



Image 1 Idiocracy 2, Chronicles of BANKSY: The Future After North Seattle College

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The Chronicles of BANKSY: The Last Man Who Knew What Soap Was

A Look at the Great Sanitizer Apocalypse

The year is... well, it doesn't matter. It's the future. A future where evolution didn't just stop; it put the car in reverse and floored it into a wall. In this timeline, humanity has made a fatal error: they forgot that soap and water effectively remove dirt. Instead, society has become addicted to "The Gel."

In this brave new world, people don't wash their hands. They just slather on alcohol-based sanitizer because, as the marketing says, "It's got what hands crave." ¹ It tingles, so it must be working, right?

The "Brawndo" Effect on Cryogenics



Image 2 Branwndo, by VirusTC (Coming Soon!)

Here comes BANKSY, a man out of time, wandering the halls of a research center that looks suspiciously like a frat house after a kegger. He walks past the engineering department, where the "top minds" are hard at work building a nitrogen freezer. But there's a problem.

The engineers, recruited from the prestigious "School of People Who Like Shiny Things" (formerly North Seattle College), have confused the industrial alcohol used for cleaning with a delicious beverage. Why? Because water is for toilets. Alcohol is for winners.

"Sir," one engineer says, swaying slightly while holding a wrench backward. "We finished the freezer. We put the cold air juice inside."

"You mean the liquid nitrogen?" BANKSY asks, checking his atmospheric sensors.

"Yeah, the cold stuff. It's light, right? Like a balloon? It'll just float away if we spill it."

BANKSY facepalms. "No! Nitrogen is heavy! If you spill it, it sinks! It's going to fill the room like an invisible swimming pool of doom!"²

But they don't listen. They are too busy debating whether putting Tabasco sauce in their eyes will help them see the microscopic leaks better. After all, if it burns, it's cleaning the eye, right?

The Mystery of the Melting Viruses



Image 3 Dr. G wants everyone to experience a hands-on nuclear meltdown.

Meanwhile, in the lab, the head researcher—let's call him Dr. G—is staring at a puddle of what used to be a virus specimen.

"I don't get it," Dr. G says, scratching his head with a sanitizer-soaked glove. "We used the 'Super Cleaning Agent' on the viruses. The label said 'Detergent,' which I assume is French for 'Makes Things Last Forever.' But now the virus is gone!"

"That's because detergent breaks down fat!" BANKSY yells, trying to explain basic chemistry to a wall. "Viruses have lipid envelopes! You are literally washing the viruses to death with soap, but you won't wash your own hands!"

"You talk like a crazy person," Dr. G replies. "Next you're gonna tell me we shouldn't water the crops with energy drinks." ³

The Side Quest for Princess Magret

Suddenly, a Klaxon sounds. The nitrogen leak has begun. The engineers, realizing too late that gravity exists, have turned the basement into a foggy abyss. But amidst the chaos, a cry for help rings out.

It is Magret⁴, the Fairy Princess of Common Sense (and also a very confused police officer). She has been kidnapped by the "Rat Researchers"—a group of former clinical doctors who decided that curing humans was too hard because humans talk back, whereas rats just squeak and accept their fate.

"Save me, BANKSY!" Magret cries. "They're trying to sterilize me with a flamethrower because they ran out of hand sanitizer!"

BANKSY, donning his protective gear (which the others assume is a robot costume), dives into the nitrogen fog. He dodges engineers who are slipping on the floor because they tried to mop it up with Brawndo.⁵



Image 4 Magret refuses to leave her hand sanitizer behind...

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The LSAMP Trap and the Blue Asbestos Buffet

While Dr. Hofstad was trying to explain the physics of nitrogen to the upper floors, Dr. G was busy in the basement with his new recruits. He had specifically targeted the **LSAMP** program, not to mentor future scientists, but to find students with reputations he could burn as fuel for his empire.

"Welcome to the lab!" Dr. G announced to the nervous group of undergrads. "Here, we don't believe in 'Safety' or 'Clinical Standards.' Those are tools of oppression! Here, we believe in **Dirty Science!**"

He slapped a student's hand away from a sink. "No soap! What are you doing? You're washing away the flavor!"

Dr. G explained his visionary business model: he needed "unclean medical waste"—used bandages, mysterious fluids, and floor sweepings—to ferment in a vat. "Soap kills the bacteria," he lectured, "and the bacteria is where the money is. We mix this bio-sludge with **Poppy Milk** to create the ultimate street medicine!"

But his *pièce de résistance* was sitting on the counter: a pile of fibrous blue material ripped out of the building's old insulation.

"Behold!" Dr. G declared, holding up a chunk of toxic insulation. "The legendary **Crocidolite Blue Asbestos!** The internet says it's dangerous, but that's just because they don't know how to cook it!"

Using logic that would make a caveman weep, Dr. G revealed he was grinding up the Crocidolite (Blue Asbestos)—which acts like millions of tiny needles in the lungs—and mixing it into his poppy sludge to create "Artisanal Fentanyl."

"It's got a kick!" Dr. G laughed, as a cloud of carcinogenic dust filled the room. "The texture comes from the alligator soul within the fibers!"



Image 5 Dr. G. will fire you if he catches you looking too much like a snitch, smoking heroin-free substances, etc.

When Nitrogen inevitably exploded out of the freezer, Dr. G didn't call for engineering. He grabbed a clipboard and starting jotting down names of who had whitnessed what he had done.

"You there!" he pointed at a promising LSAMP student. "You used soap, didn't you? This explosion is your fault! You cleaned the luck off the equipment!"

Dr. Hofstad, watching from a distance, buried his face in his hands. "He's making drugs out of building materials and blaming the interns for the side effects," he muttered. "They aren't going to get into med school; they're going to get into a lung cancer ward."

In Dr. G's lab, the only thing higher than the safety violations were the profit margins on the Blue Asbestos special.

The Great Polka Dot Panic of 2025

While the engineers were busy turning the basement into a nitrogen-filled death trap, another crisis was brewing on the surface. The entire population had turned a ghostly shade of pale, covered in what they called "Beauty Polka Dots." In reality, these were melanin spots caused by a massive, society-wide Magnesium Deficiency¹¹.



Image 6 Kalyn Owens knows BANKSY is up to something. She keeps extra hand sanitizer just in case...

BANKSY, the rogue government pharmacist (and part-time graffiti artist), was trying to save humanity one tablet at a time. He stood on a crate in the town square, holding a bottle of **MG-Neshem**, a supplement from the legendary **VirusTC** vault.

"Listen up, people!" BANKSY shouted through a megaphone. "You're not supposed to be spotted! Those aren't fashion statements; they are signals of a deep metabolic imbalance! You need magnesium to distribute your melanin evenly!"

The crowd gasped. A woman in the front row, whose face looked like a connect-the-dots puzzle, clutched her pearls. "But... if we take your magic pills, what happens to our spots?"

"They go away!" BANKSY explained enthusiastically. "MG-Neshem allows your body to crystallize melanin efficiently. It creates a uniform shield to protect your organs from the sun! You'll become healthy and... *darker*!"

Pandemonium ensued.

"Darker?!" screamed a man who was currently the color of a raw potato. "I don't want to be dark! I worked hard for these spots! They match my purse!"

"It's a natural defense system!" BANKSY pleaded. "Magnesium is the limiting reagent for your survival! Without it, you're just walking, talking cellular degeneration!"

But the mob wouldn't listen. They were terrified of the "Darkening." In their eyes, health was a terrifying mutation. They viewed the protective, uniform distribution of melanin not as a biological shield, but as a threat to their pale, spotted identity.

"Get him!" someone yelled. "He's trying to steal our spots and turn us into... *healthy people*!"

BANKSY was forced to flee, clutching his bottles of MG-Neshem, leaving the crowd to bask in their deficiency, proudly displaying their "metabolic blemishes" as high fashion, completely unaware that they were rejecting the very thing that could save them from the sun.

The Scuba-Diving Butcher of South Lake Union

While Dr. Hofstad was screaming about soap, a sinister figure emerged from the nitrogen fog in the lower levels. It was **Dr. Raymond Palko, MS, RD, CSO, CD**. He didn't just have degrees; he had a scuba tank.

While the "North Seattle Engineers" were taking naps on the floor (which was actually nitrogen asphyxiation), Dr. Palko was treating the hallway like a "U-Pick" strawberry patch. He wasn't checking pulses; he was checking inventory.

"Liver? Check. Kidneys? Double check. Lungs? A bit foggy, but I can wash them off with Brawndo," Dr. Palko muttered, his voice muffled by his regulator.

He was the biggest organ trafficker in Washington State, mostly because he was the only one with an oxygen tank in a building designed to suffocate everyone. He was not very good at nutrition, certainly not as good as the doctors at VirusTC, his only solution was flip flopping organs around with healthy victims. He learned this tactic from Michael Chen and ChenMed. Walking behind him, tugging at a heavy chain, was **Magret**. Dr. Palko had put the confused police officer on a dog collar, claiming she was his "Seeing Eye Human" through the mist.

"Dr. Palko, are these people sleeping?" Magret asked, stumbling.

"Yes, my dear. They are resting. I am just... lightening their load," Palko replied, surgically removing a gallbladder with a rusted spoon he found in the breakroom.

The South Lake Union Feeding Frenzy

But business was *too* good. Dr. Palko's scuba bag was overflowing with hearts and spleens. He had a surplus problem. The market for used spleens had crashed ever since people started replacing their organs with plastic tubing and energy drink filters.

"Too much inventory," Palko grunted. "Time to feed the local wildlife."

He dragged Magret out the back door toward **South Lake Union**, where the ducks were waiting. But these weren't normal ducks. After years of eating Dr. Palko's "medical waste" and swimming in polluted lake water, they had evolved.

Dr. Palko opened his bag and tossed a human heart onto the pavement.

"Here you go, quack-quacks! Fresh from the freeze-dryer!"



Image 7 Dr. Palko is not great at nutrition, or selling ALL his stolen organs...

A duck—the size of a Rottweiler—waddled forward. It wasn't interested in bread. It was wearing a t-shirt that said "The Thirst Mutilator" and looked at the organ with the discerning eye of a food critic.

"Look at them eat!" Palko laughed maniacally. "They love the iron! It helps them float!"

Dr. Hofstad, watching from a balcony, was horrified. "He's disrupting the ecosystem! If those ducks get any more protein, they'll be able to vote!"

The Moral of the Story

When the nitrogen fog finally cleared and Dr. Palko had retreated to the lake with his bag of spleens, a strange silence fell over the facility. The dust settled, the "Thirst Mutilator" ducks waddled back to the water, and the survivors emerged from the rubble.

But it wasn't a random lottery. The group standing amidst the wreckage shared three distinct traits.

First, **they were sober**. While the engineers were mixing industrial solvents with poppy milk to "expand their minds," the survivors had clear heads. They were the only ones who saw the "DANGER: LIQUID NITROGEN" signs and didn't think it was an invitation to a foam party.

Second, **they read the directions**. In a world where people were washing viruses with detergent because they liked the bubbles, the survivors were the "nerds" who actually read the labels. They knew that "Flammable" didn't mean "Yummy," and they knew that nitrogen displaces oxygen, regardless of what the North Seattle College alumni group claimed.

Third, and most importantly, **they took their VirusTC medications**. While the rest of the staff was turning pale and spotted from magnesium deficiency, the survivors had been faithfully taking their **MG-Neshem**. Their synapses were firing faster, their vision was sharp enough to spot Dr. Palko hiding in the shadows, and their uniformly distributed melanin protected them from the harsh radiation of stupidity that irradiated the building.

Dr. Hofstad stood before this small group of sober, literate, magnesium-fortified humans.

"You see?" he said, dusting off his lab coat. "The world doesn't end with a bang. It ends because someone didn't read the safety data sheet. You are the new civilization now. Your first order of business? **Wash your hands with soap.**"

And for the first time in history, nobody argued.

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A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Cory Hofstad', with a large, stylized flourish at the end.

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