liars, cheats and opportunists who are telling you their ‘vaccine’ is safe. Given this volume of mRNA planned to be infused into the human body and its ability to then replicate we will have a transformation of human genetics from biological to synthetic biological – exactly the long-time Cult plan for reasons we’ll see – and many will die. Sherri Tenpenny said of this replication:

It’s like having an on-button but no off-button and that whole mechanism ... they actually give it a name and they call it the Trojan horse mechanism, because it allows that [synthetic] virus and that piece of that [synthetic] virus to get inside of your cells, start to replicate and even get inserted into other parts of your DNA as a Trojan-horse.

Ask the overwhelming majority of people who have the ‘vaccine’ what they know about the contents and what they do and they would reply: ‘The government says it will stop me getting the virus.’ Governments give that false impression on purpose to increase take-up. You can read Sherri Tenpenny’s detailed analysis of the health consequences in her blog at Vaxxter.com, but in summary these are some of them. She highlights the statement by Bill Gates about how human beings can become their own ‘vaccine manufacturing machine’. The man is insane. [‘Vaccine’-generated] ‘antibodies’ carry synthetic messenger RNA into the cells and the damage starts, Tenpenny contends, and she says that lungs can be adversely affected through varying degrees of pus and bleeding which

obviously affects breathing and would be dubbed ‘Covid-19’. Even more sinister was the impact of ‘antibodies’ on macrophages, a white blood cell of the immune system. They consist of Type 1 and Type 2 which have very different functions. She said Type 1 are ‘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-quickening speed for the same reason. The new human would have no need for men or women when there is no procreation and no gender. Perhaps the transgender movement that appears to be in a permanent state of frenzy might now contemplate on how it is being used. This was never about transgender rights which are only the interim excuse for confusing gender, particularly in the young, on the road to *fusing* gender. Transgender activism is not an end; it is a *means* to an end. We see again the technique of creative destruction in which you destroy the status quo to ‘build back better’ in the form that you want. The gender status quo had to be

destroyed by persuading the Cult-created Woke mentality to believe that you can have 100 genders or more. A programme for 9 to 12 year olds produced by the Cult-owned BBC promoted the 100 genders narrative. The very idea may be the most monumental nonsense, but it is not what is true that counts, only what you can make people *believe* is true. Once the gender of $2 + 2 = 4$ has been dismantled through indoctrination, intimidation and $2 + 2 = 5$ then the new no-gender normal can take its place with Human 2.0.

Aldous Huxley revealed the plan in his prophetic *Brave New World* in 1932:

Natural reproduction has been done away with and children are created, 'decanted', and raised in 'hatcheries and conditioning centres'. From birth, people are genetically designed to fit into one of five castes, which are further split into 'Plus' and 'Minus' members and designed to fulfil predetermined positions within the social and economic strata of the World State.

How could Huxley know this in 1932? For the same reason George Orwell knew about the Big Brother state in 1948, Cult insiders I have quoted knew about it in 1969, and I have known about it since the early 1990s. If you are connected to the Cult or you work your balls off to uncover the plan you can predict the future. The process is simple. If there is a plan for the world and nothing intervenes to stop it then it will happen. Thus if you communicate the plan ahead of time you are perceived to have predicted the future, but you haven't. You have revealed the plan which without intervention will become the human future. The whole reason I have done what I have is to alert enough people to inspire an intervention and maybe at last that time has come with the Cult and its intentions now so obvious to anyone with a brain in working order.

The future is here

Technological wombs that Huxley described to replace parent procreation are already being developed and they are only the projects we know about in the public arena. Israeli scientists told *The Times of Israel* in March, 2021, that they have grown 250-cell embryos

into mouse foetuses with fully formed organs using artificial wombs in a development they say could pave the way for gestating humans outside the womb. Professor Jacob Hanna of the Weizmann Institute of Science said:

We took mouse embryos from the mother at day five of development, when they are just of 250 cells, and had them in the incubator from day five until day 11, by which point they had grown all their organs.

By day 11 they make their own blood and have a beating heart, a fully developed brain. Anybody would look at them and say, 'this is clearly a mouse foetus with all the characteristics of a mouse.' It's gone from being a ball of cells to being an advanced foetus.

A special liquid is used to nourish embryo cells in a laboratory dish and they float on the liquid to duplicate the first stage of embryonic development. The incubator creates all the right conditions for its development, Hanna said. The liquid gives the embryo 'all the nutrients, hormones and sugars they need' along with a custom-made electronic incubator which controls gas concentration, pressure and temperature. The cutting-edge in the underground bases and other secret locations will be light years ahead of that, however, and this was reported by the London *Guardian* in 2017:

We are approaching a biotechnological breakthrough. Ectogenesis, the invention of a complete external womb, could completely change the nature of human reproduction. In April this year, researchers at the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia announced their development of an artificial womb.

The article was headed 'Artificial wombs could soon be a reality. What will this mean for women?' What would it mean for children is an even bigger question. No mother to bond with only a machine in preparation for a life of soulless interaction and control in a world governed by machines (see the *Matrix* movies). Now observe the calculated manipulations of the 'Covid' hoax as human interaction and warmth has been curtailed by distancing, isolation and fear with people communicating via machines on a scale never seen before.

These are all dots in the same picture as are all the personal assistants, gadgets and children's toys through which kids and adults communicate with AI as if it is human. The AI 'voice' on Sat-Nav should be included. All these things are psychological preparation for the Cult endgame. Before you can make a physical connection with AI you have to make a psychological connection and that is what people are being conditioned to do with this ever gathering human-AI interaction. Movies and TV programmes depicting the transhuman, robot dystopia relate to a phenomenon known as 'pre-emptive programming' in which the world that is planned is portrayed everywhere in movies, TV and advertising. This is conditioning the conscious and subconscious mind to become familiar with the planned reality to dilute resistance when it happens for real. What would have been a shock such is the change is made less so. We have young children put on the road to transgender transition surgery with puberty blocking drugs at an age when they could never be able to make those life-changing decisions.

Rachel Levine, a professor of paediatrics and psychiatry who believes in treating children this way, became America's 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 minuscule. 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:

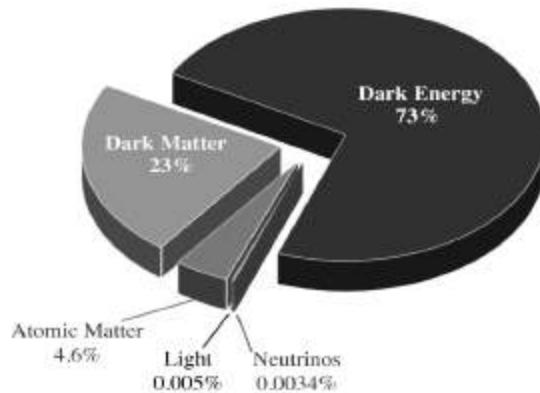


Figure 10: Humans can perceive such a tiny band of visual reality it's laughable.

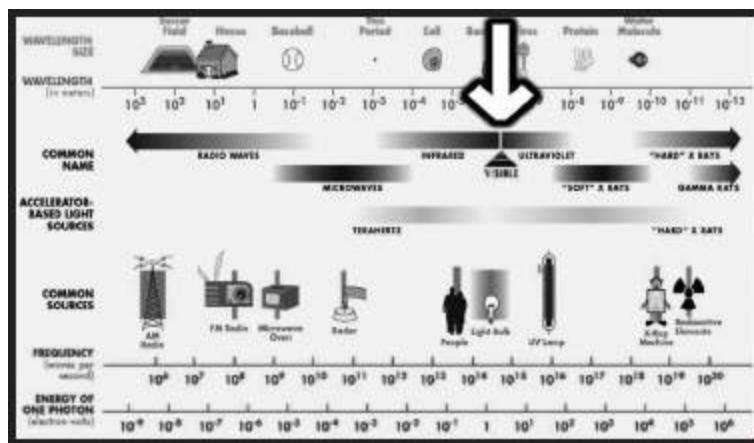


Figure 11: We can see a smear of the 0.005 percent electromagnetic spectrum, but we still know it all. Yep, makes sense.

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 99.99999999999999% 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 know 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: LGBTQQFAGPBDSM 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-identify 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 firewalls 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:

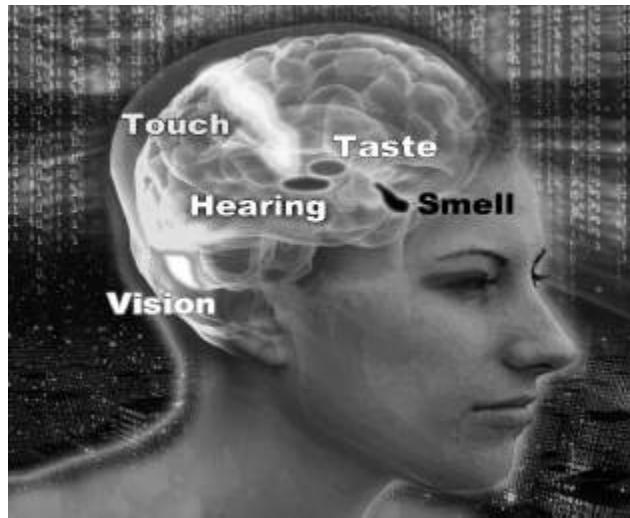


Figure 12: The brain receives information from the five senses and constructs from that our perceived reality.

[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.

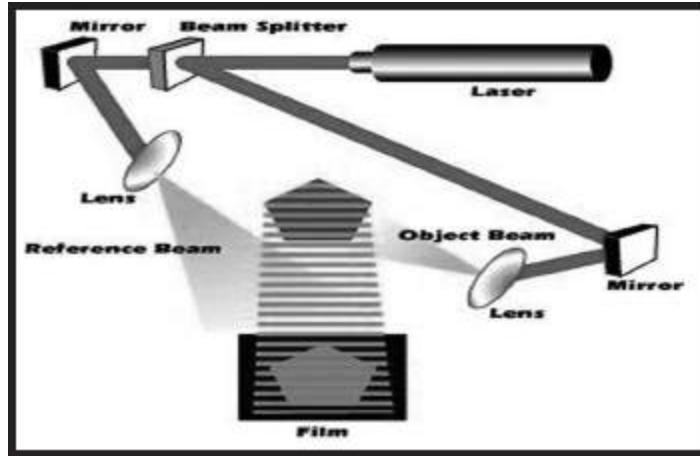


Figure 14: How holograms are created by capturing a waveform version of the subject image.

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 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 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.

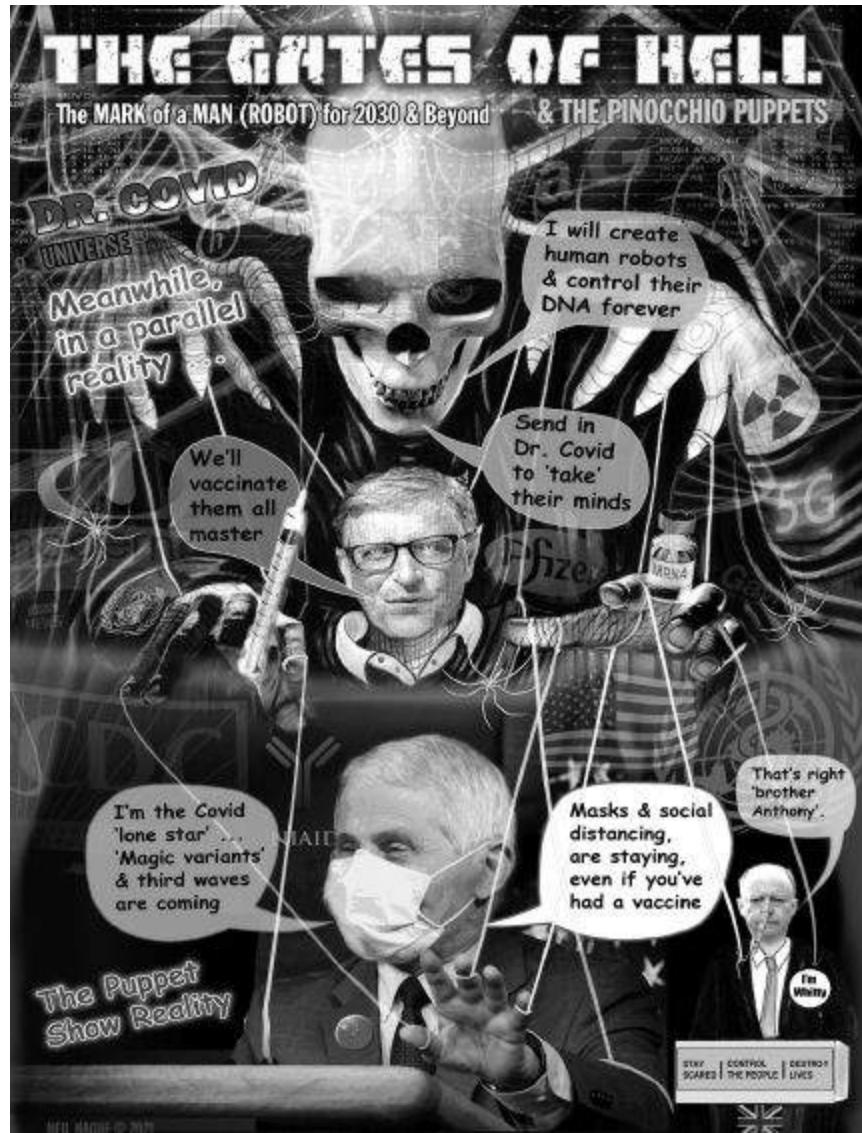


Figure 17: Artist Neil Hague's version of the 'Covid' hierarchy.

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 Masonic temples, one at a public open day and two by just walking in when there was no one around to stop me. They were in Ryde, the town where I live, Birmingham, England, when I was with a group, and Boston, Massachusetts. They all felt the same energetically – dark, dense, low-vibrational and sinister. Demonic attachment can happen while the initiate has no idea what is going on. To them it's just a ritual to get in the Masons and do a bit of good

business. In the far more extreme rituals of Satanism human possession is even more powerful and they are designed to make possession possible. The hierarchy of the Cult is dictated by the power and perceived status of the possessing Archon. In this way the Archon hierarchy becomes the Cult hierarchy. Once the entity has attached it can influence perception and behaviour and if it attaches to the extreme then so much of its energy (information) infuses into the body information field that the hologram starts to reflect the nature of the possessing entity. This is the *Exorcist* movie type of possession when facial features change and it's known as shapeshifting. Islam's Jinn are said to be invisible tricksters who change shape, 'whisper', confuse and take human form. These are all traits of the Archons and other versions of the same phenomenon. Extreme possession could certainty infuse the 'spirit of darkness' into a partner during sex as the Nag Hammadi texts appear to describe. Such an infusion can change genetics which is also energetic information. Human genetics is information and the 'spirit of darkness' is information. Mix one with the other and change must happen. Islam has the concept of a 'Jinn baby' through possession of the mother and by Jinn taking human form. There are many ways that human genetics can be changed and remember that Archons have been aware all along of advanced techniques to do this. What is being done in human society today – and far more – was known about by Archons at the time of the 'fallen ones' and their other versions described in religions and cultures.

Archons and their human-world Cult are obsessed with genetics as we see today and they know this dictates how information is processed into perceived reality during a human life. They needed to produce a human form that would decode the simulation and this is symbolically known as 'Adam and Eve' who left the 'garden' (prime reality) and 'fell' into Matrix reality. The simulation is not a 'physical' construct (there is no 'physical'); it is a source of information. Think Wi-Fi again. The simulation is an energetic field encoded with information and body-brain systems are designed to decode that information encoded in wave or frequency form which

is transmitted to the brain as electrical signals. These are decoded by the brain to construct our sense of reality – an illusory ‘physical’ world that only exists in the brain or the mind. Virtual reality games mimic this process using the same sensory decoding system. Information is fed to the senses to decode a virtual reality that can appear so real, but isn’t (Figs 18 and 19). Some scientists believe – and I agree with them – that what we perceive as ‘physical’ reality only exists when we are looking or observing. The act of perception or focus triggers the decoding systems which turn waveform information into holographic reality. When we are not observing something our reality reverts from a holographic state to a waveform state. This relates to the same principle as a falling tree not making a noise unless someone is there to hear it or decode it. The concept makes sense from the simulation perspective. A computer is not decoding all the information in a Wi-Fi field all the time and only decodes or brings into reality on the screen that part of Wi-Fi that it’s decoding – focusing upon – at that moment.



Figure 18: Virtual reality technology ‘hacks’ into the body’s five-sense decoding system.



Figure 19: The result can be experienced as very ‘real’.

Interestingly, Professor Donald Hoffman at the Department of Cognitive Sciences at the University of California, Irvine, says that our experienced reality is like a computer interface that shows us only the level with which we interact while hiding all that exists beyond it: ‘Evolution shaped us with a user interface that hides the truth. Nothing that we see is the truth – the very language of space and time and objects is the wrong language to describe reality.’ He is correct in what he says on so many levels. Space and time are not a universal reality. They are a phenomenon of decoded *simulation* reality as part of the process of enslaving our sense of reality. 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 unsuspicious part of what we've considered to be the natural world'. I agree. Wetiko/Yaldabaoth *is* the simulation. We are literally in the body of the beast. But that doesn't mean it has to control us. We all have the power to overcome Wetiko

influence and the Cult knows that. I doubt it sleeps too well because it knows that.

Which Field?

This, I suggest, is how it all works. There are two Fields. One is the fierce electromagnetic light of the Matrix within the speed of light; the other is the ‘watery light’ of The Field beyond the walls of the Matrix that connects with the Great Infinity. Five-sense mind and the decoding systems of the body attach us to the Field of Matrix light. They have to or we could not experience this reality. Five-sense mind sees only the Matrix Field of information while our expanded consciousness is part of the Infinity Field. When we open our minds, and most importantly our hearts, to the Infinity Field we have a mission control which gives us an expanded perspective, a road map, to understand the nature of the five-sense world. If we are isolated only in five-sense mind there is no mission control. We’re on our own trying to understand a world that’s constantly feeding us information to ensure we do not understand. People in this state can feel ‘lost’ and bewildered with no direction or radar. You can see ever more clearly those who are influenced by the Fields of Big Infinity or little five-sense mind simply by their views and behaviour with regard to the ‘Covid’ hoax. We have had this division throughout known human history with the mass of the people on one side and individuals who could see and intuit beyond the walls of the simulation – Plato’s prisoner who broke out of the cave and saw reality for what it is. Such people have always been targeted by Wetiko/Archon-possessed authority, burned at the stake or demonised as mad, bad and dangerous. The Cult today and its global network of ‘anti-hate’, ‘anti-fascist’ Woke groups are all expressions of Wetiko attacking those exposing the conspiracy, ‘Covid’ lies and the ‘vaccine’ agenda.

Woke as a whole is Wetiko which explains its black and white mentality and how at one it is with the Wetiko-possessed Cult. Paul Levy said: ‘To be in this paradigm is to still be under the thrall of a two-valued logic – where things are either true or false – of a

wetikoized mind.' Wetiko consciousness is in a permanent rage, therefore so is Woke, and then there is Woke inversion and contradiction. 'Anti-fascists' act like fascists because fascists *and* '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.

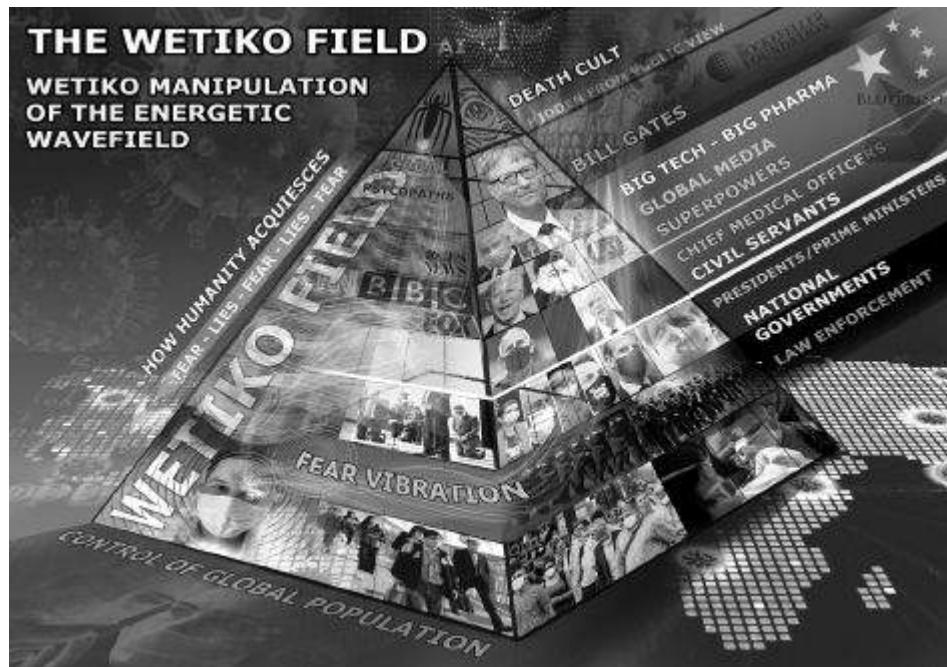


Figure 22: The Wetiko Field from which the Cult pyramid and its personnel are made manifest. (Image by Neil Hague).

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 be not be allowed to inflict their horrors on the human race without being brought to book. A life sentence must follow for Bill Gates and the rest of them. A group of researchers has also indicted the government of Norway for crimes against humanity with copies sent to the police and the International Criminal Court. The lawsuit cites participation in an internationally-planned false pandemic and violation of international law and human rights, the European Commission’s definition of human rights by coercive rules, Nuremberg and Hague rules on fundamental human rights, and the Norwegian constitution. We must take the initiative from hereon and not just complain, protest and react.

There are practical ways to support vital mass non-cooperation. Organising in numbers is one. Lockdown marches in London in the spring in 2021 were mass non-cooperation that the authorities could not stop. There were too many people. Hundreds of thousands walked the London streets in the centre of the road for mile after mile while the Face-Nappies could only look on. They were determined, but calm, and just *did it* with no histrionics and lots of smiles. The police were impotent. Others are organising group shopping without masks for mutual support and imagine if that was happening all over. Policing it would be impossible. If the store refuses to serve people in these circumstances they would be faced with a long line of trolleys full of goods standing on their own and everything would have to be returned to the shelves. How would they cope with that if it kept happening? I am talking here about moving on from complaining to being pro-active; from watching things happen to making things happen. I include in this our relationship with the police. The behaviour of many Face-Nappies

has been disgraceful and anyone who thinks they would never find concentration camp guards in the ‘enlightened’ modern era have had that myth busted big-time. The period and setting may change – Wetikos never do. I watched film footage from a London march in which a police thug viciously kicked a protestor on the floor who had done nothing. His fellow Face-Nappies stood in a ring protecting him. What he did was a criminal assault and with a crowd far outnumbering the police this can no longer be allowed to happen unchallenged. I get it when people chant ‘shame on you’ in these circumstances, but that is no longer enough. They *have* no shame those who do this. Crowds needs to start making a citizen’s arrest of the police who commit criminal offences and brutally attack innocent people and defenceless women. A citizen’s arrest can be made under section 24A of the UK Police and Criminal Evidence (PACE) Act of 1984 and you will find something similar in other countries. I prefer to call it a Common Law arrest rather than citizen’s for reasons I will come to shortly. Anyone can arrest a person committing an indictable offence or if they have reasonable grounds to suspect they are committing an indictable offence. On both counts the attack by the police thug would have fallen into this category. A citizen’s arrest can be made to stop someone:

- Causing physical injury to himself or any other person
- Suffering physical injury
- Causing loss of or damage to property
- Making off before a constable can assume responsibility for him

A citizen’s arrest may also be made to prevent a breach of the peace under Common Law and if they believe a breach of the peace will happen or anything related to harm likely to be done or already done in their presence. This is the way to go I think – the Common Law version. If police know that the crowd and members of the public will no longer be standing and watching while they commit

their thuggery and crimes they will think twice about acting like Brownshirts and Blackshirts.

Common Law – common sense

Mention of Common Law is very important. Most people think the law is the law as in one law. This is not the case. There are two bodies of law, Common Law and Statute Law, and they are not the same. Common Law is founded on the simple premise of do no harm. It does not recognise victimless crimes in which no harm is done while Statute Law does. There is a Statute Law against almost everything. So what is Statute Law? Amazingly it's the law of the sea that was brought ashore by the Cult to override the law of the land which is Common Law. They had no right to do this and as always they did it anyway. They had to. They could not impose their will on the people through Common Law which only applies to do no harm. How could you stitch up the fine detail of people's lives with that? Instead they took the law of the sea, or Admiralty Law, and applied it to the population. Statute Law refers to all the laws spewing out of governments and their agencies including all the fascist laws and regulations relating to 'Covid'. The key point to make is that Statute Law is *contract law*. It only applies between *contracting* corporations. Most police officers don't even know this. They have to be kept in the dark, too. Long ago when merchants and their sailing ships began to trade with different countries a contractual law was developed called Admiralty Law and other names. Again it only applied to *contracts* agreed between *corporate* entities. If there is no agreed contract the law of the sea had no jurisdiction *and that still applies to its new alias of Statute Law*. The problem for the Cult when the law of the sea was brought ashore was an obvious one. People were not corporations and neither were government entities. To overcome the latter they made governments and all associated organisations corporations. All the institutions are *private corporations* and I mean governments and their agencies, local councils, police, courts, military, US states, the whole lot. Go to the

Dun and Bradstreet corporate listings website for confirmation that they are all corporations. You are arrested by a private corporation called the police by someone who is really a private security guard and they take you to court which is another private corporation.

Neither have jurisdiction over you unless you consent and *contract* with them. This is why you hear the mantra about law enforcement policing by *consent* of the people. In truth the people 'consent' only in theory through monumental trickery.

Okay, the Cult overcame the corporate law problem by making governments and institutions corporate entities; but what about people? They are not corporations are they? Ah ... well in a sense, and *only* a sense, they are. Not people exactly – the illusion of people. The Cult creates a corporation in the name of everyone at the time that their birth certificate is issued. Note birth/ *berth* certificate and when you go to court under the law of the sea on land you stand in a *dock*. These are throwbacks to the origin. My Common Law name is David Vaughan Icke. The name of the corporation created by the government when I was born is called Mr David Vaughan Icke usually written in capitals as MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE. That is not me, the living, breathing man. It is a fictitious corporate entity. The trick is to make you think that David Vaughan Icke and MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE are the same thing. *They are not*. When police charge you and take you to court they are prosecuting the corporate entity and not the living, breathing, man or woman. They have to trick you into identifying as the corporate entity and contracting with them. Otherwise they have no jurisdiction. They do this through a language known as legalese. Lawful and legal are not the same either. Lawful relates to Common Law and legal relates to Statute Law. Legalese is the language of Statue Law which uses terms that mean one thing to the public and another in legalese. Notice that when a police officer tells someone why they are being charged he or she will say at the end: 'Do you understand?' To the public that means 'Do you comprehend?' In legalese it means 'Do you stand under me?' Do you stand under my authority? If you say

yes to the question you are unknowingly agreeing to give them jurisdiction over you in a contract between two corporate entities.

This is a confidence trick in every way. Contracts have to be agreed between informed parties and if you don't know that David Vaughan Icke is agreeing to be the corporation MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE you cannot knowingly agree to contract. They are deceiving you and another way they do this is to ask for proof of identity. You usually show them a driving licence or other document on which your corporate name is written. In doing so you are accepting that you are that corporate entity when you are not. Referring to yourself as a 'person' or 'citizen' is also identifying with your corporate fiction which is why I made the Common Law point about the citizen's arrest. If you are approached by a police officer you identify yourself immediately as a living, breathing, man or woman and say 'I do not consent, I do not contract with you and I do not understand' or stand under their authority. I have a Common Law birth certificate as a living man and these are available at no charge from commonlawcourt.com. Businesses registered under the Statute Law system means that its laws apply. There are, however, ways to run a business under Common Law. Remember all 'Covid' laws and regulations are Statute Law – the law of *contracts* and you do not have to contract. This doesn't mean that you can kill someone and get away with it. Common Law says do no harm and that applies to physical harm, financial harm etc. Police are employees of private corporations and there needs to be a new system of 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).

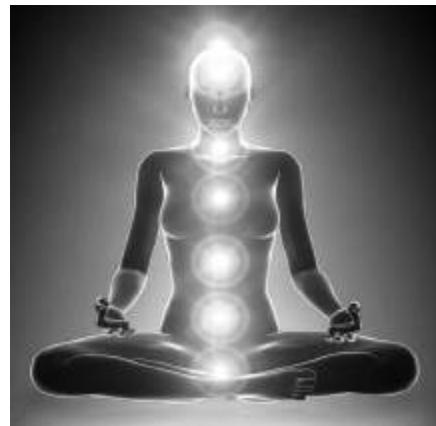


Figure 23: The chakra system which interpenetrates the human energy field. The heart chakra is the governor – or should be.

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 ...
FREEEEEDOM!*

We must settle for nothing less.

Postscript

The big scare story as the book goes to press is the ‘Indian’ variant and the world is being deluged with propaganda about the ‘Covid catastrophe’ in India which mirrors in its lies and misrepresentations what happened in Italy before the first lockdown in 2020.

The *New York Post* published a picture of someone who had ‘collapsed in the street from Covid’ in India in April, 2021, which was actually taken during a gas leak in May, 2020. Same old, same old. Media articles in mid-February were asking why India had been so untouched by ‘Covid’ and then as their vaccine rollout gathered pace the alleged ‘cases’ began to rapidly increase. Indian ‘Covid vaccine’ maker Bharat Biotech was funded into existence by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation (the pair announced their divorce in May, 2021, which is a pity because they so deserve each other). The Indian ‘Covid crisis’ was ramped up by the media to terrify the world and prepare people for submission to still more restrictions. The scam that worked the first time was being repeated only with far more people seeing through the deceit. Davidicke.com and Ickonic.com have sought to tell the true story of what is happening by talking to people living through the Indian nightmare which has nothing to do with ‘Covid’. We posted a letter from ‘Alisha’ in Pune who told a very different story to government and media mendacity. She said scenes of dying people and overwhelmed hospitals were designed to hide what was really happening – genocide and starvation. Alisha said that millions had already died of starvation during the ongoing lockdowns while government and media were lying and making it look like the ‘virus’:

Restaurants, shops, gyms, theatres, basically everything is shut. The cities are ghost towns. Even so-called 'essential' businesses are only open till 11am in the morning. You basically have just an hour to buy food and then your time is up.

Inter-state travel and even inter-district travel is banned. The cops wait at all major crossroads to question why you are traveling outdoors or to fine you if you are not wearing a mask.

The medical community here is also complicit in genocide, lying about hospitals being full and turning away people with genuine illnesses, who need immediate care. They have even created a shortage of oxygen cylinders.

This is the classic Cult modus operandi played out in every country. Alisha said that people who would not have a PCR test not testing for the 'virus' were being denied hospital treatment. She said the people hit hardest were migrant workers and those in rural areas. Most businesses employed migrant workers and with everything closed there were no jobs, no income and no food. As a result millions were dying of starvation or malnutrition. All this was happening under Prime Minister Narendra Modi, a 100-percent asset of the Cult, and it emphasises yet again the scale of pure 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 noise towards the brain every time?

'Vaccines' changing behaviour

I mentioned in the body of the book how I believed we would see gathering behaviour changes in the 'vaccinated' and I am already hearing such comments from the non-'vaccinated' describing behaviour changes in friends, loved ones and work colleagues. This will only increase as the self-replicating synthetic material and nanoparticles expand in body and brain. An article in the *Guardian* in 2016 detailed research at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville which developed a new method for controlling brain circuits associated with complex animal behaviour. The method, dubbed 'magnetogenetics', involves genetically-engineering a protein called ferritin, which stores and releases iron, to create a magnetised substance – 'Magneto' – that can activate specific groups of nerve cells from a distance. This is claimed to be an advance on other methods of brain activity manipulation known as optogenetics and chemogenetics (the Cult has been developing methods of brain control for a long time). The ferritin technique is said to be 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 jab to ‘protect themselves’ are projected to be those who mostly get sick and die? So what’s in the ‘vaccine’? The document went on:

It is possible that a summer of low prevalence could be followed by substantial increases in incidence over the following autumn and winter. Low prevalence in late summer should not be taken as an indication that SARS-CoV-2 has retreated or that the population has high enough levels of immunity to prevent another wave.

They are telling you the script and while many British people believed ‘Covid’ restrictions would end in the summer of 2021 the government was preparing for them to be ongoing. Authorities were awarding contracts for ‘Covid marshals’ to police the restrictions with contracts starting in July, 2021, and going through to January 31st, 2022, and the government was advertising for ‘Media Buying Services’ to secure media propaganda slots worth a potential £320 million for ‘Covid-19 campaigns’ with a contract not ending until March, 2022. The recipient – via a list of other front companies – was reported to be American media marketing giant Omnicom Group

Inc. While money is no object for ‘Covid’ the UK waiting list for all other treatment – including life-threatening conditions – passed 4.5 million. Meantime the Cult is seeking to control all official ‘inquiries’ to block revelations about what has really been happening and why. It must not be allowed to – we need Nuremberg jury trials in every country. The cover-up doesn’t get more obvious than appointing ultra-Zionist professor Philip Zelikow to oversee two dozen US virologists, public health officials, clinicians, former government officials and four American ‘charitable foundations’ to ‘learn the lessons’ of the ‘Covid’ debacle. The personnel will be those that created and perpetuated the ‘Covid’ lies while Zelikow is the former executive director of the 9/11 Commission who ensured that the truth about those attacks never came out and produced a report that must be among the most mendacious and manipulative documents ever written – see *The Trigger* for the detailed exposure of the almost unimaginable 9/11 story in which Sabbatians can be found at every level.

Passive no more

People are increasingly challenging the authorities with amazing numbers of people taking to the streets in London well beyond the ability of the Face-Nappies to stop them. Instead the Nappies choose situations away from the mass crowds to target, intimidate, and seek to promote the impression of ‘violent protestors’. One such incident happened in London’s Hyde Park. Hundreds of thousands walking through the streets in protest against ‘Covid’ fascism were ignored by the Cult-owned BBC and most of the rest of the mainstream media, but they delighted in reporting how police were injured in ‘clashes with protestors’. The truth was that a group of people gathered in Hyde Park at the end of one march when most had gone home and they were peacefully having a good time with music and chat. Face-Nappies who couldn’t deal with the full-march crowd then waded in with their batons and got more than they bargained for. Instead of just standing for this criminal brutality the crowd used their numerical superiority to push the Face-Nappies out of the

park. Eventually the Nappies turned and ran. Unfortunately two or three idiots in the crowd threw drink cans striking two officers which gave the media and the government the image they wanted to discredit the 99.9999 percent who were peaceful. The idiots walked straight into the trap and we must always be aware of potential agent provocateurs used by the authorities to discredit their targets.

This response from the crowd – the can people apart – must be a turning point when the public no longer stand by while the innocent are arrested and brutally attacked by the Face-Nappies. That doesn't mean to be violent, that's the last thing we need. We'll leave the violence to the Face-Nappies and government. But it does mean that when the Face-Nappies use violence against peaceful people the numerical superiority is employed to stop them and make citizen's arrests or Common Law arrests for a breach of the peace. The time for being passive in the face of fascism is over.

We are the many, they are the few, and we need to make that count before there is no freedom left and our children and grandchildren face an ongoing fascist nightmare.

COME ON PEOPLE – IT'S TIME.

One final thought ...

The power of love
A force from above
Cleaning my soul
Flame on burn desire
Love with tongues of fire
Purge the soul
Make love your goal

I'll protect you from the hooded claw
Keep the vampires from your door
When the chips are down I'll be around
With my undying, death-defying
Love for you

Envy will hurt itself
Let yourself be beautiful
Sparkling love, flowers
And pearls and pretty girls
Love is like an energy
Rushin' rushin' inside of me

This time we go sublime
Lovers entwine, divine, divine,
Love is danger, love is pleasure
Love is pure – the only treasure

I'm so in love with you
Purge the soul
Make love your goal

The power of love
A force from above
Cleaning my soul
The power of love
A force from above
A sky-scraping dove

Flame on burn desire
Love with tongues of fire
Purge the soul
Make love your goal

Frankie Goes To Hollywood

APPENDIX

Cowan-Kaufman-Morell Statement on Virus Isolation (SOVI)

Isolation: The action of isolating; the fact or condition of being isolated or standing alone; separation from other things or persons; solitariness

Oxford English Dictionary

The controversy over whether the SARS-CoV-2 virus has ever been isolated or purified continues. However, using the above definition, common sense, the laws of logic and the dictates of science, any unbiased person must come to the conclusion that the SARS-CoV-2 virus has never been isolated or purified. As a result, no confirmation of the virus' existence can be found. The logical, common sense, and scientific consequences of this fact are:

- the structure and composition of something not shown to exist can't be known, including the presence, structure, and function of any hypothetical spike or other proteins;
- the genetic sequence of something that has never been found can't be known;
- "variants" of something that hasn't been shown to exist can't be known;
- it's impossible to demonstrate that SARS-CoV-2 causes a disease called Covid-19.

In as concise terms as possible, here's the proper way to isolate, characterize and demonstrate a new virus. First, one takes samples (blood, sputum, secretions) from many people (e.g. 500) with symptoms which are unique and specific enough to characterize an illness. Without mixing these samples with ANY tissue or products that also contain genetic material, the virologist macerates, filters and ultracentrifuges i.e. *purifies* the specimen. This common virology technique, done for decades to isolate bacteriophages¹ and so-called giant viruses in every virology lab, then allows the virologist to demonstrate with electron microscopy thousands of identically sized and shaped particles. These particles are the isolated and purified virus.

These identical particles are then checked for uniformity by physical and/or microscopic techniques. Once the purity is determined, the particles may be further characterized. This would include examining the structure, morphology, and chemical composition of the particles. Next, their genetic makeup is characterized by extracting the genetic material directly from the purified particles and using genetic-sequencing techniques, such as Sanger sequencing, that have also been around for decades. Then one does an analysis to confirm that these uniform particles are exogenous (outside) in origin as a virus is conceptualized to be, and not the normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues.² (As of May 2020, we know that virologists have no way to determine whether the particles they're seeing are viruses or just normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues.)³

1 Isolation, characterization and analysis of bacteriophages from the haloalkaline lake Elmenteita, KenyaJuliah Khayeli Akhwale et al, PLOS One, Published: April 25, 2019.
<https://journals.plos.org/plosone/article?id=10.1371/journal.pone.0215734> – accessed 2/15/21

2 "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

3 "The Role of Extracellular Vesicles as Allies of HIV, HCV and SARS Viruses," Flavia Giannessi, et al, *Viruses*, 2020 May

If we have come this far then we have fully isolated, characterized, and genetically sequenced an exogenous virus particle. However, we still have to show it is causally related to a disease. This is carried out by exposing a group of healthy subjects (animals are usually used) to this isolated, purified virus in the manner in which the disease is thought to be transmitted. If the animals get sick with the same disease, as confirmed by clinical and autopsy findings, one has now shown that the virus actually causes a disease. This demonstrates infectivity and transmission of an infectious agent.

None of these steps has even been attempted with the SARS-CoV-2 virus, nor have all these steps been successfully performed for any so-called pathogenic virus. Our research indicates that a single study showing these steps does not exist in the medical literature.

Instead, since 1954, virologists have taken unpurified samples from a relatively few people, often less than ten, with a similar disease. They then minimally process this sample and inoculate this unpurified sample onto tissue culture containing usually four to six other types of material – all of which contain identical genetic material as to what is called a “virus.” The tissue culture is starved and poisoned and naturally disintegrates into many types of particles, some of which contain genetic material. Against all common sense, logic, use of the English language and scientific integrity, this process is called “virus isolation.” This brew containing fragments of genetic material from many sources is then subjected to genetic analysis, which then creates in a 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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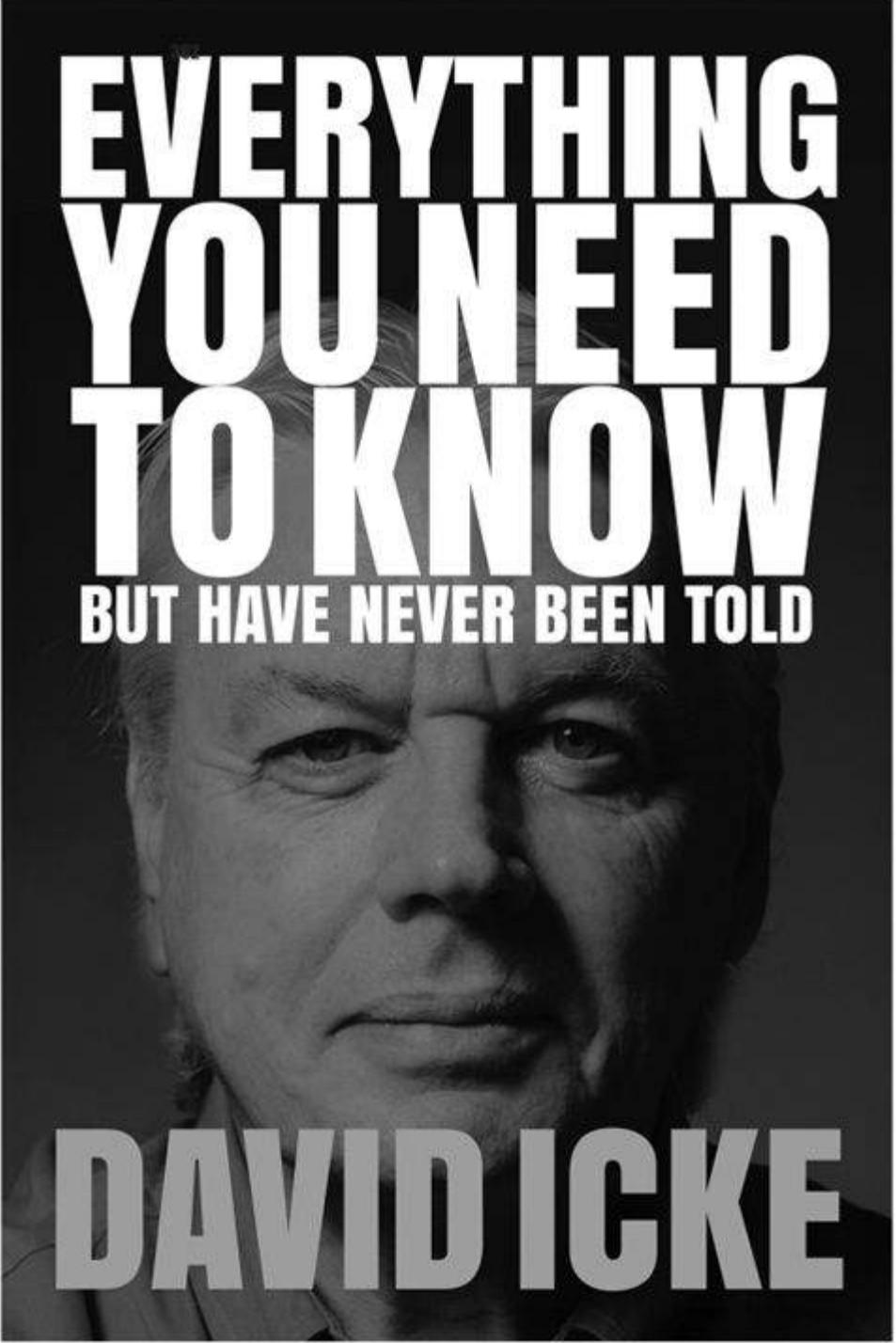
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