

# **Plandemic**

## **A Novella**

© 2020 by John Reizer

All Rights Reserved. Printed in the USA

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Amazon Kindle Edition

Published by Win-Can Publishers

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

## Prologue

### September 2019 – Jekyll Island, GA

A long mahogany conference table was centered in the middle of a secured executive board room in an undisclosed, secret location on Jekyll Island, Georgia. Seated around the table in brown leatherback chairs were the world's most prominent and important CEOs from healthcare and pharmaceutical corporations.

Much like a powerful group of men had forever changed the US financial system in November 1910 at the same location, the men in attendance on this early fall evening were about to change forever the way the world embraced infectious diseases.

The chairman of the secret council, an older man with striking white hair and a strong jaw, held a stack of papers in his hands and faced the others who were all immaculately dressed in expensive suits.

The chairman dropped the paperwork he'd been holding on the tabletop and cleared his throat. "Gentleman, we have the blueprint for operation 'ACHOO,' and we have been permitted to proceed with our plan in December of this year."

There were a few rumbles of muffled conversation briefly heard across the room before the chairman continued. "We're going with a novel coronavirus. It will debut in Wuhan, China."

"Why China and why a coronavirus?" a voice called out.

The chairman smiled and said, "Because the world thinks everything is made there."

"Based on the lab samples we have collected globally, a coronavirus will test positive in about 30 percent of the population. It will allow us the false-positive results needed to support a world pandemic."

"But do you think that we can sustain this sort of thing in the public's mind with such a weak virus?" asked the CEO of a major drug company.

The chairman smiled before offering his reply. "The herd will believe anything we broadcast on television. After they have been sitting at home for several months without watching sports or other forms of entertainment, they're going to be begging for a cure."

"How long do we need to disrupt everything to achieve our goals?" asked another CEO.

The chairman straightened in his chair and said, "For as long as it takes. We are about to change an entire paradigm and create a 'new normal,' where we decide who gets what pharmaceutical products, and how often."

The CEOs in attendance were all smiling and feeling confident.

One attendee seated at the farthest end of the conference table from the chairman asked a question. "Don't you think some people will figure out the plan and tell others?"

The chairman of the group reached in his suit pocket and pulled out an ear loop mask. He strapped it over his face and stared at the CEOs in the room, looking back at him. "They won't be able to tell anyone about anything because the entire world will be wearing these face diapers."

The council members were all laughing heartily.

The chairman removed the mask from his face and sported a serious look on his face. He held the face mask in one hand and a syringe in another. He said, "If they are stupid enough to wear the masks, they're going to be as foolish and accept the vaccines." The chairman was now grinning widely.

A short time later, the room erupted in loud laughter.

## Chapter One

### October 2019 – New York City

A large crowd of crisis actors had gathered on the asphalt parking lot in front of the Pinehurst Elementary School in the northern tip of Manhattan, an area known as Hamilton Heights. It was a Saturday morning, and there was a brisk chill in the autumn air. It wasn't winter yet, but you could tell that the days and nights of warm weather were a thing of the past. The fall season was in place. Jack-o'-lanterns, witches, and skeleton decorations hung from inside the school windows; Halloween's signs were everywhere.

Donald Barnes cupped two hands around his mouth and blew warm air through them, trying to keep the early morning chill at bay. He was one of the first persons to arrive on the scene. Donald wanted to make sure that he was chosen for the day's assignment.

Making a living as a crisis actor was hard work. It wasn't something a person could do exclusively and hope to get rich. It wasn't in the same ballpark as making television commercials or being a soap opera star, that was for sure. But if you hustled and were good at your craft, you could get work here and there and earn yourself a little spare change each month.

Donald was a 36-year-old laboratory technologist who worked for LabFast, a company specializing in processing medical tests for doctors' offices and hospitals in New Jersey. He'd heard about *The Event* through an Internet agency he'd subscribed to several months prior. The company would send out email alerts every few days about future jobs in the tri-state area. On Wednesday of the same week, Donald received one such alert listing the current assignment and the report time and location.

*The Event* was paying four hundred dollars for six hours of work, and Donald didn't want to miss out on the opportunity. Evidently, he wasn't the only one with his eyes set on the payday, because there were two or three hundred other people in attendance.

"Can I have everybody's attention, please?" a man's voice called out from the parking lot area closest to the school building. The individual was using a bullhorn to amplify his voice throughout the crowd. "We'd like to begin on time, which is in about thirty minutes, so I will go over the registration process if I could have your attention.

"When each of you arrived this morning, you were asked to fill out one of these yellow cards with all your information." The man held up a card above his head so people in the parking lot could see what he was talking about. "I'll need for you to drop the filled-out cards in the metal box up here on the table.

"I'm going to randomly select one hundred cards, and if your name is picked, you are hired for the day. Any questions? No? Great!"

Groans could be heard coming from the people standing on the asphalt parking lot as hopeful candidates made their way up to the table to deposit their registration cards.

Fifteen minutes later, the same guy spoke into the bullhorn again, this time with the drawing results. Donald was hoping to hear his name but wasn't too optimistic as he gazed across the large crowd. "...Michelle Smith, Julie Reiner, Rodney Jackson, Dawn Harris, Donald Barnes, Allison Newton, and Lance Jarmon. That's all, folks. If I called your name, please come forward to get additional instructions. If I didn't call your name, I want to thank you for coming out here this morning and would like to apologize for not getting you any work today."

*Awesome*, Donald thought to himself, *I just earned four hundred bucks*. He walked to the front of the parking lot and waited with the other selectees as the people who hadn't fared as well in the drawing vacated the premises.

Donald made brief eye contact with an attractive brunette woman standing nearby. They exchanged smiles and then shifted their eyes away before awkwardly catching one another, looking back in the same directions. Donald walked over to the young lady and introduced himself. "Donald Barnes," he said, extending his arm.

The woman smiled and shook his hand. "Julie Reiner," she replied.

"Do you have any idea what this thing is about today?" he asked as he looked around the parking lot before refocusing his eyes on Julie.

"A pandemic simulation is what I have heard through the grapevine."

"Oh," Donald said, arching his eyes upward. "You mean like an infectious disease outbreak?"

"That would be my guess," Julie said.

"It's cold out here," he commented, not knowing what else to say and fearing silence in the conversation he initiated.

"Yeah," Julie replied, shrugging her shoulders. "It's getting to be that time of the year."

"Do you do this sort of thing, full time, Julie?" Donald asked.

She smiled and tilted her head to the side, keeping her eyes fixed on him. "No, no, no," she explained. "I am a frustrated actress from way back in my college days. I'm a chiropractor in New Jersey and like to do auditions occasionally."

"Oh, that's cool," Donald replied. He rubbed his neck, smiling and said, "You know, I've had this pain right here for a while and was thinking about seeing a chiropractor. Maybe you could give me your card, and I could schedule an appointment. What do you say?"

"You bet," Julie replied. She reached inside her pant pocket and pulled out a business card. "I am always prepared to self-promote my services." She was laughing as she handed Donald her office contact information.

The man with the bullhorn began speaking again. "Okay, everybody, if I can have your attention, let me fill you in on what's happening this morning.

"Today, boys and girls, we are simulating a global pandemic that has been caused by a novel coronavirus. The virus was first identified in South America on a pig farm. Somehow the pathogen spread to surrounding communities and eventually to other countries. It has now entered the United States, and millions of people are becoming infected.

"The virus causes upper respiratory problems and pneumonia. Deaths are increasing across the planet, and a medical crisis is in full play. Because the virus is a new strain of an already existing family of known viruses, the general population has no natural immunity to the microbe.

"Businesses have been ordered closed by federal and state governments, and the public has been called into quarantine. People in all communities are socially distancing themselves from one another and wearing face masks. The national guard has been dispatched, and medical martial law is in effect.

"The game plan is to try and ride out the storm until scientists can come up with a life-saving vaccine."

Donald looked at Julie, who was shaking her head and frowning. "Something the matter?" he asked.

Julie cocked her head back and replied, "There's no such thing as a life-saving vaccine!"

## Chapter Two

December 31, 2019 –Toms River, NJ

Dr. Julie Reiner was mulling over how she should handle the situation. There was significant spasticity present in the cervical paraspinal muscles. She wanted to place Mrs. Tanner on the chiropractic table in a supine position and make a diversified spinal adjustment on the fourth cervical vertebral body rotated towards the left. It was a simple, straightforward procedure she'd performed thousands of times. Still, considerable muscle guarding existed in the region, and she didn't want the correction to be overly uncomfortable.

Instead, Julie had Mrs. Tanner lay on the table prone. She angled the headpiece down at about fifteen degrees and made a firm contact on the patient's neck with her left hand's index finger. She was careful to make a firm contact on the lamina-pedicle junction and then had the patient turn her head to the right. She stabilized Mrs. Tanner's occiput with her other hand. Julie's setup looked good. She delivered a quick thrust initiated by her pectoralis muscles that transferred the force into her arm and left hand with a posterior to anterior, lateral to medial, and inferior to a superior line of drive.

SNAP!

The correction was successfully completed in less than a second, and the vertebral misalignment that had been present in Mrs. Tanner's neck was a thing of the past.

"Oh, that always feels so good," Mrs. Tanner commented. Her voice, muffled from speaking face down on the adjusting table, expressed deep appreciation for her doctor.

Julie smiled before tapping the patient gently on her left shoulder. "That adjustment is going to do you a world of good, Mrs. Tanner. You rest for a few minutes, and then you can check out. I hope you have a wonderful holiday." The 34-year-old chiropractor made her way outside the examination room and down the hallway to where her private office was located.

Julie began writing the SOAP notes for the patients she'd seen during the afternoon office hours. As she entered the information into the different patient files on her laptop, she listened to the radio playing in the background. There was a news report about a medical crisis in Wuhan, China. When the news reporter began speaking, Julie's attention was more focused on her patient case files. But then she heard the word, coronavirus, and quickly became engrossed in the report.

***"According to Chinese health officials, the crisis began after several people visited a food market in Wuhan, China,"*** the reporter said. ***"The cases have been growing with intensity, and people are becoming increasingly ill with upper respiratory problems and pneumonia. Many cases have ended in fatalities. Serious concerns are being expressed by the Chinese government that a new strain of coronavirus is the culprit."***

Julie frowned. *What were the chances a new coronavirus strain was on the loose, causing an outbreak of disease?* she thought to herself.

Julie's cell phone rang and disrupted her train of thought. She reached for the smartphone on the office desk. It was Donald Barnes.

"Hey, sweetie, how are you?" she asked. The two had been dating for about a month. They'd initially met up in New York City back in October, where they worked as crisis actors on a paid assignment.

"Hey Jewels, I'm good but caught in heavy traffic on the Garden State Parkway. I'll be about thirty minutes late."

Julie smiled and said, "Don't worry, I'm still working on paperwork in the office. I can make good use of the extra time. I should be finishing up right about when you arrive."

"Oh, good," Donald replied. "Anything new with you?"

Julie was still typing data into a patient file while securing the phone to her ear with her shoulder. "No, nothing out of the ordinary. I'm looking forward to the New Year's holiday and spending some time with you."

"Me too," Donald replied.

"What are you thinking for dinner?" Julie asked.

Donald laughed. "I'm always in the mood for Italian, but I could be easily manipulated into something else."

Julie smiled as she entered additional information into a SOAP note file. "That's interesting to know," she replied, giggling.

Later that evening, Julie and Donald were dining on Italian food at Romano's, a quaint little mom and pop restaurant in Point Pleasant, New Jersey. The establishment was well known for making authentic dishes from scratch. Everything from the bread and pasta to the cannolis was homemade and great tasting.

Julie had ordered veal scallopini, and Donald tried the chicken parmigiana. The restaurant was remarkably busy and still decked out with Christmas decorations.

Donald was a handsome guy with sandy colored hair, a long sinewy build, and a strong jaw. Julie had dark brown hair, olive-colored skin, beautifully sculpted cheekbones, and striking blue eyes. Together, they made an attractive couple.

Donald had grown up in Jersey City, where he'd been heavily involved with athletics during his earlier life. He graduated from Liberty High School and earned a full baseball scholarship to Seton Hall University in South Orange. Donald graduated with a biology degree and later found employment as a lab technologist with the LabFast Corporation.

Julie had grown up in Toms River, New Jersey, in Ocean County, near the Jersey shore. She was always interested in health sciences and attended college at Rutgers University after graduating from Toms River East High School. Julie had also majored in biology and was later accepted to and attended graduate school in Spartanburg, South Carolina, at one of the premier chiropractic schools in the country, Sherman College.

"So, listen to this," Julie said as she ate a forkful of scallopini. "I was working on my patient files this afternoon, and I heard on the radio that there's been an infectious disease outbreak in Wuhan, China."

Donald was dipping a piece of bread into a dish of Olive oil. He looked at Julie and arched his eyes upward. "No, kidding?"

"No," Julie replied. "And, get this, the suspected microbe is a new strain of coronavirus."

Donald smiled and ate the piece of bread. "A novel coronavirus," he said.

"Yes," the chiropractor replied. "Can you take a wild guess at what the people are suffering from who have contracted this new disease?"

Donald shrugged his shoulders before answering. "Pneumonia?"

Julie smiled while working on another forkful of veal. "Bingo," she replied.

Donald nodded. "You know, Jewels," he began speaking, "I have a good friend, Chris Emerson, who flies to China on business several times a year. He's been to Wuhan before. This is so damn crazy. I spoke to Chris about three weeks ago, and we were talking about all the wild food they eat there.

"He was also telling me how polluted the air is. It's so bad that millions of people are always wearing face masks and getting upper respiratory illnesses."

"They get sick from viruses or from the air?" Julie asked.

"No, not from viruses. They get sick because of all the crap that's being pumped into the air from industrial plants and stuff."

Julie was in deep thought.

"Oh boy, what are you thinking?" Donald asked. He could tell the wheels inside her head were turning.

"If the air quality is so bad that millions of people must regularly wear face masks, how the hell did the Chinese health officials figure out a coronavirus started in a market?"

"You lost me, Jewels," Donald said.

Julie straightened her posture in the chair. "Think about it, Donald. Wuhan is a city with millions of people walking around with face masks because the outside environment is so toxic with air pollution. Why would anyone think that some people inside a Chinese market had contracted an infectious disease just because they developed upper respiratory distress or pneumonia?"

"If the air quality is so bad that people must wear face masks, there must be millions of citizens over there that regularly come down with upper respiratory problems and pneumonia. But not from viral or bacterial infections. They probably get sick, like you said, from the bad air.

"Why would the health authorities think that a new virus was the cause of a few isolated cases of people getting upper respiratory problems? Hell, they must see that sort of thing thousands of times in a day."

Donald nodded in agreement. "Yeah, I guess you're right. That doesn't make any sense."

## Chapter Three

January 7, 2020 – Red Bank, NJ

Donald Barnes was seated at his desk inside the LabFast Corporation offices in Red Bank, New Jersey. He'd been reading over some notes from a supervisor about a new high-volume stat centrifuge on backorder from an out of state vendor. Donald had attempted to call the company a day earlier to get an update on when the piece of equipment was scheduled to arrive, but could not get a precise answer from the customer service agent he'd spoken with about the issue.

*Why do I always have to deal with incompetent idiots?* he thought to himself as he looked at the purchase order created two months earlier.

Donald's cell phone rang. He fished the device from his pant pocket and saw it was Julie calling. His attitude improved instantly. "What's up, Jewels?" he asked, leaning back against the office chair.

"Hi, Donald, I've been running errands and trying to get some stuff done around my apartment. You know, the normal routine on one of my days off from the office."

"It must be nice to have a job where you only work eighteen hours a week," he replied.

"Believe it or not, I spend more time doing office related paperwork and stuff on my days off than when I'm seeing patients."

"I know," Donald replied. "I'm just giving you a hard time."

"Hey, I wanted to tell you that I heard an update a little while ago about that new disease that's going on in China."

Donald was still looking over the purchase order. "What did you hear?" he asked.

"It's all over the news," Julie replied. "The Chinese government has officially classified the illness as a new strain of coronavirus."

Donald dropped the purchase order onto the desk and leaned forward on the chair. "The timing of this is so weird, don't you think?" he asked. "I mean, when was the last time you heard of a new coronavirus being isolated?"

Julie laughed and said, "Donald, that's not something I keep track of in my line of work. Are coronaviruses rare?"

There was a slight pause before Donald replied. "They're common. They've been around for decades. You can look on the back of cans of disinfectant from years ago and see that the products were used to kill coronaviruses."

"That's what I was thinking," Julie said. "I remember studying them in microbiology, years ago. Aren't they responsible for common colds?"

Donald was nodding, yes. "Absolutely, Jewels," he replied. "Coronaviruses are responsible for colds, upper respiratory infections and pneumonia."

"Yeah, that's what I remember about them from school."

"When we did the whole simulation thing back in October, I thought how silly it was to shut down the world over a cold virus. But to tell you the truth, I figured it was a stupid script written to give a reason to run an exercise drill. Hey, it was worth four hundred bucks."

"Exactly," Donald replied. "So, what are they saying on the news about it?"

Julie cleared her throat. "Excuse me, I must have swallowed wrong," she explained.

"Maybe you have the coronavirus, Jewels?" he replied kiddingly.

"Yeah, can you imagine?" she said. "They're saying that a lot of people in Wuhan are getting sick from this thing. Donald, it's weird for a story like this to get broad coverage on the mainstream media. Why would a cold virus in Wuhan, China, be a big story in the United States?"

Donald hesitated before answering. He was looking something up on the Internet with his office computer about the coronavirus story in China. He saw the headlines populate the search results he'd entered on Google: *New coronavirus linked to Wuhan Disease Outbreak!*

"Are you still there, Donald?" Julie asked.

"Yeah, I'm sorry, I was reading the headlines about the virus on the Internet. Wow, it's all over the place, like you said."

"I know," she replied. "What are you thinking?"

He paused again for a few seconds. "Jewels, I think this thing is going to be a much bigger storyline than a common cold."

## Chapter Four

January 21, 2020 – Toms River, NJ

Dr. Julie Reiner was bewildered by the media coverage the coronavirus was continuing to get in the US. It was a storyline with legs and wouldn't fade away from the daily news cycles. The narrative even seemed to be gaining momentum in different parts of the world.

The previous day, Julie saw patients in her private practice and was taking care of a medical doctor who worked at a nearby hospital. The woman had been a practice member of hers for several years, and they had developed an excellent professional rapport with one another. Somehow, the coronavirus subject popped into the conversation, and the two women discussed the happenings in China in extensive detail.

According to the physician, everybody in America should be concerned about the virus. The medical doctor believed that the disease was coming to the United States, and it could potentially cause the ebb and flow of society to be dramatically altered.

Julie was using her laptop, looking for more information about the microbe that seemed to be terrorizing China and some other parts of the world. As she surfed the Internet for related articles, one finally caught her eye. It had been published twenty minutes earlier and read: *US Announces First Coronavirus Case*.

Julie clicked on the link and began reading. The article reported a man in his 30s from Washington state had contracted the virus. *This is so strange*, she thought to herself. *How can a cold virus continue to spread from country to country so fast?*

Julie's smartphone chimed, indicating a text message had arrived. She picked up the device and checked to see who'd sent the message. It was from her former microbiology professor, Patty Seymour. Julie had sent the woman a text several hours earlier to ask her opinion about what was taking place.

When Julie had been a student at chiropractic college, she'd developed a close relationship with Dr. Seymour and felt comfortable sending her a text to get the doctor's input on everything. She pulled up the message and began reading:

**"Hi, Julie,**

**I was pleasantly surprised to hear from you. It's been quite a while since we've touched base. I am glad you are doing so well in your private practice.**

**"Regarding your question about the coronavirus situation currently unfolding, I have to tell you that I am surprised about all the fuss that has been made about the story.**

**"I don't believe that a single virus is going to destroy the human population. It's a common cold microbe for goodness sake. We have been living with coronaviruses on this planet for decades and probably longer than that.**

**"The only people who'd be at risk would be those individuals with really compromised immune systems. For the average person, this should not be much of an issue.**

**"Julie, as you already know from studying microbiology, there are trillions of viruses around us at any given time, including coronaviruses. We naturally coexist with these things, and unless we are pretty run down, we don't become infected. And even if we did become infected, a body's natural defenses would take care of the associated problems in a few days.**

**"I don't know what's taking place in China for sure, but the entire scenario seems blown way out of proportion. It sounds like to me that some biotech, or big pharma companies are**

**trying to scare people so they can profit by launching a future product, maybe an antiviral drug. This sort of thing, unfortunately, is happening more often these days.**

**“It will be interesting to see what happens in the weeks ahead concerning the narrative surrounding the story.**

**“If you have any additional questions, give me a call one weekend, and we can have a good conversation. – Patty Seymour”**

Julie smiled after reading the text and immediately wrote her former professor a reply:

**“Dear Dr. Patty,**

**I really do appreciate your taking the time to respond to my question so fast. I know how busy you must be teaching future doctors all that valuable information so they can pass those national board examinations.**

**“I am dating a guy who is a lab technologist, and we’ve been having some pretty lengthy conversations about this virus in China, and now it’s in the United States. I just read a few minutes ago that the first case was reported in Washington state, a young guy in his 30s.**

**“My boyfriend, the lab guy, thinks there’s something fishy with the whole story, and I am right there with him. This virus is getting continuous coverage in the news, and I can’t understand why?**

**“Thanks for writing to me and hopefully we can speak on the phone soon. – Julie Reiner”**

## Chapter Five

January 30, 2020 – Red Bank, NJ

Donald Barnes had just participated on a conference call that included all the top executives in the LabFast Corporation hierarchy. There was a mad rush taking place by different diagnostic companies to get an admission ticket to the money bonanza about to open its doors. The new strain of coronavirus affecting the global landscape would pay huge dividends to the medical diagnostic industry.

LabFast executives wanted in on that gravy train. According to the tone and content of the conference call, company higher-ups had massive expectations; they believed this novel coronavirus would be as big a medical event as HIV. Somebody in the company's executive offices had obtained inside information from somewhere that lab testing kits for what was exploding worldwide would be in unusually high demand.

Donald had learned that the industry would be using a polymerase chain reaction (PCR) test to diagnose the virus's presence in humans. PCR tests were commonly used to diagnose many viral microbes in patients. The tests worked because the products were designed and calibrated to recognize a specific viral agent's genetic signature. When a patient was tested who had been infected with the matching DNA or RNA sequence of the antigen, the PCR test would recognize and amplify the genetic material to see the quantity present. If a sufficient level of genetic materials were discovered, the test kit would register a positive response, indicating a patient was infected by the germ.

Donald had also learned earlier in the day, the Global Health Organization (GHO) had declared the outbreak a global public health emergency. The agency had reported that over 9,000 cases were officially recorded worldwide, including in 18 countries beyond the original location where the disease had been isolated in Wuhan, China.

Donald reached for his smartphone and called Julie. She answered on the second ring.

"What's new?" the chiropractor asked.

"Hey, are you sitting down?"

"As a matter of fact, I am," she replied. "Why do you have more information?"

Donald looked around the office to see if anyone was watching him. "Jewels, this coronavirus thing is going to be huge."

"Well, we kind of figured that to be the case all along."

"Bigger than we initially thought," Donald explained. "I just got off a call with our company's big shots. They're saying this virus will be bigger than AIDS."

There was a short pause on the call before Julie replied. "Bigger than AIDS? That's a pretty sensational claim, Donald."

"I'm telling you; our people here are convinced this thing will explode in the coming weeks, and they're all looking to cash in on the diagnostic testing."

"I heard on the radio this morning that the GHO has listed the virus as a global emergency," Julie said. "The story keeps growing bigger by the day."

"Jewels, there's something very strange about this whole thing."

"I agree," she replied. "I can't get it out of my mind how everything taking place right now mirrors the event we worked back in October. It's as if that gig was a dress rehearsal for what's happening."

"I will do a little research on some of the lab testing that's being proposed to diagnose this illness. I'll see you tomorrow night after work, and I will fill you in on what I uncover."

"Okay, sweetie, have a good day. I'll talk with you soon," Julie replied. The call ended.

Donald accessed his office desktop computer and pulled up information on PCR testing. He had a hunch about something in the back of his mind and wanted to confirm his suspicions with facts before he built upon his conspiratorial ideas.

Donald wanted to see what other diseases were commonly diagnosed by PCR tests. He found lots of interesting information on the testing technique. According to one article he located, using amplification techniques associated with PCR testing had a rich history identifying viral and bacterial microbes in clinical specimens. The test was universally used in diagnosing seasonal Influenza, HIV, sexually transmitted infections, coronaviruses, and many other pathogens.

Donald smiled as he tapped his fingers on the desktop while perusing the content of different articles. Then he came upon an interesting study that discussed the shortcomings of the PCR tests. He straightened his posture in the chair and then leaned forward as he read the text:

*"Although revered by many in the scientific community as the holy grail for testing laboratory specimens, PCR tests have massive shortcomings in clinical settings. The tests are far less effective in procuring accurate diagnostic results in clinical scenarios than when used for research.*

*"PCR tests consistently offer false-positive results in test subjects because of their overly sensitive nature to a wide variety of genetic materials that are harmless yet broadly encountered in the general population.*

*"Additionally, PCR tests are problematic in clinical settings because the examinations are dependent on the successful isolation of the genetic materials being examined. In theory, the analysis is only as functional as the calibrated genetic sequence designed for each product.*

*"From a clinical standpoint, PCR testing is not practical nor is it a reliable tool to accurately and consistently determine if a given microbe is present and infecting a person. There are too many false-positive reactions encountered in the clinical setting."*

Donald printed the study and grabbed the paper from the printer tray. His suspicions had been confirmed. He would be burning the oil in the lamp all night, digging up more information on coronaviruses and PCR testing.

## Chapter Six

January 31, 2020 – Toms River, NJ

Julie Reiner had just finished a lengthy conversation on the telephone with her former microbiology professor and friend, Patty Seymour. The two had discussed the novel coronavirus, a subject fast becoming the most crucial talking point on the entire planet.

Donald Barnes had arrived at Julie's apartment right at the tail end of her conversation with Dr. Seymour. He was patiently waiting to hear what the microbiology expert had to say about the unfolding narrative.

Julie hugged her boyfriend and planted a huge kiss on his lips. The couple maintained the embrace for a short period before releasing one another and taking a seat on the living room sofa.

"So, what did your former professor have to say?" Donald asked. His curiosity was getting the best of him.

"Patty is such a brilliant woman," Julie explained. "Can I get you something to drink, Donald?"

"Later," Donald replied. "I want to hear everything first."

Julie laughed. "Okay, well, let me get right to it. Dr. Seymour, she's a bit of a conspiracy theorist, so what I will relay back to you is going to deviate from the mainstream portrayal of everything."

Donald nodded his head, indicating he understood.

"Patty, I mean, Dr. Seymour, doesn't buy the official narrative. She thinks that something weird is in the works."

Donald asked, "Such as?"

"She thinks the whole damn thing is a preplanned operation."

"Really," Donald said. He was engrossed in what Julie was saying. "Who does she think is the mastermind behind everything?"

"She thinks it is all part of the New World Order," the chiropractor replied.

"You lost me, Jewels," Donald said. His eyes arched upward, and he tilted his head as he looked at her.

Julie smiled. "Patty thinks the GHO is behind everything, working under the supervision of the Alliance of Nations."

"The GHO, as in the Global Health Organization?" Donald asked.

"Yes, that GHO."

"Wow, that is out there in left field," Donald said. "Why would the GHO and the Alliance of Nations be the culprits involved with a plot to launch a new virus?"

Julie took a deep breath and exhaled the air from her lungs. "Patty told me that the two are the same principal operators that have been behind the scenes on many occasions, faking different outbreaks, epidemics, and pandemics. She claims they want to reset the way the world is governed, and this virus plot is a big part of the plan."

"That's certainly an interesting perspective," Donald said. "So, does your friend believe that the virus was engineered in a lab somewhere and released?"

"No," Julie replied.

"I don't understand," Donald said. "Is she saying that the virus is fake?"

Julie nodded, yes. "That's exactly what she's saying."

“But how can they fake something like this?” Donald asked. He was scratching his head with his hand and trying to rationalize in his mind’s eye how such a sleight of hand trick could be accomplished on a global scale.

Julie stood up from the sofa and headed to the kitchen. She returned with a bottle of White Zinfandel and two glasses. She placed the goblets on the coffee table near the sofa and poured the wine into the glasses.

“Thanks,” Donald said. He took a mouthful of wine.

Julie picked up a goblet and took a sip of wine before setting the glass back on the tabletop. “Patty explained that to be able to use the words, outbreak, epidemic, and pandemic, the regulatory agencies have to have one important thing.”

“What’s that?” Donald asked.

Julie pursed her lips before answering. “They have to have confirmed case numbers.”

“Well, it seems that would be a pretty hard thing to fudge,” Donald said.

“Patty explained that the virus hasn’t even been isolated yet. She told me that the cases in China and everywhere else have been diagnosed using CAT Scans.”

“How do you diagnose a coronavirus with a CAT Scan?” Donald asked.

“The doctors are imaging the lungs of people who have symptoms to check for fluid. In other words, they’re looking for pneumonia. Anyone who has pneumonia is automatically confirmed positive for the new virus.”

Donald smiled. “Hell, that’s not very scientific,” he said. “Like you pointed out before, there’s going to be plenty of people with upper respiratory problems and pneumonia in Wuhan, China.”

“Exactly!” Julie agreed. “It’s a quick way to build case numbers, though without any lab tests.”

Donald was staring at the apartment ceiling. He smiled before lowering his head to look at Julie. “If they haven’t isolated the virus, there’s no way to create a valid lab test,” he explained.

Julie sipped more Zinfandel. “But didn’t you tell me that your company was getting ready to make a fortune on lab tests for this illness?”

“That’s what the higher-ups claimed during the conference call. According to what was said, they’re going to be using a PCR test to diagnose the virus worldwide.”

Julie asked, “When will those tests become available?”

“What I took away from the call was that the PCR tests were already in production, and we’d be getting access to them sooner than later.”

Julie arched her eyebrows upward then pursed her lips again. “Donald, how can they already have lab tests being mass-produced if the virus hasn’t been isolated?”

“They must have isolated it. Your friend must be wrong.”

“No, no, she said that whenever new viruses are isolated, they are always filmed with electron microscopy and published for the scientific community to see.” Julie sipped more wine. “The new virus hasn’t been posted or even named yet.”

Donald was thinking about the literature he’d read on the PCR tests, and how unreliable the products were in clinical settings. He felt that if someone wanted to drive up the case numbers to fabricate a disease, an excellent way to accomplish such a feat would be by using an overly sensitive PCR test that had been pre-calibrated to yield false-positive lab results when administered to the general public.

## Chapter Seven

**February 11, 2020 – Red Bank, NJ**

Donald Barnes was seated at the kitchen table inside his studio apartment in Red Bank, NJ. It was late, after eleven o'clock, and tomorrow was a workday, but the lab technologist was busy digging up more research on the coronavirus.

Dr. Julie Reiner, Donald's chiropractic girlfriend, and new research partner was on the phone. The two had been calling one another, back and forth, all night, putting together bits and pieces of a gigantic jigsaw puzzle. The parts they had assembled so far had created a nice-looking border. The more they dug into the subject, recently named Covid-19, the more pieces they connected, and the more recognizable the picture in the puzzle was becoming.

The case numbers associated with Covid-19 were growing by the day. In Europe, the numbers were getting high. This was especially true in Italy, which seemed to be a country getting decimated by the virus.

The mainstream news in the United States was devoting more time to the storyline every day.

"Donald, I think it's pretty evident how these statistics are being manipulated," Julie said over the phone.

"You think this is what they've been doing all along with Influenza?"

"Absolutely," she replied.

"Can you explain it again?" he asked.

"Okay, so, here's what the regulatory agencies are doing, Donald." Julie paused for a second before continuing. "You must understand the structure of the Bureau for Disease Containment. The BDC is more of a drugstore than a regulatory agency looking out for the public's best interests."

"What do you mean?" Donald asked.

"The BDC gets loads of money from big pharma and biotech companies, and these funds influence what products and vaccines the BDC push."

"I checked that out, Jewels, and that's not true," Donald replied. "It says on the BDC website that they operate free from any conflicts of interest concerning other private entities."

"Donald, don't be so damn naïve. The BDC has a mirror image partner called the BDC Foundation, and they grab philanthropic donations from a long list of wealthy corporations and then turn those funds over to the BDC. The BDC foundation exists so that the BDC can claim that they have no conflicts of interest with these corporations. Believe me, there are significant conflicts of interest taking place.

"The list of big pharma corporations financially aligned with the BDC Foundation is two miles long."

"Okay, okay, I get it, they're using a shell company to act as a middle corporation to procure funds from the drug companies.

"I want you to explain to me about the Influenza fakery again," Donald said.

"What they're doing, Donald is during the flu season months, the regulatory agencies are recording every illness under the sun as Influenza. People that are challenged with common colds, upper respiratory infections, pneumonia, and anything else are being intentionally misdiagnosed as having the flu."

"And the reason this is being done is for what?" Donald asked.

"They're doing it because there are vaccines in existence that are allegedly tied to treating or curing Influenza. There are no vaccines in existence that are dedicated to treating common colds and upper respiratory infections. It's a giant scam."

Donald was nodding, yes. He understood now how the game was being played. "So, the flu vaccines are rolled out in late August and the early fall. The shots, when administered, are probably injecting the sickness into the population. Then, lots of people get sick, spread it to others, and bam, the flu season is launched."

"Bingo!" Julie said.

"The lab tests are calibrated to be sensitive to genetic materials that are otherwise harmless, but present in a significant portion of the population," Donald explained. "The genetic signatures of those materials register false-positive results, and the Influenza cases go through the roof."

"Yes, that's how it's done, Donald," Julie replied.

"Holy smokes, Jewels, that's ingenious."

"The people behind the scenes, running all these medical psyops, are brilliant," Julie said. "The flu scam has got to be worth billions of dollars. They've been conning people with this nonsense for decades. They're also in cahoots with the mainstream media and the health regulatory agencies."

"Jewels, did you know that the same tests that are used to diagnose Influenza, are going to be distributed to test for Covid-19?"

"I think that is a big part of how they accomplish the fakery, Donald," Julie said.

Donald was smiling. "The PCR tests are the keys to pulling off the scam. The tests can be ultra-sensitive to any genetic materials the manufacturers desire.

"People administering the tests and the people getting tested assume that the test kits are accurate. The tests aren't designed to look for the virus's signature. The tests have been designed to register positive for harmless genetic materials commonly found in many people."

"That's right, Donald," Julie said. "This is exactly how the con works."

The two had made a giant breakthrough in understanding how medical psyops were being conducted. They now realized that the controlling powers were about to make COVID-19 look like a monster on paper. The Alliance of Nations, GHO, BDC, and others planned to use PCR tests to create an illusion that millions of people were sick with a nonexistent virus and that a world pandemic was taking place.

The same number of people that were always sick around the world because they suffered from weak immune systems were about to be lumped together statistically and labeled as having COVID-19.

## Chapter Eight

March 15, 2020 – Toms River, NJ

Julie and Donald were having lunch at a Mexican restaurant in Brick, NJ. It was a Sunday afternoon, and the establishment had a small crowd of patrons in the dining room. All the people seated at tables were wearing face masks along with the waiters and waitresses.

A manager walked over to Julie and Donald and politely encouraged them to wear face masks.

"We don't have face masks," Donald explained to the manager.

The man smiled and placed two disposable earloop masks on their table.

"Thank you, sir," Julie replied. "We'd prefer not to wear masks because we both have breathing disorders, and the face coverings would cause us distress."

"I understand," the manager said. "Perhaps you will be more comfortable using our takeout service."

"No, I believe we will be more comfortable eating right where we are and without the face masks," Donald said in a much louder voice.

"Sir, I am sorry, but we have a new policy that all customers sitting in our dining room must wear a face mask to protect others from the coronavirus."

Donald was about to make a big scene when Julie placed her hand on top of his shoulder. "It's okay, we'll wear the masks," she explained to the manager. She fastened the mask to her face.

Donald's face was beet red with anger. He said, "The hell I will wear this..."

Julie cut him off in mid-sentence. "Donald, put on the mask, please," she insisted.

Donald picked up the mask and covered his face.

Later that same afternoon, at Julie's apartment, the two had a significant discussion about what had happened in the Mexican restaurant.

"That's totally unacceptable," Donald said. He was still angry that Julie had given in to the manager's request.

"I wasn't in the mood to get in a philosophical discussion with the guy," she explained. "The man was only doing what he was instructed to do by the people who own the restaurant."

Donald was pacing back and forth in the living room. "Well, I won't be revisiting *The Three Amigos* until they change their face mask-wearing policy."

"I know," Julie agreed. "That's a ridiculous requirement."

"You know that's a common thing over in China. The people over there are forced by the police to wear masks when there are outbreaks of infectious diseases."

"That's China, Donald. We're in the United States of America. That will never happen here."

Donald stopped pacing and turned to look at Julie. "Jewels, it just happened to us here in Ocean County in the state of New Jersey. The last time I checked, we are in America."

"We can't let people get away with this sort of thing. If we don't stand up for our rights as American citizens, they can be taken away."

Julie switched on the television and was immediately greeted by a special news report about COVID-19. It seemed to her as if there was no way to escape from the coronavirus. It was everywhere she turned. The radio was broadcasting health announcements about the illness repeatedly. The same thing was true about television. Anywhere you traveled outside of your home, people were sporting face masks. The world was obsessed over a damn cold germ.

The news reporter on TV was talking about new recommendations and guidelines set forth by the Bureau of Disease Containment:

***"The BDC issued recommendations earlier today that US citizens should cancel all in-person events that exceed groups of fifty people or more for the next eight weeks. And citizens are always encouraged to wear a face covering and maintain six feet from other persons to protect everyone from transmitting the Covid-19 virus.***

***"If people can shelter themselves by working from home, this would be an ideal way to practice safe social distancing measures that can help contain the disease's spread."***

Julie turned off the television and stared at Donald. "What the hell is happening?" she asked.

Donald was shaking his head. "I don't know, Jewels. I think the world has lost its collective mind."

"Donald, the farther along this thing progresses, the more it keeps reminding me of the event we were a part of back in October."

Donald nodded in agreement with her. "I don't like where things are headed, either. The government seems like it's on board with all this."

"The NBA postponed their season the other day. Major League Baseball suspended spring training. I think the Olympics are out the door, and all forms of entertainment are getting the ax next."

"Donald, we both know that the virus is a hoax. It must be. Viruses don't operate the way they're being explained by the infectious disease doctors on television."

"Jewels, I am on your side. I think this whole thing is a medical psyop. The more I hear about this crap, the more convinced I become we are all being taken for a ride by the government."

"Donald, this is not just about the American government. It's got to be much bigger than that."

"I agree," Donald replied. "The same draconian policies are being implemented all over the world. Look what happened in Italy last week. The Italian government locked down millions of people."

"Do you think that's going to happen here in America?" Julie asked. She sat down on the living room sofa and removed her shoes.

Donald sat down alongside her. "I do," he replied. "I think what's happening in Europe is coming to our country. I think that's what the Alliance of Nations has been planning all along."

Julie looked concerned. "How can people believe that wearing face masks protect them against trillions of viruses in the environment?"

Donald smiled and said, "The problem is that most people don't have much of an understanding of health sciences like you, Jewels. Their understanding of microbiology and infectious diseases has come from watching movies on Netflix and Hulu. They've been watching Contagion, Outbreak, and other Hollywood blockbusters that promote a false understanding of germs and diseases."

Julie was nodding in agreement with Donald. "The government and intelligence agencies finance those movies to condition people in society how to think." She rubbed the front of her head with her fingers trying to massage away a headache making its presence felt. "You know what the whole mask thing is all about, don't you?"

Donald shrugged his shoulders. "They're trying to psyche people out is my guess."

"Sure, that's part of it," Julie explained. "It's a psyop within a psyop. The mask-wearing agenda is not about protecting the public from a virus. It's about conditioning people that invisible germs are lurking around every corner and that humans have no protection against the tiny invisible microbes."

"They want us scared as hell and running for cover."

Donald was staring at Julie, understanding that she was one hundred percent correct in her thinking. The entire world was under attack from a dangerous, invisible enemy, but that adversary wasn't a virus named COVID-19.

## Chapter Nine

**April 3, 2020 – Washington, DC**

"Ladies and gentlemen, the President and Vice-President of the United States, along with the other members of the Coronavirus Advisory Council are ready to discuss the latest updates concerning the world pandemic," said the White House Press Secretary to the members of the national and international press. The press conference was taking place on the east lawn of the White House property.

President Ronald K. Stump and the rest of the advisory council members methodically made their way onto the elevated platform. They stood behind the podium and microphone at the front of the stage. Mr. Stump walked up to the lectern and smiled at the press members that had all socially distanced themselves six feet from one another. Everybody in attendance was wearing face coverings except for the president and his vice-president.

"Good afternoon, everyone. I have several announcements that I'd like to make and will then take your questions before yielding to other advisory council members who will comment and take questions.

"Let me begin by saying that I think our team of professionals and other industry leaders are doing a terrific job in tackling this huge pandemic problem. The Chinese coronavirus is a profoundly serious thing. Still, we have some of the best doctors and scientific minds on top of the situation, and I feel confident that things will be looking much better for the most part by Easter Sunday.

"At this time, my administration, along with the Bureau for Disease Containment, are recommending that all US citizens wear cloth face coverings in public to slow and prevent the spread of the disease.

"The health professionals we have been in discussions with believe that the wearing of face masks in public will help keep the case numbers from rising. If we can get together collectively as a nation and wear the masks for fifteen days, things will improve drastically for America.

"I also wanted to report that we are ramping up our abilities to test members of the public. We now have testing centers opening nationwide, and some of our most prominent American companies are mass producing coronavirus test kits at a tremendous rate.

"Additionally, we have companies manufacturing ventilators like never before. The response by our American corporations has been huge. American industry remains strong, and our top companies have made a huge commitment to make America healthy again. This effort is unmatched anywhere else in the world.

"As you know, the American economy was on a record-setting pace before it was derailed temporarily by the Chinese coronavirus. But once we put an end to this pandemic thing, we're going to be back where we were and seeing even better things than before. My administration has committed to the American people to make America healthy again, both financially and physically speaking, and that's what I intend to do.

"At this time, I will take a few of your questions, and then we will hear from the vice-president and other advisory council members."

A woman reporter from the audience asked the first question. "Annie Helms from GNN, Mr. President," the woman said. "Why was your administration so slow in getting testing centers operational in many sections of the country? You obviously had advance notice from looking at the case numbers in Europe and other areas of the world that the virus was coming to America and that people were going to need to be tested."

"Annie, I have already addressed this ridiculous question from other unprofessional members of the press that belong to your fake news network. As I have stated before, we are doing more testing than any other country in the world. We will continue to increase testing, and our capacity to do so will extend well beyond any other sovereign territories' capabilities.

"You should be ashamed of asking the same ridiculous question repeatedly. You are taking valuable time away from the more credible members of the press that are here to ask important questions that the American people want to be answered."

"But Mr. President, this is a valid question that people want to be answered and..."

The president cut the woman off in mid-sentence. "Listen, I answered your question, and I am moving on to the next one."

Another female reporter asked a question. "Mr. President, Virginia Cole, from COX News. Can you tell me why the advisory council has changed its position concerning the wearing of masks? It seems like Dr. Anthony Moretti had made earlier comments that the wearing of face coverings by the public was not a good idea. Why has there been a sudden change in the policy?"

The president turned to look at the nation's head infectious disease doctor standing behind him. "Tony, would you like to take this one?" the commander-in-chief asked.

The short Italian doctor with closely cropped brown hair made his way over to the podium and lowered the face mask he was wearing. "Good afternoon," he said. "In response to your questions about the face coverings and the BDC's decision to recommend that people wear masks in public, I think the decision to change the policy was made in part due to the rapidly increasing case numbers.

"So, the scientific lens in which we view the virus has allowed us to observe behavioral changes in the pathogen from several weeks ago. I think it's important for people to understand that the situation unfolding is completely fluid, and we're learning new things about the virus's characteristics all the time. So, again the science-based decisions we were making several weeks ago are now outdated, and we have replaced that advice with the new recommendations."

Dr. Moretti stepped away from the lectern and returned to the position on the platform he'd assumed before speaking.

President Stump stood in front of the microphone again. "At this time, I'd like to introduce Vice-President, Michael Fence, who has also been named chairman of the Coronavirus Advisory Council."

Vice-President Fence exchanged positions with the president at the podium and greeted the members of the press. "Good afternoon. I want to preface my remarks by restating what the president said earlier. We believe we are making tremendous progress in slowing the spread of the virus throughout America. We have a well-thought-out plan in place and feel that if everybody follows the guidelines and recommendations, we have published along with the BDC policies, we will see significant strides in the right direction in the coming weeks.

"By wearing the masks in public places, Dr. Moretti and Dr. Donna Brix believe that good things will happen concerning the case numbers we are monitoring.

"I will take a few questions at this point if you'd like," the vice-president said.

A male reporter from ACB News fired off the first question. "Robert Johnson, Mr. Vice-President. What is the end goal concerning containment of this virus?"

The vice-president turned and looked back at Dr. Moretti. He motioned for the physician to come up to the mic.

Anthony Moretti took his place for a second time at the podium and addressed the reporter's question. "Well, Robert, the end goal of containing any viral contagion is a vaccine. Unfortunately,

we don't have one, but we are busy behind the scenes working hard to change that scenario, as we have previously mentioned.

"Test trials are being conducted as we speak, and it is our hope and estimation that we will have several successful products to administer to the nation's citizens by the beginning of 2021."

"Dr. Moretti," the reporter called out. "It's my understanding that the creation of new vaccines and their associated trials usually take much longer to complete than a few months. How is it possible that the science necessary to produce a safe and effective vaccine can be achieved in such a short period?"

Dr. Moretti hesitated a few seconds before answering the question. He snuck a quick glance at Dr. Brix on his far left. "This is a new type of vaccine that is being procured by a unique manufacturing process. It allows the overall procedure of making a safe vaccine to proceed much faster than in prior years."

Another young woman reporter seated in the last row of chairs stood up and asked a question. "Gina Flores, the NoFakeNews website. Is it true that the Covid-19 virus is not really the pathogen's name, but instead is an acronym that stands for the title: Certificate of Vaccine Identification and that the program was created in the year 2019?"

Dr. Moretti looked like he'd seen a ghost. His complexion turned as white as a bedsheet, and he quickly raised the mask on his face. "I don't believe the reporter that asked the last question is properly credentialed to be here at the press conference," the physician said from behind the face covering.

Members of the secret service immediately surrounded the woman and escorted her away from the venue. The press conference concluded shortly after that.

## Chapter Ten

April 24, 2020 – Toms River, NJ

Julie Reiner had just seen her final patient for the week and was closing her chiropractic office. Donald Barnes was already waiting outside Julie's apartment. He'd gotten off from work early to get ahead of the heavy Friday flow of southerly traffic customarily encountered on the Garden State Parkway.

When Julie arrived home, Donald was excited to tell her all about the news he'd heard earlier that morning about a proposed treatment for COVID-19 being discussed in the mainstream news.

"Hey, sweetie," Julie said as she greeted Donald by the front door to her apartment.

Donald reached out and gave her a big hug and a kiss on the lips. "Jewels, you're not going to believe it. They're following the damn script almost word for word," he said.

"What are you talking about?" the chiropractor asked.

"It's all over the news. The Food and Pharmacy Panel cautioned doctors against prescribing those two antimalarial drugs that the president and others have been touting as a panacea for curing the virus."

"That's right," Julie said. "I remember they were discussing the possibility of using two HIV drugs to combat the novel coronavirus in *The Event* simulation back in October."

"Can you believe that whoever is behind this scam is so brazen, that they're running the same script that they used last fall?"

"Well, Donald, they probably know how easy it is to pull the wool over people's faces," Julie replied.

"Or face masks," he added.

She smiled and opened the door to the apartment. "I understand that the average person doesn't have a great understanding of microbiology, but how smart do you have to be to figure out that a stupid cold virus is not the end of the world? Especially this cold virus that probably doesn't even exist in the first place." Julie walked inside the apartment and placed her office briefcase on the kitchen table.

Donald sat on the living room sofa while Julie made her way into the bedroom to change into something more comfortable.

"You know what they're doing, don't you?" Julie asked from inside the bedroom.

"What?" he replied.

"They're trying to con people into believing that there are no medical solutions to mitigating the sickness."

"Why the hell would they want to do that?" Donald asked.

Julie walked out of the bedroom and into the living room. She stood alongside the sofa next to her boyfriend. "Because as long as there are no other medical procedures to combat the virus, the vaccine that they are hellbent on making and distributing worldwide is very much in play."

Donald nodded, yes, agreeing with her. "Well, if you think back to the simulation," he said. "that's what the end goal was always about. They were trying to keep the virus contained as best they could while the scientists raced to produce a vaccine."

"Exactly, Donald," Julie replied. "It's been the plan and in the works from the first day that COVID-19 was announced in Wuhan, China."

Julie sat on the sofa and rested her feet for a few seconds.

"Jewels, I am still convinced the virus is one hundred percent fake and that this whole thing is a worldwide hoax."

Julie knew Donald was right. "Okay, so we know that the virus is most likely not real. Yet, the controlling powers and our own government are running around implementing these draconian policies. Do you think all the government leaders are in on the scam or are they just too stupid to figure it out for themselves?"

"Probably a combination of the two," Donald replied. "Some of these people that are elected to top government positions are idiots. But it's hard for me to believe that they are all clueless and can't figure out this illness is a con job."

"I don't know," Julie explained. "Like you said before, not everyone understands microbiology as well as we do. Because they are smart people concerning some subjects doesn't mean they are knowledgeable about the pandemic facts."

"Right," Donald replied.

"The thing that has me concerned is that vaccines are being rushed to the market at record speed," Julie explained. "And that's not the worst of it. If there's no virus to mitigate, why in the hell are they mass producing billions of doses of a new vaccine?"

Donald and Julie locked eyes for a few seconds and were thinking the same two words. They said them aloud simultaneously. "Population control!"

## Chapter Eleven

May 15, 2020 – Washington, DC

President Ronald K. Stump stood at the podium, looking out at the reporters scattered about in the James S. Brady Press Briefing Room in the West Wing of the White House. The press members were all wearing earloop face masks while the commander-in-chief wore only a broad grin on his face.

"Good afternoon, everybody," the president said. He was eyeing one of the female COX News reporters seated in one of the front row chairs. "I have an exciting announcement today regarding our progress concerning a vaccine to corral this virus.

"I have put together a team of two outstanding individuals who will lead our effort to develop and administer the new coronavirus vaccine. Mansone Charliel, a former head of the pharmaceutical giant Luciferic-McGrath's vaccines division and General Theodore Bundeil, a four-star US Army general, will oversee 'Operation Needle Point.'

"These men are fully capable of carrying out the duties I have charged them with to get this pandemic under control and get American life back to the way it was before the coronavirus was unleashed upon our great nation. I see tremendous things happening for all Americans in the months ahead.

"Our plan is to have a successful vaccine product available for distribution to all American citizens by the end of the year. The US military will broadly administer these vaccines at fantastic speed.

"Once again, I want to give credit where credit is due. We could have never accomplished what we have already done without our fantastic pharmaceutical companies' complete cooperation. They have been instrumental over the years in keeping Americans healthy, and now, when we need them the most, they are all working together to bring a vaccine product to fruition in record speed.

"With a series of vaccine trials well underway, we are feeling confident that the product will be delivered for administration to the public sooner than later.

"I will now take a few questions from the press."

"Mr. President, will the vaccine be mandatory for all citizens? How exactly will that policy be implemented?" a male reporter from GNN asked.

The president nodded, acknowledging the reporter before answering. "I think it is safe to say that we are still running through the finer points concerning the logistics associated with the existing delivery system associated with the product.

"I don't anticipate that there will be too many people in the country that wouldn't want to have access to this life-saving medicine. My administration is convinced there will be great demand for the vaccine once it becomes available."

"Mr. President," said a female reporter from COX News, "Do you feel that the vaccines will be safe even though they will have been rushed to market compared to the manufacturing timelines of previous vaccine products developed throughout the years?"

The president smiled and then replied, "I feel terrific about the fact that the scientists we have working on this project are only going to produce a safe vaccine capable of creating herd immunity throughout the country."

"Mr. President," said a male reporter from PBS News. "I understand that you and your administration believe in the safety of the vaccine product that will be delivered. But having stated

that, can you explain to the American people why the federal government has decided to grant the makers of the COVID-19 vaccine full immunity from potential liability that might originate as a result of the product injuring people?"

The president seemed flustered by the question for a few seconds, but then made an admirable recovery. "Well, when you start getting into the legal implications concerning medicines, it's genuinely a complicated landscape.

"We're asking powerful companies, as a favor to our country, to drop everything and focus all their energy and efforts on making a life-saving medicine to save millions of people from sickness and death. In return for their generous offerings, I believe it is only right to protect them from any lawsuits that might come to fruition because of potential injuries.

"Medicine is a great science, but complications can arise from time to time. The companies must have legal protection for the greater good of humanity and to ensure the practice of medicine prospers far into the future.

"I want to make it clear that I believe any such injuries coming from the vaccine will be few and far between. So, yes, I am fully confident that the manufacturers of this product will produce a very safe and successful vaccine that will bring an end to the current pandemic in the United States."

## Chapter Twelve

June 17, 2020 – Toms River, NJ

Donald Barnes and Julie Reiner were on a conference call speaking with Dr. Patty Seymour, down in Spartanburg, SC. They discussed with the microbiologist the latest developments associated with the pandemic and the incredible number of coronavirus cases and deaths mounting in the states of New York and New Jersey.

“How do you approach people and explain to them that the case numbers and deaths that are being reported on the national and world news are, in fact, a part of the psyop?” Donald asked.

“It’s not easy,” Patty replied. “There’s a heck of a lot of mass hypnosis taking place, and it’s difficult to cut through all that stuff.”

“There’s got to be a way to explain what is being done to laypeople,” Julie said.

“What you have to do is explain to people that the case numbers and deaths being reported to occur every day of the year have been occurring for as long as people have been living on the planet,” Patty replied. “What’s happening concerning COVID-19 is that the reporting of these case numbers is being created by false-positive lab tests. Every single PCR lab test that registers a positive reaction for the coronavirus is a false-positive reaction. There is no virus!

“If you subtract the positive case numbers coming from PCR tests, and the positive case numbers coming from presumptive positive reports, you have no case numbers to report.

“Then, you must take into consideration that so many people who are sick with pneumonia and other upper respiratory infections are inappropriately getting lumped inside the COVID-19 category. This is medical fraud, and it’s been happening for years.

“Let’s say ten thousand people die in a given location from pneumonia or from a common cold virus because their immune systems are severely compromised. By chance alone, some of those people will test positive for COVID-19 because they have genetic materials inside them that have nothing to do with why they are ill, but the debris will still register a false-positive reaction in the PCR coronavirus test. Because those people register false-positive results, they are lumped into the COVID-19 statistics, and the storyline and the fake disease continue to grow.”

“So, are you saying that the more people that get tested for the virus, the higher the case numbers will be?” Julie asked.

“Yes,” Patty replied.

“Patty, how convinced are you that the virus is fake?” Donald asked.

“One hundred percent convinced, Donald,” the doctor replied. “I’ve been studying viral pathogens for a long time, and there’s no way that a virus can act the way this one is claimed to be acting.”

“What if the virus was engineered in a biowarfare lab? Could they do something like that and then release it on society?” Julie asked.

“I don’t think that is what is happening in this scenario,” Patty explained. “First of all, to engineer or modify an existing virus is risky and challenging to do. The chance of having success in accomplishing something like that is slim to none. Even if they could mutate an existing coronavirus into a more lethal form, it would mutate out of that signature and into a more benign one in a short period.

“Viruses are parasites by nature and require a host to survive. If the host dies, the parasite is history. When viruses mutate, they change to a less virulent form. Viruses that hang around for long periods don’t get stronger, they weaken. People’s immune systems also make them a non-issue. So, everything being stated goes against the logic and dictates of microbiology.

“It’s much easier for the people behind the scenes to fake a viral pandemic than create a real problem by releasing something into the atmosphere.

“Remember, the people running the show must breathe in the same air as we do. It’s far safer for them and their cronies to control things by manipulating the case numbers on paper versus infecting humans for real.”

“Patty, Julie, and I have our own ideas about where all of this stuff is heading,” Donald explained. “I am curious to know your thoughts about the future?”

“Donald, I am afraid for the planet. I believe that the people running the world at the highest levels are psychopaths and eugenicists.

“I think the vaccines about to be delivered will serve an evil purpose. I believe they will make people deathly ill and sterilize others. I don’t believe people who get vaccinated will die the next morning. Instead, I think people who take the product will see their health spiral downwards over a couple years. But make no mistake about it, this vaccine is being introduced to bring down the population numbers.”

## Chapter Thirteen

October 2020 – Red Bank, NJ

Julie Reiner was having a pizza dinner with Donald Barnes at his apartment in Red Bank, New Jersey, on a Saturday evening in October. The two had first met a year ago to the day in New York City. They had been working as crisis actors at a simulated pandemic exercise caused by a novel coronavirus called *The Event*.

On this day, they were celebrating their first anniversary of knowing one another and were discussing how much the world had changed in one year.

"It's amazing how much everything has changed," Julie said.

"If you had told me a year ago that what's happened was going to take place, I would have bet you everything I am worth against it," Donald replied.

Julie laughed and said, "Hell, people would have called you a tin-foil hatter. Nobody would have even taken you seriously."

Donald stretched his arms over his head and smiled. "And if you told the same people today that what has happened is nothing but a giant hoax, they would say that you were a tin-foil hatter."

"That's true," Julie agreed. "So, what are we going to do if they mandate these vaccines?"

Donald stared at Julie with a more serious look on his face. "We're not going to take them; I can tell you that much."

Donald reached in the pizza box and pulled out another slice. "I wish I could have brought you to a nice restaurant, but with everything being locked down again, this is considered a classy dinner these days," he said joking. He took a bite of pizza and placed the rest of the slice on a paper plate.

"We're both in the same situation, Donald. Our parents are deceased, and we have no siblings. In some ways, that's a good thing because we have nothing keeping us here. If we must run, we always have that option."

"Jewels, where are we going to run? You are worrying about nothing; they'll never be able to mandate vaccines. There are too many guns carried by US citizens in this country. If they start forcing vaccines on everybody, there will be a civil war."

"But what about that lawyer, Adam Danowitz?" Julie asked. "Didn't he say that the US Supreme court had decided years ago that vaccines could be made mandatory if medical martial law had been declared?"

"Adam Danowitz is a blowhard, Jewels. I found an interesting article on the web about the case that Danowitz likes to always quote. Let me read it to you," Donald said. He fumbled with his smartphone for a few seconds before locating the publication.

### ***Mandatory Vaccines in the United States*** ***By Kevin Smith, ESQ***

*"Many Americans have been recently asking the question: Are mandatory vaccine laws protected by the US Constitution? If you type this question into a search engine on the Internet, you are going to be inundated with a plethora of legal opinions that thoroughly discuss the subject. Most views will tell you that the federal government has a constitutional right to exercise mandatory vaccine laws.*

*"The legal opinions referenced above are mostly made and influenced by a case decided by the SCOTUS on February 20, 1905, **Jacobson v. Massachusetts**. There, the Supreme Court decided that an individual's liberty is not absolute and subject to police powers.*

*"The decision handed down stated, 'in every well-ordered society charged with the duty of conserving the safety of its members the rights of the individual in respect of his liberty may at times, under the pressure of great dangers, be subjected to such restraint, to be enforced by reasonable regulations, as the safety of the general public may demand' and that '[r]eal liberty for all could not exist under the operation of a principle which recognizes the right of each individual person to use his own, whether in respect of his person or his property, regardless of the injury that may be done to others.'*

*"The court also ruled that mandatory vaccinations are not arbitrary or oppressive so long as they do not 'go so far beyond what was reasonably required for the safety of the public.'*

*"I have to agree with Robert F. Kennedy's position that mandatory vaccine laws are unconstitutional.*

*"Jacobson v. Massachusetts was heard and decided by the SCOTUS in 1905. That's a long time ago, and there's been a lot of new information uncovered about vaccines and the devastating effects they have on human physiology. A further argument could and should be laid out to retest and reverse this old and antiquated legal decision.*

*"I believe that Jacobson v. Massachusetts could be successfully challenged and overturned, considering some new, damaging evidence turned up about the vaccine industry. There are over 150 chronic diseases that the Food and Pharmacy Panel has attributed to vaccinations. A specialized National Vaccine Injury Compensation Court was expressly set aside to hear vaccine injury cases and limit their awards to \$250,000 to protect the big pharma industry. Besides this, the soon to be released Covid-19 vaccine will have complete liability immunity from any injuries the product might inflict on human lives.*

*"In my opinion, Jacobson v. Massachusetts would yield a much different decision if heard in 2020. And I have spoken with a few colleagues who unequivocally agree with me. The minority dissenters, Justices Brewer and Peckham, would likely have had more support from the majority ruling justices who heard the case if they had known the real dangers associated with the oxymoron known as vaccine science.*

*"I think it is time to retest Jacobson v. Massachusetts in a modern-day legal setting, and one that takes into consideration the full extent of the safety issues associated with vaccines. These products have become overly oppressive in nature for all human beings because they pose serious health threats to the public they have, in theory, been designed to protect. The health risks stemming from vaccine products extend far beyond what the justices in 1905 considered safe.*

*"In my opinion, the federal government will not try to mandate vaccines in the future because they would be afraid to place Jacobson v. Massachusetts in the line of fire of a real test. It has been tested in limited capacities, but not with the argument that considers the case I have laid out in this post.*

*"I think the powers that be would love to keep this precedent-setting decision right where it lies. To open it up to a brand new, real test scenario opens a can of worms they can't afford to open. If the decision were ever reversed, the controllers would lose their leverage and ability to populate search engines with articles that tell us that the federal government's right to impose mandatory vaccines is protected by the US Constitution.*

*"I, for one, would love to see this case revisited and put through a new legal test using the argument I have outlined. Any other lawyers out there that have more expertise than me concerning this subject, please feel free to weigh in on the conversation."*

"Wow," Julie said. "When it's explained like that, it paints an entirely different picture of the issue."

"You better believe it does, Jewels," Donald replied. "Get ready to be pressured by everybody to take the Covid-19 vaccine."

"I saw a television spot yesterday afternoon that told me the only way we were going to get out of the world pandemic and being locked down was through science. The commercial kept telling me repeatedly that science was good, and science would lead us back to health again. As the commercial explained how great science was, pictures of syringes were displayed in the background."

"That's crazy," Julie said.

"Jewels, this is the strategy the Satanists, pedophiles, rapists, murders, and psychopaths, otherwise known as our government leaders, have decided on to coerce everybody into voluntarily taking the alleged mandatory vaccine."

"Science now means taking toxic vaccines. The powers that be will try to convince everybody that vaccines are scientific and that we should all feel guilty for not believing in the benevolence and efficacy of science-based medicine."

"Everybody and their uncle are going to tell you to take this vaccine. The pressure to genuflect to the church of medicine will be immense, but you and I must be strong and stay firm in our decision not to take this toxic brew."

"So, you're not the least bit worried the military will come here and force us at gunpoint to take the vaccine?" Julie asked.

"I am not worried at all. If the powers that be could make the Covid-19 vaccine mandatory, which they cannot, there would be no need for all the marketing and guilt tactics that are taking place. If vaccines could be made mandatory and that law could be upheld by the US Supreme Court like Adam Danowitz claims, why would the powers that be have to go through the trouble of convincing people to take the product?"

"You're right. That doesn't make sense," Julie agreed.

"Why don't the controlling powers just roll out the troops and start knocking on doors and begin injecting people against their will?" Donald asked. "Do you really believe, Jewels, that mandatory vaccine policy is enforceable in America? This will never happen in the United States. Mandatory vaccines being forced upon screaming citizens is science fiction — it will not happen!"

"How will they get everybody to take the shots?" Julie asked.

"The powers that be will try to scare the hell out of everybody," Donald replied. "They're going to try to guilt the hell out of everybody. They're going to try to make people think that vaccines will become mandatory. They're going to try to convince people that they should take the vaccines to protect others. They're going to try to convince people that they're unpatriotic if they don't agree to accept the vaccines."

"We are witnessing a psyop within a psyop. That mandatory vaccines are coming is just another big lie."

"President Stump made a statement that vaccines will be delivered by the military with tremendous speed. You'll notice he didn't say that vaccines will be made mandatory, and troops will forcefully administer the products to willing and unwilling citizens. Stump leaves the scenario

up to our imaginations, which is heavily influenced by the network programming people watch around the clock.

"We are being played yet again. Don't fall for it, Jewels. The controlling powers bluff and lie about everything, and most people fall for the lies hook, line, and sinker.

"Every single elected American leader is on board with the world pandemic fakery. We must lose the idea that the Democrats and Republicans are different from one another. They are in the same club — and we're not!"

## Chapter Fourteen

November 3, 2020 – Toms River, NJ

Julie and Donald were camped out at Julie's apartment in Toms River, NJ, watching the presidential election returns coming in. As expected, the contest was tight and too close to call by the major news networks.

President Ronald K. Stump and his challenger, former vice-president of the United States, Moe Widen were running neck and neck according to the voting results returned as of 11:45 p.m. Many of the talking heads working for the mainstream news were commenting that the election results might not be sorted out for several weeks or even months.

Because of the coronavirus pandemic, some states allowed ballots to be mailed through the US Postal Service. In contrast, others permitted the voting process to proceed along more traditionally, with some modifications being implemented so that social distancing guidelines could be observed.

A few political analysts were making sensational claims that the United States was about to be thrust into a second civil war. The predominant theory suggested that the final election results would be so close that both political candidates would refuse to concede. The stalemate would lead to the United States House of Representatives' Speaker, Nancy Sadowski being sworn in as temporary commander-in-chief.

With both the incumbent and challenger presidential candidates sidelined until a final verdict could be sorted out by election officials, supporters of both camps, according to the theory, would storm the nation's capital, and this would provoke physical and eventually military violence.

Julie and Donald had cast their votes through the US mail on the previous Friday. The state of New Jersey was one jurisdiction that allowed mail-in voting.

"You know, Jewels, it's amazing that in today's day and age of sophisticated electronics, our government couldn't come up with an orderly and secure way to conduct an election right from the comfort of people's homes."

Julie nodded. "Yeah, I agree. It's stupid if you ask me. They're always complaining about people not participating in the elections, yet they make the process ridiculously cumbersome."

"I can't believe they couldn't figure out something better than using the antiquated postal service to deliver ballots," Donald said. "And they're so hellbent on keeping people safe from the fake coronavirus, yet they are willing to risk people coming close to one another in congested and overcrowded voting centers."

"It goes to show you, Donald, that behind the scenes, none of this is about making people safe; it's only about carrying out agendas that have been preplanned."

Julie turned the channel to COX News. They were refusing to call an official winner like the other networks but unofficially making it seem like President Stump had all but won the contest. Then she turned the station to GNN. Same deal. No official winner was being proclaimed, but the analysts believed Moe Widen would be the president-elect.

"It's manufactured chaos," Julie said. She was frustrated by the overall process.

"Jewels, not to get all politically crazy on you, but does it really matter one bit who the hell wins this thing?"

"What are you saying, Donald?" she asked.

"I think regardless of who wins the election, nothing's going to change in the grand scheme of things."

"You think both Stump and Widen are working for the controlling powers?"

"I do," he replied. "Think about it just from the standpoint of the coronavirus psyop. Both Stump and Widen broadly support big pharma. Every time Stump opens his mouth, he can't help but kiss the backsides of the pharmaceutical industry. The guy can barely go a day without twittering or speaking about a safe coronavirus vaccine. This is the same person who used to speak out against vaccines before he was elected.

"And Moe Widen is no better. I haven't seen his face for months because he's always wearing a mask."

Julie nodded in agreement and said, "If you're willing to put on a mask, you're willing to let the medical maniacs plunge a needle into your flesh."

"That's right, Jewels. Widen wants everybody wearing masks.

"Are we supposed to believe that Stump and Widen are the two-best people in all of America to run things?"

"No, I agree with you on that point," Julie said. "When we are told repeatedly by marketing campaigns that we have a choice when it comes to presidential candidates, and that our votes make a difference, it makes me want to vomit. What kind of choices do we really have? I have the choice to pick one of two people that I don't care for as presidential candidates."

Donald picked up a can of soda and sipped some of the beverage before returning it to the coffee table near the sofa. "The coronavirus case numbers are through the roof again, and influenza is reported as being the worst it's been in years," he explained. "The madness doesn't seem to want to end."

"They're not going to let it end," Julie replied. "This is the new normal. The life we knew and embraced before COVID-19 is gone, and it's never coming back."

Donald shook his head in agreement. "The kids growing up in the world today will not know what it is like to run around with their friends on a playground without wearing a protective mask and gloves. They won't know what it is like to visit a food store without there being plexiglass barriers between face mask-wearing customers and employees."

"One of the hardest things for me to do is watch television," Julie explained. "Tonight, is one of the few times I have had the idiot box on in a while. I am awestruck at how many commercials are out there pushing the vaccine, the masks, and the social distancing propaganda."

Donald was laughing. "Yeah, they're working overtime this evening, it seems, with all the coronavirus crap."

"Donald, do you know how you were talking before about the flu numbers being really high on top of the coronavirus case numbers?"

"Yes," he replied.

"How the hell stupid can American citizens be? How many years in a row do they have to go through the same routine of getting flu shots in August and September that is directly followed by an outbreak of the disease nationwide? It's damn obvious what the heck is happening. They're spreading the sickness around when they administer the vaccines."

## Chapter Fifteen

### January 18, 2021 – Washington, DC

"Ladies and Gentlemen, the President of the United States, Ronald K. Stump," announced the White House Press Secretary from inside the James S. Brady Press Briefing Room.

The president was all smiles as he made his way up to the podium. The room was filled with socially distant reporters, all wearing face masks.

"Good afternoon, everybody. I am going to give you a brief update on the administration of the coronavirus vaccine first. Then I will discuss the situation about the pending Inauguration scheduled for January 20th.

"I am pleased to announce that the US military has been successfully carrying out Operation Needle Point for over ten days. Never in our great country's history have so many American citizens been administered life-saving medicines with as much precision and efficiency as has been accomplished with this military undertaking.

"I can now report that only a week and a half into the operation that over 240 million Americans have received the first of two rounds of the COVID-19 vaccine.

"As many of you are aware, the coronavirus case numbers in America have increased dramatically during the fall and winter months. As predicted by our brilliant medical doctors and scientists, this unrelenting sickness has returned with a vengeance.

"My administration has accomplished an extraordinary undertaking in getting so many deserving citizens protection against what has turned out to be one of the deadliest diseases observed in modern times. Not since the appearance of AIDS and the amazing eradication of that former death sentence by our healthcare professionals have, we had to rely so heavily on the American pharmaceutical industry's incredible ingenuity.

"I want to encourage all American citizens to take advantage of this life-saving product and get the vaccine as soon as possible. We have the best medically trained people globally, delivering the vaccine, and citizens should feel confident that the medicine is safe and effective. The COVID-19 vaccine has been tested thoroughly and put through the rigors of scientific trials.

"My fellow Americans, the medicine works wonders, and it will make everybody who takes it utterly immune to the coronavirus. I'd love to say that over 300 million US citizens were protected from this deadly disease, and that was made possible by American scientists under the presidential administration of Ronald K. Stump.

"Next, I want to address the Inauguration scheduled for January 20th. As many of you already know, I have declared myself the winner of the election that took place back in November of last year. It was a close contest, but the numbers don't lie. We cannot keep holding up the business of the United States of America because the former vice-president, Moe Widen, refuses to honor the final numbers reported, the democratic process, and the wishes of the American people.

"The election results have been counted and recounted on six different occasions by very sophisticated computer systems. There's no funny business taking place. It's simple math, people. There must be a winner and a loser. I am sorry that Mr. Widen feels it is necessary to contest the results by bringing the matter into a court of law, but I plan to be sworn into office for the next four years on January 20th, 2021.

"I will now take a few questions from members of the press."

A bevy of reporters' hands reached towards the press room ceiling as they attempted to ask the POTUS a question.

"Yes, Annie, go ahead," the president said.

"Mr. President, what do you have to say concerning Speaker Sadowski's comments that she is going to have you removed from office on the 20th and invoke her right to assume the position of president until the election results can be sorted out through the appropriate legal proceedings?"

The president smiled and then replied, "Annie, the Speaker must be delusional if she thinks for one second, she has the right or authority to assume my position as president. The election results have been tabulated, and the American people have spoken. Because the Speaker did not get the results, she anticipated, this is not my problem.

"Next question," Stump said. He looked around the room for a few seconds and selected another reporter. "Yes, Robert, go ahead."

"Mr. President, reports are coming in that some serious adverse reactions to the vaccine have occurred in people. Would you be able to comment on the reports, sir?" the reporter asked.

The POTUS hesitated for a moment before responding. "Well, to tell you the truth, Robert, I haven't heard about any complaints concerning the vaccine."

"Well, Mr. President, there have been quite a few reports nationwide about the..."

Stump cut him off before he could say anything else. "Robert, I'll have to check on that information with the team of medical advisors I have assigned to monitor the operation. Everything I have heard to date has been positive with no reporting of any problems whatsoever."

Stump looked around the room and picked another reporter.

"Mr. President," the woman began, "I wanted to follow up on that same subject. I hear information that thousands of people have had to be hospitalized with serious neurological conditions after being administered the COVID-19 vaccine. Can you please comment on these claims?"

"Like I just said, I have not heard about this information, but I will check it out and get back to you as soon as I can.

"Thank you, everybody, have a good day." The president moved away from the podium and exited the press room, avoiding eye contact with any reporters.

## Epilogue

July 4, 2021 – Toms River, NJ

Donald Barnes was cooking hot dogs and hamburgers on a small gas grill situated outside of Julie Reiner's apartment on the patio decking. The two were trying to celebrate the nation's holiday, albeit in a somber mood, like most everybody else in America. It had been a rough first half of the year as several billions of people worldwide had perished due to the coronavirus pandemic.

Although it was hard to get an accurate number for sure, the current estimates being reported from government regulatory agencies put the number of American deaths at around one hundred and seventy-five million.

Shortly after the different COVID-19 vaccines were administered worldwide, a massive spike in cases was observed by the Global Health Organization. The case numbers spiraled upwards at an unprecedented level, never witnessed in modern microbiology.

According to scientists employed by the GHO, Covid-19 would not stop spreading, and humans had a difficult time establishing immunity to the viral microbe. The level of infections observed in people became enormous and uncontrollable.

Epidemiologists working at the BDC in the United States had determined that despite the efforts to distribute a life-saving vaccine in America and other sovereign territories, the products were delivered far too late and not accepted by enough people for the drugs to work correctly.

The doctors believed the vaccines delivered helped to slow the spread of the disease. The health experts revealed to the surviving public that had the vaccines not been distributed worldwide, billions more would have died.

The world's scientists determined they had been correct in their original disease assessment. The Covid-19 vaccine program had also been judged to be an overall success by the world's most intelligent doctors.

Donald finished cooking the food on the grill and scooped up the burgers and hot dogs with a spatula and placed them on a clean plate. He brought everything inside the apartment where Julie was setting the table with her friend and former professor, Patty Seymour.

As the three sat down and enjoyed the Fourth of July holiday feast, the television played in the background. They were awaiting a special holiday address from the POTUS.

The television program playing was interrupted by a special news bulletin:

***“We interrupt our normal programming at this time to bring viewers a special announcement from the White House in Washington, DC.”*** There was a brief pause, and a blue screen was visible on the TV for a few seconds before being replaced by the president's image. The POTUS was sitting at a desk inside the Oval Office.

***“My fellow American citizens, it is with great honor that I sit here behind this desk addressing you on this most important day – our nation's birthday. Like you, I mourn the loss of so many American citizens due to the world pandemic. I also mourn the loss of other citizens who perished in different sovereign territories.***

***“Because of the brave medical heroes in America and other locations around the world, I am happy to report that the GHO, BDC, and other health regulatory agencies the world over now believe that the case numbers associated with COVID-19 are in rapid decline.***

*“The global vaccination program that was initiated earlier this year has finally begun paying dividends by creating herd immunity in enough of the world’s population to turn the tide against this most formidable opponent.*

*“It has been an exceptionally challenging year for all American citizens. Not only have we had to deal with the problems associated with the coronavirus, but we also had to contend with the legal challenges that were centered around the 2020 presidential election. Thankfully, those problems are now in the rearview mirror, and we can work hand in hand as American citizens to rebuild America into a healthy and prosperous nation. More importantly, I want to rebuild our population with strong, robust people with impeccable health who are immune to infectious diseases.*

*My goal as your president is to make sure every child, woman, and man in America can have free access to life-saving medicines and vaccines, so that what we just went through as a country can never happen again.*

*“As the first woman President of the United States, I Tamara Parris, make that solemn promise to you.*

*“God bless all of you, and God bless the United States of America!”*

## **Author's Note**

As a child, I used to work on connecting the dots puzzles frequently. I am sure most readers can remember doing similar activities. The puzzles, for incredibly young children, had fewer dots, and many lines already filled in. Regarding the simple ones, it was pretty apparent from the onset of what image was going to be revealed when the puzzle was completed. Some of the more advanced games, for older players, were not so easy to figure out. These exercises featured pages of dots scattered about everywhere and had fewer lines already filled in. It was nearly impossible to visualize what the final image would be.

Many of the underlying stories associated with the coronavirus pandemic and being reported on by the mainstream news companies have a hidden objective to dis-inform people about what's taking place domestically and abroad. There is a plethora of stories being thrown around each week for the public to consider. All the stories are directly and intimately connected. Still, they're not presented by the media in a way that allows viewers to see that the content is related.

As is the case with most subjects discussed in the mainstream news, they are often reported so that they appear to be non-related. The powers that be don't want you to connect the dots.

The human brain is wired so that it focuses on patterns. The mainstream media companies are doing their best to make sure that our minds cannot home in on said ways that would reveal what is happening on a bigger and more worldly scale. This strategy is also being applied concerning the coronavirus hoax.

### ***Connecting the Dots***

I believe that the Covid-19 world pandemic is being used by the powers that be to reach an end goal — a New World Order. It's all part of a global master plan launched by a world governing construct that believes the Earth's current population is unsustainable.

The current fake viral pandemic was planned long ago and rehearsed for many years. Many false flag events staged and carried out before Covid-19 primed the viewing audience (citizens of the world) for the ongoing saga currently transpiring.

Unbeknownst to many citizens, they have witnessed plenty of fake viruses being reported through the years with fancy acronyms attached to the various villains. SARS, EBOLA, HIV, MERS, and ZIKA are a few that come to mind right off my head. There have been others, and they all served a particular purpose in that they provided the powers that be an opportunity to watch the public's reaction to the different crises as they played out on the world stage.

To this day, many people in the world still believe the epidemics mentioned above were real, and that is precisely why the Covid-19 fake pandemic has been embraced by people globally.

Mostly, people do not understand microbiology and how viruses interact with society. If they did, the powers that be would have never been able to get away with the fakery taking place. As I have written previously in books and articles, the end goal for Covid-19 is to mass-produce billions of vaccines intended for a worldwide market of healthcare consumers.

The new vaccine that will be rolled out soon will affect and permanently alter our DNA and the way human immunity can guard against potentially dangerous microbes.

During the past decade, there's been a colossal attempt to convince people to send their DNA samples to laboratories to learn more about their ancestral trees. The idea has been promoted through television shows, commercials, pharmaceutical ads, and other means. The point is that people have voluntarily offered the powers that be a good look at their most secret biological

blueprints. It's valuable information. What people have done by freely giving out their DNA is equivalent to a person giving out a US social security number to a cyber thief.

As the plot thickens, and the drama continues to unfold, the vaccine that will permanently alter human DNA is being prepared or more likely was developed long ago. Are you starting to connect the dots? With the lines filled in, can you see the bigger picture yet?

Ladies and gentlemen, the powers that be are about to make available a vaccine for every person in the world to protect citizens against a virus that doesn't exist. Why do you think they might be doing this? Let me give you a clue; it's not to help you improve your immunity to ward off an invisible microbial invader.

It's time for everybody to connect the dots, see the picture, and WAKE UP!

Visit: [www.nofakenews.net](http://www.nofakenews.net) for more information.

-John Reizer

## **About the Author**

Dr. John Reizer is a practicing chiropractor and author. Born in Lakewood, New Jersey, in 1963, he now resides in Inman, South Carolina with his wife and daughter.

John has written books about chiropractic, healthcare, and other world issues. He has written several short novellas and is the founder of the popular alternative news blog, NoFakeNews.net.

Dr. Reizer is a former associate professor of clinical sciences at Sherman College of Chiropractic in Spartanburg, South Carolina.

His most recent works, *The Visitors*, *Aftermath*, *False Memory*, *The Homecoming*, *Frequency*, and *The Target List*, are science fiction thrillers.